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### IN THE TWILIGHT.

As we grow old, our yesterdays
Seem very dim and distant;
We grope, as those in darkened ways,
Through all that is existent;
Yet far-off days shine bright and clear
With suns that long have failed,
And faces dead seem strangely near
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few
For friends most lately taken,
But fall—as falls the summer dew
From roses lightly shaken—
When some chance word or idle strain,
The chords of memory sweeping,
Unlock the flood-gates of our pain
For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old, our smiles are rare
To those who greet us daily,
Or, if some living faces wear
The looks that beamed so gayly
From eyes long closed, and we should smile
In answer to their wooing,
'Tis but the Past that shines the while
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old, our dreams at night
Are never of the morrow;
They come with vanished pleasure bright,
Or dark with olden sorrow;
And when we wake, the names we say
Are not of any mortals,
But of those in some long dead day
Passed through life's sunset's portals.

### HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

"Yes, he was very eccentric," remarked the doctor, "I've had a deal to do with patients whose heads, as the saying runs were not level.

"I liked Mr. Fortescue. He was a pleasant fellow when the fit didn't come on. When it did, it was just as well not to trouble him with unnecessary questions."

"He was insane then?" queried Dr. Tarbord's business associate.

"Well, you would hardly call it by that name. You see there was a woman—as there always is—at the bottom of the trouble. It was too much brooding over the 'lost love', if I may so call it, that gave him a—well, suppose we call it an idiosyncrasy. That word will answer very well."

"What of the woman and the idiosyncrasy?" asked the partner, with a slight laugh. "As for a woman, of course you drag her in, my dear associate in pill dispensing, because you are a confirmed bachelor."

"Bah," replied the doctor, whose first name, by the way, was Calden. "The woman was greatly to blame. As for Fortesque, well, he was a fool. I'll tell you the story, metaphysically speaking, it is interesting. Briefly then, Frederick Fortesque had just left college with the honors. He had been an industrious reader for four years, living like a monk, never looking in a woman's face, and conversing only with those dry old fellows whose profession it is to cram ambitious students for the closing examination. When young Fortesque finally severed the strings which had tied him to the apron of his alma mater he felt like a rudderless ship thumping against sea rocks. While in this unhappy condition the young fellow was thrown into the society of the most charming and, I will add of myself, most heartless of flirts that ever donned a woman's outer garment. Poor devil! The young lady. I will call her Grace Lysander, played with the verdant youth very much as an experienced disciple of Isaak Walton plays with a prize trout before landing him.

"At first, Fortesque was as bashful as a girl, but Miss Lysander knew what was troubling her gudgeon. She encouraged him, and so far as she was interesting, coaxed him, out of his natural timidity in the presence of herself, if not of other members of the sex. Fortesque adored her, of course, as all young fools do when they indulge in 'love's young dream.' For six months she kept the poor fellow on the tenter hooks, and, finally, when she thought it was time to end her cruel, but womanly sport, she managed to bring the really manly looking Frederick to an avowal of his profound regard for her, asking her, in impassioned tones, to make him happy by becoming his life friend, his intimate companion—in fine, his wife.

"Grace Lysander affected to be greatly surprised at this declaration. She had not the remotest idea, she said, that he had ever entertained other than a friendly regard for her. She liked him as a companion well enough; but had she for one moment believed his regard for her would grow into a feeling that would demand any sacrifice on her part, she would have as gently as possible have severed their intimacy. She thought that, like all her associates of both sexes, he was aware her affections were irrevocably fixed on a gentleman to whom indeed, she was betrothed, and with whom, on his return from Europe, in a few months, she would go to the altar, there to plight her troth for aye.

"Had the incorrigible and heartless young woman struck him at the heart with a dagger her words could not have been more damaging to the soul, mind and body of the snubbed suitor.

"In his heart he felt that Grace Lysander was unworthy of one thought; but, notwithstanding, she had so enchanted, so bewildered him, that he still felt himself a slave to her. Contradictory as it may seem, he, while despising her, would gladly have laid down his life—aye, damn his soul for all future—if by so doing he could have given her even transitory pleasure.

"It is wonderful," resumed the doctor after a shor pause, "what influence women—not all of them, but many, too many—have over men!"

"Fortesque was, I repeat stunned at the reception he had met at the hand of the winsome flirt; gradually he fell to broodings, to solitary walks, to eccentric actions. His parents, not ignorant of his love for Miss Lysander, were becoming alarmed at his manner They requested me to observe the conduct of their son, and to tell them my impressions of his mental state. I requested them to not even hint to the bewildered youth that they knew me, and that I would seek an introduction to him through another channel, and then not as a medical man, but as a private gentleman.

"In a few days I effected my purpose. I found that he could only think of the woman who had jilted him. At first I imagined that the cause of his eccentricities was the wounding of his self-love—that like most young men who had graduated with a brilliant standing as a scholar, he was sensitively egostistical. But, he rarely alluded to his acquisitions, and no matter how foreign the topic introduced, he would cunningly divert conversation to the only channel in which he cared to have his thoughts run—the beauty of Grace Lysander.

"For several days I was his almost constant companion. He unveiled his heart to me. I saw that he was gradually falling into a species of insanity, which is correctly described by the term melancholia."

"From Grace Lysander his thoughts began to run extreme forms. Once he imagined himself the defender of the innocent—especially innocent young women. From the women he turned his mind to the sad condition of men, and suggested the propriety of building a large assylum for bachelors—it should be large enough to accommodate one hundred thousand of those who, as he said, should upon examination be proved to have been born without that extremely useful article in the bosom—the heart. Once he imagined himself President, at another time Governor, and one afternoon, when the idea was farthest from my mind, he declared himself a pirate of the lake.

"It was exciting very, on that occasion, and I believe my presence of mind alone averted a catastrophe. We were floating on the Mahopac, in a two-oared boat. I was seated in the stern, having the gearing of the rudder in my hands, and a finely flavored cigar between my lips. Fortesque had the oars. He was pulling manfully at them, while I was enjoying what the Indians call *dolce far niente*, at the same time luxuriating in the bits of scenery which every now and then came before me, when suddenly my worthy Charon dropped his oars, and pulling out a revolver, leveled it at my head!

"Was ever a gentleman and physician placed in such an embarrassing situation before?"

" 'Mr. Tarbord,' said my patient, 'I have an idea.'

" 'Ah, indeed,' said I, looking into the tube of the pistol which, if he pressed upon the trigger, would speedily end my career as a medico. I saw that my life depended on my coolness. 'What is it?'

" 'That I shall turn pirate. The freebooters of the sea always imbue their hands in human gore before they earn a name for atrocity Now, I propose sending a bullet through your head. Won't it make a sensation? All the papers will be full of the wild deeds of Fortesque, the bloody pirate of Lake Mahopac!"

The poor fellow, I saw was in dead earnest.

" 'It would be a capital idea,' I replied 'But you don't propose going on piratical expeditions alone, do you? You'll want a lieutenat or two. I think I'd make a first-rate cut-throat, We'd better go ashore and see if we can pick up a crew that will agree to board and kill the crews of the other boats on the lake.'

Fortesque, still holding the pistol so that the muzzle covered my body, paused to consider my suggestion."

" 'Well, yes,' he returned, 'I don't know but that you are quite right. It would be ridiculous for me to go pirating alone. Yes, we had better engage a blood-thirsty crew, and, Mr. Tarbord, you may consider yourself my first officer and entitled to a share of any booty we may get.'

"While this little arrangement was in process, beads of cold sweat gathered on my brow, and I felt as if a great piece of ice had been placed against my spine.

"He withdrew the revolver and resumed the oars. When we landed, you may be sure I promised myself I would never again place myself at a disadvantage with a man who was laboring under 'temporary aberration of mind.'

However, what love had destroyed love cured—on the Hahnmann principle of like curing like, I suppose.

The friends of Fortesque when they heard of my lake adventure, seriously considered the propriety of placing him under restraint. He was becoming dangerous. At any moment he might be guilty of a crime for which they, understanding his condition, could never forgive themselves—for which, indeed, they would be held morally, if not legally responsible.

"When about to carry out their resolutions, a curious circumstance happened. The affianced of Grace Lysander was daily expected from Europe. Her marriage to him was to follow immediately upon his arrival. The trousseau was in readiness; but the man never came Instead, a telegram was received one day by the young lady's parents or guardieons announcing the marriage of the fellow to a woman to whom he had been introduced in the French capital—an English woman of exceeding beauty and with a very enticing bank account.

"I did not sympathize with Miss Lysander, I thought she richly deserved the punishment of disappointment she had received—just penaty for her cruelty to my poor patient..

"To my great surprise, Miss Grace did not appear to be greatly troubled over the insult. On the contary, she was gayer, more charming, more winsome than ever.

"Suddenly I also discovered that my patient put a ay his eccentric, his insane thoughts, and was again an assiduous admirer of the strong-hearted belle. I tried, his friends and parents warned him of the consequences. We all might as well have toiled to persuade a hasheesh teaer to reform in the midst of his delicious dissipation.

"After a time I further noticed that Fortescue arreeted Miss Lysander's attention much more than others of her beaux—all moths, who were joggling each other that they might have the pleasure of getting their wings scorched in the fierce flame of her beauty.

"This went on many weeks. The scene is now removed to the old place—Saratoga—and another season of pleasure is with us.

"One evening I was seated in a retired spot of the park. It was quite dark where I was—a summer house. I was meditating, and my thoughts were anywhere but where I was seated. A couple enter the pleasant arbor. Presently a whispered conversation began. As it continued, unconsciously to the speakers, it gradually rose in tone until I could hear distinctly every word uttered.

"What could I do? I could not now leave the place without disclosing myself, and to remain and overhear an evidently sweet interchange of thought would be unpardonable. Of the two evils, I came to the conclusion that to retire would be the least. I arose for that purpose, but before I could take a step, the familiar voice of my 'Pirate of Mahopac' struck upon my ears. Curiosity now got the better of my gentlemanly instincts. I argued that I was not to be held responsible for a couple's negligence in not first inquiring, before they exchanged confidence, that there was not an eavesdropper present.

"Dear Grace," said my ex-patient, "I suffered the torments of the damned when you refused my suit. I love you, oh! how widly. Indeed, I was after that, for a time; partially insane. I could not understand it. I hated and adored you at the same time. I would have placed my life at your disposal at any time. I became, when you dismissed me. wild, careless, crazy, full of idle resolves and hallucinations. I did the most ridiculous, unaccountable things, and yet while I knew I was doing the eccentric in a hundred ways, I could not help myself. I came near shooting a friend of mine—a Mr. Tarbord—while we were on the Mahopac. Had it not been for his coolness, his apparent indifference to death I should certainly have shot him. But now, Grace—now that you are my own, my own forever—I'll have no more of these fancies or fantasies.

"Whew!" I cried, "sits the wind in that quarter?'

"Frederick," said Miss Lysander, softly, "I knew you loved me, not less however, than I love you. Unhappily, I was engaged, much against my will, for certain family consideration, to the man who did me the kindness to unite his destinies with the English woman. I wanted to keep you near me as my good friend, and I dreaded the hour when you would urge your suit. I was awkwardly placed, and I had to do precisely what I did. And now, Frederic, you will no longer regard me as a flirt, but as a true, honest, loving woman."

"God bless you, darling!" I heard him whisper, "we understand each other now."

Then there was a resonance that in my ears sounded like a kiss. The happy lovers a little later retired, and I was permitted to cogitate on the mutability of human affairs.

Before the October moon had waned there was one less in the city of New York whose prenomen was Lysander, but one more whose name was Fortescue.

### Why He Ate Beans for Dinner.

They tell a good story about one Wymane, a diminutive drummer well known on the Comstock. He stopped one night at Deming, New Mexico, a favorite resort of the cow-boys.

"Madame," said Abe to the landlady, "give me some dinner and be quick about it. I have not dined since yesterday."

The lady brought him some bean soup.

"Madame, take away that soup." I never eat soup. Bring on the roast right away."

The lady brought him a large plate o pork and beans.

"Madame, take that away. I never eat those things.

In vain the lady explained that pork and beans was the best the house afforded. He was obdurate, and wanted roast beef, rare. A mild-mannered, blue eyed cow-boy at the table then chipped in, "Beggin' pardon, stranger, but you must excuse the lady. We—"

"Who are you, sir?" retorted the drummer; "I know my business."

"You don't tell me," said the festive cow-boy, drawing his navy. "Now you eat them beans. I'm goin' to sit here an' see you feed. Light into 'em quick or I'll open on you sure, and put em in. This is bizness with me, an' I'm shoutin' in your ear."

The unfortunate drummer saw blood in the air, and was forced to choke four plates of the unwelcome food down before the cow-boy was satisfied with his apology to the landlady.

GEESE are easily kept; grass and water form their chief requirements. These with a fair supply of corn, oats and boiled potatoes, make up their ill

### Marking Farm Boundaries.

The most satisfactory method of locating and designating corners for division fences between adjoining farms I witnessed during a recent visit to the farm of the Hon. D. Magone, New York. The surveyor had located, and workmen had just finished setting a stone at the termination of each line in the boundary of the farm. When an act like this is to be performed, affecting property rights, and intended to settle all disputes between neighbors, it should be attended with some care. Now, in no case is it impossible for neighbors to agree as to where their division lines shall be located, but in many cases they may agree upon lines entirely erroneous, and when future owners examine their boundaries with the aid of competent surveyors, and by the light of recorded conveyances this hap-hazard method may prove a prolific cause of litigation. When boundary lines are to be located, the expense of procuring the assistance of a competent civil engineer is comparatively small compared with the important object to be accomplished. When the country was new and land was held at a low value farmers were careless about corners and boundary lines; a difference of a few feet, and in many cases a rod or more, was considered as of no great importance. But as the country grows older land improves in value, and farmers desire to build more permanent fences, it becomes more desirable to locate division fences where they should be. When the farms were first surveyed it was hardly ever deemed of sufficient importance to locate permanent monuments; the practice was altogether too prevalent of "blazing" some small tree or perhaps merely setting some stake. Either practice was good for the time, but was not lasting, and in many cases all such monuments have long since been obliterated by time.

The gentleman to whom I have referred, to mark the boundary between his and the adjoining farms, procured and set stone slabs seven feet into the ground, the upper end of each slab projecting a few inches above the surface. When this is done, a map of the farm is made, and thus a certain method is provided of settling all disputes that may arise in reference to boundary lines. The question may be asked Is all this trouble worth the cost? I answer unhesitatingly, Yes. In every farming community, every question affecting landed property is of importance, and none more so than questions relating to boundary lines. Once settle such too often disagreeable questions and they are settled forever.

In a great many cases, farms are composed of a single lot, of a square or rectangular shape. In such a case, only four boundary monuments are required, and when adjoining owners share the cost of procuring the services of a surveyor where it is necessary, and join in the trouble and expense of setting the boundary stones, the cost is reduced to a minimum.

### How Colds Are Caught.

Let us suppose a person to be sitting in a room the temperature of which is, say, 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and that a current of cold air is rushing in at an open door or window and playing upon the back of his head, or perhaps on his legs or feet, and the probability is that he will "catch cold," and in nine cases out of ten this cold will be a catarrh in the head, and what may appear more remarkable still, only one nostril will at first be affected. Now, if the catarrh was due to the inhalation of cold air, both nostrils would suffer; but it is not so, for as each side of the body is supplied by its distinct set of nerves, so only that side is affected through which the reflex disturbance has been transmitted. The *modus operandi* is the following: The draught of cold air acting, we will suppose, on the back of the head, conveys through the sympathetic nerve, which ramifies on the scalp, a shock to the nervous center from which these nerve fibres proceed; but we must understand that this nerve center sends its filaments to other portions of the body, and so the shock which this center receives by one set of nerves is reflected by another set to some surface quite remote from that primarily acted upon, and in this way a temporary paralysis of the nerves supplying the blood vessels of the mucus membrane of the nose is brought about. In consequence these vessels become dilated and engorged, and, the shock which has brought about this congestion continuing, disturbs the equilibrium of the blood supply, and so an inflammatory condition is set up. When this exists the blood vessels are enormously distended; consequently an excess of blood passes through the part, the little cells which secrete the mucous being thus excited and working much more rapidly than when in health In this way the enormous discharge of mucus which accompanies a cold in the head is accounted for.

Another effect of this irritation of the mucous membrane is sneezing, which is an effort of nature to restore the equilibrium of the nervous center by another kind of reflex action. Sneezing in catarrh is a method nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous center, and thus enable it to reassert its proper control over the blood supply to the part; indeed it will be found that the effects of being exposed to a draught of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts, but when she does not the shock from which the nervous center suffers gradually passes away, and the blood vessels again come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their caliber, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous center is of such severity that the consequent inflamation is intense enough to check the secretion altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dry as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified. So far, we have only glanced at a cold in the head, which passes away in a few hours; but this is not always the happy termination. There is a peculiar tendency which inflammation possesses of not leaving off where it commenced, but of invading the tissues in its immediate neighborhood, and more especially when the tissue is continuous with that primarily attacked, as is the case with the mucous membrane of the air passages. A cold may commence in the head and rapidly spread by what is technically termed continuity of tissue into the chest; and so what at the first promised to be only a cold in the head may terminate in an attack of bronchitis, or even inflammation of the lungs.

### A Steel Tube for the English Channel.

A grand scheme is said to be in contemplation for crossing the English Channel. A line of steel tubes, sixteen feet in diameter, is proposed, to be sunk and firmly anchored at a sufficient depth below the surface to be out of the way of navigation. It is to be ballasted to overcome the buoyant effect, and secured to sunken caissons by chains.

### Ninety Miles an Hour.

Standing in the "stall" in the roundhouse of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Jersey City, is an odd-looking locomotive bearing the name "Fontaine" The engine was constructed for speed, and, although it has not yet made its trial trip, it is expected that it will run at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The machinery, instead of being below the medium line of the boiler, is almost entirely above it. There are three pair of driving-wheels, but only two rest on the rails. The third pair are on top of the boiler directly in front of the cab. These wheels are termed the "main drivers," and the power is communicated to them from the cylinders. The steam chests and cylinders are set at an angle of about forty-five degrees, on the sides of the boiler, and the crank rods run up to the drivers. The lower driving-wheels are different sized and are not connected. The rear wheels, which are only four and one-half feet in diameter, in the nomenclature of railroad men are the "ponies." The forward pair are called the "lower drivers," and are double, The main part of each wheel is six feet in diameter. The other part, which is a separate wheel, inasmuch as it does not come in contact with the rail, although in the solid casting, is known as the "friction wheel." It is four and one-half feet in diameter, and is supplied with a steel tire the same as the others. The "main drivers" stand upon the "friction wheels" and transmit the motive power to them. The large wheels rolling upon the smaller ones give the speed. There is no gearing whatever. The "main drivers" run in one direction, and turn the "friction wheels" and "lower drivers" in another. In order to prevent the wheels from slipping and thus losing motion, steam pressure is applied to the main drivers to hold them down upon the wheels beneath. The force can be increased from the simple weight of the wheels to ten tons at the will of the engineer, who is governed by the length of the train the locomotive may be drawing. The diameter of the crank wheels under the front end of the engine is forty inches. The usual size is thirty-three inches. Otherwise the "Fontaine" does not differ materially from the ordinary locomotive. The whole affair weighs thirty-eight tons. Some engines weigh fifty tons. The cylinders are seventeen by twenty-four inches in dimensions. The amount of steam carried when running is 130 pounds. The passenger engines on railroads carry 140 pounds. The striking feature of the "Fontaine" to the eye is the general appearance. The presence of the extra pair of wheels on top of the boiler has won for it the names "camel" and "grasshopper." While the engine looks strange in comparison with others, it does not appear ill-proportioned. It is gay in paint and embellishments, and the smooth brass and iron parts are brightly polished. The engine was invented by Eugene Fontaine, a Frenchman, formerly a locomotive engineer, whose home is in Detroit, Mich. It is the second one built, and was completed about a month ago. It was constructed at the Grant Locomotive Works in Paterson. The first engine is now running on the Canada Southern Railroad. In May last it drew two coaches from Amherstburg to St. Thomas, a distance of 111 miles, in 98 minutes. The entire run from Amherstburg to Buffalo, 235 miles, was made in 235 minutes, including stops for coal and water. Among those on board the train were William H. Vanderbilt and J. H. Rutter, of the Central Hudson Railroad, and W. P. Taylor, General Manager, and W. E. Carroll, General Superintendent of the Canada Southern.

### Prodigies of Strength.

In 1877 "Monsieur Gregorie," claiming to be seventy-one years old, nightly astonished the good folks of Herefoot by carrying seven hundred weight with the greatest ease, and performing certain other extraordinary feats. For all that, he was one of the quietest men, and simple as a child, living in constant dread lest he should be provoked into using his strength unprofessionally, and afraid to nurse his own baby lest he should give it a fatal squeeze.

Joseph Pospischilli was wont to amuse the Hungarian public by holding a table in the air by his hands and teeth while a couple of gypsies danced upon it to a third's fiddling. He and one of his brothers would bear upon their shoulders a sort of wooden bridge while a cart full of stones drawn by two horses was driven over it. Falling into evil ways, Joseph was imprisoned in the fortress of Ofen, and one day volunteered to give the prison inspectors a specimen of his abilities, and, permission being accorded, he so arranged the Governor's heavy mahogony table as to hold it suspended with his teeth for nearly half a minute. Joignery, a French professional acrobat, lately performing at a Berlin theater, executed the following extraordinary feat: As he swung head downward from a trapeze to which his ankles were fixed, a horse covered with gay trappings and begirt with a broad leather surcingle having two strong loops attached to it, and mounted by a full-grown man, was brought on the central stage, above which Joignery hung suspended. Seizing the loops with his hands, the Frenchman, by sheer muscular strength, lifted horse and rider some inches off the stage, sustained their combined weight in the air for some seconds, and then let them down again as evenly and slowly as he had raised them. Mr. Stanley tells us that Simba, Chief Overseer of Amu bin Osman's Caravan, standing six feet five inches barefooted, and measuring thirty-two inches from shoulder to shoulder, could toss an ordinary sized man ten feet into the air and catch him in his descent. He would take one of the large white Moscat donkeys by the ears, and with a sudden movement of his right foot lay the surprised ass on its back; carrying a three-year-old bullock on his back half way round his master's plantation; and once actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders and chest, round Osman's house, to the intense wonder of a large crowd of applauding spectators. A man of great strength was William Joy, known in his day as "the English Samson." He was a native of Kent, having been born near Ramsgate in 1675. From an early period of his life he displayed remarkable strength and dexterity for his years, and when 24 years of age he began publicly to exhibit his astonishing feats. Among other of Joy's performances, he is said to have been able to retain and keep in place a strong horse, urged by whip to escape his powerful rein, solely by the check of his pull, without any stay or support whatever. Aided by a strong leathern girdle or belt, and supporting himself by pressing his arms on a railing, he could lift from the ground a stone said to be a ton-weight. He also broke asunder a rope fastened to a wall which had previously borne more than a ton and a half weight without breaking. Notwithstanding his great strength, he was possessed of singularly agile and flexible joints, many wonderful stories being told of his feats in this respect—such as placing a glass of wine on the sole of his foot, which he could twist around with his hands and convey in this way to his mouth without spilling.

### Braga Beer.

This is a kind of beer brewed in Russia. In order to obtain 25 wedros (about 2 barrels) of beer, one sack of corn, 40 lbs. of malt, and 3 lb. of cultivated, or 5 lbs. of wild hops, and 40 wedros (about 3 barrels) of water are taken. The whole of the corn and malt is placed in a wooden vat and treated with 30 wedros (about 2½ barrels) of boiling water; in the meantime the hops are boiled in a copper. In a second vat a layer of straw is spread over the bottom, the latter being provided with a small opening into which a long rod is fixed, which is used as a stop valve. The steamed hops are then brought into this vat, and the sweet wort and boiling water added. The rod is then drawn up, and the hopped wort filters through the straw into a tub. It is again warmed, then brought in contact with the hops and filtered, and this operation is repeated till a clear liquid of aromatic smell has been obtained. One liter (about 1 quart) of yeast diluted with 4 wedros (about 10 gallons) of warm water is now added to the wort, and the whole allowed to ferment for two hours. The beer is then transferred to casks and left to ferment in a cool place, the yeast escaping through the vent hole. After two or three days the vent peg is fastened firmly into the cask, and the beer is ready for use shortly after this time, but it is considered preferable to bury the casks in hay for a short interval. By this treatment the quality and brightness of the beer are considerably improved.

### Princess Frederica.

Hampton Palace stands to-day as it was left by the great Cardinal. It is no longer a royal residence. The Queen with uncommon generosity for a Hanoverian, consented long ago to relinquish its pretty corridors and home-like chambers to aristocratic paupers—the widows of distinguished public personages, generals, and the like. To these have recently been added the charming Princess Frederica, daughter of the late King of Hanover, whose blind exile this remarkable girl soothed and gladdened as few of her vile race and bad blood were ever known to do before.

How vile the house and bad the blood requires but a passing knowledge of the ancestors of Victoria to make plain. The Princess Frederica, fortunately for herself, lives in an age different from a famous unfortunate predecessor. Because she married the man of her heart, Frederica has been disowned by her haughty and domineering brother, heir to the throne of Hanover before Prussia incorporated the the kingdom in her own boundaries. The brother will not see the sister, and quarrels even with Queen Victoria and the English branch for showing the unhappy girl tolerance. As royalty goes, the English Guelphs have been kind to their luckless kinswoman. They have given her the state apartments at Hampton Court

### It's All Right.

A citizen of Detroit entered a Michigan avenue grocery the other day and said he wanted a private word with the proprietor. When they had retired to the desk he began:

"I want to make confession and reparation. Do you remember of my buying sugar here two or three days ago?"

"I do."

"Well, in paying for it I worked off a counterfeit quater on the clerk. It was a mean trick, and I came to tender you good money."

"Oh, don't mention it," replied the grocer.

"But I want to make it right."

"It's all right—all right. We knew who passed the quarter on us, and that afternoon when your wife sent down a dollar bill and wanted a can of sardines I gave her that bad quarter with her change. Don't let your conscience trouble you at all—it's all right,"

ONE day Billy and Sammy were playing in a mud-hole and Bill said:

"Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard. You be the pig and lie down and waller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything."

So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he went into the dirt and wallowed, while Billy bellowed like distant thunder, By-and-by Sammy came up muddy—you never saw such a muddy little fellow—and he said:

"Now you'll be the pig, and let me beller."

But Billy said: I ain't a very good pig except for dinner, and it'll be time nuff for you to beller when yer mother sees yer close"

### Death of the Old Wife.

She had lain all day in a stupor breathing with heavily-labored breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off Western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bed side; he bent over his dying wife, and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried: "are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her; the children who had slept for long years in the churchyard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and, growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn!

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light.

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him! The old man patted her cold hands, hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding-ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them, and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every trial of life! Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong resolute hand; of wedding feasts and death bed triumphs, and when at midnight she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the name of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest, while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

"Oh, may I in His courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

But what strange transformation was there? The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smothed out the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said softly:

"You've found Heaven first Janet, but you'll come for me soon! It's our first parting in our seventy years, but it won't be for long—it won't be for long?"

And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave, and to-day, would have been their diamond wedding! We have planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriages."

### Hereditary Transmissions.

In 1836 Captain D'Urban, of her Majesty's ship Griffin, having captured off the coast of Martinique, a Portuguese slaver, called the Don Francisco, landed in that colony the living freight of 437 human beings, who about two months previously, had been forced form their homes on the banks of the Congo, to be sold in Cuba. William Laidlaw, one of the liberated slaves who is now in a position of some trust on the Goodwill sugar plantation in the island, gives to me the following interesting details of hereditary transmission in the African, which I believe will be interesting to the readers of nature: "I am about sixty or sixty-five years of age, and was born with six fingers on each hand. Soon after my 'freedom' I married a woman from 'our country.' We had four children, two being boys and two girls; they were born with six fingers on each hand, and one of the girls had six toes on each foot. My eldest son Robert, who is married and settled in Demerara, is the father of two boys, who have six fingers on each hand. My second son, William, who is working with me on the Goodwill estate, married, and his wife had five children: they were born having the same peculiarity; but I regret to say none are living." I yesterday sent for William Laidlaw, and substantiated his father's statements. I measured the sixth fingers. The one on the right hand is exactly one inch and a-quarter in length, and has a perfectly formed nail; the one on the left showed traces of having been partially amputated.

WHEN a rural resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night: "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."

### NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Charles I. died on the scaffold.

—Frogs continue to grow for five years.

—Charles II died suddenly—it is said of apoplexy.

—James I. died from drinking and the effects of vice.

—Illinois has 21,390 pensioners who draw $5,000.000 a year

—Finger nails two inches long are the pride of a Baltimore woman.

—M. Victor Hugo has just given $2000 to the poor of Paris.

—A monument to Dean Stanley is to be raised in Westminister Abbey.

—William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.

—The first sun dial was erected in Rome in the year of the city 447.

—George Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, was born June 9, 1781.

—The wheat crop of the Canadian Dominion for 1881 is 28,000,000 bushels.

—There are 1500 square miles of ice in the Alps, from 80 to 600 feet thick.

—The ivory of the walrus is covered with enamel so hard as to strike fire with flint or steel.

—From 3,000 to 5,000 people in the United States are incurably addicted to the use of opium.

—William III, died of consumptive habits of body and from the stumbling of his horse.

—The Egyptians placed a mummy at their festal boards to remind them of immortality.

—Surnames began in France in the year 1000, and in England in the time of the Conquest.

—A new public school building in New Orleans has been named the Garfield School.

—At the Tallahassee (Fla.) State Fair a premium of $6 was offered for the best darned stocking.

—William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

—Among the Anglo-Saxons the science of medicine and of the law was monopolized by the clergy.

—The question of the Hanoverian succession to the throne of England was carried by a single vote.

—A child born in Anamosa, Iowa, last month, weighed but one pound and seven ounces.

—More than 2000 Mormon converts have left Liverpool for Utah during the past summer.

—Adelaide Ann Proctor's poems are increasing in popularity and are being republished extensively in England.

—The annual production of pins in the United States for several years past has been about seven billions.

—During the past year half the mines on the Pacific slope yielded in gold $9,418,378, and in silver $29,244,778.

—The Japeness sent 1,272,756 telegrams last year over their own wires. Pretty good for a people who have no alphabet.

—Massachusetts with a population of 1,800,000 inhabitants, has 600 divorces annually, England, with a population of 24,000,000 has 800.

—Stone coffins occur among the Anglo-Saxons as early as 695, and were not quite obsolete before the reign of Henry VIII.

—M. Gambetta says that the strength of France is, in a great measure, due to the thrift and industry of French women.

—Tennessee cattle that have been compelled to live on withered grass during the long drouth are reported in remarkably good condion

—British trade returns for September show a decrease in imports of £1,084,000, and an increase in exports of £873,000.

—The three hundredth anniversary of the annexation of Siberia to the Czar's empire will soon be celebrated at Irkutsk and in other cities of Asiatic Russia.

—Queen Victoria has just been buying several large farms in Wiltshire, although land in England is unpromising as an investment at present.

—The network of German subterranean cable is completed. It connects 221 towns, and has cost about $7,000,000.

—According to the last census the outlay for building and repairing farm fences during 1879 in eleven Southern and Southwestern States aggregated $13,565,746.

—The sowing of forest pine seed has begun by the Shakers at Enfield, Conn., and the State authorities are considering plans to encourage this industry.

—The Empress Augusta has been forbidden by her physicians to ascend stairs, and an elevator has been constructed in the palace at Berlin.

—A recent religious census taken in Prussia shows that that country contains 17,645,462 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,645 Jews, 42,518 Dissenters, and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

—The city of Bangor is the headquarters of the lumber business of Maine, This year there have been 200,000,000 feet of logs in its booms and localities above, and about 140,000,000 feet have been manufactured and shipped to market.

—The number of students at the Vienna University is now 3,457, exclusive of 504 unattached students, or considerably more than at the German University of Berlin and Leipzig. Thirty-five are Americans.

—The funeral car of the late President was removed recently from the public square in Cleveland to Lake View Cemetery. It understood that the cemetery trustees will at once have built over it a fine building, chiefly composed of glass, with a framework of wood.

—Some wealthy Berkshire manufacturers are proposing to buy Mrs. Garfield a home in Williamstown, Mass. The money is pledged, and they only wait to learn whether she would accept it with a view of being near her sons during their college course.

—The school savings banks in France, founded in 1874, have prove a great success. In 1877 the number of these banks was 8633, and the total deposits nearly $500,000. Now there are 14,372 school savings banks, and the deposits are $1,280,755.

—Secretary of the interior Kirkwood and General Peter F. Bacon, of Washington, turned out in the procession which welcomed our former distinguished French visitor, General Lafayette, to Washington on the 13th day of October 1824