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AFTERMATH.

And the rustle and fragrance
Of the afternoon to-day,
Echo-songs of distant childhood
Brought me joy like songs of May,
As the mower's merry whistle
And the whetting of the blade,
Dear, past-curtained pictures opened,
Some all brightness, some of shade.

Yet they blended all together
In these golden, autumn hours,
Till my soul content was singing,
Free as songs in shorn grass bowers;
For unrolled was all life's picture,
I had walked in pleasant ways,
Friends were ever near with blessing,
And I could but give God praise.

Nearer now than friends who linger
Drifting far, o'er ways unknown,
Seem the angel forms of dear ones
Long ago to heaven gone.
Nearer, for I know they're gathered
In that happy home on high,
Where, perhaps, I soon shall see them,
For the aftermath draws nigh.

TRUE LOVE ASSERTS ITSELF.

She was the proudest woman I ever knew. Poor and proud, this Kathleen Langley; but the adopted child of a very wealthy aunt, she had never felt the chilly blasts of poverty; probably never would, since now she was the betrothed of Arthur Fanshawe, and his name was good for a million.

I had been Kathleen's intimate friend and chosen companion ever since our school days; to me there had never been so true and dear a friend. But I could not shut my eyes to her besetting sin—pride. In vain I argued with her, lectured her on its evils. She had always listened patiently, but with a sarcastic gleam in her brown eyes, and when I had finished she would lay her head on my knee and smile up into my face mischievously. "Dear old Mentor," she would say; "it is no use. Pride was the sole heritage left me, and though it wrecks all my happiness, I cannot conquer it.

One day she came to my side and held up one white finger encircled by a costly diamond ring. In answer to my startled look of inquiry she said slowly, as though it pained her: "It is Arthur Fanshawe's ring, cherie; I have promised to be his wife." Arthur Fanshawe, the blase man of the world; a cynic, a sceptic, everything hard and unnatural. To throw away her youth and beauty and purity upon Arthur Fanshawe! It was a cruel thing.

"O Kathie!" I cried, "tell me it is not true! You do not love him—I know it. Why, then, oh! why do you make this sacrifice?"

Her red lip curled scornfully.

"There are a million reasons," she answered bitterly.

Then she went away, and when I saw her again she was in the midst of a gay group, lovely in her glittering ball dress, and Arthur Fanshawe was at her side, his hard cold eyes lighted with the frosty gleams of a selfish love, his engagement to a fair New York belle publically announced.

I knew then that the match had been her Aunt Langley's making; that her ambition for her beautiful niece had at last attained the height of a wealthy marriage, and that to induce Kathleen to submit she had contrived to make her realize her dependence. And Kathleen, feeling herself a burden on her bounty, grew

"Weary of eating another's bread,
And toiling up and down another's stairs."

Her pride had carried her through, and she had consented to the sacrifice.

Soon after Mrs. Langley projected a trip to Florida, and begged me to accompany her and Kathleen; Mr. Fanshawe, of course, was to follow.

We arrived at our destination, a romantic little town in the last stages of dilapidation.

We settled ourselves in a long, rambling cottage near the loveliest lake in the world, and enjoyed the semi-tropical climate to our heart's content.

We had not been there three days when Kathleen appeared one morning in the room where I was sitting with her aunt over our fancy work, looking charmingly in a short costume with wide sun hat and gauntleted gloves.

"I'm going to learn to row," auntie, if you have no great objection," she began, gaily.

"Who in the world is going to teach you?"

Kathleen glanced through the long French window to the shore, but a few rods away, where a tiny boat lay moored and a masculine figure lounged back among the cushions, lazily puffing a good cigar.

"Oh, I don't know his name!" she laughed scornfully. "One of the aborigines here. I have engaged his service at so much an hour, and for the rest, as Mr. Tootis would say, it is of no consequence, auntie."

"I trust Mr. Fanshawe approves," began her aunt.

"I am not Mr. Fanshawe's property yet," suggested Kathleen, and before another remark could be proffered she was out of the house, down the path, and off in the direction of the lake shore.

The boating lessons seemed to take up a great deal of her time and attention after that; but I never chanced to get a nearer view of her teacher, and judging him by others of the native inhabitants whom I had met, I felt little interest in the unknown.

"Come, ladies," said Mr. Fanshawe, one day, "let us go out on the lake; I have a boat engaged and waiting your service."

We did not require a second invitation, and soon we gathered on the beach, where the lake spread out before us its broad, unruffled bosom, its green, cool lily pads, and over all the blue, cloudless sky of a Florida midwinter, with the sun, like a great unwinking eye, staring lazily down upon us

"Miss Langley, said a voice near us—a low, rich, sweet voice, like liquid music—"I beg your pardon for intruding, but that boat is unsafe. She has been for some time out of repair. I fear you will meet with an accident if you go out in her."

A young man stood by Kathleen's side, a tall, slender man, with a face like a picture, with great, slumberous dark eyes, and a nameless grace and fascination about him. But his dress was coarse and common and his hands were embrowned with toil.

With that wonderful face and figure like some rare old statue, he was only a fisherman after all!

Kathleen's face was hushed and she glanced up timidly. But before she could say a word Mr. Fanshawe turned upon the intruder with a cool stare of insolence.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "How dare you interfere in my affairs, sir?"

The young man raised his hat with a graceful bow.

"My name is Sanford, he said, quietly "Ray Sanford. I live a mile above the beach. I am accustomed to the lake; I spend half my time upon it. I know all the boats; the one you have chosen is unworthy. If you go out in her you will certainly be drowned."

He put on his hat and walked away without another word. He was proud, too; it was easy to see that.

I glanced at Kathleen. She did not see me; her eyes were bent upon the graceful figure in its coarse dress, moving away down the shining sands.

I saw her clench her hands and set her teeth together, and then her gaze encountered mine, and then, starting slightly, she forced a smile.

"Are you ready, ladies?"

Arthur Fanshawe's voice broke the silence.

"Are you going in that boat?" inquired Kathleen.

"To be sure. I am not foolish enough to pay any heed to the croakings of yonder clodhopper. I'll teach him that I, too, understand managing a boat if I do not spend half my time on the lake."

"You are careless in your epithets, Mr. Fanshawe," observed Kathleen, frigidly—"mistaken likewise. Mr. Sanford is a gentleman."

"You have the honor of his acquaintance, it seems."

Kathleen's eyes flashed, but she controlled her anger.

"He taught me to row," she answered, and said no more.

But she said enough to set me thinking

Well, we yielded to the ruling power; and soon, seated in the pretty boat, were dancing merrily over the water, far away and soon out of sight of land.

It was a perfect day, and, full of life and gayety, we had forgotten all about young Sanford's warning, when suddenly there was a low exclamation of horror from Kathleen:

"The boat is filling with water! I do believe we are sinking!"

It was too true.

The boat leaked at every seam; the water was pouring in; soon we would be beyond the reach of human aid.

I shall never forget that hour as long as I live.

Fanshawe, livid with fear, crouched in the bow of the boat and uttered never a word.

Mrs. Langley wrung her hands and alternately shrieked and moaned—now praying and now her voice drowned in a storm of sobs and tears.

Kathleen sat like a statue of stone, her hands folded, her eyes bent on a spot far away.

On we drifted. The boat was rapidly filling; it was more than half full.

I crept to Kathleen and put my arms around her.

"Kathie! Kathie!" I cried, we must die. Is it not dreadful?"

"There are worse fates on earth," she answered, her pale lips scarcely seeming to move, and still her brown eyes watched that tiny speck as it grew large; a man in a boat—a man bending all his energies to meet us.

A strange smile touched Kathleen's lips.

"Ray," she muttered, as though she had forgotten our presence, "Ray, I knew you would come!"

It was, indeed Ray Sanford, and he was rowing with the strength of a giant and the energy of a man determined to win or die.

He reached us at last—not a second too soon. I aroused Mrs. Langley from a fit of incoherent sobbing and ejaculating, and pointed to our rescuer.

He stood up in his boat and had Kathleen in his arms in an instant. Then he turned to Mrs. Langley and me. Fanshawe followed us, and soon we were all safe in his boat—saved from a dreadful death!

Not a word was spoken during the long run home. Kathleen never looked at Ray; she seemed unconscious of his presence.

When we reached the shore she dropped from the boat unassisted, as though she did not see the young man's proffered hand.

Fanshawe, safe on shore, was himself again. Turning to Sanford he took a bank note from his pocket and tendered it to the young man.

"Here," said he, in a cold, insulting tone, "you've helped us out of a scape; allow me to—"

But he never finished. Ray Sanford struck the money from his hand, and then, without a word, strode off down the shining beach. After that we saw him no more.

The time for our departure for home drew nigh.

Kathleen had grown pale and thin during these days. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks wore a hectic flush; there was something wrong about Kathleen.

It was the evening before our intended departure, and we walked alone on the beach.

The sun was setting, dropping slowly down its golden ladder into fleecy cloud banks of scarlet and amber; up and down we paced, neither of us speaking. So the sun set and the twilight gathered.

Suddenly the form of a man rose before us in the gray twilight. He came straight up to Kathleen and held out both his hands.

She laid down her own within them. There was a sweet smile on her lips; her eyes were luminous.

"Is it good-bye?" she said, softly.

"Never!" he cried fiercely. "Tell me Kathleen, is it true, are you going to marry that man—that Fanshawe.

A sneering laugh fell upon our ears; Fanshawe stood beside us.

"A pretty scene," he sneered. "A flirtation between my betrothed wife and a common fisherman."

With a face like marble and eyes flashing diamonds Kathleen slipped her engagement ring from her finger and laid it in Arthur Fanshawe's hand, saying coldly:

"I have worn it too long Mr. Fanshawe!"

Ere Fanshawe could recover from his amazement Ray Sanford spoke:

"And who told you Mr. Fanshawe, that I was but a common fisherman? Not that I attach any ignominy to the vocation, which has been followed by some of the noblest and greatest heroes of earth, but unfortunately, I have no claim to the title. I am merely passing a few months on the Florida coast, roughing it, that I might regain the health and strength which had unaccountably deserted me. I leave soon for my home in the north. You have heard of Hugh Sanford of Boston?"

"A merchant prince!" ejaculated Fanshawe, beginning to move away.

"He is my father," said Ray Sanford, coolly; and, bending over Kathleen, who stood clinging to me, he continued, while Fanshawe slunk on through the evening shadows: "Kathleen, say you forgive my unintentional deception. I had known you a week or more before I realized the full extent of my guilt. Foregive me, for I love you so!" Her head was on his shoulder, his arm around her. They had forgotten all about me, and I went home alone.

An hour later Kathleen came to my side, her eyes shining like stars.

"You'll be my bridesmaid, cherie," she whispered, kissing me with tears in her eyes. "I'm the happiest little woman alive! And the best of it is I loved him just as well when I thought him a poor fisherman as I do now that I know he is of a wealthy and aristocratic family. I tell you, cherie," (another kiss), "pride is a very good thing in its place, but true love is always and ever the best."

Odd Fancies in Brass.

Immense brass portrait plaques and plaque pictures painted on porcelain are among the late things for hall and library decoration, not that these are in themselves to be considered "new," but that a revival of taste in this direction renders them desirable and has stimulated a wide demand. Thus we see fourteenth and fifteenth century heads in bronze and brass surrounded by a broad disk skilfully wrought and containing cabalistic letters and dates. One of the attractions of a Broadway window has been costume studies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by Page, the French artist, wonderfully fine in detail and most exquisitely painted upon blue porcelain with delicate gold scroll work upon the blue and the subtlest harmony of color on the gold and satin brocades of the robes and other accessories of the magnificent costumes, Usually the porcelain plaques represent heads only, or busts, but these give the figures at full length and furnish superb styles of beauty and form. A pair of these costs $750, and are well worth the money. A Louis Quinze table just received at an art store is inlaid with a porcelain in the centre containing a portrait of Marie Antoinette, and is surrounded by miniatures upon porcelain of the ladies of the Court, which form the border, and are each inscribed with the name in small gold letters. This table is worth $750 also.

The new sconces are of chased brass, forming a panel worked in relief instead of an upright mirror at the back of the swinging sockets for candles. Brass candlesticks to set flat are formed like censers or polished saucers with the socket in the centre, and are accompanied by tray and snuffers. The old spiral candlestick appears, however, among the novelties and is more curious than the simple ones of brass, which it antedates. It is made in old silver and nickel, or oxidized metal, and is at present rare.

Cheap Living in Saxony.

A correspondent writes that while everything was exceedingly cheap in Saxony, none of the Americans with whom he had been talking had been able to live on less money per diem than it cost them to live at home, but they had all lived more luxuriously.

"I am taking music lessons here," said a young fellow from Cincinnati, who does not talk much. "I take two lessons a week. I pay for the lessons about 12½ cents each, or $1 per month. I pay all the teacher asked."

"I am paying 50 cents per lesson to a teacher of German," said another.

"I paid $15 for this suit of clothes," said another, "and I couldn't buy it in the United States for $40. They were made to order for me."

"I pay 12 marks, or $3, per month for my room, with coffee every morning," said another.

"I rode in a beautiful carriage from 11 o'clock until 6 o'clock yesterday. I had a splendid driver. I had beer, and so did he. The day's amusement cost me $3. It would cost more than that for the privilege of taking off your hat to an American hackman."

Other adventures and experiences of a similar character were gone over. I have just given enough to show why it is that people of small means in England flock to Saxony. They can live well here for what it would cost them to live poorly at home. Americans have not taken advantage of the inducements offered by Dresden or Leipsic as yet, because Americans do not live like the English on annuities. But to persons in America who have an income from rents or invested capital of say $1,000 a year, the inducements offered by this delightful country are beyond computation.

The Origin of the Thibetans.

The Thibetan legend of the origin of the people is that in the beginning only one man and his three sons lived on the table-land. They had no houses or tents, but led a migratory life, without being troubled with the cares of existence, for the land was not then desert, or poor, or cold. Trees were growing which afforded choice fruits, rice flourished without man having to labor to raise it, and the tea-plant thrived in the fields that Buddha afterward changed into stony places. Thibet was then all the more a fortunate, rich land, because these four men, then the only living creatures in the world, knew nothing of war and contention, but lived in unity and peace. At last the father suddenly died. Each of his sons wanted his body, to dispose of it in his own way. This was the first dispute. The corpse lay for some days on a large rock, and the sons avoided one another. At last the eldest son made a proposition: "Why should we be alienated because a misfortune has happened to us all in common? Let us be agreed and divide the body." They all accepted the proposition. The corpse was divided into three parts, and each son took a part. The eldest son got the head. He went away toward the east and became the father of the Chinese, who excel in craft and have great skill in trade. The second son was satisfied with his dead father's limbs. He also left his home and settled where the great Desert of Gobi gives his posterity, the Mongols, plenty of room; their characteristic is restlessness. The youngest son received the breast and bowels. He remained in Thibet, and from him are descended the Thibetan people, who are distinguished in ordinary intercourse by good nature, openness and cordiality, in war by courage and enthusiasm.

The Capture of Tel-El-Kebir.

A letter from the army in Egypt says; daybreak found most of the regiments close on to the intrenchments some of them lying on the very brink of the ditch. As the first rays of morning lit up the sand wastes the enemy seemed to wake suddenly and instantly the parapets burst into life and flame. The fire was something awful, and had the Arabs shot as straight as they shot fast no mortal troops could have stood up against it. Most of the bullets flew over the heads of our men as they rushed on; but many a one found its billet.

On went the assaulting regiments, the soldiers jumping down or rolling into the ditch and then scrambling on to the parapet, some to fall back again to the bottom and lie there dead or wounded; others slipped down the sandy slope but immediately tried again until at last they gained the top. Then came the cold steel and it was all over with the Egyptians. They could not stand it, and in ten minutes from the first shot they were in full flight across the open. Here they suffered terribly from the quick, incessant fire of the Martini-Henry, and the ground was strewn thick with their dead. Without an attempt to rally—indeed, without any possibility of rallying—they were driven in headlong disorder across the canal. Then the pursuit was taken up by the cavalry, who followed them all day and slaughtered them by the hundred. Zagazig, Belbeis and Benha fell successively into the hands of General Drury Lowe, and then Cairo itself. The Bengal Lancers must have been in their element, as they are the very troops for that kind of work. I fancy they disposed of many of their coreligionists! The Egyptian batteries are strong works of admirable profile, with from three to six embrasures; the smaller ones with three embrasures had one gun each, others more. Fifty-eight cannon fell into our hands, making sixty-nine altogether in four weeks. The batteries are all joined by shelter trenches, those in the immediate line of our advance being of good and strong profile, with the interior slopes revetted—indeed, they are more like curtains joining the forts, which would correspond to bastions in the old system of fortification. The others were ordinary shelter trenches of the parapet and ditch form, about four feet high, with a ditch about six feet wide at the top. Had we attempted to attach the left Arabi had a line of works ready, and there was also a very strong work on the right, and 15 cannons would cover his centre.

Neighbors' Law.

Two persons own land separated by a line fence, which is common property between the two parties. One has an apple tree on the side of the fence, whose limbs overhang the fence on the side of the other. Apples fall on either side. The question often asked is, do the apples that fall on one's land belong to the other, or to both? This subject has been several times discussed, with some contradictory decisions and judgement, but the rules are now pretty well established. If the stem trunk of the tree grows so close to the line that parts of its actual body extends into each neither owner can cut it down without the consent of the other, and the fruit is to be equitably divided. If the stem of the tree stands wholly within the boundary line of one owner, he owns the whole tree with its products, although the roots and branches extend into the property of the other. There was an old rule of law that the latter might claim from the yield of the tree as much as would be an offset for the nourishment it derived from his estate, but this is now obsolete. The law gives the land owner on whose soil the tree stands the right to cut it down at his pleasure and to pluck all the fruit from it while it stands. In New York state the courts have decided that trespass for assaults would lie by the owner of the tree, against the owner of the land over which its branches extended, if he prevented the owner of the tree, by personal violence, from reaching over and picking the fruit growing upon the branches while standing on the fence dividing the lands. The owner of the land over which the branches extend may lap the branches close to his line. He may dig down and cut the roots square with his lines if he so elects. In plain terms, if no portion of the trunk is within his line he may refuse all trespass of the tree on his premises, either above ground or below it. But if he gives the trees license either to extend its branches over his premises, he does not thereby gain any right to its fruit. He cannot pick it for himself nor interfere with the picking by the owner, as long as the latter remains in the tree or on the fence which divides the property This right to the fruit does not, however, permit the other owner to come upon the soil on the other side of the line to gather the fruit, and all the fruit wheeh falls without violence to the ground on that side may thus become the property of its owner.

Taking It Out of the Store.

Mr. Kemper, of Illinois, was in the mercantile business. He had a great deal of work outside of his store, and he generally made it a point to pay men that worked for him with goods. On one occasion he had a pile of wood he wanted cut into stove wood. Calling to a boy on the street he said:

"Here, Dock, I want to get a little wood cut. Can you do it?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"All right, you go over to the house and cut up that pile, and come back and I'll pay you for it; but," he added after a moment's pause, "I suppose you will take it out of the store?"

"Of course," replied the boy, "I would just as soon take it out of the store as not."

Meeting Kemper on the street a da or two after, the boy said:

"Say, Mr. Kemper, I would like toy have the cash for cutting that wood."

"Why," said Kemper "I thought you were going to take it out of the store."

"Well, who said I wasn't? We are out of the store now, and I will take the cash.

—The Society of California Pioneers now has 1,091 members. Deceased members number 613. It has property in cash, buildings, &c., valued at $250,000 and expects as much more from the Lick estate.

A Spanish Inn.

All the region for miles and miles around Arcos is thickly planted with olives, which give a pleasing aspect to this hilly country. It was late twilight when we came clattering into the ancient town, and were set down at the house where the diligence stopped, which seemed to be presided over by three old women. We were surrounded at once by a curious and helpful population, all eager to seize our pieces of luggage and bear them to parts unknown. The driver, who was our friend, appeared to be having a conference with the old women as to whether they should have the plucking of us, or would send us to the regular posada, to which we wished to go. In the growing darkness it was impossible to see where we were, or where the posada was, and it required all our vigilance to keep track of our luggage. After a great deal of confusion, we found ourselves transferred, bag and baggage, to the posada, which was almost exactly opposite, in debt to half the loaters in Arcos for their valuable assistance. The posada the best in the place, showed no sign of light or life. We entered the stables and made our way up a stone staircase to the hotel apartments. No obsequious landlord or landlady welcomed us, but we at last discovered a tall, sour-faced maid-of-all work, haughty and dirty, who condescended to show us a couple of clean but utterly bare little rooms, and undertook to get us something to eat. We felt humbly obliged. The stranger in Spain, at most inns and elsewhere, is treated as if the most acceptable thing he could do would be to take himself speedily out of the country. Our apartments were furnished with Spartan simplicity; the guest is allowed a washbowl, but no pitcher, and the water given him in the bowl is supposed to be quite sufficient for his needs; but the bed, though the mattress is made of uncomfortable lumps of wool, is scrupulously clean. The person who is fond of tasteless beans will find Spain a paradise. In this land of olives, those served on the table are bitter and disagreeable, and the oil in which everything is cooked, is uniformly rancid, But it should be confessed that the luxury is attainable. Something seems to be the matter with the cows, I do not wonder that the Spaniards are at table a temperate and abstinious race. It is no merit to be abstemious with such food and cooking. The wine at Arcos, however, was a sort of Manzanilla, that made us regard any food with favor. It was a medicinal draught, with a strong flavor of chamomile; a very useful sort, I believe, in the manipulation of the market sherry, and exceedingly wholesome. So long as a man can drink this wine he will not die, I should recommend the total abstinence society to introduce it into our country.

Light in Shanghai.

The electric light has now been exhibited in Shanghai for nearly a month, and, judging from the gratifying enthusiasm which the subject has aroused amongst the Chinese, we may expect to see the new light spread throughout the settlements as fast as the company can furnish the necessary power. The Shanghai Electric Company, having successfully raised their modest capital of 50,000 taels, and in doing so have been compelled to reject nine-tenths of the applicants for shares, mainly Chinese, at once set to work to erect the dynamo machine, the despatch of which from America had been previously arranged. There are now fifteen lamps working on the circuit—four at the China Merchants' lower wharf, rented by the company for the purpose of illuminating their frontage and enabling work upon vessels lying alongside to proceed as easily at night as in the daytime. The light gives comparative immunity from robbery and danger. The number of deaths from drowning in the darkness used to average one a week The Astor House has in its restaurant, billiard and bar rooms three electric lamps, whose brilliant lustre shining through the open windows attracts an admiring crowd of Chinese, who throng the road until past midnight. Sixteen lamps being the complement of the present machine, nothing more can be done to extend the light until the company's new forty-light machine is erected. The foundations for this and for the forty-horse power engine with which it will be driven, are now being rapidly constructed, and, before the end of the month, the company will be in a position to respond to the numerous applications for private lamps which are being daily made to them.

Warm Wraps for Winter.

In the way of cloaks the first breath of cold weather is bringing out a great many novelties. An elegant long wrap is a combination of silk and plush, with sleeves of brocaded satin and velvet, ornamented with jet trimmings and lined with electric plush. Another is Ottoman silk, trimmed with satin, striped plush and fringe. Some of the most expensive wraps are long cloaks of embossed plush or velvet, with borders of precious fur or needlework passementerie, each raised flower costing as much as a yard of ordinary trimming. Others are so complicated in construction and so elaborately garnished as to defy intelligible description. The value, moreover, is not all on the outside, for the lining is often silk or satin, quilted in various designs. On the other hand, plainly-made redingotes, trimmed with braiding, are in high fashion. Jersey jackets in tolerably pronounced colors are worn over all sorts of skirts. Mantles of novelty cloth, in camel's hair shawl effects, are trimmed with chenille fringe. An odd dolman is made of mouse-colored plush, trimmed with fur.

A novelty is a reversible circular of satin, lined with some kind of fur and interlined with gossamer rubber, so that it can in a moment be turned into a waterproof. The pelisse is superseding the ulster and takes on a quite dressy character. It is made in handsome cloths, bordered with fur. I saw a striking one of a deep shade of terra cotta plush, with a complete border of blue-gray lynx fur. The pockets were cut in the cloth, so that no ornament or lapel broke the glowing outline of the garment. For opera wear there is something new in the full sets of white down in coachman's collar and muff. A superb coat is made of cut and uncut velvet brocade, with very heavy cord ornaments. The long plain front is fashioned by the cord loops and the same devices are employed in the back.

THE biggest steel hammer in the United States strikes a 66,000-pound blow. Oh, where is John Sullivan now?

Horsefooted Horses.

A horseman says: I owned a mare for fourteen years which was never shod. I used her for breeding from a colt, and kept her without shoes because it was better for my purpose, as she would not be so liable to injure her colts, and she was not driven enough to require shoeing. This mare was never lame or tender-footed, but she would slip on smooth ice, and would have injured herself (as she could not gain a foot-hold) if she had not been held down until removed. She was gotten off the ice by putting a rope around her body and hitching another horse to it and sliding her several rods broadside to the shore. Her feet were never cut, and contained all the natural rim on the bottom, which, it is claimed, in a state of nature will hold horses up, keeping them from slipping anywhere.

There is a vast difference in the wearing effect of horses' feet on prairie land where there is an absence of grit; on plains where there is more or less grass to soften the foot-fall, and also an absence of gravel, and a gravelly road. On such a road a horse might go on a walk, if not driven too much, without wearing the hoofs to the extent of becoming footsore, but if driven on a trot, or galloped any considerable amount, it would become footsore. I have known colts while running in the pasture in summer on gravelly soil, by the natural wear of the feet and in stamping on account of flies—to wear the hoofs away so that they become decidedly tender-footed.

There is a great difference in horses about stepping; some strike the feet very hard on the ground and others lightly. The former would be sure to get footsore without shoes, and with them unless well shod, while the latter might do very well barefooted, under possible circumstances. There is also a great difference in the shape of horses' feet; some are born flatfooted and become crippled unless extra care is had in their shoeing, others have hoofs so upright and hard tha they will endure neglect and keep their feet in sound condition. A flatfooted horse usually has a soft hoof, which wears out rapidly. It is apparent from these facts that a general rule to deprive horses of shoes cannot be made always practicable.

A horse well shod, so that the outer rim of the hoof rests fully on the shoes, will always travel better than one poorly shod or one barefooted. The curse of shoeing is the buttress—an instrument which a blacksmith seems to delight in using to cut down a horse's heels, and more horses are made tender-footed from this abuse than all other causes. Farmers are very apt to allow their horses to wear their shoes so long that the outside of the hoofs grows over them, and they grind the soft and tender portion of the hoof, producing corns; whereas the shoe should always rest upon the rim or outside. This neglect is the worst kind of economy, as it often results in permanent injury to valuable animals. Such shoeing is worse than no shoes, but this abuse is not a conclusive argument against shoeing, but should be conclusive against bad shoeing.

Bogus Jewelry.

The recent experience of a London lady of rank, who wished to sell some jewels, goes to prove that shams are not newer than other things under the sun. Regarding what were supposed to be splendid rubies the jeweler said: "They are certainly very showy, madam, but unfortunately only clever imitations in glass!" The lady, much chagrined, then called attention to the heavy setting, to which the jeweller replied, after the usual tests. "The setting is only gilt!" Another article produced for appraisement was a superb bracelet, the gift of a Continental sovereign to the wife of a distinguished diplomatist. The skilful manufacture and specific gravity of this splendid object had been extolled for generations in the family of the possessor, and so highly was it prized that it was invariably sent to the bankers whenever the family went out of town. The jeweler scrutinized it carefully, and pronounced it to be extremely heavy; "but," he added, "if you will allow me, madam, to raise this very thin plate, I shall be able to show you that the bracelet is filled up with—lead!" Yet it is quite possible that the original purchasers of these articles believed them to be genuine, and paid for them as such. A few years ago an English gentleman took a bracelet to a leading provincial English jeweler to have the clasp mended. The jeweller looked at the stone carefully, and then said: "You are aware that this is not genuine?" "Not genuine!" exclaimed the gentleman. "You must be mistaken. This was given to my wife on her marriage by my uncle, the last man in the world to give sham jewelry." But the jeweller, an eminent man in his line persisting, the donor was informed. He wrote back that it had cost $500, and ordered that it be at once sent to him; and, taking it to Messrs.——, a firm of the first eminence, indignantly stated his case. It was sham, They offered a check at once, or a new bracelet, and seemed terribly chagrined. The explanation was that, do what they would, they were at times the victims of their workmen, who substituted admirably made bogus gems for real ones. Probably scores of persons have jewelry thought to be real which in truth is not so.

New Toys.

The newest things in clockwork walking dolls are a Chinaman, a figure of General Butler and a girl who trotted around rapidly and cried distinctly "Mamma" as she went. These and others cost $2.50 each; but the crying girl's vocal accomplishments make her worth double that sum. The two greatest surprises of the season are undoubtedly the new toy sewing machine called "The fairy," and the new electro-magnetic battery, run by bisulphate of mercury. The sewing machine actually sews so well that one could make a shirt on it if one knew how to make a shirt at all, yet it only weighs about two pounds, can be carried in a coat pocket, and sells for $3, It has a singer needle, and is really a practicable thing. The battery is equally astonishing. It is built in two sizes, and sells for $1 and $2 respectively, and the smallest affords a current as strong as anybody cares to take from a $50 machine. One use to which the current is put is the running at a great velocity of an "electric top," a spindle upon which tinted disks of paper are laid to give color effects.

Guests Electrified.

A gentleman leaning against one of the iron pillars in Dooner's cafe, was observed to pitch suddenly forward, and nearly fall on the marble floor. He turned very pale, and looked about him to see whether his involuntary action had been noticed. It did not appear to have been, and he walked back to the pillar and examined it critically. Then he walked around it and looked up to the ceiling. He looked at the floor, and then to satisfy himself whether the post had moved from its place and kicked him, he pressed hard against it with the palm of his hand.

In another instant the gentleman was sprawling on the floor. He got up, and finding that he was beginning to attract attention, he walked back and sought Mr. Dooner. "Is this place haunted," he asked, "or have you a familiar spirit which knocks people down?" Then he explained what had taken place. "Nonsense," said Mr. Dooner, "show me the post and I'll hug it if you say so." Mr. Dooner was shown the post, and he put his arms around it. But it was not for long. In less than two seconds Mr. Dooner was where his guest had been a few minutes before. At the same time a howl of rage was heard in the bar-room. Mr. Dooner ran back. A man was standing there with a half-emptied glass of wine in his hand. "What does this mean!" he demanded. "I attempted to take a drink and a shock went through me like a galvanic battery. Do you—" He was interrupted by another man, who entered suddenly, with a yell and a muttered imprecation. "What's the matter here?" he asked, angrily, "I put my hand on an iron post out there," pointing to the cafe, "and I believe I'm paralyzed."

By this time a group of excited men had gathered around. "The place is bewitched," said one, "or has been magnetized," suggested another. "No gentlemen," ventured a little man, who was smiling broadly, "it's nothing of the kind. These gentlemen have all received an electric shock. Make an investigation and see if I am not right."

The hotel proprietor sent for the manager of the Electric Power Company on Arch Street above Tenth. He came and in less than twenty minutes had solved the mystery. It was found that a steel screw, from which depended an electric light, had been pushed too far through the lath and plaster and came in contact with an iron girder. The girder rests on the pillar rested on another girder beneath the floor. The gentlemen who were knocked down had completed the circuit by touching the post, and the man who thought he was drinking molten lead did the same by by placing his foot on the metal rail in front of the bar, after he had lifted the glass to his lips. The screw was given a half turn back, the circuit was broken and everybody was relieved.

Artists's Diamonds.

Speaking of diamonds among artists, Annie Louise Cary possesses some valuable jewel caskets. She is said to be the possessor of the largest and most perfect emerald in the world. It belonged to queen Isabella, and was bought at the sale of that erratic Spaniard's jewels, in Pa is, three years ago. It weighs twenty-three carats and is set in a broad band of Roman gold studded with twenty-four large diamonds. The value of the emerald alone is set at $50,000. Kate Monroe, who played "Olivette" at the Casino last winter, owned diamonds valued at $50,000. Encased in them as in a coat of mail, she went about almost like a statue of diamonds, radiating a blaze of white fire which put the electric lights overhead to shame. Mme. Ambre who made such a failure singing for Mapleson two years ago, and then ran off with the tenor of her own troupe, owned a collection of jewels valued up to $400,000. She had a floral necklace of diamonds valued at $50,000. Mme. Aimee put every dollar she could save into diamonds and her collection at one time was worth nearly $200,000. She bought and was presented with jewels wherever she went. Selina Dolaro is the possessor of a fine collection of diamonds, the pearl of them being a necklace which encircles her throat in every part she plays.

The noblest assortment of jewels is that owned by Mme. Janauschek. She was the owner of the finest collection of gems of any actress in America. Her diamonds are simply imperial in their magnificence. Among them are four which were presented to her by the Czar Nicholas, and the queen of Bavaria, each worth about $12,000. She own a beautiful set of turquois, in which the stones numer 5000, and a set of carbuncles presented to her by a Turkish ambassador, Mme. Elsie, the famous bareback rider of Paris, who is currently reported as the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, wore diamonds in the place of spangles. Mme. Dockrell, another famous rider, owns diamonds to the value of $30,000. Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris and other prominent actresses all own fine jewelry and more or less valuable collections of diamonds.

Indian Marriage Laws.

When a tribe is hunting, it camps, by *gentes* or nations, in a circle, each *gens* bearing the name of some animal. All the members of one gens are relatives, and marriage between members of one gens is absolutely forbidden. Membership in a gens is by descent in the male line, not in the female. The relations of a man are denoted by colors; for example, black, grandfather or grandmother; blue, father or mother. His connections are denoted by mixed colors such as a pink head and skirt, with light-blue triangle on the body, for sister-in-law. A man can marry his brother's widow, and her children call him father even before their father's death. His sister's children are only nephews and nieces. His mother's sister is always called mother for the same reason, and even his paternal grandfather's brother's son is his father. These, and many other distinctions, show that the terms of relationship are far more numerous and complicated with the Omahas than with us. A man may marry any woman belonging to another gens, whether connected with him or not; though marriage into his mother's gens is also forbidden. A man cannot marry any woman to whom he is related by the ceremony of the calumet-dance. Sometimes a man may take the children of his deceased brother without their mother herself. Sometimes the dying husband, knowing that his male kindred are bad, tells his wife to marry out of his gens. If a widower remains single for two, three, or four years, he must remain so forever. Widows, however, must wait four years before remarrying. The same system prevails among the Iowas, Otos and Missouris.

—Alaska is called the country of magnificent icebergs.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The Bible has been translated into 236 languages and dialects.

—During the past fifty years Britain has been involved in sixteen wars.

—Matthew Arnold is said to have given up his proposed American visit.

—A mountain sheep, weighing 200 pounds, was recently killed in Arizona.

—The Methodist churches in England gained nearly 23,000 members last year.

—A girl in Kennebunkport, Me., 3 years old, has a hand 33 inches in diameter.

—The English order of Knights of the Bath originated at the time of the Crusades.

—Since 1850 eighty-two people have thrown themselves from the Vendome column in Paris.

—The first war steamer was built in 1813 by Robert Fulton, and was named Fulton the First.

—An Englishman has invented a stirrup which will not hold the rider's foot when he is thrown.

—Meissonier has lately been in Venice, painting a large picture in one of the chapels in St. Mark's.

—Mrs. Crittenden, wife of Governor Crittenden, was robbed of $100 in a sleeping car in Colorado recently.

—The exports of rails from Germany amounted in 1881 to 250,709 tons, the heaviest export of any one year.

—It is estimated that the number of slaves in ancient Greece was three or four times the number of freemen.

—Seventeen thousand five hundred and forty-five stray dogs were taken into custody in London during 1881.

—The highest range of mountains is the Himalays, the mean elevation being estimated from 16,000 to 18,000 feet.

—The Georgia Railroad and Banking Company has paid in dividends since the war the immense sum of $4,626,576.

—Next year several acres in the Thames valley are to be planted with sunflowers for the use of the aesthetes.

—Edward Audran, the composer, is building an elegant new house in Paris, which will be called the villa Mascotte.

—There was a marriage in Giles county, Va., recently, in which the groom was 86 and the bride 36 years of age.

—Ohio last year made about 450,000 gallons of maple syrup and 3,000,000 pounds of sugar, and will have as much more this year.

—Viscountess Stringford established a hospital for the Egyptian wounded, and the Khedive gave her 80 beds from Arabi's house.

—Congressman Russel Errett had his right shoulder dislocated by being thrown out of a buggy in Pittsburg, Pa., the other day.

—The late green peas of this season have been more plentiful and of better flavor than gourmets have known them to be in many years.

—At the beginning of the year 1861 the United States army consisted of 14,000 regular troops, garrisoned chiefly in the Southern States.

—Two hundred youths belonging to the best families in Paris and the north of France have left Calais for the Jesuit College at Canterbury.

—A large part of the Bahama Islands is devoted to pineapple culture. A million and a half of fruit have been collected from a single acre.

—England has thirty electric light companies, with a capital of over $30,000,000. Nearly as much money is similarly sunk in France.

—The ancient Pueblos were the only aboriginal people within the limits of the United States who possessed the art of glazing their pottery.

—By means of a chemical refrigerator corpses are now frozen as hard as blocks of marble before they are laid out for inspection in the Paris Morgue.

—A simpler instrument than the jews-harp it would be hard to conceive, but the process of manufacture comprises no fewer than thirty separate operations.

—The factory of Mr. Smyth, at Balbriggan, in Ireland, famous for a century past as producing the finest hosiery in the world, has been destroyed by fire.

—In landscape gardening, says an English writer, the English have more to learn than to teach, but in cottage and villa gardening they are especially strong.

—In order to encourage the manufacture of wall papers of foreign type, the Japan Government Office have imported eight sets of the necessary machinery from Germany.

—M. Chevreul, the French scientist, is now in his 96th year, and yet spends eight hours daily in his laboratory, besides doing much literary work.

—In their general bearing toward society and in the nature and minuteness of their scruples, the early Christians b