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A GOLDEN WEDDING.

There is a time beneath New England skies
When the late autumn, as if loth to go,
Lingers along the hills with sunlit eyes,
And outstretched hands over the vales below.
A golden haze floats round her like a mist,
The air is soft and balmy where she strays,
And lo! as her last, richest parting gift,
She brings the glorious Indian summer days.

So in these lives of ours there comes a time,
After long strife with care, and self and sin,
When the soul rises by a power sublime,
And to God's rest and sunshine enters in;
Where calm and quiet, and the peace of God,
And love divine, after long, patient years,
Sit jubilant upon the radiant brow,
And life has no more place for griefs or fears.

To these, love-crowned by fifty happy years,
Their golden wedding brings still rarer gifts
Than blessed the glad, bright days of long ago,
For now God's smile their souls to heaven uplifts,
And in life's blissful Indian summer time,
So rich in heartfelt joy, they can await,
With reverent trust, their Heavenly Father's will,
Till safe He leads them through the golden gate.

NOT VERY ANGRY.

Grandma Harris was wrapping up the delicious golden balls of her own make of butter in fragrant snowy linen cloths, and mentally calculating what the butter and cottage cream, and the four pair of fat chickens, and the half-dozen pumpkins, and the four barrels of apples ought to bring in the market when grand-father went to town in the big wagon the next day.

And just as she had about decided that, with good luck, they ought to be able to buy the piano for Bessie by Christmas, there came a step alongside, and she looked up, to see Frank Merrivale, tall, handsome, with his fall overcoat wearing a rosebud and a spray of bovardia and his soft felt hat pushed off his forehead.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Frank?" grandma Harris said, patting a butter-ball lovingly as she laid it beside a dozen others in the long shallow basket.

"It is I, grandma.

"What are you doing?

"Give me a taste.

"Don't you know I used always to help you get the butter ready for market?

"I haven't forgotten how to tell if it is salt enough."

"Of course you haven't forgotten since you have been such a find city gentleman.

"Much you care for anything down here in the country nowadays."

She twinkled him a look from behind her silver-rimmed glasses, whose roguishness slowly changed to solicitous concern as, for the first time since her "boy" had been home to the farm for a month's visit, she noticed a paler look than she liked to see on his face, and a certain unhappy look in his eyes.

"What's the matter Frank?" she finished suudenly, laying down her last pat of butter, and looking steadily at him.

He answered her look with a little forced laugh.

"The matter—with me?

"Why, bless your old soul, grandma, there's nothing whatever the matter with me.

"Don't I eat and sleep like a ploughman?"

"Do you, Frank?

"Honor bright, dear—isn't there anything amiss with you?"

"Not physically, at all events," he said gaily.

Then, as suddenly as gravely, he added—

"I don't mind telling you, grandma—it's—Lulu Carroll!

"Lulu Caroll!

"Has she been tormenting you, my dear Frank?

"Tell me the whole truth; now, mind," she said solemnly.

"There's not very much to tell," he said, with another constrained little laugh.

"She doesn't care anything whatever abut me, and I can't help making a fool of myself over her."

Grandma Harris covered her butter-rolls over carefully, and then went on—

"She dosen't care for you as much as you care for her?

"Is that it?"

"That's exactly it."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Not in so many words, but all the same I have been made aware of the fact."

"But, Frank, if- —"

He looked coaxingly at her, but she saw the paleness on his dear face was even more pronounced than before, as he gently interrupted her—

"Don't let's talk about it, please.

"I didn't mean to mention her name to a living soul.

"I'd rather endure my sorrow in silence, since it seems to me that Lulu Carroll has it in her power to wreck my life for me.

"I felt sure she loved me—but she don't.

"And that's all there is of it."

And after that, grandma Harris went on counting her eggs in silence, while Frank leaned against the shelf and looked at her.

And then after a few minutes he went away, and grandma took off her spectacles and wiped the tears from her dear old eyes—for Frank was the apple of her eye, and his happiness or misery delighted or wounded her to the very core of her motherly heart.

"I daresay he's no worse than other men," she decided after dinner that day.

"They mostly do fall in love with the girl that is likehest to lead them a pretty gait.

"I'll put on my brown cashmere and just run over and see how sister Carroll is getting on, and borrow Lulu's cream-cake recipe.

"Frank's very fond of that cream-cake of hers."

And so when Lulu Carroll came down from her own room into the sunny cosy sitting-room about three o'clock that same afternoon she found her mother and Mrs. Harris enjoying a most comfortable chat over their bright knitting-needles.

She was such a pretty girl, slender and graceful, with big brown eyes and wavy golden-brown hair.

Grandma didn't wonder a bit that Frank cared so much for her.

"Oh, it's Mrs. Harris," she said laughing, and showing her pretty white teeth and her dimples.

"Yes, it's me, sure enough."

"I wanted your cream-cake recipe, dear, and there seemed a good chanc for me to get away for an hour or so, so I thought I'd run over myself after it.

"Frank's very fond of cream-cake; he won't get much of it either, poor fellow."

Lulu was copying her recipe, but Mrs. Harris's keen eyes did not fail to see the little flush of color that surged up to the girl's forehead at mention of Frank Merrivale's name.

"How's that?" Mrs Carroll inquired, interestedly.

"Why, didn't you know he was going back to town next Tuesday? They don't ever have any such cream-cake there, you don't suppose?"

Lulu folded the neat little paper up and handed it to Mrs. Harris, who put it carefully away in her pocket.

"Yes, Frank's going back to the city this week, and I don't suppose we shall see much of him after thiy."

Miss Lulu laughed, and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"One would think Mr. Merrivale was going to emigrate to the South Sea Islands," she answered.

"He might almost as well be going there for all the nearness to town will do us."

The air of mystery about the old lady was having a most electric effect.

"Do tell, Mrs. Harris," Mrs. Carroll said, laying her grey yarn stocking down.

"If you'll both keep it a dead secret, I'll tell you.

"Frank's going to be married."

A momentary silence followed, only broken by the tick-tack of the eight-day clock in the corner, and the silvery little click of grandma Harris's needles.

Then, although Lulu felt that her very pulses seemed stopping, that for her the sunlight was for ever to be gloomiest shade, she managed to utter a strange weird little laugh.

"You don't say Frank is going to be married?

"That is indeed news.

"Tell him I congratulate him."

Mrs. Harris peeped innocently over her glasses at the sweet pale face.

"Just so I felt, Lulu—you and Frank had been such good friends—and that's why I think you ought to be told first.

"Sakes alive!

"It really can't be four o'clock already—and me with a mile and half to walk, and a short-cake to make for tea."

And the little old laday bustled off, while Lulu put on her red and brown blanket shawl and her little Derby hat with the scarlet wing and rushed out into the crisp November air—somewhere, anywhere to be all by herself, where she could try to realize all the sudden anguish and confusion that had come upon her.

"It cannot be!

"Frank Merrivale to be married—oh, it can't be true!"

And as she walked slowly through the apple orchard, rustling the fallen leaves as she trailed through them, the big tears ran thick and fast from her sad eyes.

Frank Merrivale lost to her—and—she loved him so!

She had been so sure of him, so sure by when she condescended to cease her coquetries upon him she could whistle him back to her feet.

To be married!

With his handsome face, his pleading voice, his passionate eyes—and not to her.

With a heart-breaking little sob she leaned her face on her hands, and cried as only a woman can cry when she realizes that her true-love is gone for ever, and that all through her own fault.

When she heard rapid footsteps coming up the same narrow path by which she was going down through the orchard—footsteps she knew so well, that thrilled her with jealous pain, for she recognized them before she had the courage to lift her face, all tear-stained, flush and wistful, yet prettier than ever to Frank Merrivale, as he passed her—with only a smile on his face as he courteously, yet coldly, raised his hat to her—and was passing on.

For just one second it seemed to her that her temples, her throat, all her pulses would burst, with the concentrated agony of the moment; should she—dare she——

"Frank!" she said, scarcely above her breath, in a strangely timid pitiful way.

He turned instantly.

"Did you speak?"

"Frank! Is it true?"

"True? Is what true, Lulu?"

She trembled perceptibly.

"Don't hesitate to tell me—don't put off the news—I know I deserve to be punished so—but—you might have known it was I who loved you better than any other girl could.

"Oh, Frank—I know it is dreadful for me to speak so—but I must—I shall die if I think you don't know how much I love you—even if you don't want me."

He looked astonished.

"I don't understand you, Lulu."

Her lovely eyes flashed him a piteous, reproachful glance.

"Frank!"—bitterly—"don't seek refuge behind a pretence of ignorance.

"I know, and you know, what I mean, but," and she began to sob in a wholly unheroine-like manner, "you might have known how much I loved you."

And then, Frank's eyes suddenly began to shine with a glad glory that had never been in them before, and he remembered what grandma Harris had said to him when he started off—

"Take my advice, boy, and if you happen to meet Lulu, don't let her think you're inconsolable."

"Lulu! tell me that again—say it again—you love me!"

"I do—I do—I do, Frank, but it's too late now, since you're going to be married so soon."

"I married, darling?

"Not that I know of, until you have promised to have me.

"Will you, Lu?"

And with her head on his breast, Lulu told him all that grandma Harris had said.

"I understand it all plainly enough—it was a loving little stratagem to catch Cupid, Lulu.

"Besides, am I not going to be married?

"Say—aren't we?

"I don't think we're very angry at grandma Harris, are we?"

And Mrs. Frank never makes a cream-cake for her liege lord but that she blesses the day his grandmother came for the recipe.

Enormous Guns.

The Armstrong cannon recently made for the Italian man-of-war Italia costs $72,000, while the corresponding gun to be made by Krupp will cost $160,000. This enormous difference is partly explained by the different modes of manufacture, and partly by the fact that the steel bore of the Krupp cannon will be all in one piece, while in the Armstrong cannon it is in two pieces, a form which has been proved does not in the least weaken the gun. The Italia will be furnished with three other guns like the one just tried at Spezia, but rather more powerful, the result of recent improvements.

Ventilation of Stables.

Various suggestions regarding this all important matter are being made in agricultural and other journals, reminding the writer of a careful study of the subject that was forced upon him two years ago. That Winter was very severe, and frost and snow hermetically sealed all the crevices of his cattle barns, so that little air was admitted unless a door or window was opened, and this was at the risk of violent and dangerous drafts, accompanied by sudden and extreme change of temperature. In Mid-winter the hair on the cattle became dead, and was rapidly carded off, very much to their disfiguration. This was very truly attributed to bad air, which, after considerable study, was completely changed by a very simple and inexpensive arrangement. A ventilator from a warm stable can remove foul air as fast as fresh air is supplied, so when the ordinary vertical air box is made, the remedy is reduced to the simple question of so admitting fresh air as to introduce it freely to all parts of the stable without making a current. This was done by the expedient of a box the entire length of the cattle stalls (70 feet), about one foot square inside, made of common lumber. This opened to the outside air in two places; at each a wooden damper was put in to regulate the supply. The bottom of this box was pierced with 3,000 one-half inch holes, through which air passed readily, but with no effect of draft or chill. The cattle in this stable stood with their heads facing a central alley, and the box was over this, hung to the ceiling, so as the cool air was showered down, the animals had it to breathe before it passed under or behind them. As soon as this was in operation a marked change was apparent. The cattle freshened up, and in a few days new hair came where the old had worn off, and never since has there been any sign of dead hair upon them in Winter. This free income of pure air, drawn high above the surface of the ground, coupled with the use of dry earth as an absorbent, has so purified these stables that after a long stay in them, no perceptible odor affects clothing. Indeed, no stable smell remains, while no evil effects result from a constant change of air when introduced as specified. Fresh air is the vital element of health, and on the hills of our dairy counties the supply from November to May is ordinarily ample for all demands; it is, up to the present writing, not controlled by any combinations, or likely to be locked up by a ring, but in many and many a stable (and house as well,) it is as carefully economized as if there was a risk of using it all up with no chance of getting any more. A cow cannot give wholesome milk without pure air, as well as pure water, but thousands get little of either on farms where free winds blow, and bright springs bubble, simple because no thought is given to ventilation, and it is easier to let the herd drink from a yard pool than to conduct water to them.

Shake With Me.

In a stairway on Woodward avenue sat a man who looked the picture of sadness, and every now and then he pulled out a red handkerchief with many holes and rents in it and wiped tears from his eyes. By and by a pedestrian halted, and asked:

"Say, stranger, what ails you?"

"Oh, I dunno. I guess I feel sad."

"You shouldn't feel bad on New Year's day. It's the day on which to brace up and swear off."

"That's just the point!" replied the man, as he brought out the handkerchief, "I haven't anything to swear off from."

"Don't you drink?"

"Not a drop."

"Nor smoke, nor chew?"

"Neither one; nor do I swear, gamble, bet nor lie."

"Well, you must be a pretty good man."

"Oh! I am—I am! I'm too good. The rest of you can resolve to-day not to rob or steal again. You can swear off on whisky and tobacco and lay plans for economy, but I've got to plod right along in the old track."

"Can't you think of one single point for reformation?"

"Not a point—not a one. I've sat here for a whole hour trying to find one single weakness, but I can't do it. Stranger, it makes me sad, and you must excuse these tears. When I realize that I am so all-fired good I am half inclined to commit suicide—"

"I'll tell you of a point, old man."

"Will you? Thanks! thanks! What is it?"

"Why don't you resolve to get your hair cut, wash your face, clean out your nails, and put on a clean shirt?"

"Why don't I? I will! Thank Heaven there is a show for me after all! I m not as good as I thought I was. Yes, sir, I'll do it. Shake with me. You have probably saved my life, and my gratitude is unbounded."

And then he cried some more, but they were tears of joy.

Storing Ice.

The ice should be cut into rectangular blocks of equal size; a convenient size is 16x24 or 12x18 inches, according to the thickness and weight. A cake of the latter size eight inches thick, will contain one cubic foot and weigh about fifty-six pounds. The larger size of the same thickness will weigh nearly 100 pounds. The mass of ice should be solid and without any air spaces in it. As the blocks are brought in evenly cut they are fitted closely but as the cutting cannot be done exactly to rule, there will be some spaces here and there between the blocks. As the blocks are built up, some spare pieces should be broken finely and the dust swept with a broom into the crevices and packed down with the edge of a broad chisel fitted on to the end of a broom handle. Every tier should be well packed in this way before another is begun. If this is well done, ice may be kept two or three years in any well-made ice-house, and will waste very little in one season. At least one foot of dry sawdust should be placed on the floor for the ice to rest upon. The house should be filled in the coldest, dryest weather, and it should be left open a day or two before it is filled. If the weather is very cold, the blocks will freeze, and the whole mass become very solid if the packing is well done. If inside packing is used, this should be put in as the ice is built up and trodden down firmly, and each tier of the ice should be swept clean as it is finished. More than half the failures in keeping ice are due to neglect in the packing of it.

—Colonel M. L. Clark, the president of the Louisville Jockey Club, is urging the organization of a national jockey club.

A New England Husking Bee.

When the guests have all arrived the boys go to work and pull great armfuls of hay from the mow, which they spread around the heap of corn. Then each seats himself by his favorite girl, draws a bundle of husks into the hay between them, and the husking begins. Work is by no means suffered, however, to interfere with play. The merry joke goes around; the stolen mitten travels about the circle and back to its owner at last. If a girl happens to pull the husk from a dark-red ear, she must forfeit a kiss to the lad nearest or quickest to snatch it. As fast as the ears are removed from the husks they are thrown into separate piles, one for each party, on opposite sides of the heap; and there is sure to be a deal of pleasant rivalry to see which side will have the larger heap of corn when the husking is done. It is wonderful to see how fast the mountain of unhusked corn is lowered, though the farmer and his boys keep bringing fresh basketfuls and piling them on the heap. A perfect storm of the golden ears keeps raining on each pile of corn. As the supply of material fails the contest waxes warmer. The girls throw off their hoods and shawls, and the boys fling aside their overcoats. The warm blood of health rushes to each cheek, and the faster the hands fly the brighter do the faces grow, and the last few ears are scrambled for, by the contending sides, and with shouts of merriment the husking is finished. The victorious side is first served with refreshments. Great palefuls of doughnuts and "frittert" and slices of snowy cake, pie cut in generous pieces, cider and apples, nuts and home-made candy are passed around. The "old folks" come stamping in by twos and threes, and are immediately assailed with conflicting stories of individual prowess and associate achievement, and then stuffed with good things to stop their laughing. By 11.30 o'clock the festivities are over and the merry company disperses two and two. The farmer takes down the lanterns, closes the big barn and retires to the kitchen to smoke his pipe and calculate, how many bushels of corn he will have when it is "off the ear."

Egyptian Knitting.

The Egyptians of the present—Kopts as well as Arabs—run about with bare feet. The ancient Egyptians, on the contrary, who are now only to be seen in a dried condition in museums, possessed a very good method of knitting stockings as is shown in the collection at the Louvre, in Paris. In the grave of a mummy there were found a pair of knitted stockings, which gave the surprising evidence, firstly, that short stockings, resembling socks, were worn by the ancient Egyptians; and secondly, that the art of knitting stockings had already attained great perfection in ancient Egypt. These curious stockings are knitted in a very clever manner, and the material, fine wool of sheep, that might once have been white, is now brown with age. The needles with which the work was done must have been a little thicker than we should choose for the same purpose, and the knitting is loose and elastic. The stocking is begun just as we make the design, only in the simplest manner, with single thread; but in the continuation of the work it is not simply plain, but fanciful. The usual border of the stocking which prevents the rolling up of the work, is narrow, consisting of a row of turned loops; and the circle, the nicely shaped heel, which is a little different from our method, show a very skilful hand. But in the point of the stocking there is a characteristic difference between the Egyptian stockings and our modern socks. While ours end in a rounded point, the Egyptian stockings run out in two long tubes of equal width, like the fingers of a glove. This strange shape is made to suit the sandals, which are furnished with a strap, fastened about the middle of the sandal; and as the strap has to be laid over the stocking the division is needed.

A Bar Inquiry.

A stranger leaned over the bar of a Michigan avenue saloon the other day and whisperingly inquired;

"Partner, what is the population of the United States?"

"Hard on to 50,000,000, I believe," was the reply.

"It's over 40,000,000 any how?"

"Oh, yes."

"You'll bet on that?"

"I'd like nothing better than to put up $10 on it."

"Well, you'll have a chance. There's a chap down in the shoe store who claims that we haven't got 35,000,000 population, and he is bluffing everybody. I'll bring him up if you'll make a bet and take him down a peg."

"Bring him along."

The stranger went away and returned with the bluffer, who had no sooner entered the saloon than he called out:

"Where's the man who says this country has over 40,000,000 population?"

The saloonist modestly replied that he was the man, and in less than a minute the two ten-dollar bills were put into the hands of the first caller.

"There's a new map in the store across the way which has the last census figures on it," said the saloonist, and all went over to see the matter settled.

The figures showed that the beer-seller had won by a large majority, but nothing on that map, nor above, below nor behind it could tell what had become of the man who held the stakes. Indeed, it was only after the one who had lost had also slipped awry that anybody realized that they were confederates. Then the victim started out with a club to hunt the world over and reduce the population by one, but his search was in vain.

An Ice Palace.

The "winter carnival" at Montreal for 1883 attracted large crowds from all parts of Canada and the United States. It began with a parade and a curling match, and continued during the week with a variety of winter sports. A conspicuous object in Montreal was an ice palace, built in the center of Dominion Square. It was constructed of blocks of ice, and measured nearly 100 feet square. At each of the four corners was a tower 30 feet high, and a tower in the centre 32 feet square rose to a height of 100 feet. The crystal structure was illuminated at night by electric lights.

Didn't Want Advice From Strangers.

The afternoon of Thanksgiving day was of that dreary, hazy, nonpareil character when the affluent glories of a soft Italian rain were slowly fading into the autumnal tints of a blue norther that came streaking down from the bald summits of the Rocky Mountains, and cast its chilling shadows on the shingle roof of the City Hotel at Brenham, Texas. Our scene opens in this famous hostelry.

Five solitary drummers were lying around the stove, and in picturesque groups, but in obedience to the natural instinct all drummers seem to have to impart a fictitious expansion to the truth. They had been lying so much in a professional capacity that it was a treat to them to have a little go as you please lying match with each other on general principles. The subjects under discussion, or rather under prevarication, were fishing, hunting and field sports generally. They told such fearful lies that the very stove turned red, which stove they had surrounded as completely as if it was a country merchant who needed goods.

The youngest commercial emissary in the delegation was a youth named Levi Jacobson, who was rading on Texas in the interest of a Baltimore house in the boot, shoe and clothing line. He did not join the conversation, and there was really no reason for him to do so, as the sacred cause of truth was suffering abundant mutilation as it were, at the hands of the other inquisitors. The reason Levi Jacobson did not volunteer to help was because there were other topics on which he could do better. If they had talked about the drama, or of female loveliness, he would not have been found without something to say, for was he not a critic and a master of the mashers? He prided himself on being one of the knowing ones; but having lived all his life in cities or on the road he was somewhat lost when the talk was of quail, trout, deer, and of the rival merits of choke bore, centre fire, 10-calibre, etc., etc., etc.

Snipe were mentioned, and some one made an allusion to that hackneyed old practical joke about catching snipe in a sack, never supposing for a moment that there was any one alive on earth who did not know the joke. Jacobson, however, was ignorant, as he demonstrated by remarking that "these snipe must be stupid, like that ostrich was, to put their head in a bag."

It was nuts to the other drummers to find at last "the most innocent man on the road."

A snipe hunt was at once proposed, Mr. Jacobson to take the leading role and carry the sack and the lantern.

They went out about three miles from town in a hack at 9 o'clock at night, across creeks, through woods and swamps, until they came to what the driver said was a good snipe ground. Jacobson was placed in a path with a lantern in one hand and the sack in the other. The rest of the party were to scatter out for some distance, and then to gradually close in and return back to Jacobson, driving the snipe before them. The leading man in the company was instructed how to kill the snipe when he captured the full of the bag, and how to set his trap and wait for more. Then the other drummers went howling out into the darkness in pursuit of snipe.

Mr. Jacobson waited.

Holding the sack made his arms ache.

Bullfrogs croaked.

Jacobson continued to wait.

Owls hooted.

The night grew on apace and found Jacobson still waiting for the snipe to come out of the darkness.

It was midnight.

Around the same stove four solitary drummers were gathered. They were full of mirth and gayety, and they laughed loud and long.

Suddenly the laugh died away on their lips, the merry joke was chopped off in its utterance and an unripe pun was hastily thrown under the stove by the long-legged drummer, for there in the doorway stood a ragged and mud stained remnant—all that was mortal of Jacobson, the snipe hunter.

He said: "My vreads, you thought dot was a good joke, but I was acquainted vith dot joke sefen years ago. I stayed out vith dot bag there just to see it you was so mean as to blay dose tricks on a stranger, and I vants nodings more to do with you."

He refused all overtures looking toward a reconciliation, and went to bed swearing he would leave the place on the next day's evening train. He stayed in his room all of the next morning. The joke got over town. Mr. Moses Solomons, a leading merchant of the place, thought it was decidedly wrong to have treated Jacobson so badly, and called to make his acquaintance and extend his sympathies.

When he was admitted to Mr. J.'s room the latter said:

"Vat you vants? Guess you would like to go bear-hunting vith me and a flour-sack; or do you vant to have some fun driving jack-rabbits into a mosquito net, eh?"

Mr. Solomons explained that he had heard that the boys had treated Mr. Jacobson rather roughly, and that he had threatened to leave the city without showing his samples. He merely called, he said, to say that the citizens should not be blamed, and to advise that Mr. J should change his intention and prosecute his business as if nothing had happened.

"I don't vant any advice from strangers. I vas treated padly in this town, and I leaves it right away. There vas no shentlemans in this place."

Mr. Solomons has a great deal of pride in the social and financial standing of the people of Brenham

When Mr. Jacobson was dragged from under Mr. Solomons it was found necessary to adjust his scattered Abrahamic countenance with about a yard of court-plaster. He is now traveling in Western Louisiana, and he tells the merchants with whom he does business that he was run over by a hand-car on the Central Railroad.

Two Quarts I Guess.

It is related that Buffalo man, who had been in the coffee business for several year, was led to believe that he was a sinner, and to come out on the side of religions The morning after he had taken this step he reached his factory to find business suspended, and upon demanding an explanation, his son replied:

"Well, father, I didn't know what to do. I did not suppose after what you said last night that you would mix any more beans with the coffee. I presumed it would make a difference."

"Yes, it will make just a little difference," calmly observed the old man, "We have heretofore been mixing one barrel of beans to four of coffee, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, take out two of the beans—two quarts about, I guess."

A Mountain On Fire.

A correspondent writes, calling attention to a curious phenomenon which, although well known in the immediate district in which it exists, will be new to many readers. He says, "I happened to be making a tour a few days ago through the Rhondda Valley in wales and as I was passing the Cwm Park Mountain I noticed what at a little distance appeared to me to be a small bonfire about half-way up its side. Not seeing any one in the vicinity of the fire, curiosity prompted me to climb the barren hill to see what was being burned. After struggling through a good deal of mud and over marshy ground, I reached the fire; when, to my surprise, I found that the flames were not caused by the burning of rubbish or any other visible substance. The fire flamed up through about three square feet of barren earth, which was hot and parched, except where covered with what at first seemed to be boiling water. Upon closer examination I found that only the water near the centre of the fire approached anything like boiling heat, the rest being in some places lukewarm, and in others quite cold. I was sorely puzzled at first to account for this difference of temperature in the water, for it all boiled and bubbled with equal violence. As I happened to have a walking-stick in my hand I drove it into the earth two or three inches away from any spot from which fire issued, when, to my astonishment, flames shot up from this newly-made hole at least a foot high. I repeated the experiment two or three times with the same result. It seemed as though a fierce fire existed under this small patch of ground. The thing that puzzled me most was the nonexistence of any cracks or holes in the ground except those which I had myself made. The earth belched forth fire without opening its mouth. I had not been many seconds at this spot before I discovered that I was to leeward of the flame, for I was half suffocated by a sulphurous, gassy stench, which escaped from the flames. I shifted my ground, and after considerable deliberation come to the conclusion that this extraordinary phenomenon was caused by the continuous escape of subterranean gas through a deep fissure in the rocks. Subsequent inquiries in the neighborhood proved that my conjecture was right. The inhabitants of the district say that the gas ascends through a fissure in the rocks from a seam of coal several hundred feet below the surface, and that it was set on fire many years ago by some unknown person, and has burned continuously ever since. I also learned that this is not a unique phenomenon in the district. A smaller jet of gas, I was told, has been burning for some years near the head of the Rhondda Valley. I could not, however, spare time to ascertain the truth of this statement. To witness the earth on fire is, no doubt, astonishing, but it can hardly be compared with the phenomenon which a fellow-traveller informed me exists near Aberdare. Near that town the gas from a seam of coal forces itself up through a fissure in the rocks, and through the surface of the earth and the waters of a stream. It has been repeatedly lighted, when a large spot on the water through which the gas bubbled seemed to be on fire, just as the ground appeared to me on Cwm Park Mountain. My informant, however, stated that in the former instance the discharge of gas was intermittent, and that, consequently, the fire went out at intervals, whereas, so far as I could learn, the fire on the mountain has been burning for something like forty or fifty years, and has in that time materially increased in body and force. Indeed, so strong is it now, that considerable difficulty, I should imagine, would be experienced in extinguishing it. It certainly forms a notable feature in the landscape at night, and gives a kind of weird aspect to the scene. The inhabitants, however, seem particularly attached to their curious night-light."

The Discovery of the Mammoth.

The banks of that great Northern Siberian River, the Lena, are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from 60 to 100 feet in hight. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that a fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one Spring morning, many years ago. About 30 feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such large proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outline in the blue, icy mass. In the Fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and the coming Spring, with a party of his fellow fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show the nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed 300 pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than 20 men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for 50 roubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast, this truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice house of Nature perhaps 50,000 years, more or less; but so well was it preserved that, when the brain was afterward compared with a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected. Two years after the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the massive skeleton entire, with the exception of one fore leg. The tusks were repurchased at Jakutsk, and the great frame was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.

Foreign Trade in Breadstuffs.

The report of the foreign trade in breadstuffs for December tends to strengthen the opinion that an important change is in progress in the method of marketing the wheat crop. We used to export more of the natural grain, but lately the exports of flour have grown astonishingly and promise to soon take first place. Thus, last month the exports of wheat show a decrease (170,000 bushels) compared with the same month of the previous year. But the exports of flour show the notable increase, comparing the same periods, of 627,520 barrels, or the equivalent of nearly 3,000,000 bushels. The total was 1,031,875 barrels, and the value $6,376,163, being an increase of about $4,000,000. For the fiscal year 1867-8 the exports were a little over 2,000,000 barrels. In eight years the trade doubled, and in five years more it doubled again, being nearly 8,000,000 barrels for the fiscal year 1880-81. For the first five months of the current year the average per month was over 700,000 barrels. For the year a total of 10,000,000 barrels is a safe estimate, or over $60,000,000 in value. Much of this increase is due to the excellence of the product, which in turn is traceable to the superiority of the grain. Very little of the Spring wheat of the Northwest goes abroad. The Minneapolis millers monopolize it, and, with power as cheap as unfailing water, they grind flour as high in quality as, comparatively, low in price. The processes, too, have improved. Electricity is used to purify the meal, and the grain is crushed between rollers instead of ground between the old-fashioned stones. So, while wheat sells for less than it brought two or three years ago, our flour is worth nearly 50 cents more per barrel on the average. The growth of a direct trade between the interior and foreign countries is another element in this list. Flour now goes direct from Minneapolis to Liverpool or London. The English dealers buy from American millers. Thus, there is a saving of two or three commissions. And, though it is strange, it is true that it costs very little more to send such freight across the ocean and halt across the Continent than it does to place it at the seaport. Other items of breadstuffs show little change. The total value was $17,086,041, against $13,806,400, showing that but for the increase in flour there would have been an unfavorable comparison with 1882.

The Famous Tree of Buddha.

A few steps brought us to the chief temple. Before it stood, surrounded by a railing, the tree concerning which Abbe Hue tells us that its leaves bear the natural impress of Buddha's likeness and of the Tibethan alphabet. We sought in vain for such phenomena. Neither image nor letters, but a waggish smile playing around the corner of the mouth of the elderly priest escorting us. In answer to our inquiries he informed us that, a long time ago, the tree really produced leaves with Buddha's image, but that at present the miracle was of rare occurrence. A few God favored men alone were privileged to discover such leaves. The last so favored was a pious Mandarin, who visited the monastery seven or eight years ago. Next day Count Szechenyi succeeded in finding a leaf on which a rude likeness of Buddha had been etched, probably with some acid. The llamas allow no one to pluck leaves or blossoms from the tree, and the leaves that fall are carefully collected and sold to the pilgrims as a specific against affections of the larynx. The tree belongs to the Oleace, and I believe it to be Syringa L (white lilac), which in all probability reached Europe originally from China.

A Little Slow.

"Conductor!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, looking up from the Bible he had been anxiously pouring over for some minutes, "Conductor, I can't find anything about this train in the Scriptures. Where is it? show it to me!"

"What did you expect to find about it?" growled the conductor.

"Isn't there something about it here somewhere?" asked the old man, looking up innocently. "Isn't your time table here either?" and he fumbled over the leaves, and appeared puzzled about the thing.

"Of course it isn't," responded the conductor. "That Bible all happened eighteen hundred years ago."

"And we must have started just before it was out?" mused the old gentleman, putting the book back in the rack. "Perhaps there's something about it in the revised edition; got a revised edition.

The Largest Cathedrals.

Some patient German has collected statistics of the capacity of the world's largest houses of worship. First on his list, of course, appears St. Peter's at Rome, which is capable of containing 54,000 people. Next comes Milan cathedral, with 37,000; then St. Paul's, in Rome, with 32,000; Cologne, with 30,000; St. Paul's, in London, and the Church of St. Petronius, in Bologna, with 25,000 each; the Sophia mosque, in Constantinople, with 23,000; St. John's Lateran, at Rome, with 23,000; St. Stephen's, in Vienna, and the cathedral in Pisa, 12,000 each; St. Dominic, in Bologna, 11,400; the Frauenkenkirche, in Munich, 11,000 and San Marco, in Venice, 7,000. St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York city is given a capacity of 18,000.

—A Bridgeport, Conn., man set a trap for cats and caught a pole one.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—There are in Greece no less than 700 kinds of grapes.

—The people of India talk to each other in 132 languages.

—Within six months 138 car couple patents have been granted.

—There are deep complaints of poverty and distress in Hungary.

—There are now 28,136 volumes in the New Jersey State Library.

—Gambetta's brain weighed a few grams less than forty-six ounces.

—The reserve in the treasury at Washington has fallen to less than $111,000,000.

—The Washington mine at Port Oram is worked out and has been abandoned.

—Millionaire Vanderbilt's check for fourteen cents has been framed at Auburn.

—Mr. Chapin, the Speaker of the New York Assembly, is only 34 years of age.

—A fox was recently discovered asleep in an old crow's nest in a high peppridge tree near Middletown, Conn.

—Millionaire Tabor, of Colorado, has been granted a divorce from his wife, whom he gives $300,000 in hard cash.

—For the first time within living memory the Potomac is frozen solidly across from Washington to the Virginia shore.

—A rich and eccentric Californian has paid seventeen different Joan Smiths in the State $300 each to change their names.

—Suicide is said to be increasing in Prussia, the figures having risen from 13 per 100,000 population in 1869, to 18 in 1880.

—The butter tree was discovered in the central part of Africa; from its kernel is produced a nice butter which will keep a year.

—There is an 8,000-acre ranch in Texas entirely devoted to the breeding of ponies for children.

—The Duke of New Castle is at Jacksonville, Florida, taking a rest from travel.

—Twenty-five thousand dollars are to be expended this year in improvements to the Oil City.

—An almost inexhaustible supply of emery stone has been discovered near Schimersville, Pa.

—The Erie car works have in their yards 10,000,000 feet of pine lumber to be made up into cars.

—The total cost of fencing the land in most of our States exceeds the cost of all the buildings."

—Two years ago there were but seven cotton mills in the Dominion; now there are twenty-one, with an aggregate capital of $6,600,000.

—"The taxes paid by the farmers in New York are 33 cents per acre. The annual taxes that fences occasion is $1.12 per acre."

—The new railroad construction of this year is reported at 10,821 miles, making the total in the United States at the present time 112,634 miles.

—Railway President Garrett has presented the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore with a marble bust of Esculapius, executed by Mr. Keyser in Rome.

—The number of arrests made by the Mayor's police of Philadelphia, during 1882 was 46,130. The stolen property recovered was valued at $88,768 46, of which sum $31,847 35 was credited to the Detectives.

—At a stenographic exhibition in Paris twenty-four different systems of short-hand were on view. Among other curiosities there was a post card containing 44,000 words.

—The age for marriage of a European prince is from twenty-four to forty; for a princess, from eighteen to twenty-eight. There are at present thirty-one marriageable princes, and only twenty-four marriageable princesses.

—It is said that Mrs. Frank Leslie, with a number of artists and personal friends, will make a tour of the South. She will herself write the descriptions, which the artist's will illustrate.

—Three thousand London policemen followed the remains of one of their number to the grave one day recently. The London force now consists of 12,000 men, not counting special officers.

—Texas has $1,000,000 lying idle in her treasury, but is unable to apply it to the reduction of her debt, $5,000,000, because her creditors ask $1.40 for the bonds, and she is unwilling to pay that premium.

—The assertion is made that from an annual cotton crop of 6,000,000 bales seed can be obtained to yield $100,000,000 worth of oil. It is assumed that every 400-pound bale gives 1,200 pounds of seed.

—Gray squirrels are so troublesome in Connecticut that the farmers have invited sport men to exterminate them, and they are being killed in great numbers. A party of three recently bagged 105 squirrels in a day.

The Judge in one of the courts of Victoria, British Columbia, when a Chinese witness was being sworn, said that he had not yet met a Chinaman who could not write, and complimented the witness on the neatness of his characters.

—The total exports of petroleum and petroleum products from the United States during the eleven months which ended on November 30th last were $41,670,160, against $44,415,673 during the corresponding period of the preceding year.

—The report of the Census Bureau shows that men in the United States spend more money in dress than women. The figures are $498,000,000 for men and $317,000,000 for women. The average is $45 a year for men and $27 for women.

—There were 9 tons of postage stamps, 52 tons of envelopes, 113¼ tons of postal cards and 17 tons of newspaper wrappers sold at