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FORWARD.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,
Linger not in the valley bemoaning the day that is done!
Climb the eastern mountains and welcome the rosy skies—
Never yet was the setting so fair as the rising sun!

Dear is the past: Its treasures we hold in our hearts for aye;
Woe to the hand that would scatter one wreath of its garnered flowers;
But larger blessing and honor will come with the waking day—
Hail, then, To-morrow, nor tarry with Yesterday's ghostly hours!

Mark how the summers hasten through blossoming fields of June
To the purple tones of the vintage and levels of golden corn;
"Splendors of life I lavish," runs nature's mystical rune,
"For myriads press to follow and the rarest are yet unborn."

Think how eager the earth is and every star that shines
To circle the grander spaces round God's throne that be;
Never the least moon loiters nor the largest sun declines—
Forward they roll together those glorious depths to see.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,
Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost thou repine?
Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies—
The joy of the boundless future—nay, God himself is thine!

THE DOCTOR'S FALL.

"Oh dear!" syllabled a silvery voice, with soft emphasis, "I wish something would happen!"

It was dull at the Tamaracks, the great house and wide acres of grassland belonging to Phebe's grandfather, old Squire Rane.

Thrifty Jinny would set the house in order by nine o'clock, and retire to her bedroom adjoining the kitchen to braid straw, after which there would be no sound on the premises for hours.

The mid-day lunch would be eaten as in a dream, supper appear by enchantment.

So, without bustle or life, were the quiet days at the Tamaracks.

The squire was old, and did not like a noise, and old Jinny was used to his ways.

It seemed to eighteen-year-old Phebe sometimes that the rust of this life was eating into her very soul.

She had come from New York an orphan two years before, and because her grandfather graciously gave her a home, had earnestly sought to adapt herself to the ways of the house.

Yet but for the garden she would have died.

The garden was beautiful with its flowering shrubbery, and vines of rose, woodbine, and trumpet-flower.

The beds she could do as she chose with, so the squire said.

So she had bordered them with pinks, and set them full of verbenas and geraniums.

She had a triangle of heart's ease, and a circle of violets, and there was a little arbor, covered with blue wisteria, wherein she sat to sew, and wherein she had made her grandfather a whole set of fine shirts.

But the shirts were done, the geraniums and heart's-ease cultivated to the last degree of perfection, and the August days began to seem intolerable to Phebe.

She put the yellow old sitting-room in order, and then sat down idly in it until she was almost crazy.

She went to walk along the roads, and believed she could hear the trees growing in the stillness.

She read the entire volume of Watts' hymns, and wrote letters to all her old school-friends.

Then it seemed as if something must happen, or she would commit some desperate act.

Pretty little Phebe! she looked as forlorn as she felt, sitting in a corner of a big, high-backed, yellow damask armchair, her slender, slippered feet on a quaint, round footstool, her paquin face in the shadow of her fair, rippling hair—all in "love-locks"—her cherry mouth dropped at the corners.

And the weather was bad enough to be to blame for half of it—brazen hot days, a fortnight of them, with not a drop of rain.

No wonder our little maid was nervous and sad.

But while pretty Phebe sat adrop in the big yellow armchair, there was a change in the sky.

A troop of dark clouds came sailing up from the west, and a restless wind began to stir the woodbine about the casement.

Phebe lifted herself with a brighter look, as the drops began to patter down the slope at a hurrying shower.

It began to pelt the garden with a good will, while the thunder rolled ominously, and the lightning's "tremulous shrine" grew broader, until its glare filled the yellow sitting-room painfully from time to time.

But Phebe was not nervous or timid, borrowed no trouble or fear, and finally the tumult of the shower abated.

The woodbine, bright, green, and glowing again, seemed trying to shake a little murmur of thanksgiving from among its multitude of leaves, while there floated up such an incense from the garden, that a look of pleasure dawned in Phebe's eyes, bringing back their blue.

Suddenly, on the wide hall stairs, was heard the tramp of heavy feet, and, as the young girl started up in surprise, two men entered, and laid a lifeless form at her feet.

Something had happened with a vengeance.

The two laborers who had borne this burden stepped back silently.

Squire Rane's bald head, though resistant enough, were not without feeling, and the calm white face, without a flicker motion, save for the pendant locks stirring the clean curls on the white forehead, was sad enough.

"He's young, isn't he?" whispered one of the men; "but I guess he's done for fast enough.

"Here comes the squire."

Phebe, in her involuntary terror, had been listening to her grandfather's slow, feeble step upon the stairs.

"What you here, child? Hush and call old Jinny.

"Strip him, men, and rub him—both of you.

"There's life in him yet.

"Phebe, send Dick like wildfire after the doctor!"

So the old man, who had been a very smart man in his day, set the servants at work upon the stranger.

But in vain they essayed to restore life to that motionless form.

The doctor came and shook his head. All was over, he said.

Dr. Henry Richmond, [illegible] twenty years of age, resident physician of a neighboring town, had too surely met his death by his horse, terrified at the lightning, precipitating his carriage over a bank into the bed of the river, which, in the summer heats had run dry.

A dangerous spot, against which the villagers took the late precaution to place a strong railing.

But this availed little to the silent man, lying, without comment or complaint, in the best chamber at the Tamaracks.

Phebe trembled like a leaf all day, nor could she be induced to touch a mouthful of food.

"Lor', child," said old Jinny, "don't take it so hard!

"Death must come to all of us, an' very likely the young gentleman was prepared.

"He has a very noble-lookin' countenance.

"Heaven help his mother, if he has one," finished Jinny, with a sigh, for she had lost her only son, and she a widow, not many years before.

Jinny hung up the broom and turned her sleeves down over her hard-worked hands.

"Now the question is, who is going to sit up to-night, for his folks can't be got here till morning.

"Dick's gone over to Lowbridge to carry the news.

"The hands are all tuckered out with the extra work, this powerful hot weather, your grandfather's done-up with the excitement—an' well he may be at eighty years old—an' I'm too old to lose my sleep.

"There's nobody but you, an' you are——"

"I will sit up, Jinny.

"I am not afraid."

"Not afraid."

No, she was not.

That she should ever sleep again seemed impossible to her, and she was averse to attempting it.

It would be torture to lie, painfully wide awake, upon her pillow, and she did not need rest.

Her grandfather's room and Jinny's were upon either side of the chamber where Doctor Richmond lay, and indeed there was nothing that was aught out prepossessing in that quiet face.

"He never knew what hurt him," she heard the men whisper among themselves, as some one remarked the composure of the dead man's countenance.

It was an unusual circumstance, truly, but so it was that this young girl sat up all night in the death-chamber.

All the doors were opened upon that floor on account of the heat, and "that Phebe might not feel lonely," as Jinny said.

The chamber was large and cool, with lights and flowers.

The scent of the pinks and lavender was peculiarly refreshing to Phebe, and she thought would assist her to keep awake, if at last she felt inclined to sleep.

The great house-dog, Nero, came stalking up from his station upon the door-mat in the hall and laid down at her feet, as she sat by the little stand between the windows trying to read.

She could not read very well, for she found that her head ached, and at last laid the book down.

At the opposite side of the chamber the dead man lay upon the bed.

There was nothing awful in his appearance, nor was he shrouded in the white of death.

His face, with its calmly-closed eyes, was turned a little towards the wall, but Phebe could mark the pale perfection of the profile.

At twelve o'clock her grandfather called her to bring him some water.

She went, filled the glass, turned his hot pillow, for he complained of not feeling well, and returned to his post.

One—two!

How slowly the hours went.

Her head continued to ache.

She went to the basin, bathed her temples in cold water, and began to gently walk the floor, for at last she felt the heaviness of sleep oppress her.

She stopped at last at the bedside, and bending a moment over the still face, wondered at death so like happy sleep, and involuntarily, with a thought she hardly realized, put her hand upon the pale brow.

No icy touch shocked her.

"The heat of the weather prevented that dreadful chill, I suppose," said Phebe.

"What soft, beautiful hair about his temples!

"I hope I shall look like that when I am dead!"

And then she went away with a sigh, and sat down wearily again by the little table, where the book and flowers were.

The chair was a quaint, high-backed one, and as Phebe rested her head against its faded embroidery and turned her face to the open window, from whence seemed to come the fresh air of dawn, a spell she could not resist seized her.

Phebe fell asleep.

After a long, silent hour or more she woke with a start.

She sprang to her feet, and well she might stand petrified, with her gaze upon the bed, for the face upon the pillow was in profile no longer, but turned full upon her, with wide, brown eyes.

"My little guardian angel, don't be frightened.

"I am only better."

A voice as gentle as the face was Doctor Richmond's.

Phebe was not frightened, but after a moment slowly approached the bed.

"What—how do—do you want anything?"

"Some water."

With a beating heart she brought it, and, after an instant's hesitation, as if he were not sure of the use of his arms, Doctor Richmond drank it.

"I have known everything," he said, "but I could not speak or move."

"How dreadful!" involuntarily.

"It was not at all dreadful.

"I knew when you came here with your flowers.

"I could smell the pinks.

"I tried hard and found I was gaining a little.

"It was an hour after I could stir a finger before I could turn my head.

"The magnetism of your hand upon my forehead seemed to help me. I was afraid you would go away. Will you let me take your hand for a few moments?" very gently.

"I seem to need strength," with a deep sigh.

Phebe sat with her hand clasped in her patient's for a long hour before he gave her permission to call some one.

It was growing morning.

He was in a strange state—could talk well, and his mind was perfectly clear, but for several days could not stand when placed upon his feet.

Doctors came from far and near.

But he recovered, in spite of their croakings.

His will, with the help of a little time, conquered the weakness which they declared paralysis.

A year later.

A cheerful company in the yellow sitting room.

The contrast of two figures—a fair and dark one—both handsome, which, side by side, seem to draw all eyes.

The room full of the scent of orange-blossoms.

The white-haired clergyman's carriage at the gate.

The reader will guess what happened next.

But I may do myself the pleasure of telling him—the happy marriage of Doctor Henry Richmond and sweet Phebe Rane, or as he fondly calls her, his "precious little guardian angel."

Handling Huge Redwood Trees.

Menteur and niyself were walking tranquilly up a wooden ravine in California when a woodman on the hillside, some distance above us, took his pipe out of his mouth, and tranquilly remarked:

"Guess you fellers jest as well go back."

It is one of my rules in life never to ask useless questions. I went back. And in a few moments I found out why.

The sound of chopping and the swish of the saw suddenly ceased, and a long, mournful cry rang through the woods. It was the warning note of the woodman.

The top of a tall tree some distance ahead of us began to tremble slightly. There was an awful, prolonged groan—such a groan as might come from the hairy breast of the imprisoned giant beneath Mount Etna. Then came a sharp "crack!" as the mighty tree trunk snapped. The tall monster slowly and magestically moved toward the earth. There was a terrible crash as it smote the branches from its fellow trees—smiting them cleanly as with a scimetar. There was a roar as of thunder when it struck the ground; the earth trembled for rods around, as if an earthquake shock were upon us; a cloud of dust rose up, and when it cleared away the impassive woodmen were stripping the fallen giant of his limbs.

Inasmuch as the tree fell upon the exact spot we had occupied a moment before we understood and appreciated the remark of the laconic woodman.

We watched the woodmen prepare an immense log, about twelve feet in diameter. They drove in the staple, and then hitched to it twenty oxen—ten yoke. The good-bearer punched his animals, swore at them in a pleasant and persuasive voice, and they started. The mammoth log groaned slightly, turned reluctantly, and moved forward an inch or two.

Ping! Whir-r-r-r!

The iron ring had snapped in twain. Its two fragments flew two different ways—one passing between the interested heads of Menteur and myself. If it had struck us we would have lost all interest in logs anc other mundane things. Not having struck us, I maintained my interest. I looked with much curiosity to see what had become of the twenty oxen. I expected to see them out of sight, as an Irishman might say, by reason of the sudden slackening of the immense tension.

They were not out of sight, but they were the most miscellaneous, most confused and most disgusted oxen I ever saw in my life. They were engaged in turning twenty distinct, complicated and rapid somersaults.

Menteur, in telling this story, invariably ends it by saying that each ox lit on his feet. But then Menteur is not marked for his veracity.

Our Forests.

No other country has so large a percentage of its cultivable surface spread out into broad, treeless plains as this. Throughout our extensive prairie regions wood for fuel, for fencing, and for building purposes is at once expensive and difficult to be obtained; whereas in our forest wilds, the timber resources of the country are most recklessly wasted. At our present rate of careless use and wanton destruction we shall at an early period in the next century be as badly off for timber as any of the European countries are at present. Even now our Northern States obtain a large portion of their lumber from Canada, and the increase in price since the war indicates clearly enough that we should adopt a new lumber policy. To "woodman, spare the tree," we should add, "farmer, plant the tree," and between sparing and planting we should soon make practical advances in forest science. In forestry the Germans are far in advance of all other people. They commenced it in the days of Charlemagne, and have ever since regarded it as an important branch of their rural economy.

It is clear that forest culture should be made a branch of our agricultural studies, and as trees cannot mature in a day or year, that we should take time by the forelock, in order to prepare for the wood demands of the future. This conviction is already making headway in the West, and forests are springing up where they never before were known. The United States has given large encouragement to the planting of forests on the public lands, and the States should now exempt from taxation for twenty years at least all forest plantations.

Black Cloud.

The telegraphic announcement made that the famous trotting stallion, Black Cloud, had been sold by the estate of the late Andrew Cutter, of Parma, Mich., to M. V. Wagner, Esq., Mayor of Marshall, Mich., has been verified and proven to be correct. Black Cloud is a marvel of beauty and admiration, and is perhaps the handsomest and most magnificent looking horse that ever trotted upon the American turf. The noble animal passes into most excellent hands. The purchaser, Mayor Wagner, is not only an admirer and lover of good horses, but is also a most excellent business man, and a man of great energy and enterprise. He is a large manufacturer, and as the business manager of the Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., whose excellent Electro Voltaic Belts, and other Electric Appliances for the cure of various diseases of the human body, have achieved so enormous sale, not only throughout the United States, but are dropped to every country throughout the civilized world. Mayor Wagner has placed Black Cloud in the hands of that noted driver, Peter V. Johnson, of Chicago, who will campaign him this season.

A Creole Duel.

In 1841, outside of New Orleans, there was, perhaps, no more delightful place of resort than at the Bayou Bridge. It was *par excellence* the great suburban attraction at that time, and between boating parties on the waters of the bayou and card reunions over the tables of old Barleduc's gambling saloon out there, the *jeunesse doree* of New Orleans of that day, managed quite comfortably to while away many a leisure moment. Possibly no two young gentlemen enjoyed the quiet hospitality of Barleduc more than Alphonse Riviere and Henri Delagrave; in fact most of their afternoons were spent in the dimly-lighted saloon of the old gamester, at whose shrine all the card-loving element of the city paid homage.

There was a quiet air about the place that seemed almost religious, and even the parchment faced old man, who mechanically handled the little ivory ball in roulette, called out the numbers in a repressed voice as if he feared to disturb the quiet. The faint "click" of the "chips" as eager players dallied with them, was perhaps the loudest sound to be heard there, and even that came to the ear in a subdued way. On the floor a bright covering of matting hushed the footsteps, while at the windows dark yellow curtains let in only just enough light for the illumination of the gaming tables. The place was the resort of a large number of gentlemen, and on some occasions plantations and negroes have changed hands over the green cloth of this then famous establishment.

Riviere was a dashing fellow of 22, with a large estate in the parish of St. James, and a round account in the old Union Bank. He had passed successfully through the Ecole Polytechnique in France, had taken a bout in Algeria and returned to Louisiana as accomplished and companionable a gentleman as one could wish to chat with. He was fond of his horses, his wine and a quiet game of cards. Refined in his manner and dignified in his deportment, he was a warm favorite wherever he went, and his entry into old Barleduc's establishment was always the signal for a cordial greeting from all who might be present.

On this particular June afternoon Riviere, with the activity of a gymnast, leaped from his buggy in front of a saloon, and throwing the reins to the negro servant, told him to drive the horse into the shade of the pecan trees in the yard. Switching a delicate, ivory-headed cane with a nervous, jerky motion, he crossed the broad gallery, and unannounced entered the gambling room. Most of players were wrapped in attention to their game, but one there was who turned his head at the entrance of the last comer. This was Delagrave. He felt that a crisis was at hand, but even with this knowledge he did not strive to elude its coming. That morning he had been accepted as the betrothed lover of Mme. Celestin, one of the most beautiful and wealthy widows of the lower coast, and Riviere, who had been for the past year her most devoted admirer, was left to nurse his disappointment as an unsuccessful suitor. Riviere had had no hesitancy in letting the world know that he wanted to marry the coquettish little widow and, further, he, in a very plain way, gave people the information that he did not want interlopers paying their devoirs at the same shrine. These matters are hard to arrange exactly as one would wish. One finds much difficulty in closing all avenues of approach, for love is not unlike light which the photographer in his dark room finds so much difficulty in keeping out. It steals in under doors, through nail holes and even down the chimney. At least so it had been the case at Mme. Celestin's, for jealous and watchful of rivals as Riviere was, Delagrave had made the conquest under the very eyes of the enemy and the widow had that day so informed the unsuccessful suitor.

Riviere was very pale as he approached the group of men around the table. What with the yellow light shining through the curtains and his bloodless appearance, he seemed rather a ghastly corpse than living body, but there was motion and voice in him, which soon dispelled such an illusion.

As he neared Delagrave, the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb, said, "Delagrave, we cannot live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone replied: "Yes; you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead."

Riviere's face flushed, and reaching forward laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap, which was so light it did not even crimson the young man's cheeks, was enough to call for blood; and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend; to him he opened his heart. It must be a battle *a l'outrance*. Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere, only a life could wipe it out. The old doctor, who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated but at last acquiesced, and said; "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shell road bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just on the bridge leading to the island formed there by the bifurcation of the bayou and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well-known character here 40 years ago, accompanied Riviere, and old Dr. Recquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furtively around for the cases of pistols, but, seeing none, he was a little disconcerted. After walking about 100 yards from the carriages, the party stopped and the doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both M. Savalle and myself are satisfied that there is no solution to the differences between you but the death of one. The world is so formed that both cannot live in it at the same time." The two men nodded. "Therefore," the doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitrament as fair as it is possible, and let Fate decide." He took out a black morocco case, and from it produced a pill-box containing four pellets. "One of these," he said, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let Destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head, and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or muscle contracted.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle cried out, "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which, being separate., showed the coin with the reversed head of the Godess of Liberty uppermost. "M. Delagrave you have the first choice," said the doctor.

Reposing in the little box the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone through the physiological alembic of the human stomach can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for breath, the failing of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep for evermore, the cerements, the burial case, the solemn cortege and the close noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave, having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue and with a cup of claret, handed him by the doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill. Like his opponent he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three, Four, Five. "Now gentlemen," said the doctor in solemn tones, "it is time to make the final drawing."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast to die. Savalle tossed the gold piece aloft, and the doctor cried out, "heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the doctor, "M. Reviere, the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed, and there was no movement. Two seconds, and neither stirred. Then—"Good God!" exclaimed Reviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half around to the left, raised his hands above his head and shrieked a long, wild shriek that belated travelers even to this day say they hear on the shell road, near the island.

He fell prone to the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass, and said, in a tender voice: "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of warm afternoons, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill-box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.

Sarah, Sarah Jones.

In the suburbs of Natchez I found a Northern man. He was digging worms alongside the fence and getting ready to go fishing, and his wife sat on the back steps smoking a corncob pipe and kicking with her bare feet at the chickens whenever they came too near. The man had black patches on the knees of his gray pants, a leather belt in place of suspenders, and he chewed plug tobacco and spurted the juice around with a vigor which would have earned him two dollars a day in any other locality. There was only one room to the house, and the furniture would have been no load at all for a skeleton mule.

"Yes, I'm from the North—from Illanoy," he said, as we sat down in the shade for a talk, "and I made a great mistake in moving down here."

"How came you to move?"

"Well, some of the folks back there got down on me because they missed some hogs, and it got so hot I concluded to move."

"And how do you like the South?"

"Not a bit. It's no country for a go-ahead man. There's nothing here to rouse a man's ambition to rip and tear and bust things. I've accumulated four dogs, three fishpoles and a shotgun since striking this country, but I feel homesick and discouraged."

"How does your wife feel?"

"Clear discouraged. Why I'd hardly know her to be the same Sarah Jane Baker. She's run right down to a skeleton, and she's got heaps on her mind."

"Say, we've been here better'n a year and not one of the ladies in Natchez has called on her!"

"No?"

Solemn fact, stranger! When we first came she greased her shoes and washed her best calico and called on every lady in town, to show 'em that she wasn't proud nor stuck up, but nary one of them has returned the call. They know we are from the North, you see, and they cut us on that account. I tell you, the Northern family has to suffer down here. They are entirely ostracized from society. Sarah, Sarah Jane?"

Sarah came around to our side of the house in answer to his call. I remember that I judged she had on just the single garment of a dress, and half the buttons were missing from that. Her bare feet went spat! spat! spat! and I further judged that they hadn't been washed since the winter break-up.

"What you want?" she growled out.

"Say, Sarah, haven't we been ostracized here in Natchez 'cause we're from the North?"

"Dead right you are, old man," she replied as she blew a cloud of smoke from her mouth, "but what do we keer? We kin hold our heads up and bust around fur all that. If they don't like us let 'em look t'other way. Come, ye'll better be off to the river after suckers. If ye don't git fish to-night ye'll go to bed with a stomach as empty as yer wallet."

A Monster.

A few days ago a young man named William Winters, who resides in Perry township, Ohio, was directed by his father to go out into a field on a farm bordering on Big Salt Creek and dig laurels, desiring to abolish the growth of this shrub. The young man armed himself with a double-barreled shot-gun and proceeded to the place, which was on a hillside, a wild and romantic place, with everything indicating the habitation of poisonous reptiles and wild and vicious animals. The young man set his gun against a tree near the foot of the hill and, stepping off a distance of about sixty feet, began to dig up the laurels. Presently his attention was attracted by a rustling noise in the bushes above him, and, looking in that direction, he presently discovered the head of a monstrous beast or reptile, he could not tell which, looming up above the bushes. It at once started towards him with its mouth open until the jaws appeared to be twelve inches apart, displaying a red, forked, poisonous tongue and ivory teeth two inches long. The beast or serpent, or whatever it was, whistled and roared in a frightful manner, and came plunging on towards him with green, glaring eyeballs protruding from a massive head at least twelve inches broad, and a mouth sufficiently large almost to swallow his whole body. Winters became frightened and ran for his gun, upon reaching which he turned and fired one barrel into the monster, which turned its direction. He watched its half serpentine, half leaping movements for a few moments. Then it ran up a large poplar and entered a hole, and Winters hurried home and informed not only his own family but a number of neighbors, of the strange, alarming sight he had seen, and a posse of them, armed with axe and gun, went to the scene. They determined to cut the tree down, and while two of them did the chopping the remainder of them stood guard, with their guns leveled on the hole where the beast or serpent entered. Their labor was in vain, however, as a thorough examination of the tree after it had been felled disclosed the fact that the monster had escaped before they arrived.

Mr. Winters says that the beast or reptile he saw was from 8 to 12 feet long, with a body as large as a telegraph pole. It had legs about 4 inches long, a brown body that was hairless, and a head shaped like a shark. The neighborhood is much alarmed about the presence of this strange production of nature, and will spare no means to capture it.

The Flat as it Is.

In the flat houses of New York, the owners light the halls and carpet them and the stairs, generally keeping the buildings in good condition and everything on their part in proper order, employing janitors for that purpose. But they issue very strict rules respecting the conduct of the tenants and the leases are models of the cut-throat sort—iron-clad and steel-mounted, with every point and corner sharp as a razor. Some of the restrictions would be very irksome and galling to a free Philadelphian who had been in the habit of lording it over a whole large house, hanging his shirt or other clothing out of the back window, if he desired, and keeping as many dogs and cats as he pleased.

Washing-day gives to flat-houses a highly interesting appearance. Imagine a square with flat-houses all around it and an open space in the centre, with tall poles set in the ground, with pully ropes extending from them to the back windows of every one of the five or six stories in the numerous buildings and these ropes bearing the linen of all these various households, or flatholds. From the back windows of all the flats all of this display of family linen and garments can be seen and the exhibition is as funny as it is extensive.

The $70 flat has a small hall room, or parlor, no larger than the average Philadelphia bed room, back of which is a fair bed room; then a room too small to be of any use; then a tolerable bed room, with permanent washstand; then the dining room, which is also small, and by the side of the latter the little kitchen and bath room, etc. Adjoining the latter is a dumb-waiter communicating with that portion of the basement which is common ground and from which supplies, packages, etc., are elevated to the particular flat to which they belong. In these flats space is economized with wonderful skill and closets, drawers, etc., are abundant, but room is sadly wanting, owing to the narrowness of the buildings. Communication between the rooms is had by walking through them, though one may go from the parlor to the kitchen or dining room through the common hallway. From the rooms between the parlor and the dining room there is no egress except through other rooms, and in going from one room to or through another one must be very careful or he will skin his shins against the bedsteads or projecting drawers.

$3,500 Per Year.

The other noon there were half a dozen idlers at the foot of Woodward avenue, Detroit, some asleep, some looking despondent, and two had just assured a pedestrian that they must have work at some price or starve. A gentleman suddenly stepped out of an office and approached one of these men and said:

"You look like an honest man."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you are a hard worker."

"I am that."

"I presume you could be trusted in any capacity."

"Oh, I know I could."

"Well, I have a job for you. Our porter at the Sixth National Bank has left us and we must fill his place. The only thing—that—is—you see—"

"Do you want a recommend?" asked the man, as the other hesitated.

"Oh, no, no, no! You see, we have been paying the other man $4,000 per year—and—and—"

"And what, sir?"

"Well, the board has decided to cut it down to $3,500."

"Then don't you take it!" said the man's partner.

"Then I won't! If I ain't worth as much as the other man was, the board can do its own sweeping."

The gentleman walked back into the office, the winner of a box of cigars. He had wagered that he would offer the man a place at $3,500 per year, and that it would be refused.

—There are 60,000 colored Baptists in Tennessee, with 150 churches.

Homes and Diseases.

"What power have we to ward off disease from our own homes? There are certain dangers to which we are exposed, which a prudent head of a family may constantly bear in mind. One of these, and by far the most important, is from insufficient ventilation. Every man, woman and child is entitled to their full ration of fresh air—to that amount which will both dilute and quickly remove all which has been spoiled by respiration and combustion, and by the mixture of dead organic particles, which the lungs and skin are constantly throwing off. This organic matter is our deadly foe, since it quickly undergoes decomposition. This we may perceive, when, coming from the outer air, with our sense of smell unblunted, we enter a small bed-room, which has been closed and occupied during the night. But this is not all the mischief which it does. Our houses are strewn with dead organic matter, in invisible particles, and upon such particles the action of decomposition is ready set up by the effete matter discharged from our bodies; as fermentation is excited by the yeast plant, and by the same process.

"Fresh air is the great natural disinfectant, antiseptic and purifier, and not to be compared for a moment with any artificial contrivance. There is plenty of it in the world, yet. Disguise the fact as we may, there is no getting over the unwelcome truth, that to provide it in abundance in our climate is expensive, since during seven months of the year it must be artificially warmed. To take in air, at the average winter temperature of 28 deg., raise it to 60 deg., and discharge it again from our houses, even once in an hour, is a process which cannot be accomplished without paying for it roundly. Yet on no other condition can we reasonably expect health and long life. The best way is to freely admit that it is expensive, but worth the money it costs. If Benjamin Franklin thought that 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' he was also equally sure that 'Health is wealth.' Ventilation is modern. It is only a century since oxygen was discovered. Fifty years ago the physiology of respiration was not understood. The agency of foul and putrid air, filled with decomposing organic material, in causing disease, is a very recent discovery; yet nothing is better established. It is very certain that none of the modes of heating and ventilating now in use, can be regarded as automatic. They will not run of themselves, for six consecutive months, from November to May, and they need the constant care of an intelligent person. The head of a family, who takes this responsibility upon himself, will be repaid for his time and trouble, in the health of his household.

"We cannot leave this all-important subject of ventilation, without referring to the insensibility to foul air which proceeds from its habitual inhalation. Pure air is admitted by all intelligent persons to be an excellent, most important, even an essential thing to have in the house. Yet we are sure it very often happens that those who so declare their convictions, constantly feed their lungs upon air loaded with impurity, and are quite unconscious of it. A house whose entry smells musty, is dangerous. Avoid it; don't live in it; keep the children out of it. Another danger is a damp cellar; its atmosphere goes all over the house, in spite of every effort to prevent it. To get rid of this poisonous air, and to supply its place with air which is fit for respiration in all weather, in our variable climate, and to do this without offensive and dangerous draughts, or excessive heat, is a problem of great difficulty."

Here we can hardly agree with Dr. Derby, at least in any case where the house is under the control of one person. In the city boarding-house, or apartment-house, where the halls are used by all sorts of people, the case is a hard one; but for houses used by one family—as all houses ought to be—the matter is very simple, even in the absence of all patent contrivances.

Let us bear in mind two facts, and the matter of ventilation is rendered exceedingly simple. First, hot air rises because it is expanded, and therefore lighter than cold air. Second, the breath from our lungs, and the air from the surface of our bodies—which is the most dangerous source of foul air—is warmer than any room-air, and hence rises to the top, carrying the carbonic acid gas, and organic matter, also the air spoiled by the lamp or gas flame is heated, and therefore rises. Let out the hot, foul air, and the cool, fresh air will find its way in fast enough without any special arrangement, whenever there is 10 deg. difference between the outer and inner air. As personal experience is the most conclusive, allow me to say that for eight years I have kept a house well ventilated, as the health of the inmates and the testimony of all visitors show, by the simple expedient of a skylight open about four inches all winter long, unless in a night of exceptional cold or wind. There is no perceptible draught anywhere; the doors of the living-rooms opening into the halls are never quite closed. Instead of a house without a skylight, an attic window will do just as well. Of course the old plan of shutting off the upper story by a door, is not admissible, for the foul air would rise to a stage even before going out, in order not to cause draughts in the lower rooms. There should always be an opening into the outer air during the night. We seem more an at night than in the day. With all these advantages, nothing has ever frozen in the house. Plants are in nearly every window, protected only by the curtains, for closing windows or shutters are allowed. I guess that the house is a well-built one. The kitchen should have its own outlet. In this case two holes were cut at the very top, on opposite sides of the room, and lined with ordinary slat registers, with cords attached. The effect on the whole of the house is not ornamental, but the result doubtless is well worth the cost of a little pride.

The post of Director of the Museum of Science and Art at Dublin has been rendered vacant by the recent death of William E. Steele, M. D. Before his appointment to this office Dr. Steele had for many years acted as assistant secretary to the Royal Dublin Society.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 baseballs are manufactured in this country every year. Until some plan of taking the old ones and palming them off as codfish balls is discovered this making of baseballs will seem like an awful waste of good material.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Governor Butler's son Paul is making a bicycle tour of England.

—Berlin added 437 portraits to its Rogues' Gallery in 1882.

—It is estimated that there are 300,000 French Canadians at present in the United States.

—It appears that out of 40,000 known species of plants mankind makes use of only about 300.

—Manufacturers of butter tubs state that the oleomargarine chaps buy the best tubs made.

—Mrs. De Long, widow of Lieutenant De Long, will soon visit Europe for the benefit of her health.

—Contractors have begun work on the new building of the Producers' Oil Exchange in Bradford, Pa.

—A silver dime was found in the yolk of an egg recently broken at the Plankinton House, Milwaukee.

—French policemen in Paris are paid rewards of from $1 to $5 for making arrests and capturing offenders.

—The New Orleans street-car companies collect about 70,000 fares a day. The population is a little less than 225,000.

—A college secret society, the Delta Kappa, consisting only of women, has been organized at Albion (Mich.) College.

—Alabama has 1,949 miles of railroad, and the railroads furnish eleven per cent. of all the taxable property in the State.

—It is believed that Salvini, who is 52, and intends retiring at 55, is worth $300,000. He has been playing since he was 14.

—Brevard County, Fla., is the largest of the 2,559 counties in the United States. It has an area of over 5,000 square miles.

—Mrs. Charles Butler, of Great Barrington, Mass., has given $80,000 for an Episcopal Church at Stockbridge, her native home.

—The Rev. Robert Collyer is to deliver the oration before the literary societies of Dickinson College at the commencement in June.

—About forty-five per cent. of the land of the United States remains unsurveyed to this day, very nearly 1,000,000,000 acres in all.

—The museum at Reading, England, contains among its curiosities a bridle formerly used to stop the mouths of scolding women in that town.

—A thoughtless Michigan physician laughed while eating catsup, and got some of the stuff into his windpipe, where it choked him to death.

—In Westphalia, Germany, the police publish lists of notorious drunkards, and warn hotel-keepers not to sell them liquor. The plan works well.

—The first appearance of cotton as an article of commerce was a shipment of seven bales from Charleston in 1747. In 1880-81 the crop was 6,000,000 bales.

—Investigation has developed that the game of draw poker was invented somewhere about 1846 or 1847, by Mr. Kirkman, of Tennessee, a tortuous of some note.

—Women childless in Europe after years of marriage, often have families in Australia.

—The windows of New Orleans restaurants show blocks of clear ice with fish, flowers and other articles in the center. This is a product of the ice factories.

—The block from which was cut the pedestal for the statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg weighed about 1,500 tons, and yet it was transported four miles.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently said that he drinks wine not because he finds it indispensable, but because it seems to him "to add to the agreeableness of life."

—The Danish polar expedition for the exploration of the eastern coast of Greenland is well on its way toward its destination. It will probably be absent for at least two years.

—Miss Phoebe Couzins was presented with a handsome gold medal by the leading citizens of Omaha as an acknowledgement of her efforts in the woman's cause in Nebraska.

—It took a stenographer and a dark room to settle whether a certain figure in an account book, produced in a New Jersey Court recently, during a forgery case, was a 3 or a 5.

—Marriage is a handy thing to have in the house. But if the bride is angry and the strings of her corset down, she probably not one in a hundred knows that honey is a very good substitute.

—The London News Exchange is about to be enlarged. Land for the purpose between Throgmorton and Old Broad streets have been purchased for something over $500,000. When the buildings are completed the Exchange will cover an area of about [illegible] feet.

—Beyond the Mississippi River there are 1,200,000 square miles of land settled by white men, and of this area 200,000 square miles embracing many of the best land, are included within Indian reservations, while much of the remainder consists of mountains, rocks, lands unfavorable for tillage, and arid regions which cannot be irrigated.

—A colony of Waterites is about to settle at Newbury, England, in a [illegible] known as Shakspeare, who had entered upon his ninety-nine years. He began his professional career on an island off Greece, and was on the field at Waterloo in that capacity. At Newbury he had been in practice for a long period.

—The ladies of the Mount Vernon Association are reported to have made the singular discovery at their meeting recently that the State and Stripes have never floated from the Hermitage since the death of Washington. They at once determined to have a flag of that kind waving before adjourning their meeting on account of the heat.

—Some fishermen rec