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FOR ALL WHO DIE.

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear.
Some pulsing, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier:
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear.

Who'll watch the fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep
Who then my pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From halls of glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secrecy
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe.
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robes of white,
In a dark spot
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless night,
Love and forgot.

ONLY TWO BEECHNUTS.

An old brown farm house has stood for years on the highway between Ridgefield and south Salem, Connecticut. It was so near the New York and Connecticut boundary line that a stone could be thrown 20 yards or more from the door steps into either state. It has sheltered generation after generation of the same family for more than a hundred years. A few years ago it became necessary to tear down this old building, and in removing the discarded furniture that had grown shaky with years of solitude in the musty garret, a small chest was found. Nothing was in it but a package no larger than a spool. On opening the tattered, faded paper covering two beechnuts were disclosed, exactly alike, perfectly preserved, and whose shells were as hard as glass. An examination of the crumbling enclosure revealed some writing that was scarcely legible. The almost vanished sentence was deciphered as follows:

"These are the beechnuts that Philip and Martha exchanged October 19, 1778."

The little nuts that had lain for a hundred years untouched are to be carefully preserved, especially associated with them is a family tradition. The history which the discovery of these beechnuts has revived is as follows: A huge boulder frowns upon the old Salem turnpike perhaps a mile from the New York state line. It conceals the highway toward the west by reason of the sharp turn that is made around it. Leaning against the boulder one mild afternoon in October, 1778, was a young man. His eyes were resting on the vista of buff, brown and scarlet foliage that stretched far away, and through which patches of blue water of the lake beyond could be seen.

"Beautiful," he said. "Ah, if I only—if I had not this business in hand; and their outposts are just beyond."

Even as he spoke he started, listened and in an instant so changed his manner that he seemed a tired and listless soldier, with no care for the landscape that had charmed him.

As the footsteps that had caused the change of manner approached, and seemed about to round the boulder, he still kept his eyes half closed with an expression of weariness, nor did he lift them until the steps stopped in front of him. Then looking up he saw a child, a girl of 10 or 12, maybe. The little one spoke.

"Where is your musket?" she asked.

"Are you then so used to seeing soldiers with guns, my maid, that you wonder I haven't any?"

"Not always, but no. Why, my father and my brother John have gone away with their muskets, and so has every one."

"Mayhap they have gone shooting the game."

"Oh, no; for they put on their three-cornered hats like yours, and I did hear my brother say surely there'd be a battle to morrow."

The young soldier no longer assumed the look of wearied indifference. His manner, however, did not suggest to the child that he burned within.

"My little maid," he said, "I have something better than a flint lock. I will show it to you."

From the inner folds of his homespun coat he drew forth a small portfolio, and then sitting on a shelf of the rock, opened the case, placed it upon his knee, and then sharpened a crayon. Your little face, my maid, is set so charmingly by the bright leaves on the bank, back of you, that if you will let me, I will sketch it, and you may have the portrait."

The child's eyes sparkled, but she said: "You were tired and almost asleep as I came."

A slight, quick smile, though tempered with sadness, flitted over the young man's face, and he said, "Yes, but you have awakened me. Now stand still as you can."

With quick vigorous strokes the young man plied his crayon, now and then glancing up at the child's face. Both were silent some moments. At length he said, "And so your brother does predict a battle to-morrow?"

"Yes. He did say so, and did ask sister Martha to make cartridges for him."

"And now he has gone—there, there, my maid," for he saw her chin quiver. "He will come back. Mayhap there'll be no battle."

They were silent a few moments; then he said: "Which way did your father and brother go, my child?"

"By the turnpike to the White Plains."

"Oh, ho! oh, yes, of course, to the White Plains. There," holding up the portrait, "there, I have foreshortened the nose a little too much. When I have fixed that it will be done." Then with a few rapid strokes he finished the sketch and gave it to the child.

"It's my face! it's my face!" cried the child.

"Now, what's your name that I may write it beneath the portrait?"

She told him, and he wrote:

"Ruth Phillips, by Pattilip."

"There," he said, "my first name is the same as your last one. That is nice, isn't it?"

As she stood gazing at the portrait the young soldier took a small map from his portfolio and traced with his finger a highway until it stopped at a point marked White Plains. Then he studied it a moment and was about to turn away when the clatter of horse's hoofs startled him. The rider by the sound, was pressing his steed to his best mettle. Almost abruptly the young soldier seized the child and led her to the seat on the rock. Then with such fluency as caused her to raise her eyes in some surprise, he spoke of the picture, and was thus engaged, as he intended to be, when the horseman dashed by. The horse was checked as suddenly as though shot dead, and the young man thereupon lifted his tall figure that had been bending over the child, turned slowly, and when he looked up the weary, careworn expression was again on his face. It was changed however to a look of surprise that was not counterfeited as his eyes fell on the young woman. Though the soldier steadfastly received the look that the girl gave him from eyes that were rounded with astonishment as they were luminous and searching, yet he did not fail to note the exquisite picture that she made. The high and jauntily poised riding hat that the burning leaves of maple almost touched as with a fiery plume; the thick coil of hair, the complexion that was brighter than that of a leaf that almost rested on the cheek; the figure, seated as though horse and rider were moulded together; the coal black animal gently pawing the earth, all backed by the brilliancy of the forest—this picture gladdened his artistic eye. Yet his active mind was busy with queries as to her identity. But the little girl solved the question. She said: "Oh, Patty, see the picture of me the man did draw."

The older sister put out her unoccupied hand and received the portrait, not yet taking her eyes from the soldier At last she glanced at the portrait, then scrutinized it more closely till it seemed to the young man that many minutes had passed. At length she turned to him and said, "You did this!"

The soldier bowed, and the young woman made mental note of the grace with which this common soldier made courtesy.

"What for?" she asked, though her tones were not so abrupt as the words.

"The little maid pleased me."

"It is almost perfect."

"I am as well aware as you that it is not so."

"Who are you?"

He smiled slightly, for he could not help it, at the imperious manner of the girl, but he said quietly:

"A continental soldier."

"You were ill, mayhap, and fell behind."

The soldier bowed.

"Don't you know you are on dangerous ground? You are within the British lines."

"I hope soon to be safe."

The young woman gathered up her reins, saying as she did so: "Ruth, you should not stray so far from home. Come with me." Then she seemed to hesitate, and at length said to the young soldier, who had not stirred: "How long time needed you to draw this?"

"But a few minutes."

"They are precious. Dare you draw mine?"

"It would be a pleasure."

"Will you?"

"Remain, then, as you are." Again drawing forth his portifolio, and fixing one long, searching glance on the girl, he began his work. As he went on she had both desire and opportunity to observe him. She saw the quick, sometimes strong, sometimes delicate stroke of the crayon, and saw grace in both. He ventured not a word. At length the girl said: "Who is your commander?"

He seemed not to hear, and she asked again. Without pausing in his work he said: "Colonel Tyler of the Seventh Connecticut."

"You are from below?"

"I was."

"That is what I mean. You were a portrait sketcher?"

"Yes, in New York, before the war."

Suddenly she said: "Do you know you may be killed to-morrow?"

"Perhaps."

"I mean that a great battle is expected."

The young man made a most vigorous stroke, but without looking up, said quietly: "You are better informed than I. I shall reach my command to-night."

"I have been doing my part, too," she said. "I myself rode to Danbury this morning, bearing the commission to the commanding officer that the British troops were gathering at the White Plains, and that he and his command must march at once and concentrate at Bedford before daylight. I tell you," she added, "because by taking the short cut you might fall in the sooner with the army."

Here the young man snapped a crayon, and, while sharpening it said: "Thank you for the suggestion. It must be 10 miles to Danbury?"

"Yes."

"You must have pushed your horse?"

"Indeed I did."

When next he looked up the portrait was done. He gave it to her with a graceful bow, and the manner of indifference, but she saw that his face was as white as the paper itself. For some moments she studied the picture. Then she said: "It is a marvel. It must be my very truthful portrait. I thank you, sir," and she extended her hand.

As he took it, she added: "I wish I had something I might give you in return for this. I fear now that I was far too presumptuous to ask you to do this."

"You honored me, and have repaid me."

"We may meet again, sir, when I can better repay you."

He said, "We may; who knows?" Then as his eyes fell on the ground he spied a number of beechnuts that had fallen from the tree overhead. He picked up two of them.

"See," he said, "these nuts are exactly alike. You said we might meet again. I will give you this one and will keep the other. If we meet again we will put them side by side as they are now. You can repay me is doing this. It is only a whim of mine."

She looked at him curiously for a moment and then said: "Why this a playful thing to do; but if you wish it I will," and she thrust the beechnut under her glove. When she looked back after she had gone down the road apiece he still stood there with head uncovered as when she quitted him. Had she looked later she would have seen the young soldier rushing with mighty strides in a direction opposite to what he had all day been taking, and if she had read his thoughts she would have known that he was thanking God he had met her.

One evening in midwinter more than a year later, there were gathered about the open fire-place in the living room of the Phillips mansion the young women, Martha, her little sister Ruth, and an elderly woman, who was plainly the mother. A tap at the door did not fail to cause all three to start a little. Troublesome times again had come on this part of the country. Rumors of an advance prevailed. Father and brother had again set out with the contingent troops to repel a threatened invasion. However, Mistress Martha did not hesitate to open the door. So far, at least, their home had been respected by both armies. There stood on the steps a tall man, whose great coat was slightly sprinkled with the snow that was beginning to fall. He did not offer to enter until bidden; but he said with great courtesy that he was a belated traveler, compelled to ask shelter and food, if so be the inmates felt safe in extending such hospitalities.

"Bid the gentleman in, Martha," said the mother, and when he had, with exquisite grace, bowed and thanked her, he asserted that nothing but the direst necessity would have compelled him to intrude himself.

"These are, indeed, sad times, sir," said the mother. "Twice before my husband and son have been called away to defend their country. I know not where they may be to-night, but the good Lord will protect them and us."

"Is there then disturbance in these parts?" asked the stranger.

"Have you not heard and seen, sir, and you a traveler?"

"I had supposed the operations were to the west, else I would not have ventured on my journey."

The old lady glanced quickly at him for a moment, as though wishing to scan so strange a person as this, who did not know what was going on about him, but neither by hint or word or action did she betray any surprise.

The stranger was young and neatly dressed in a heavy, close fitting surtout that reached to his top boots. His hair which was long, fell in curly locks almost to his shoulders, and it was of a yellow tinge, almost approaching whiteness. The old lady at once perceived that whoever her guest was he was a gentleman, and as he addressed himself entirely to her she soon found herself interested in him. Though she frequently referred to the topic that was uppermost in her mind, he seemed to care little about the war. The old lady decided that he must be a merchant from below, who had ventured thus far toward the British outposts—which then included the Phillips homestead—for purposes of business. Meanwhile Martha had herself prepared a repast, of which she at length invited the stranger to partake. Then for the first time he took note of the girl.

"We have simple fare now," she said.

"The simplest fare has always been my choice and habit," he said, and then added: "This must be a lonely life for you, though perhaps an exciting one."

"Not lonely when father and brother are here and when there is no war."

"Your father and brother are in the field?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a pitiable lot for you indeed!"

"No, sir; no indeed! We are glad we have a father and brother to fight for our country."

The stranger looked at her for a moment with such admiration as could give no offence. Then he said: "That is indeed true patriotism."

She was silent for so long a time that he stopped for a moment as he ate and said:

"Is there, then, to be fighting near by?"

"Father did say to us as he went away: 'There will be no general battle, but we are going with the contingent and regulars to cut off the approach of the British.' They do expect by night or to-morrow to have thrown up such forts or defences as will head off the British, and as it is but 12 miles away where they do so at the Carmel cross roads, maybe father and brother will be home Saturday.

Here the stranger seemed much occupied with his meal, nor did he pause in the eating of it until, seeming conscious that some one was gazing fixedly at him, he looked up and encountered the steady eyes of little Ruth. He smiled pleasantly and said:

"How, then, little maid do you, too miss your father?"

"You do make me think of my picture man," the child said.

"Have you a picture man?"

"The man who drew my picture. Shall I show it to you?"

"Indeed."

The child brought not only her own, but the crayon of her sister.

"They are well done; well done, little maid; but you have grown older since this was made.

"Yes, a year older."

"A year, indeed," said he, half meditatively.

"My sister Patty, looks every day at hers, and sometimes I do hear her say, 'I wonder if I shall ever see him again.'"

"Hush, Ruth, the gentleman cares for nothing of that sort," said Martha.

"But I am interested."

As they sat by the fire, later, chatting, and while Martha was meditating upon which of the two spare rooms to put the stranger into for the night, there was heard without a sound that rose above the moaning of the wind.

"What is that?"

The stranger hastened to the window, and even as he did so the sound grew louder and more significant. It was the yell of maddened men, and now as the curtains were tossed aside, they saw a yellow light through and beyond the thick falling snow flakes. The light grew brighter and brighter.

"It is the army," said Martha.

"Which one?" asked the mother.

"The British, I think. Look, they are burning Neighbor Keeler's house. They will come here. They have threatened before. They will burn the house and they may kill us. See there, over the hill; they are coming. There they have set fire to the hay-rick. Mother, be calm, they shall not hurt you. I will not let them," and the girl turned with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks and seemed to be going to seek for a weapon. But she was stayed. The stranger whom they had forgotten had gently restrained her. She looked at him inquiringly, and he said: "They will do you no harm."

The madmen rushed on down the hill and there were two big fellows at the front. They wore the uniform of the British army. They were, indeed, on a tour of devastotion and ruin. Just as they reached the stone fence that enclosed the yard before the house, and were about to surmount it, the stranger went out and stood with the snow whitening his bare head. He lifted his arm, and the two big men stopped, as did those behind them, and after the stranger had said a word or two to them they turned and went their way. When he returned to the house his manner was as calm as it had been an hour before. To their thanks he simply replied: "You deserved protection. You have earned it."

Then he bade them farewell, though they expressed much astonishment thereat and pleaded with him to stay. "I must hasten on my journey," he said. "Before I go, however, I would ask if Mistress Martha can produce the counterpart of this?" And, thrusting his hand into his bosom he drew forth a beechnut.

"I knew it. I did know it," said little Ruth; but Martha made no response, only turned for a moment so that her face and bosom were turned from him, and when she again faced him she too held in her hand a beechnut.

"I am very glad," he said. "When we meet again you may then not know me except by this same token.

He said this somewhat sadly, and before another word was said, departed. A moment later he mounted a horse that had been held in waiting for him in the highway, and galloped forth into the snow and darkness.

When the buds were bursting into blossoms, some five months later, and when Martha was reaching her dimpled arms up among the lilac flowers, one day, she turned suddenly and there behind her stood a tall young man in the uniform of an American officer. His hair was black, his face pale and unshaven, and he was plainly laboring with excitement or trouble. He said nothing until she had first spoken.

"You have come again," she said, with a tone half tremulous, half cold.

"This time a suppliant. I see you know me now, I am my natural self but for these clothes. Protect me, mistress, I beseech you!"

"Protect you!"

"Yes, for unless you do in an hour I shall be captured. I can escape no further."

"Why should I? You saved us that night—you—no, I will not. You betrayed my girlish, foolish confidence twice, and may thereby have cost us our country's cause. From my words the day you drew my picture you learned enough to enable your army to defeat us at White Plains. From my foolish speech the night you rescued us you gathered enough to foil the plans of our people, and cause thereby my brother to be brought home dead. I trusted you then for what you seemed to be. They have told me whom I did harbor."

"Then you know my name?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me."

She leaned forward, and her face was white as her neck as she whispered.

"Yes," he said, "I am he."

"Then you must go your way."

"You forget. I only did my duty, and I never asked you for the words you spoke."

"And I must do my duty now."

"My pursuers will be after me in a moment."

"Do not ask me to do this. I cannot."

He turned and saw the cavalry coming over the hill, and then he turned again and looked at her with unspeakable sadness. She saw the horsemen, too, and knew that he had given up hope. He tore open his vest and drew some papers therefrom that he rapidly destroyed. Reserving one, he held it to her and said in the saddest tones she had ever heard:

"To-morrow will you read this?"

She would neither take it nor speak, but the paper was taken from his hand by little Ruth, who had come there unobserved.

"I will, Mr. Picture Man."

"Thank you, and God bless you, my child! You keep it, and give it to your sister by noon of to-morrow."

The cavalry had now spied him, and were putting their horses to their best. He held his hand out to Martha. In it was the beechnut. Without taking her eyes from his, she thrust her hand into her bosom, and when she withdrew it there was within it the other beechnut. When the soldiers a moment later seized him he bade Martha farewell and kissed little Ruth. Then he took Martha's limp hand and placed therein the beechnut. Then they led him away.

At evening two soldiers delivered to Martha a crayon likeness of herself that they said their commander had instructed them to bring. They said it had been taken from the man who was captured there that morning. It had been drawn from memory, according to the note at the bottom.

"Where is he now?" she asked.

The soldiers seemed confused. At last one pointed to the ground, and then they both rode rapidly away.

"Dead," she said. "I did not think it meant that. I let them kill him," and an hour later they found her there under the lilac trees. When, a year later, just after they returned from the old burying ground, there they found among her other treasures the two beech-nuts wrapped together. They put them away in an old chest.

An Ice Palace.

It has been finally decided that St. Paul will have an ice palace this winter. Fifty men have subscribed $200 each toward its construction. The movement is not a money-making scheme, for after the subscribers have been repaid, the balance, if any, is to be divided among the charitable organizations of the city. The palace is to be 150 by 125 feet, with numerous towers of the Norman style of architecture. The main building will be surrounded by a fence made of shrubs covered with ice, a beautiful effect being secured by spraying the shrubs and allowing the spray to freeze. Between the ice fence and the walls of the palace will be constructed a race-course. The interior of the palace will be lighted by electricity. Electric lights will also illuminate the race-course and the entrance to the palace. The interior arrangements will be similar to those of the Montreal palace. The ice blocks to be used in its construction will be sixteen inches thick and four feet square.

A Voyage Through The Stars.

Ballooning has been the dream of man for 3,000 years and more. He looks upward at the stars, and feels a longing to discover some agency that will overcome the force that chains his body to the earth from which it sprang, and bear him through the light and tenuous atmosphere that surrounds it, and, in the height of his most daring aspirations, he tries to imagine the ecstacy of voyaging to the moon, and after inspecting that lifeless and uninteresting cinder, continuing his journey into the serene depth of space beyond. And yet, strange to say, this is not a dream; it is a fact. Man is actually sailing amid the stars all his life, only the movement is so overwhelming in its magnificence and vastness that the poor creature lives his life of threescore years and ten without apprehending it. Embarked on a vessel which bears him onward at the rate of 60,000 miles an hour, which moves, he knows not how, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, but never halting, and, through all fast and slow stages, making its voyage to the second of schedule time, he is perpetually passing through a region whose shifting land-marks, or sky-marks, he can note as plainly as he notes the changing land-marks on the Mississippi on a water voyage from St. Louis to St. Paul. Anyone who even casually observes the heavens at night detects, in addition to the daily apparent motion of the stars round the earth from east to west, still another much slower motion of the firmament in the same direction. It is an annual movement. The whole arch of the heavens is divided into 360 degrees, and it makes a complete circuit in 365 days. The celestial vault, therefore, slips from east to west at the rate of one degree of space or four minutes of time every day. This looks like a slow movement, but it takes an actual earth-rate of traveling of 60,000 miles an hour to produce it. The apparent slowness is due to the same optical causes which make a far-distant ship appear to move sluggishly against the sky back-ground. If the sky be watched night after night, it will be found that a bright star or constellation which shows itself just on the eastern horizon at 9 o'clock at night, will, six months afterwards, be on the western horizon at 9 o'clock. The star appears to have moved. But it has not. It is the observed who has changed his position. Without feeling it, and perhaps without knowing it, he has been sailing past the star and left it behind him. In the six months, he has met and passed other stars and constellations to the east of it, precisely as a steamboat travels from St. Louis up the Mississippi, passes Alton, Hannibal, Keokuk, Rock Island, Dubuque, and Prairie du Chien, and at last reaches St. Paul. This inexplicable air-ship we call the earth, which, in spite of its enormous weight of rock and iron, oceans and mountains, possesses in absolute perfection the buoyant qualities of a balloon, has in the half-year bowled along a distance of 275,000,000 miles, carrying a passenger list of 1,500,000,000 souls and revealing to their unobservant and indifferent eyes, a new celestial region marked with new stars and signs, at every successive stage of twenty-four hours. One by one, the royal stars of the first magnitude, Aldebarrn, Rigel, Procyon, Sirius, Regulus, Spica, Arcturus, Altair, Antares, and Fomalhaut; all the constellations, the sweet and gentle Pleides, the mystic Orion, the Lion, the Virgin, the Scorpion, the Northern Crown, and the Northern Cross—all have been sighted, met, passed, and left behind, till the end of the voyage is reached and the wonderful air-ship, supported, we know not by what, and moving we know not how, starts without halting on another circuit.

Utilizing Paper.

Paper being nearly air-tight will exclude cold, and should be used more than it now is; builders place paper between the boards and clapboards of a house, and we should do well to follow their example in smaller matters. Farmers have found that the extreme warmth secured by tacking several thicknesses of newspaper around the inside of hen-houses, etc., has saved extra food. A layer of paper under a carpet is preferable to straw, which is sometimes used, and if the paper made for this purpose cannot be obtained, several layers of newspapers will do nearly as well. Papers spread between bed coverings will take the place of extra blankets. A folded paper is an excellent lung protector; one over the chest and another around the shoulders, under the outside garment, which often saves a cold, and perhaps pneumonia. Dissolved in flour paste newspapers make a useful filling for cracks in floors and elsewhere. Scraps of paper, wet and scattered over the floor, when sweeping will save the dust in the room as well as brighten the carpet. Bits of paper with soap suds are effectual in cleaning bottles, and are easily removed with the water. Greasy dishes and kettles, if first rubbed with paper, wash much easier; the paper absorbs the grease and is all the better for kindling the fire. A grease spot can often be taken out of a carpet or garment by placing two or three layers of paper over it; then put a warm iron on the paper. The heat softens the grease and the paper absorbs it, and by changing paper and iron occasionally, all the grease will disappear. Soft newspaper or tissue paper is preferable to cloth for cleaning lamp chimneys, windows, mirrors, etc., as it leaves no lint; also for knives, spoons and tinware after scouring; and a stove will not need blacking so often if now and then rubbed with paper. Scraps of writing paper for that use on one side only may be utilized in several ways. Bowls and glasses without covers may be used for jelly, by cutting a round of paper the size of the top dip in brandy and press down evenly upon the jelly, cut another cover of soft paper large enough to paste down on the outsides of the jar. Paper in bread and cake tins protects the loaf from burning and insures its safe removal from the tin. By this help a tin with holes in it may be used. Laid over a loaf of cake in the oven, paper is also a protection, but unless it is warmed first the cake may settle. Cut in strips and curled with scissors, writing paper makes a good filling for pillows for hammocks.

COUNSEL: "Then you think he struck you with malice aforethought?" Witness, indignantly: "You can't fix me up like that. I've told you twice that he hit me with a brick. There were no mallets nor nothing of the kind about."

Man-Killing Tusks Snap.

The old brick building on Grand, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Williamsburg, N. Y., formerly occupied as a Methodist church, but recently converted into a museum and menagerie, was shortly after midnight on Tuesday, October 27th, the scene of a fierce combat between an enraged elephant, a fierce black-maned lion and George Goodwin, their keeper.

The trumpeting of the elephant, the howls of the maddened lion, and the cries of the other frightened animals confined in the menagerie, alarmed belated pedestrians in the vicinity and awakened Goodwin, who was asleep up stairs. On rushing down he saw that a ten-year-old elephant about six feet high had broken his chain and was engaged in a mad endeavor to batter down the bars of a cage, in which was confined a lion of the black-maned species.

The elephant had thrust his huge trunk into the cage and twisted the lion's tail, and the latter had turned and caught the elephant's trunk between his teeth. The elephant succeeded in breaking away, and twisting his trunk around one of the lion's hind legs, he endeavored to drag the king of beasts through the bars. The howls of the lion, which could have been heard for several blocks, gave evidence that he strenously objected to any such proceedings.

Goodwin and two other employes endeavored to subdue the elephant, and Goodwin finally succeeded in sticking his prong into the animal's tongue. The beast was led back to his stall, and chained to the floor, but the keepers had scarcely turned their backs when the animal again broke loose and rushed toward the lion's cage. The men again attempted to lead him back to his stall, but without success.

Suddenly the beast turned on Goodwin, threw him to the floor, and stamped upon him. He paused for an instant, and Goodwin immediately sprang to his feet and got out of the elephant's way. The elephant made another rush for his keeper, who this time eluded him, and the beast's huge tusks were buried deep into the heavy planking which formed the walls.

While thus held prisoner, the men quickly tied him to the floor with ropes and chains, but not a moment too soon, for as the men were engaged in securing his feet, the elephant making a frantic effort to release his tusks, his huge body swayed to and fro, and his long white ivories snapped, leaving the greater portion imbeded in the wall. But the animal was exhausted and he quietly submitted to his keeper.

The elephant's injuries consist of several long cuts in the head and his trunk is scratched and bitten in a terrible manner. The hind legs of the lion are believed to be dislocated, as he is unable to stir, and his face is greatly scratched.

George Goodwin, the keeper, received a number of severe contusions over his whole body, caused by the trampling he received at the feet of the elephant, and he considers his escape from instant death miraculous. He is confined to his home, and it will be several days before he will resume his duties at the museum.

A dislike appears to have existed for some time between these two animals, and the elephant has frequently annoyed his neighbor by pulling and twisting his tail. This is the elephant that about two years ago, while with Coup's circus, killed the keeper, and a week later, while the show was exhibing in St. Louis, attacked his new keeper and also killed him. He was recently purchased by the proprietors of the museum, and a cage much stronger than the others was built in which to confine the beast.

Astrology.

Astrologers divide the heavens into twelve equal parts, called houses. This is done by dividing the vertucle circle—or circle passing through the zenith and the east and west points of the horizon—into six parts of thirty degrees each and six corresponding divisions lie below the horizon. In regard to these "houses," Lilly says that "the exact knowledge of them is so requisite that he who learns the nature of the planets without exact judgement of the houses is like an improvident man that furnishes himself with a variety of household stuff, having no place wherein to bestow them."

To each of these "houses" is ascribed a particular significance. For instance, the first house refers to the stature, health and life of a man, or it stands in State astrology for the common people; the second house refers to wealth generally; the third to brethren, to letters and to messengers, etc., and so of the other houses. The seventh house is singularly heterogenous in its signification, as it refers to lovers and husbands, animals strayed, thieves and things stolen; so that if a young lady was to inquire after her absent lover, or an elderly lady after her favorite cat, the astrologer would look to the "seventh house and planets therein and aspecting." The next things of importance in astrology are the zodiacal signs. Aries, the first sign is described as being fiery, choleric, bestial, luxurious, intemperate and violet; and, beside, it "rules" gumboils, toothache, baldness, places of refuge for thieves, and, among other countries, England. Campanella says that "Aries makes people ferocious, stubborn, fierce, bold, presumptive and crafty, like the English." We ought to feel complimented. Taurus signifies people given to pleasures, like the Neapolitans. Virgo signifies the best mathematicians, astronomers, learned and ingenious men, etc. Libra points to those given to the delights of music, and so on.

A Jeweled Volume.

A small book the value of which is probably in the hundreds of thousands of dollars, belonging to the Art Cabinet of Gotha, was shown at the International Metal Exposition recently held at Nurembourg. The binding is in embossed gold richly decorated with enamel, diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The work was formerly ascribed to Benevenuto Cellini, and made for Pope Paul III as a present for Charles the Fifth. This, is erroneous, as the Gotha volume is illustrated by H. Goedig, who lived in the second half of the sixteenth century, and the binding is probably the work of a German goldsmith, who also lived at the Court of Prince August of Saxony.

If you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you, don't do one.

Life on the Frontier.

Dr. Yarrow, of the United States geological survey, was "shood up" by road agents during his recent trip out west. "The real thing," he says "is not like what you read about. The robbers were not all polite. They don't walk up to you with their hats in their hands in that chivalrous way you read about and tell you they are very sorry to disturb you, etc. At least the ones who took my gold watch and all my money out in the wilds of Arizona did not do anything of that sort. They may have been amateurs. They were in a great hurry, and were very rough and brutal, cursing and abusing us in the worst sort of way while they robbed us. I had a sort of presentiment when we started out that we would meet with some adventure. When I asked the driver if there was not danger of being stopped and robbed, he laughed at the idea, and assured me that I was just as safe in his stage for that trip as if I were in Washington. 'This route was never robbed' he declared. 'But' said I, one of the cowboys tells me you were stood up about two years ago.' 'He lies,' was the brusque reply. My revolver was safely stowed away in my valise. We were just nearing two big sand-stone boulders, and I was saying, 'Well if we are stopped it will be at one of two places. One is here, and the other—'

"At this point I was cut short. The stage came to a stop very abruptly between the two rocks. One man stood with a Winchester repeating rifle covering us while another covered the driver. Two others stood in the road one in front and the other behind us, while a fifth was at some distance holding the horses. They wore long yellow oilcloth coats buttoned high about their necks and coming almost to the ground, and had broad white sombreros pulled down over their eyes, and each had a big red handkerchief tied over his face so as to cover all below the eyes. They cursed us roundly, told us to jump out and be ——quick about it, which we did. Then they stood us up in a line, and made us hold our hands up. One kept us covered with his Winchester, while the other with a cocked revolver in his hand, went through us for money and valuables. He kept the pistol pointed at the head of each as he searched, using his left hand for the searching. All the time they poured forth a volley of abuse, and made themselves altogether as disagreeable as possible They seemed to be very much excited, and the fellow's hand trembled so that held the pistol that I feared it would go off accidentally. I called his attention to this when he was searching me. 'Look, here, my man,' I said, 'there's no use getting so excited; that pistol might go off. You have got the drop on us. We aren't fools enough to show fight. There's our money and goods. Take them, but be civil about it.'

"He only cursed me for my advice and said if I didn't keep still he would blow the——top of my——head off, and I thought he would do so, so I kept still They took all our money and things of any value we had, besides the mail-pouch. Then they let us go. After we got about four miles away they changed their minds and came after us again. I don't know what they wanted, unless it was to kill us. But we didn't care to wait to find out. We put our mules on a dead run and raced them for our lives. It was about as exciting a race as I ever had. It was very nervous business. They were gaining on us all the time, but we ran them until our mules gave out. By that time we had reached the top of a hill, in sight of a cattle ranch. As the mules dropped I jumped from the stage and ran for the ranch, waving my hat over my head in hope of attracting the attention of some of the cowboys. The robbers knew that assistance was at hand, and were frightened off. My impression of them was that they were a blustering, brutal set of fellows.

Rhubarb Culture.

Rhubarb like our currant bushes, will grow almost anywhere under any treatment, and consequently receives more ill-usage than any other "green thing growing." But for this reason it should not be supposed that when growing under neglect and abuse it will do its best and produce as abundant crops and of equllay good quality as when good treatment is given. After it is once planted rhubarb requires little cultivation, but it must have at all times, deep, rich soil, the richer the better. In field culture the roots are planted about four feet apart each way, and cultivated like any hoed crop. In the family garden they should be planted two or three feet apart, in a single row, at least four feet distant from other plants.

It may be raised from seed, but as there is little reliance in the seedlings being of the same variety as the parent plants, division of the roots is the method of propagation usually adopted. Any piece of root with a bud or crown will grow if planted about two inches deep in mellow soil firmly, pressed around it. Roots may be planted in autumn or early spring. Plantations are usually renewed every four or five years, yet when a liberal dressing of manure is given every fall the roots will produce a crop for an almost indefinite period. Heavy manuring, clean cultivation, and liberal space are the essential requisites for raising large succulent rhubarb. The varieties best known are the Lennæus, grown extensively for market as well as home use. It is early, very productive, and of a brisk, spicy flavor. Its principal fault is that it seeds so freely that unless all flower stalks are cut off as soon as they appear the crop deteriorates rapidly. Victoria is later, has large leaves and stalks, and requires a rich, rather heavy ground for its best development. Paragon is a new variety originated in England, and now introduced here. The stalks are bright red, heavy, and produced in quick succession and great abundance. It is earlier, of more delicate flavor, and decidedly less acid than any other variety we are acquainted with. But its most remarkable and most valuable qualification is that it does not produce flower stalks, to which fact its great productiveness is mainly attributable, all the strength of the plant being used for the development of its leaves.

AN exchange says that there is a large falling off in the population of the western part of Massachusetts. The bicycle is bound to make its way everywhere.

AT a college examination a professor asked: 'Does any question embarrass you?' 'Not at all, sir, not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me,' replied the student.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Queen Victoria dines at 8:45.

—Modjeska means to spend her life in California.

—Mme. Janauschek mourns the loss of a seventeen year old poodle.

—In Havana cigar manufacturers pay their hands three times a day.

—Mrs. Longtry purchased two genuine scalps from an Indian out West.

—Mrs. Oscar Wilde, that is to be, is exhibiting her bridal dress in London.

—The town of Bernstadt, Ky., is populated entirely by Swiss to the number of 700.

—Secretary Lincoln resembles his father in personal appearance only from the eyes up.

—The farmers in Vermont and New Hampshire complain that this is a poor sugar season.

—Oregon is the place to hunt bears. The Portland *Oregonian* says the State is full of them.

—Hundreds of young women in New York city earn only 45 cents a day by making shirts.

—Emil Scaria, the great basso, is a comparatively young man, but his hair is white as snow.

—The German "kaffee klatch" is superseding "high tea" in New York fashionable circles.

—Adult unmarried persons grow more numerous in France and less numerous in Germany.

—Henry Berg has begun a crusade against the practice of shoeing horses with red-hot iron.

—Augustus Schell, the New York politician, recently deceased, left an estate worth over $5,000,000.

—Illinois, following the example of some other states, has just had her battle flags enclosed in cases.

—A colony of 83 people recently left Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa., for Dickinson county, Kansas.

—Prof. Northrop of Yale has accepted the presidency of the Minnesota state university at Minneapolis.

—M. de Lesseps says that his company now pays out 75,000 francs a day for work on the Panama canal.

—A Brooklyn teacher has been arrested for threatening to kill one of her pupils whom she caught whispering.

—Senator Fair, it is said in Washington, will be remarried soon to the wife from whom he was divorced last year.

—Senator Lamar is not quite 60 years old. At the age of 24 he was professor of mathematics in the Mississippi university.

—"Don't tip the waiters" is the, perhaps, superfluous advice screamed by a parrot in a Fulton street (N. Y.) restaurant.

—An Oconee (Ga.) county man has just had taken from one of his legs a minie ball he had been carrying there for 22 years.

—Miss Gabrielle, daughter of the late Horace Greeley, is still a lovely girl, and has, it is said, refused many ambitious suitors.

—Cities and towns in Massachusetts will hereafter be obliged to furnish children in the public schools with free text books.

—The Charleston (S. C.) *News* says that there is a man living in Laurens county, Ga., 74 years old, who is the father of 47 children.

—Warner Williams, formerly of Anamosa, Iowa, died recently at Anita, Iowa. Though only six years of age, his weight was 200 pounds.

—Living near Snapping Shoals, Ga., is a colored woman whose age is reported to be 110. Her husband was thought to be 120 years old when he died.

—Grape culture in California is rapidly increasing, and it is thought that at least five million vines will be planted in Los Angeles county at once.

—The hillsides near Marshfield, Oregon, were recently strewn with dead robins that perished in the cold and snowy weather of a few weeks ago.

—The Kentucky House of Representatives has passed a bill prohibiting bicyclists from using the public roads of most of the counties in that State.

—Great Britain consumes annually 4,000,000 tons of potatoes, of which 200,000 tons are imported, while the remainder are raised on 541,000 acres of land.

—During the 12 years from 1871 to 1882, the number of lives lost by the disasters to British ships was 33,724, of whom 30,660 were crew and 3063 passengers.

—At the New York Beach Show this year there is to be a special prize each for speed, leaping and trick dogs; special attention will be given to ladies' pet dogs.

—More than a million head of cattle wintered in the Territory of Wyoming, and the general "round up" of this enormous number will begin about the middle of May.

—A four-year old boy at Felicity, O., is the sensation in that town, as he can, or is alleged to be able to, read books and papers at sight, though he was never instructed.

—The most expensive book ever published by a single individual is Lord Kingsborough's "Mexico." It has seven volumes, with 1,000 colored illustrations, and cost $300,000.

—At Tennille, Ga., last week, Jerry Jenkins, aged 90, and Eliza Brown, aged 95, tremblingly stood before hymen's altar and pledged their young lives to each other.

—The mines of the Black Hills in Dakota have mined and milled 1,512,037 tons of good ore, yielding $10,434,116, or an average of $5.78 per ton. The mines paid in dividends to the shareholders $3,142,500.

—It is calculated that there are now residing in the United States nearly a thousand Japanese, and of this number it is said that not one has ever been convicted of any criminal offence in