B. F. SCHWEIER,

The Irony of Time.

ald resurrect the years again when life is on the wane; sould learn by many a bitter truth The value of our youth, be becomble band of Time

Has harvested our prime,— se should drain from every flower we The last drop of its sweet! som the present hour, and try

Some forclaste of the morrow; merce has its mistrow and the pain of hope deferred again; safe the years, till Age defeated cands, Desolate, with comply bunds.

rights on paths our fathers tred before, We trace their footsteps o'er; We trace their footsteps o'er; serry height, in every vale we meet Signs of their toiling feet what on the rock and wounded by the

Where we are stung and torn. was it that they sought? O burning eyes. Fixed on low western skiest

ekoning shapes that seem so fair to Wear the same decizing line lated the Vikings through tempes

seard putple isles of peace and golden lands, To die on freezing strands, me has no precious treasure stored away

Beyond the Hebrides.

Each has no precious treasure stored away
Beyond our grasp to-lay;
Each has no social garden of delight
His from our aching sight.
Too late we learn that humble highway Is life's best gift and dower; light that kindles in meek, maiden

Is love's divinest guise ste, too late we find there is no more, On any sea or shore.

Pursuing the unknown, asy read by which we can attain Youth's vanished grace again.

BLACK HUGH.

A very precity girl was Maudeen Shea-the prettlest round about Ros- us! unure-some said the prettiest in all

She was slight and supple with a merful sunny nuture that for ever he true clive tint of the Celt; but her d alone on a little farm with her mother health; but now she had enough to me?" spend and to spare—she owed no man she owned the sweetest, prettiest colion in the whole barony.

Ressaure was not a place visited by ed ye to me! ws delightful. There were grand mountains near by, a lake that teemed with trout, and the roar of the Atlantic was sometimes born in on the wings of

Maudeen had passed the twenty years of her life in this peaceful spot. Every market-day she brought in her butter and ergs to the little town that lay two piles across the bog, and came back bermother noted latterly, each day a little later, each day with brighter cheeks and prettler smiles.

"Mandeen honey," said the mother one market-day, taking the young face between the wrinkled hands and gazing aniously into it, "who's after spakin'

Maudeen lowered her beautiful eyes, and tossed her head and laughed. "They're just fools!" the girl de-

"Honey, honey, the boys don't think wif you do," was the quick rejoinder. Dun't be after rlavin' fast and loose any now, for we niver know how Then the good woman sighed and

enther way wondering towards which f her many admirers her beautiful "And I do pray it's Hugh Slievan,

the smith," she thought—"for he's a grand lad with his taste for work, while emalikin has he for the dhrink. And sure hasn't he, honest-like, asked to be my son, and hasn't he got my issin' by the same token? Arrah, but it's the rale love -- if ever I saw love that shines straight out of his eyes when Mandeen stands forminst him." The summer afternoon waned, and, when the cows were milked and all the and the widow was settled over the M paper, Mandeen stooped and kissed mother, observing that, the even-

Sothat ye're in afore dark and don't serve another purpose. here, she thought.

So Mandeen went without further It was a lovely evening; the soft wind for the rest.

was sweet with the scent of newcut hay and in the west, where the broad At-Mandeen left the form and turned

woke the great stillness of the mounamrand bog around. Mandeen was used to this loneliness,

all usually thought nothing of it. But his evening she was evidently out of armony with the peaceful and familiar tens, for, as she moved along, a look content spread over her face and ture. bother's words rankling.

Maudeen walked on for about quarter a mile, and then suddenly the look speaking but seldom, he behad brought her near to a gap there a gate stood, and leaning against had led him to order the secret meetwas a stalwart form half veiled in ing. gathering dusk, The man was ek to hear the light foot approaching ad he turn d, and as quickly went to

stonce died out. "Well, Hugh," she began pettishly, that are ye for ever comin' down tribue for? I can't so much as lave ar lique for a breath of air o' nights but it's to fall straight upon you, like He were a groin' toad stool.'

Better to be here nor in the dhrinkashop, was the curt reply. "But had be after comin' again if it leagen knows I'd not be dotn' it!"

This answer seemed both to appease

The same in the sa Heaven knows I'd not be doin' it!"

the man barred her way. In the silence

were fixed on her searchingly. He was teered a third, a tail black-bearded fellow well clad in "That's robi homespun, for he had closed his forge and donned his best to walk across the country and sup at the Widow O'Shea's He was plain of face, but the plainness was redeemed by a look of daring and courage, and by a pair of eyes at once clear and dark as a hawk's,

"Black Hugh"-for thus they called the smith-"makes a staunch friend; but Heaven help his enemy!" said the people about.

After a moment's pause, the manhis voice low and hoarse—spoke.
"Maudeen," said he, "why do ye trate me so?"

The girl gave an impatient toss to her pretty head. 'Ye're spakin' riddles the night, Hugh Slievan," she answered lightly.

"Forbye it's but harsh words ye've gotten for me, ye can let me pass." Slivan thrust out an arm strong as an iron bar, and laid hold of the stone wall opposite.

laugh, "but not till ye've heard me The girl started back, and glanced beam. If any one has a good word for

darkening face "Maudeen asthore, Maudeen asthore, man passionately. "Who is there in all ay, and has so done since the day we feet from the ground-"just a doucy babe? Wasn't it the two of us that went hand-in-hand to the school to- added carelesslygither as children, and had ye iver a joy or sorrow but ye bid Hugh Sliven thinks John Elliott worthy of life, let share it? Until of late we niver met

"Let me pass!" cried the girl, whose

made believe to love me, Maudeen-

pride could not hide her distress. "Not yet"-and the strong arm trembled with its flerce hold of the builded from her hips in Song, She had | wall-"not yet." Till Elliott, I say, lark hair that rippled back from an came over to take the bread out of the per ever curved in smiles. She had bit, ye were kind enough to me-there was not a truer pair in Rossanure. hin was soft as satin, and her cheeks Maudeen O'Shea, do ye think I'll stand swed like carnations. Maudeen liv- tamely by and see my colleen carried off before my own two lookin' eyes, and widow crappled with rheumatism, by an Englishman, curses on him! benns O'Shea had been dead many Maudeen," went on the smith, suddentears, and alone and unassisted the ly lowering his angry voice to accents rave woman had managed the little of touching entreaty, and holding out arm. It had been hard up-hill work both his hands to the girl, "say that that best her back and ruined her ye'll love me-say that ye'll be wife to

Maudeen shook her head sadly; she not even her landford-anything, and did not speak, nor did she touch the proffered hands. "Maudeen, your mother has promis-

'She may have promised my my heart is my own to give," was the

low response; and, before he could give vent to another word of anger or entreaty, the girl slipped past him, and was lost in the dusk.

Slowly, his breast full of tumultuous passion, Hugh Slievan followed; but he paused on coming near the gate that fenced the green lane from the road, for there, leaning against it, the starlight playing on her happy face, stood Maudeen O'Shea, and near, very near to her was a man. There was no need to ask who he was. The sturdy wellbuilt figure was known to the smith

"I'll be even with ye yet, John El-liot—so help me Heaven!" muttered Black Hugh flercely, as he leapt the ditch and wandered aimlessly across

"Twelve o'clock-by the kiln." These were the words that, coming

softly through the darkness, struck up- Elliot would sup in his house, and Tim on Hugh Slievan's ear some few nights later, as he lounged moodily against the door of his forge. A low whistle his movements and gauge his habits, was his reply to the mysterious sum- that nothing might mar the plot in the mons, on hearing which a slouching form started up and stole away rapidly, keeping well within the surrounding sizadows.

a group of men were gathered under the ivied wall of an old disused limekiln, which stood in the woods of Lord Ballina's demesne, It was sheltered from the road-at all times a lonely one-by a thick belt of trees. Not far from it ran a river which,

challing within its rocky bed, broke the lock made comfortable for the night, silence with its sullen roar. In the sun-light this lime kiln, shrouded by Pat-fire with ler knitting and a week- foliage and mantled by mosses, was a spot meet for lovers' trysts. In the the courtship of John Elliott. darkness, far removed from the haunts bing so fine, it tempted her to go of men and veiled from the keen eyes the widow, "and, oh, honey there's of police or watcher, it had come to nothin' but harm will come of it—he of police or watcher, it had come to

beyant the bog, honey," stipulated the widew, smiling. "Hugh'll be many statues. Presently a voice broke The group of men were dumb as so the stillness.

"Are ye all there—the seven o' ye?" "The seven are here," answered one

"Good!" The sound of a match striking was this John Elliott." anticlay hushed in repose, floated a heard—the glare of a lantern fell on has of billowy cloud, scarlet and or the motionless figures—and then one by one each went into the interior of the kiln, a portion of which had fallen fown the green lane that led to the away and so made ingress possible. A little stream welling out The interior was broad and roemy, for om under the grasses made music be- nothing but bare walls remained; the Hugh instead, who stood leaning heavtale her—the only sound indeed that men ranged themselves in careless attitudes round a couple of lanterns, the light of which flickered strangely on their dark determined faces. These, the members of the dread "Black Watch." had met by will of their chosen ly spoken since two months before, chief to debate either on political matters or on matters of a more sinister na-

Angless sigh escaped her. Were her Their leader was a farmer, a tenant of Lord Ballina's. He was an elderly man, of a taciturn mind; yet, though and then suddenly the look speaking but seldom, he spoke at such the spoke at such times to the point. He did not waste ing like stars. A turn in the time now, but, the moment the men were settled, broached the matter that

"Boys," he began, "ye have as usual answered the summons like thrue men. Now hearken to me. It is not the nathe girl. The western light rest- tional welfare I've called ye together to a fall on her face; that in Mandeen's spake upon to-night, nor yet whether we'll let the young lord do a bit of hunting the coming winter, nor yet whether Patsy Flynn's cattle shall be let alone. It is none of such like things, but something nearer to home than all. It's whether John Elliott is worthy of death

or no." There was a dead silence, broken at length by a low-browed fellow murmur-

his lads," spoke up another. she felt rather than saw that his eyes "He's a cursed Englishman!

> "That's robbin' us of a position and earnin' the rights of a Rossanure boy!" growled a fourth. "My father had it

afore him." "It's him that's put the agent up to his doin's of late—gettin' the patrol doubled, and kapin' such a tight hand over things ye can't touch a snipe but it will be your nose is snatched off! Ah, it was faintly. foine times we had when your fatherrest to his soul-was ranger, Tim!" Thus spoke a fifth.

"It's Elliott that's stolen the sweetest colleen in all Rossanure from the cheek. man that deserves her the most-ay, and that was surest of her till he came amongst us!" said another, a lad in years, casting a look of deep love and pity at the black-browed man opposite. eyes flashed fire, and suppressed mur-

mur ran round the circle.
"'Tis a mortal shame!" said some: others cursed the ranger in a whisper. "Well, boys," resumed their chief "Pass ye shall," he said, with a little firmly, "it seems an example should be made of bim. He has been weighed, and the scale against him kicks the

with mingled fear and anxiety into his this man, let him say it. Silence-unbroken save by the roar of the river and the sad sough of the ye're makin' a divil o' me!" cried the wind. The chief laid a watch between the lanterns and stared quietly at its the wide world loves you like myself- face. Five minutes went by, and, not one plea having been registered in the were so high"-putting his hand two | Englishman's favor, the chief put the watch back into his pocket and remarked calmly that time was up. Then he

> "Boys, if any one or more of you that one or more lave this assembly.

but ye had a kind word for me-for ye None rose, not one left the kiln. "The matter is settled then-John always and always till"—here the man's Elliott dies!" said the chief; and, openvoice shook with anger-"John Elliott ing a sheet of paper on which was a list -curse him!-came and stood betwane of names, he marked that of John Elhot-distinguished already as "dan-gerous"-with a cross. He then handed the sheet to his neighbor, and it passed in turn through the hands of

When the paper came back to him, eight black crosses doomed the ranger pen brow, deep blue eyes, and hips that mouth of men good as himself ivery to death. And, when he saw them, a grim smile of satisfaction lighted up

Black Hugh's face. Day by day passed, and John Elliot went about his work, little dreaming of the fate in store for him. The good people of Rossanure had begun by hating him; they were slowly learning to like him. True, he did his duty fearlessly-he would tell no lie to shield himselt, let alone his neighbor-he was over-scrupulous about his master's property; but, all the same, there was a frank good-humor about the man that won its way into the heart of every woman in the barony, and a quiet determination that gained the respect, if not the goodwili, of the men. He would serve, did he think it furthered his master's interests. But he did not serve it at the payonet-point. Alone and unarmed he would perform his disagreeable duty; and none had the heart to strike him where he stood, the light of day shining in the blue eyes full of courage and perhaps of pity. What they might do in the dark, when

those eyes were not looking their way, was another matter. The doomed man often came across the "Black Watch," some of whom he knew personally. There was the chief who never showed other than the strong dislike he felt for him. There were Hugh Slievan and his young brother Mike-these two shunned him; of late

he had come to learn the reason why. But, Maudeen, I can't give you up!" he would mutter, as they scowled on him in passing. Then there was a man-one of the

underkeepers on the Ballina estatewho evinced a warm partiality for him. would seem never to tire of his company. Tim had been told off to watch end; and he seemed to derive peculiar satisfaction from this duty. The "Black Watch" had arranged to spare the ranger till mid-autumn. The summer nights were short and bright-detection would be easy. Besides, this was the first blood that would be shed in the barony, and on the threshold of crime there is sometimes a lingering.

But the hour came at last. It was a mild afternoon in autumo. The robins were piping as Maudeen gathered the last of her roses. She was singing too, for that very day she had wrung an unwilling contest from her mother to look with favorable eyes on

"It will break Hugh's heart," wept

was dead set on ye was Hugh!" "Mother," cried the girl desparingly
"I will marry him as you like; but my heart will rive in two."

And when the widow saw how pate her childs face had grown, she bowed her head in sore trouble, saying-"Let him come then, let him come

And Maudeen had sent off a little lad who tended the cattle; and now at every sound she raised her bright face, thinking it must mean John Elliot. Presently a footfall did break the silence; but it was not the ranger-it was Brack

ily against the farm gate.
"Good day. D'ye wish to see mother?" asked Maudeen, stifling the pang when they met in the lane. The widow could heal burns and

sprains better than any doctor. Perhaps Hugh had hurt his arm at the forge, thought the girl—his face was certain-ly pale, and his lips were compressed as "It's you I wish to spake with," was

the sullen answer, as he unlatched the the gate and strode up to her. "Maudeen, will ye not be after givin' me a chance-will ye not try to love me? Tears crept into the girl's eyes.

"I am after lovin' you, Hugh," she answered softly, "though not in the way you mane. I can't do that, Hugh _I can't.'

"Hugh, it's just not possible." 'You shall never marry Elliott-never so help me-A trembling hand laid on his lips

checked the final word. "Whisht, Hugh-oh, whisht! Sure it's niver mischief you're manin' him or "Let him take his chance, as better

men have done!" laughed the smith The girl seemed to stop breathing.

and sadden the girl. She stood still Ballina Gaol for killin' a bit salmon she grew pale to the lips—her beautiful and pulled at the briars beside her, for and knockin' the breath out of one of eyes dilated with terror. Then the color surged over her face again, and Buttons Viewed from a Standpoint of

she answered gently— "Hugh, you frightened me sore for the Sure I know better than that!" Hugh laughed again-a wild fierce. laugh that rattled in his throat.

The smith made no answer, but turn-

"Hugh-oh, Hugh!" she sobbed.

Hugh Slievan said nothing, but his Maudeen O'Shea," he cried hoarsely- glass ones, wonderfully and fearfully one kiss—just one—and put your two and son my head and say, 'Heaven speed ye, Hugh Slievan!' and I'll not be after troublin' ye again."

Incre were were brass buttons, the more p inted the more sashionable; there were brass buttons in designs of acorns; there were buttons made of brass open-work, over

> still, did as she was bid. "Heaven speed ye, Hugh Slievan!" she murmured through her tears, and and kissed him.

was gone from her sight. tween the Ballina demesne and the large ones had been. farm owned by Widow O'Shea. They About this time there came in a craze all made for the same spot-a broken for buttons in designs of gooseberries, bit of wall enclosing a thicket of firs currants, raspberries, blackberries and bordering the road. The first three grapes. Masses of bright red little curth impatient eyes.

Half an hour passed. comin'!" muttered one. They were the used nowadays. There were also used first words that were spoken. "He'll wish he'd been longer pres

ently!" laughed another in reply. The crackle of a dry twig in the wood behind at that instant made the hearts of the watching men leap within them. They turned round it was Black Hugh. "Sure, Mister Slievan, ye might have trusted us!" laughed one uneasily. "Troth, there's none I trust like

came to see as ye wanted for nothin. eeper, I'm thinkm'. And, M'ke, lad!" young face to him.

on young Mike's shoulder, looked him others are a curious mixture of gilt and in the face, and gave a deep sign, silver. "Good night, lad!" he said gently. Thes But, as he turned to leave them-for it was none of his duty to watch for

what followed-he muttered-"Poor Mike! There's none will take truer alm, nor any that'll be so glad 'twas with an empty cartridge,' 'Seems to me Hugh's tired to-night," remarked one of the men, as they watched him pass slowly through the

wood. "He walks heavy like." The dusk had somewhat deepened when those waiting for it at length described a solitary figure advancing along the road that led past their ambush. The figure was tall, its gait was swift and so are always used to a great extent. and steady, like that of one bound on a | The gaudiest buttons used are the big pleasant errand.

"Be sure it's him, Tim!" muttered young Mike through his set teeth. "He wears a light coat; and twirls his stick about." "That's him!" jeered another, "He'll appearances.

not go courtin' after this night I'm "Now, lads, steady your rifles!"

The muzzle of three guns were immediately raised to the loop holes. The solitary figure still advanced. in a hollow a mile distant shone a light

of fire. the loud rattle of the volley stopped short, choked in the bog-mists, there

ing on the hard road. Silently, and but for a brief second, the men hung behind their shelter. perpetually at its greenest, and render Then they rose from their knees, and dust an "unknown quantity." without one pitiful look across the wall and stole into the gloom.

another solitary wayfarer approached the palm. All the ancient stone sanc-the spot. He whistled as he walked, tuaries have curiously shaped roofs, striding along swiftly and without with towers and buttresses, having pause until within a few yards of the been built in days when churches servfir-wood. Then something on the road ed for forts and places of refuge, as -something that he at first took for well as for purposes of worship. nothing more than a gray bundlecaught his eyes.

Good heavens, what's this?

than you. Ah, this ball in my throat! river from the free use of amole-the Raise me, raise me! So—now I can mountain root that answers the purpose breathe. What was I sayin'? Maudeen of soap everywhere in Mexico. —tell her it was for her I done it— maybe she'll belave I loved her now! lavanderas congregate, young and old, Let me fale your hand—the ill will's shriveled granddames and coquettish dyin' with me, for sure. I—don't— Juanitas—all gossiping and giggling mind—so—that—she'll—be—happy, together as they bend over the pools Where's Mike? Mother o' Mercy?' The fierce eyes closed; the weary roots of amole. This ancient fountain head fell back on the ranger's arm; the restless spirit of Black Hugh had fled

Nothing is so good as it seems before-

An agricultural exchange in an artiele on "How to Feed Horses," mentions this "Land of Roses." feeding "corn in the ear," as one way. This may be an econonomical way, but it must be excessively painful to the for each inhabitant.

"WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?"

minute, but you're a true brave man that would never do evil in the dark. Twenty-five years ago the buttons used on dresses and cloaks were made mostly of metal, some in imitation of silver and some of gold. They were of great size, in fact quite as large as a modern individual butter-plate. Cali-The girl began to tremble a little. modern individual butter-plate. Cali-"Hugh, if there's harm done by him cos and chintzs were adorned in those it will be the death of me!" she said days with agate buttons in all colors, purples and reds predominating. After these, there came in smaller buttons of ed to leave her. He had barely reached various kinds, among others the variety the gate when she was once more be-known as horn, which had a long run side him, her warm breath on his ashen and was very popular. At this time, too, there were worn immense buttons of solid pearl, through which the pris-Then a strong shudder seized the matic colors were always shifting, in man; he turned and faced the girl where changing lights. There were nickel buttons, decorated with designs of stars; "Heaven knows how well I love ye, there were queer, brass buttons, and "how well, how well! See now; give me made. There were conical, white porbuttons made of brass open-work, over And Maudeen, though she trembled red lining; these, and a myriad of others, made up the quaint sum of buttons worn a score or so of years ago.

After this, small pearl buttons, or laid her two hands on his bowed head shirt buttons, as they were then called, came into use. They were set very Then the smith leapt the gate, and thickly together on dress fronts, and for a time were so small as to be scarcely visible. The metal buttons, too, A few hours later, as the chill mists depreciated perceptibly in the matter of evening gathered over the bogs, four of size, the glass ones and porcelain men wended their way by separate paths ones as well, until the rage for small towards the bend of a road that lay be- buttons was as great as the rage for can well be seen.

who reached this place carried rifles; rants used to fill in the front of a wotheir feet, and then, cowering behind worn on silk attire used to half tempt he wall, they began to search the road the unwary into taking a bite of the Seems to me he's desperate long in ming for dresses not unlike the jets largely on dress fronts with braided plastrons and various other designs, and were considered very recherche, as they were always expensive and required incalculable time and patience to keep

them sewed on in place. There was a time when buttons were not considered an essential part of a dress, so far as harmony of shade and coloring were concerned, but that day yourself, Tim," was the reply. "I just is long since past. The buttons nowadays are selected with more care per-Ye might make that middle loop hole haps than any other element which enters into the make-up of a costume. His brother raised his handsome The colors in them must harmonize with the body of the dress, down to the "What's that, Hugh?"
"When all's over, never look into the proportioned according to the style of road, but run straight back to the forge. goods used, and the design of toilet fol-And see here —I don't like that old lowed. Street suits made of rough imblunderbuss ye've gotten. Ye'll put ported cloths are now adorned with in a big charge, and it'll be hi'e to burst. buttons of enormous size, mostly in Here's my own fowlin'-piece—it's load voonze, and decorated with various designs. Some are made in me

"All right!" said the other; and the heads, some in landscapes, some in brothers exchanged guns "wheat sheaves; others are made of shell "Shoot straight, boys, and steady," and are many colored and brilliant; still urged the smith. Then he laid his hard others are imitations of cameo, and (wheat sheaves; others are made of shell and are many colored and brilliant; still

These buttons would never do for house wear, but worn in the street on heavy clothes they are quite appropriate and very stylish. They are decidedly expensive, and their only rivals are the novel bronze buckles, some of which come in beautiful designs of locust leaves, and are made to serve the same purpose as buttons. The old fashioned button-molds, once so fashionable, have been revived of late in crochet buttons, and will be used this season on black cloth and silk suits, Small crochet buttons and flat silk-covered buttons are always preferred by modest women, gilt ones, which are usually affected by school-girls and very young ladies. Handsome bronze buttons are the rage so far this season, and will probably continue to be so, judging from present

An Old Mexican Town

In quiet Jalappa no sound of wheels is ever heard, and probably a carriage They could not see the man's face, for was never seen here, for these steep his head was turned to the right, where streets, as tiresome as picturesque, were constructed long before such vehicles from Maudeen O'Shea's window. With had been thought of. The backs of swift steady steps the man walked mules and Indians serve all purposes for which cars are usually employed, As he came in line with the rifles and horseback riding is an unfailing there flashed out at him three tongues | delight, for some of the finest views in the world are obtained from the sur-No answering cry was heard; but, as rounding hills. The only drawback to unalloyed enjoyment in these otherwise perfect days is the frequency of chipifollowed the thud of a heavy body fa'll chipis, as the light drizzling showers are called; and even these are blessings in disguise, for they keep vegetation

Of all the queer plazas, quaint mareach turned his back on his companion ket places and charmingly grotesque old churches it has been my good for-Perhaps ten minutes had elapsed when tune to find, those of Jalappa bear off

The public laundry of Jalappa is a bit of books and manuscripts in the world. of quaintness to which no pen can do jus- The number of printed volumes con-When, in the dim light, he ascertaintice. It is a huge pavilhon of plastered tained in it is estimated at 2,500,000, the earth I'am to home and the latched it to be a man, his steps insensibly adobe, resting on immense stone pillars, and the manuscripts at nearly 150,000. string is out! Come and see me. quickened. The blood-sprinkled dust and erected exactly in the center of the The library at the British Museum conmade him shudder as he stooped over city—as if washing were the chief busi-the recumbent form. A swift glance, ness of life, as indeed it is among the then he fell upon his knees and raised lower classes, who make up the majori-lower classes, who make up the majorie wounded man in his arms.
"Hugh," he cried—"Hugh Slievan! Great squares of Pompeian red adobe, answering for tabs are ranged along of the Parisian Library mentioned be-He thought he spoke to dead ears: both sides of the running stream, which but at the sound of his rival's voice is fed from an exhaustless fountain the smith opened his heavy eyes, above. An aqueduct, meandering through the principal streets, carries off it's all right, John Elliott; better me the refuse which has become a frothy of St. Petersburg, and those of Dresden, Vienna, Munich and Berlin.

Eaten By Wolves and cleanse their linen with jagged boasts a tradition similiar to that of the Roman Trevi. Whoever goes to quaff a parting draught throws ten drops over his shoulder and at the same moment makes a wish; whereupon not only will the desire of his heart be granted, but such are the magical virtues of the foun-

man Empire, is a most high and puissant monarch. His will is law and his nod is death. He has many palaces; he rules despotically over a vast empire; he makes quantities of pashas cross their which bids fair to revolutionize that are fawning hands whenever he looks at as comple ely as the character of the them; he has the power to do anything to anyone of his faithful subjects—ex- methods by the introduction of procept recall him to life after he has killed cesses for making steel cheaply on a the highest visions of diplomacy down mans. It is nothing more than the the shores of the Bosphorus, passes mass and then an equable cooling. The through his august hands; and each discovery is credited to Frederic Sicincident of every transaction forms a mens. focus of intrigues which, in their con-glomerate mass, it would take twenty glass at an equal rate throughout is the spare society? The Commander of the a familiar illustration of which is furthe gaze of an adoring populace, through of tracture increasing with the thick-

cause him to be unfavorably regarded the building trades. any inclination to mix in European in determining the extent to which it

not return hospitality; the harem system puts that out the question. Finally, he likes to go to bed and rise earlyhabits incompatible with social duties.

Complete Vindication.

of the alarm?"

you hear the fire alarm last night?" "Yes." Were you in good health at the time

"Yes, believe I was." "Then, you acknowledge a willful neglect of duty?" "Why, then, did you not respond if you were not determined to neglect where we stayed over Sunday a couple your duty?" "Couldn't get away.

"Illness in your family?" "Then, sir, I demand the reason." were in Anderson's back room when knife, threatening to carve the other up the bell rang. I had four aces at the

"What?" began to bluff, and—____''
"How did it result?" the mayor asked with heightened interest. "Oh, I lifted him for about two hun-

was doubtless a very interesting game. ered. The hammers were up, his fin-As there is no business of any importance we'll adjourn and go down to Anderson's back room," Next morning, the daily paper con-

tained the following netice:department having circulated reports to the effect that he had wiifully neglected his duty, that gentleman was last night answer the charges brought against him. top of your head over that fence!" The investigation resulted in a complete friends on every side pressed forward to congratulate him. The idler's tongue of us might be wrong I'll leave it to is ever flippant, and to our shame be it said, we are ever willing to hearken to the words of the traducer. Our worthy ures, gents?" chief will be a candidate for re-elecwill be impossible to defeat him."

National Library of France.

The Great National Library of France, La Bibliotheque Nationale has the largest and most valuable collection lets, and manuscripts. The British Museum Library is, with the exception fore, the largest collection of printed literature in the world. The principal museums of the world are the British Museum, the Museum of Louvre, that

James Dempsey reached Helena. Montana, on the 19th, from Fort Me-Ginns, and tells a pitiable story of his two companions being devoured by wolves while on their way across the mountains. Their names were John Hoag and Jacob Scheiler. Dempsey says he climbed a tree and saw his companions torn to pieces and devoured. He says Hoag was a resident of Cleve-land, Ohio, and Scheller of Lafayette,

tain that he will surely return again to THERE IS no great difference between the average young lady pos-sessed of a musical education and the -The debt of Jersey City is \$129 16 squeaking toy. They both have to be the first tune the sufferers jumped right

THE AGE OF GLASS.

His Majesty the Sultan of the Otto- An Important Discovery Which May been made in the manufacture of glass

him. But so int power he has none.

His life is passed in an endless round of official drudgery, nay positive servitude.

Each minutest detail of business, from to the opening of a new coffee house on equable distribution of heat through the Rosa, California, some time ago.

ultans with a hundred times Abdul- great stumbling-block that has stood in Hamid's power to disarm and defeat, the way of success. Without this the What time, therefore, can be have to material was liable to crack or explode, Faithful may be seen any week as he ished in the breaking of a tumbler when goes to his Friday prayer, Then, before not water is poured into it, the danger lines of splendid troops, crowds of bril- ness of the glass. The application of liant aides-de-camp and pushes, fair radiant heat overcomes the first half of annually. veiled ladies, praying brass bands and the difficulty, and the second is obviated - In Melbourne the letter carriers screaming dogs, there passes a thin by surrounding the edges with a mateare clad in scarlet-coats, waistcoats faced, long nosed, grizzled bearded pale rias that prevents the heat from leaving man, in a half closed carriage, nervous- them more rapidly than that from other ly fluttering his hand before his face by portions. By placing the glass between way of salute, and receiving the low plates of suitably-prepared metal the salaams of all in return. He hurries softened substance can be embossed into the mosque, scarce giving himself with any wished-for design, and after time to throw a half frightened glance leaving the mold it is four or five times

round, and so is lost to view before he as hard as ordinary glass, being in fact so "firm" in its substance that the dia-When one considers why that face is mond falls even to scratch it. Hence so worn and so pale, while those hands it must be made to exactly the size and are so nervous, how the heart behind shape wanted, but after having been so that blue military coat must be beating made it is at least three times as strong like a roll of drums, one feels grateful as ordinary glass of the same thickness, that one is but a private individual, and appears to be even less liable to these they laid carefully on the fern at man's dress, and great blackberries and not his Imperial Majesty the Sultan give way on account of flaws than is of sheep lately reached London from Abd-ul-Hamld II, living in perpetual cast-steel. Castings have already been fear of assassination. The head of the made of floor plates, grind-stones, putlucious fruit. Solid jet balls, too, were State neither caring nor daring to as- leys, railroad-alekpers, etc., and it is used at this time, and formed a trim- sume his position n society, no other believed that its use can be indefinitely Turk essays the role of social leader- extended to many of the uses of wood ship. Not only might such an attempt and metal in the arts, and especially in by his sovereign, but the Turk has Nothing is said of the cost of the new neither by temperament nor custom glass, which is a most important point

It is too gay, too animated for will be employed for the purposes above He is a quiet, sober, reflective noted. But at the first blush it would creature, who after his day's work, likes appear to be capable of being produced to return to his house, put on his old much more cheaply than its equivalent slippers and his old coat, and, after his in iron or steel. It consists of about evening meal, devote himself to con- fifteen per cent. of potash, seventy-five templative smoking among his women per cent, of silex (sand), smaller quan- wager. He died in two hours. folk and children. Or, if he is in a more titles of lime and alumina, and traces of social mood, he will perhaps invite other material. All of the articles some of his intimates to smoke, and named except the first are literally "as chuckle over childish stories with them cheap as dirt," and potash is not very in the outer chamber. Again, he can-costly; while the quantity of fuel required is probably less than that needed cadillas or lace ruffs were sold. to reduce the ores of iron to the metallie form. Hence it is not impossible that many of those now living will see the time when people will reside in glass-houses, and not be more afraid of structures made of ordinary bricks and A fire occurred in an Arkansas town mortar. It needs no great stretch of the other night, but the chief of the fire the imagination to look forward in fancy department paid no attention to the to a new era directly resulting from this alarm. The next night he was sum- discovery. Man has successfully passe! through the stone age, the moned to appear before the council. through the stone age, the bronze "Mr. Chief," said the mayor, "did period, the iron age, the golden age, more recently the age of steel had dawned upon us and it has been proposed to name this the age of paper. Next in order may come the age of glass - and then?

Come and See Me At one of the towns in Mississippi of strangers got into a dispute about the age of the earth. They were sons of planters, and neither of them over 22 years of age. The dispute started in a good-natured way, but ended in one of "Well, you see a passel of us fellows them springing up, pulling out a bowieif his word was disputed again. The other was defenseless, and wisely held "Yes, held four aces. John Buckner down, and conversation turned to other Cincinnati. channels. By and by the defenseless man got up and lounged away, and next good quality when roasted and made we saw of him, half an hour later, he up, has been found growing in Butte was resting the muzzle of a double-bar- county, Cal. reled shot gun against one of the porch "You don't say so: Gentlemen that pillars of the hotel, and had us a'l covgers on the triggers, and his eyes blazed tains 26,000,000. like a tiger as he said to the man with

the knife

"Jim, it's my turn now?"

"I've got you covered!" "I see. 'I said the earth was a million years old, you stuck to 6,000 years. Jim, summoned before the city council to come up to my figures or I'll blow the "Say!" replied the other as he crossed

> the crowd.' "Well, that's fair. What's your fig-

you what I am willing to do. As both

We consulted together, menaced all tion, and, as the matter now stands, it the time by two charges of buckshot. in New York city are fattened on sunand the Colonel was authorized to call

"We reckon on about 700,000 years, but shouldn't be surprised if it want up to a million. "Nor I, either!" said the man as lowered the gun and leaned on the bar-"I don't say as I fit in the war, Paris are to drop their present epaulettes or that I was born up Fighting Creek, but when it comes down to the age of

In Brazil the orange-eater begins by fact. transfixing with a fork the vegetable globe in the neighborhood of the South prisoners in the Sioux Falls (Dak.) jail pole. Then with a sharp case-knife he makes through the rind a circular cut, for the highest offence known to the which may be likened to the Antarctic law. circle. Next he slices off the whole of . - The feat of jumping in and out of the Arctic zone. Then, cuiting from ten flour barrels placed in a row was north to south, he slices off the rind accomplished at Albany, N. Y., lately from one polar circle to another. The by a sixty-year-old man named Dillon rind having thus been removed, and in two minutes. the luscious sphere being still transfixed __Two one-thousand-dollar green and held in his left hand, the eater, backs were found between the leaves of with the knife in his right, slices off from the tropical region, and puts the Pa., c'tizen the other day. How the pieces in his mouth on the flat side, or notes got there is a mystery to him. oterced with the flat side of the cutting instrument. In this operation one-sixth of the substance of the fruit is wasted to be over 1,300,000. There are 160 in removing the rind, and another sixth miles of shelves, and about twenty more in cutting away the core; but with the best of oranges at less than a cent each about one ton of literature a day is sent at retail, no matter, we can afford to eat to that Institution. artistically.

THE papers are publishing the fact that a brass band gave a concert for sufferers. but before the band had finished back into the water.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Dr. Schliemann is again excavating on the site of Tirgus.

-Land in the Island of Jersey rents for \$75 a year per acre. -12,000,000 sheep per annum are

eaten in the United States. -Japonicas are now regularly sent

to England by Boston florists. -Dumas the younger is 65 years of age, but he does not look over 45.

-It is now settled that Paris is not to have Italian opera this winter. -A large meteor passed over Santa

-Gum camphor is the best thing to carry as a guard against smallpox. -Diphtheria in an unusually virulent form has appeared at Florence, A. T.

-Barnes, the Kentucky revivalist, says he has now converted people. A number of Boston women have

formed an organization for the study of -About 46,000,000 pounds of rice

goes into brewers' vats in this country

and trousers. -Burlington, Vt., is making preparations to capture Montreal's carniva! this winter.

-The streets of Salisbury, N. C., are being macadamized with gold quartz, worth \$15 a ton. -The Telegraphers' Brotherhood has been doing a great deal of quiet work

since the strike. -Mrs. Gaines denies that she is rich, She has not recovered enough property to pay her lawyer.

-A cargo of 7,000 frezen carcasses South America. -The Goethe House, in Weimar, is not likely to be accessible to the public before next spring.

-Two veterans who were with "Old Hickory" in the war are still living in Catawba county, N. C. -2,080,060,000 feet of lumber were cut by the mills in Minnesota and west

-Florida hotel-keepers expect to accommodate two hundred thousand Northerners this winter. -A man in Williamsport, Pa., drank a pint of whisky in ten minutes on a

Wisconsin last year.

-An alligator two and a half feet long was found the other day in the Pittsburg City Hall water-pipe. -Piccadilly, London, was named from Pickadilla Hall, a shop where pic-

-Nearly if not all the mines in the Seattle (W. T.) coal region are now operated without Chinamen. -The Salvation Army has eleven

stations in Pennsylvania, the latest of

-Professor Sargent says that the nutmeg hickory of Arkansas is the strongest wood in the United States. -Prussia gives her Deputies \$3.75 a

day; Saxony and Baden, \$3; Bavaria, \$2.50. The Hanse Towns give nothing. -Paris is asserted to be now far dearer than London. The octroi is thrice what it was in Louis Philippe's day.

-It is estimated that there have been Turkish rngs sold in Boston recently in sufficient quantity to cover Boston com--A naturalist, who has just returned

locusts in cages for the sake of their "music." -Springfield, Mass., possesses a curous guidestone on State street, near the head of Walnut, which was placed

from Spain, says that the natives keep

there in 1763. -The papers used in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason are deposited his peace. The man with the knife sat in the new Government building at

- Wild coffee, which proved to be of

-North Carolina is as large as England, vet it has only 1,500,000 inhabitants, while the "tight little isle" con-

-A smart fellow in Warren cou

Pa,, has done a good business this fall by selling well-dried Bermuda onions for hyacinth bulbs. -Neither the Capitol nor the White House is fireproof, notwithstanding the millions that have been expended upon

them to make them so.

-No less than twe ty-five gallons of marrow were blown by means of curvindicarion of our worthy chief, and his legs in the coolest manner, "Pil teil rents of steam from the long bones of poor old Jumbo's legs. -A clerk in a leading New York

store proposes to form an armed regiment of clerks like himself to resist the oppressions of employers. -Many of the spring chickens sold

flower seeds, which are said to impart to the flesh a very fine flavor. -Ex-Minister Daggett, in a recent lecture on the Sandwich Islands, says that Captain Cook was not killed with a club, but with a wooden dagger.

-The men of the Fire Brigade in

and to wear instead a wide strip of metal mail to protect the shoulders. -There is a new sect in Canada whose doctrine is that women have no souls, because the Bible nowhere speaks of women angels. This is a curious

-Only two of the large number of are women, and those two are conf.

an old book by a Monongahela City,

... The latest return shows the number of volumes in the British Museum miles to be filled. It is calculated that

-The longest term of imprisonment in Andersonville prison served by any soldier, it is claimed, was that of James McLaughlin, a boatman now employed on the Delaware and Hadson canal. He weighed only 48 lbs, when he got out, and is yet styled the "walking