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The March of the Years.

One by one, one by one,
The years march past, till the march is done;
The old year dies to the solemn knell,
And a merry peal from the changing bell
Ushers the other one, by one,
Till the march of the years shall at last be done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad,
Are the years that come in mystery clad;
Their faces are hidden and none can see
If merry or sorrowful each will be.
Bright and sad, dark and glad,
Have been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun
Something from us each year has won.
Has it given us treasures? Day by day
It has stolen something we prized away;
We meet with fears, and count with tears
The buried hopes of the long-past years.

Is it so? And yet let us not forget
How fairly the sun has risen and set;
Each year has brought us some sunny hours
With a wealth of song and a crown of flowers,
Power to love and time to pray,
Its gifts have been ere it passed away.

We hail the New that has come in view;
Work comes with it, and pleasure too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain;
We greet with song the days that throng;
Do they bring us trouble? Twill make us strong.

With smiles of hope, and not with tears,
We meet our friends in the glad new years;
God is with them, and, as they come,
They bear us nearer our restful home.
And one by one, with some treasure won,
They come to our hearts till they all are gone.

NINETTE.

"Up and down, in and out, round and round, then up and down again! Never allowed to put my head outside the front gate, except on Sundays when we hobble off to church once—once! Oh, I am weary of it! I wish I were back in Normandy, listening to fat old Madame's 'Taisez vous!' or Monsieur Pierre's perpetual 'Faites attention mademoiselle!' Anything, anything but this horrid monotony! I feel like some captive maiden shut up in a fortress. Bah, you four high brick things that bury me here, and shut out everything from me, I hate you!" And miserable Ninette paused to take breath.

"Some walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,"

quoted a voice.

Ninette started and looked round.

"Who spoke?" she cried, half frightened. "I see no one."

"Raise your eyes, captive maiden. Your deliverer is coming over the wall to your rescue," answered the same laughing voice, while a shower of pebbles came rattling down on the gravel at her feet.

"Get off the wall immediately, you rude boy!" she exclaimed, looking up. "If you come over here, you—we have a dog!" she added, at a loss how to intimidate him.

"I have no intention of breaking my neck, even for you, captive maiden; only, as I heard you storming away, I ran to see what, minus a ladder, you were catching it; and, lo, when I get to the top of the wall and peep cautiously over, you are alone!"

Ninette laughed—she could not help it—and the lad joined in heartily.

"Walter, come down. Don't be rude," said another voice.

"Are you not alone?" questioned Ninette, in surprise.

"Not I. I'm under tutors and governors at present. The gentleman with me is the Reverend Onesimus?" and the lad shook so with laughter that he could scarcely retain his hold on the wall.

"You are very rude to your tutor," she said, gravely, opening her brown eyes wide at the boy's free speech.

"Oh, he quite understands me," he answered, going into a fresh outburst.

"Come, Walter, I'm going," said the tutor; and Ninette heard him walk away. But the boy kept his seat still, only calling out—

"Adieu, Reverend Onesimus; I'll join you presently."

"What is your name?" he asked continuing the conversation.

"What is yours?" was Ninette's answer.

"Walter Stuart Nugent, at your service."

"Are you Sir Archibald Nugent's son? And does your papa's park adjoin our garden?"

"Verily."

"It must be very beautiful, I know; for I can see some splendid trees from the house. But then one can see nothing from here," she added mournfully.

"I say, though, what is your name? Is Mrs. Bellairs your mamma? She's precious old!"

"My name is Ninette, and Mrs. Bellairs is my grandmamma," with dignity.

"Do you go to school?" asked Walter.

"School, indeed! Why, I am grown up; my education is finished!"

"But you used to go to school in France?"

"Yes, at Rouen, in Normandy, at Madame Dupont's *pensionnat*. What a pretty sister you have got! I see her at church sometimes.

"What is her name?"

"Kate. And now I'll vanish, for I see somebody coming. Good-bye, captive maiden; I'll come again some time," and with a great clattering of loose mortar he slipped off the wall and disappeared.

Ninette's shoulders gave another little shrug as she continued her interrupted walk. She was a pretty little thing, with a small graceful figure, a head of shining hair, and a pair of shy brown eyes that reminded one of nothing so much as a startled fawn. Ninette was an orphan, and had been left when a child to the care of her grandparents.

Indeed, it was a dreary life for a lively young girl. No wonder, poor child, she felt moped to death. But brightness was coming in the person of her aunt, Lady Sumner, who knew all the county families for miles around Abbet's Home, and was as gay a little maiden as one could wish to meet.

"So this is Ninette!" she said, the morning after her arrival, holding the girl in front of her for inspection. "What a nice companion to go visiting with me! Should you like to do so, dear?"

"Yes," answered Ninette, with a rueful look at her washed-out muslin dress.

"Then we will call on the Nugents to-day—it is the nearest, and we are such old friends."

Ninette's rueful look deepened, and her brown eyes were suspiciously moist.

"What is the matter, child? You do not look as if you cared to go."

"It is not that, Aunt Adelaide, but I've no dress or bonnet, or anything!" finished Ninette, bursting into tears.

"No clothes!" ejaculated Lady Sumner in astonishment.

"Only my school clothes, aunt; grandmamma thought I had better wear them out," stammered Ninette, through her sobs.

"If they are all like what you have on, dear, I don't think we shall be very extravagant if we indulge in a new wardrobe," said Lady Sumner, kindly "So you and I will start off to Holmes and have a long day's shopping. Thanks to the inventor of ready-made costume dresses, we can speedily 'rig you out,' as March would say."

Ninette's bright face was a picture.

"Oh, how kind! How nice! But"—with a graver expression—"but grandmamma?"

"I will settle it with grandmamma while you run away and don your very best hat and dress."

"I must trust to fate that the child does not make a fright of herself," thought her ladyship. "What a sweet little thing it is! Any other girl would have looked odious in that shabby outgrown frock. I shall certainly carry her off when I return to London.

When Lady Sumner returned to town, Ninette was visiting at Nugent Park.

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There were eight of them grouped on the lawn—nine, if the figure standing under the cedar tree was counted. This figure no one had seen but Ninette. Kate Nugent, the bride of to-morrow, was sitting full in the bright moonlight, with a scarlet wrap over her white dress, holding high court; bending over her chair, and toying with one of her blonde ringlets, was her *fiance*. Two elegant girls, with attendant cavaliers, were seated near; whilst on a tiger-skin spread on the grass lay Walter Stuart Nugent, at the feet of Ninette.

"What a dreadful thing it would be if Archer did not arrive in time!" exclaimed Miss Evelyn, rising from her chair and approaching the bride-elect.

"Don't suggest such a possibility, Millicent," answered Miss Nugent. "It would cause such a fuss to put off the wedding, and I won't be married without Archer," and she looked at the expectant bridegroom with a saucy smile.

"I hope to goodness he will come!" exclaimed Walter. "It will be a jolly nuisance if he doesn't."

"You will be merciful, will you not?" whispered Lord Effingham. "My business in Rome must be my pleader, dear one."

"Your business must wait," answered Kate aloud. "I am determined not to be married till Archer comes."

"You will have to obey after to-morrow, Kate," remarked Miss Constance Evelyn, gaily; "so I cannot blame you for making use of your liberty as long as you can,"

"If you think I am going to give up my will directly after I am married, you are greatly mistaken, Conny," exclaimed Miss Nugent, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I hope you don't expect it, Lord Effingham?"

"Not at all," he answered, promptly.

"That is right; it is just as well we should understand each other."

"But, Kate, women are bound to obey their husbands," said Miss Evelyn "They promise, you know."

"Pshaw, my dear!" remarked Miss Nugent, with a worldly-wise air. "There is a way out of every difficulty, if you only look for it. I do not intend to say 'obey.'"

"What word shall you substitute?" asked the amused Lord Effingham.

"Nobey!" exclaimed Kate, triumphantly.

"That's no word at all!" shouted Walter.

"I would not marry any man if I did not love him well enough to obey him," said Ninette.

"It is very well for you to say so, little Simplicity," retorted Kate. "When you have seen as much of the world and men as I have, you will be wiser. I don't intend to say 'obey.'"

"Then I would not say 'honor,'" cried Ninette warmly; "for it means ever so much more than obeying."

They laughed at her vehemence; but Kate sat silent for a few minutes.

"You uncomfortable little thing!" she said at last. "You have taken away every ray of hope. Now what shall I do?" And she turned to the little group with a comical air of entreaty.

"Have a new service compiled," suggested one of the gentlemen.

"There is no time for it, I fear."

"I wonder who that gentleman is who has been standing so long under the cedar watching us," said Ninette, presently.

Walter looked in the direction indicated, and sprang to his feet.

"Archer, by all that's wonderful!" he cried, rushing up to his brother.

There was such a buzz of welcome and chatter that for a little while Ninette was quite overlooked, but, when the laughter and questioning had a little subsided, Walter brought the new arrival to her side, and introduced him as "The Reverend Onesimus Tooth to Miss Bellairs," and then boy like burst into a ringing peal of laughter. Archer's surprise and Ninette's blushes only provoked his merriment, till Kate came to the rescue.

"My brother, Captain Nugent—Miss Bellairs," she said, and then, turning to her younger brother, added, "I do not understand your joke, Walter; but it appears very ill-bred and out of place."

Walter was sobered at once.

"It was awfully rude, Kate, I know," he said, apologetically, "but, if you had seen the joke, you would have laughed too."

"We will hear it some other time, Walter. Remember, Archer has not seen mamma yet, and is fatigued, no doubt, so we will adjourn to the house."

Taking her brother's arm, and accompanied by Lord Effingham, she crossed the lawn; but the others remained for some time longer, chatting and laughing in the moonlight.

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The village organist struck up the wedding march, the children scattered their flowers, horses pranced, and people cheered, for Kate Nugent was Lady Effingham now.

"After all, you did say 'obey,' Kate," said Lord Effingham, as they drove to the station, after the usual fatiguing ceremony of breakfast and speech making had been endured.

"Did I? I scarcely knew what I said I felt so frightened; but, if I said 'obey,' I suppose I must," she said, looking shyly at him.

"I shall make but a poor Petruchio, I fear," and he kissed the sweet blushing face lifted to his so confidingly.

That evening was Ninette's first ball. Her cup of pleasure was full—almost too full to be real: she thought, as she stood before her mirror, and watched Lady Nugent's maid give the finishing touches to her dress.

At the foot of the stairs she found Walter awaiting her, with a peace offering in the shape of a bouquet of flowers.

"I say, Miss Bellairs, you didn't mind last night, did you?" he asked, enigmatically. "I hope you'll wear these to-night," he added, tendering the flowers.

"Thank you, Walter; you are very kind. I was wishing for some flowers; those I had in the morning looked so drooping."

"That's all right, then," he said, his face clearing. "Come along—they are just going to begin dancing; and you'll dance this set with me, won't you?"

"I claim that honor, Master Walter," said a voice at his elbow, and Mr. Evelyn, who had been her partner in the morning, offered his services.

"I will dance the next with you, if I can, Walter," said Ninette, moving away.

The next was Captain Nugent's dance. Alas for Walter! He got no dance with her that evening, and Ninette was too happy to think of him.

"What a lovely little creature Miss Bellairs is, mother!" said Archer, as he stood by Lady Nugent's chair watching the dancers. "She is by far the prettiest girl here."

"Yes," returned her ladyship, smiling, "so your father says."

"If I were not obliged to return to-morrow, I should ask you to keep her for a little while.

"You will stand a much better chance of seeing her in town," said his mother with an arch glance. "She is going to visit her aunt, Lady Sumner."

"I have treated Sir March very shabbily of late; I will repair my neglect immediately," laughed Archer. "And now I will leave you, for I see Evelyn's dance is concluded and the next is mine."

"I say, Arch, isn't Bertie Evelyn spoons?" whispered Walter, waylaying his brother as he crossed the room.

"You are jealous of Evelyn's moustache, Walter," said his brother lightly. "On whom is he 'spoons,' as you call it?"

"Why, Miss Bellairs! He's awfully struck, any one can see; and, Arch," he added, as his brother was moving away. "I believe she's frightened!"

"Frightened?"

"Yes, she is such a shy little being, you know. Kate always called her 'little Simplicity.'"

Another moment brought Archer to Ninette's side.

"It is my turn now, Evelyn," he said. "Miss Bellairs, will you allow me to take you away?"

She rose quickly and placed her hand on his arm. "If you would not mind—if I might be excused this dance?"

"Just what I was going to propose, Miss Bellairs," answered Archer, looking at the flushed face and timid eyes raised to his. "There are several people on the terrace, and the night is uncomfortably cool. I do not think you would take cold if you let me wrap this cloak round you. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes, if you please," she agreed, eagerly.

"You looked just now as if something had annoyed you," he said, as they sauntered up and down in the moonlight.

"Did I? Oh no, it was only—I mean—please don't ask me—it really was nothing," she returned, with embarrassment.

"I am so sorry I must leave Abbot's Home to-morrow," he said, changing the conversation. "I should like to have some rides with you."

"I cannot ride."

"Then I should have petitioned for the double pleasure of teaching you. You would not be afraid?"

"Oh no—at least I do not think I should," she replied, with a blush and smile. "But are you obliged to return to town to-morrow? How disappointed Lady Nugent will be!"

"I should have been more so, but that my mother tells me you are coming to London to stay with Lady Sumner; so I hope often to have the pleasure of seeing you."

Another bright blush came for answer.

"You are not tired?"

"Oh no."

"How lovely that cedar looks in this soft light! I watched you for a long time last night from under its shadow."

"Yes, I saw you."

"And I heard you, also;" then, after a silence. "Do you think it is part of love's duty to obey Miss Bellairs?"

"Yes," answered Ninette, softly. "You must trust where you love; and I feel sure I should never be asked to obey if it were not for my happiness."

"I think you ought to be loved very dearly," said Archer, gazing admiringly into the pretty earnest face.

"Why?" she asked, childlike.

But he spoiled all by his answer.

"Because you are so lovely!"

Timid, startled Ninette! She feared a repetition of Bertie Evelyn's foolish nonsense. "Please take me in," she said eagerly. "I am afraid I shall be wanted to dance again."

Captain Archer saw his mistake. "I beg your pardon," he said, leading her back to the drawing-room. "Will you dance, or shall I find you a seat near my mother?"

"Oh yes, if you will. I would rather rest."

With a grave bow he left her—and it was long before they met again.

Ninette seated herself by her aunt's side, her thoughts far away from the gay scene, and refused all offers to dance, while she watched the door eagerly. "I have a presentiment that he will come," she said to herself, "and then I shall hear why he never came to see us. I wish we were out of this crowded London; we always seem to miss the people we want to meet and meet those we wish to avoid," she added, seeing Lord Singleton approaching

Ninette excused herself from dancing and he turned away to seek another partner.

"You are making yourself very conspicuous, Ninette," whispered her aunt. "I insist on your dancing the next dance."

There was no help for it, Ninette was obliged to comply, and Colonel St. Elme presenting himself carried her off to join the waltzers.

"Allow me," said Monsieur Dulau, meeting them as they sauntered towards the conservatory after the dance was over: "Miss Bellairs—Captain Archer Nugent."

"We are quite old friends, monsieur," corrected Ninette, offering her hand with a bright smile.

"I was afraid I might have been forgotten," said Captain Nugent, as they proceeded to join the dancers.

"No; I wondered why you did not come to see us," returned Ninette, softly.

"Stern duty took me away," he explained. "Walter, too, was ill and had to be taken abroad. You must let me tell you all about it after our dance. Does this remind you of the dance at Nugent?" he asked, as they took a few turns.

"A little."

"Only a little! Ah, we could do nothing as grand as this out of London."

"I did not mean that," said Ninette, indignantly; then, "What a lot of disagreeable people there are here to-night I do so detest foreigners."

"Most young ladies adore them," observed the captain laughing. "They tell me you are quite a fashionable belle, and have refused innumerable grand offers. It is poor news for a baronet's son."

"Why?" asked Ninette, opening her bright eyes widely.

"I see society has not spoiled you," he said, thinking of the "why?" she had asked him once before.

"I think people must get very tired of society; I do. I wish we were back at dear old Sumner."

"Or Nugent," he suggested."

"Yes, I should like to see Nugent again," she said, simply; "but that is not likely, you know, now that grandpapa has sold Abbot's Home and come to live at Sumner Hall."

"That is news to me. I have not been down to Nugent yet. I arrived from Italy only two days ago."

"I wanted so much to hear all about your journey and Lady Effingham; but I see Aunt Adelaide looking for me. Please take me to her."

"You scarcely deserve recognition," said Lady Sumner, shaking hands with Captain Nugent. "Why have you never been to see us?"

"I have been in England only two days: but to-morrow, if I may, I will repair my negligence."

"Yes come to dinner; Sir March has a few friends, and will be delighted to see you. Now, Ninette, we must be going."

"Adieu till to-morrow, Miss Bellairs," said Archer taking her hand. "I did not expect such good fortune when I accepted Madame's invitation yesterday," he added, softly.

"Good night—*au revoir!*" said Ninette, turning away with a happy face.

* * * * * *

It was a very fine September, and Ninette thought the sun had never shone so brightly before. There were a great many people staying at Sumner, principally Sir March's old sporting friends and their wives, the exceptions being Ninette's particular friend Maud Kingston, the Misses Evelyn, their brother, and Captain Nugent.

The four young ladies were out on the lawn awaiting the return of the gentlemen from shooting, Ninette with a broad-brimmed straw hat secured under her chin with muslin strings, and adorned coquettishly at the side with a Vill[illegible] [illegible]. She was [illegible] in her hand, with which she was refreshing a stand of flowers; Constance Evelyn was assisting her, while Miss Evelyn and Miss Kingston were chatting together on a garden lounge close by.

"Are they not late?" said Ninette removing a dead leaf from one of the plants.

"It is only your impatience, my dear," answered Constance, lightly.

"Are you ready to say 'obey' yet?" asked Miss Evelyn, who had overheard her sister's remark.

"What do you mean?"

Miss Evelyn laughed at the blushes she had raised.

"Why, Ninette, don't you remember our chat the night before Kate's wedding, and how warmly you took part in it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Ninette, with apparent indifference; "but I cannot see what it has to do with me."

"A great deal, I should say," observed Conny, looking a kance at her friend. "unless you have altered your mind, and voted obedience an unnecessary item in the marriage service."

"Don't, Conny. You know I object to jokes of that sort," said Ninette, quietly. "If the time ever comes that I shall be required to speak those vows, you will find me ready to subscribe to all of them."

"Why, here comes Captain Nugent," cried Constance, suddenly. "What brings you home before the rest of your tribe, Captain?" she demanded, saucily.

"A strong desire to know what you were saying about me," he answered, laughing.

"What could have led you to imagine that we were talking of you?" Miss Evelyn inquired, with raised eyebrows.

"The tingling of my ears, which, they say, betokens scandal."

"You must follow another route, then," said Miss Kingston; "you will fail to discover a trace here."

"What sport have you had?" asked Ninette coming forward.

"Individually, bad; collectively good. I am afraid to say the number of brace I heard Sir March count over."

"It has been a lovely day for you," said Ninette.

"Nonsence," laughed Constance, merrily. "Don't you know gentlemen of a sporting turn are impervious to weather?"

"Our suns were at home," Captain Archer said, giving the ladies a sweeping bow.

"I always understood that luminary to be of the masculine gender," remarked Miss Kingston, with a little play of the lips.

"Who ever heard of more than one Dan Phœbus?" cried Constance, merrily. "Fancy the ravages of the green-eyed monster if there were!"

"I dreamed of the sun last night," said Bertie Evelyn, who had joined the group, looking ardently at Ninette.

"That is a sign of riches only," interpreted Miss Kingston. "It is only Luna who is favorable to lovers," she added cruelly.

"Ah, well," he said awkwardly, returning her shot; "Luna's is a borrowed light, you know."

"But we are only stars, Bertie," said his sister, gaily, as he retreated.

"Pray what star are you, Miss Bellairs?" inquired Captain Nugent, laughingly. "As we are going in for astronomy, we had better get our lesson perfect."

"I am sure I do not know," answered Ninette, looking puzzled, "unless I am one of the Pleiades."

"Why, they are a family group, you silly child!" exclaimed Miss Evelyn, beaming with fun. "You have not six brothers and sisters, have you? Captain Nugent, she is Venus."

"Having received one lesson, I propose an adjournment," said Miss Kingston, rising.

"There is a general eclipse," added Conny, gaily, following the others towards the hall. "Do not look sad, Captain Nugent, the stars will appear with renewed splendor at dinner."

* * * * * *

The first in the drawing-room was Ninette. A dress of pale green, softened with white lace, set off her bright hair to advantage. A bunch of natural leaves was fastened amid her curls—the girl had a passion for nature's ornaments. Captain Nugent, who was the next to enter, thought he had never seen her look so lovely.

"Ninette!"

She looked up quickly, with a crimson blush.

"Why are you so shy with me?"

"Shy with you! I am not a bit," she answered with a brave little smile.

"Then I am with you, I suppose, for I want to tell you something very much and I can scarcely find the courage."

"What is it?" she asked, softly.

"I love you, Ninette!"

She gave him a startled, joyous look; then her eyes fell, and the red roses took full possession of neck and brow.

"Will you say nothing for or against me?" he asked, making prisoners of her hands.

"I have nothing to say against you," she murmured, after a few moments of patient waiting.

"You love me too! Is it so, Ninette? Tell me, sweet."

"Yes."

It was so softly spoken that he hardly heard it; his arms were quickly around her, and the rosy face was hidden against his shoulder.

"Ninette, are you happy? Speak to me."

"Very," and a little low laugh followed the whisper.

She lifted her face then, and he took it in his hands; but Ninette sprang from his embrace and darted through the open window.

Archer turned to see the cause of her sudden flight, and beheld Sir March standing at the drawing-room door.

"I will ask for a few words with you in the morning, Sir March," said Archer flushing under his host's serio-comic gaze.

"All right, my lad," he returned, kindly. "I have never been so blind or so obstinate as 'my lady.'"

However, "my lady" cannot have proved very obdurate, for one of the latest announcements in the *Court Circular* is that of a marriage between Captain Archer Nugent and Miss Bellairs, daughter of the late E. C. Bellairs, Esq., and niece of Sir March Sumner.

NOT MASSACRED.

The Geographical Expedition to New Guinea Safe.

A dispatch from Cooktown, Queensland, says the Geographical Expedition which was reported to have been massacred in New Guinea has arrived here. All the members are well.

[The expedition referred to above was commanded by Captain Henry Charles Everill, and was sent to New Orleans by the Geographical Society of Australasia, which was founded in May, 1883. The staff of the expedition included a naturalist, a surgeon, two sub-leaders, one on land and the other on sea, a photographer, three natural history collectors, a surveyor, an engineer, and a "general utility" volunteer. The instructions to the commander included directions not only for surveying work, but for observations on the natives, on zoology, botany, and geology, with directions for the collection and preservation of specimens. The expedition was to enter the Aird river, which is probably only an east arm of the Fly river. A telegram in the London *Times* of September 22 announced the arrival of the Bonito (the vessel in which the expedition sailed from Sydney) in the Fly river. It was to penetrate as far as possible into the interior. The Fly river was partly explored in 1875 by a party in the Ellangowan, while in 1876 the Italian explorer Dr. Albertin navigated the river to near its source. He was twice attacked by the natives, who showed themselves very intractable, and any expedition up the river would have to be conducted with the greatest tact and caution. According to our present knowledge, the central course of the river lies west of the 141st meridian, and therefore in Dutch territory. While much of the country through which it flows is swampy, the banks in many parts are covered with thick forests. With a suitable steam launch it is navigable to near its source, and would no doubt form an important route for opening up the interior of the island. The results of the expedition will be awaited with interest, as New Guinea is now one of the least-known sections of the habitable globe.]

Snuff-Dipping Senators.

A small black enameled box is securely fastened in a panel on each side of the President pro tempore of the Senate, and an inquisitive reporter constituted himself a committee of inquiry about the matter. He found that each box contained a fine quality of snuff, subsequently ascertained to be imported from Copenhagen, and costing $1 per pound. These snuff-boxes are relics of antiquity, and have been in the Senate Chamber as far as the memory of the oldest employe can recall. Modern progress has relegated snuff-taking to a few senior Senators, and they are not very numerous, either. In fact, only about five of the Senators can be called inveterate snuff-takers, and Senator Wilson, the successor of ex-Governor Groome, of Maryland, is probably the most conspicuous frequenter of the snuff-box locality. Before he came to the Senate this honor was held by Mr. Johnson, of Virginia, who was succeeded by Senator Riddleberger. Senator Edmunds does not disdain to use a pinch now and then of the seductive stuff, but often he goes for days at a time without raising the lid of the box. Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, is another lover, of snuff, and he never lets a day pass without indulging in his weed, and carries his own box of Maccaboy in case of emergencies. Energetic, busy, bustling Senator Beck of Kentucky, finds that a pinch of snuff has a soothing effect upon his nerves, and after some pitched battle with a brother Senator he seeks solace in the snuff-box near the presiding officer.

"DID not the sight of the boundless blue sea, bearing on its bosom white-winged fleets of commerce, fill you with emotion?" he asked. "Yes," replied the fair one, "for a while it did; but after a time, it didn't fill me with anything; it sorter emptied me!"

WILD WESTERN STEEDS

The Herds of the Mountain and Their Fierce "Bosses."

With the wild horses a stallion is at the head, and is the leader of every herd, having such control over them that no band of cowboys are able to drive a band of horses so fast or well so a stallion can. All in the band are as thoroughly afraid of him they keep in a bunch, and their speed is gauged by his own, he running behind with his head low, scarcely above the ground. He advances quickly on the hindermost ones, giving them a sharp bite on the haunch, thereby giving them to understand they must keep up. Should one turn out he follows him, much after the fashion of the shepherd dog, and runs him back. Until his band are out of sight in the mountains he keeps this up. Here they seem to understand that he can't follow them all, and they scatter in all directions, in ravines, canyons and inaccessible places, so that when the rider arrives at the place he last saw them (usually around some sharp point or some high peak) he is mortified to find his own horse almost exhausted and his herd so scattered (probably only two or three in sight) that he gives up the chase in disgust.

The usual idea is that a very fleet horse, such an one as is usually used by the hero in a novel, carries his master up to a wild horse sufficiently close to lasso him.

This is erroneous, for no horse on earth can carry a rider and saddle sufficiently heavy to stand the strain of a lasso fast enough on the rough ground of the mountains to catch a wild horse in good health, and I doubt very much their ability to do it on a smooth plain.

It is surprising how easily and thoroughly domestic horses go wild under the influence of these wild stallions. Many is the emigrant or horse-raiser who gave gone to bed at night full of confidence and often pride at the condition and numbers of his stock, only to wake up in the morning to find nothing left but the one horse on the picket rope and the train of their fleeing animals, driven or coaxed away by these wild horses—gone, and forever. I recall to mind now an acquaintance of mine in Nevada, one Joseph Gilbert, who lived on Reese River Valley, in Louder County, who took a pride in the quality and quantity of his horses. His herd numbered about five hundred head, and was generally conceded to be the best in that section. Joe was in fine circumstances, and bore the reputation of being well off and an excellent man, but somehow a band of wild horses began to prey upon his herd, finally securing to themselves a beautiful stallion recently purchased by Joe at an expense of one thousand dollars. After his capture Joe's herd was of short duration, as with the assistance of this stallion they nearly or quite all went wild, and though rewards of five dollars, and afterward ten dollars per head was offered for the horses in any corral, with an additional sum of five hundred dollars for the stallion, I never heard of more than fifteen or twenty horses being returned. Some Mexicans hearing of it came to capture them with twenty men and forty or fifty horses, but after racing for them until their own horses had given out, they only succeeded in getting the fifteen or twenty above mentioned. The result was Mr. Gilbert was ruined. Many other cases of the kind have happened.

Horse raising, however, on the plains is very profitable, and horses will live where cattle will die and never have diseases that assume the character of an epidemic; barring the continued danger of their going wild, there is no such profitable business in stock raising on the plains or mountains.

Wild stallions often become aggressive and even dangerous. Mr. Blodsom, a friend of mine, was going on a trip with his family partly hunting and partly to look over the range to see the condition of his stock. One night while in camp at Antelope Valley his team of horses (two fine mares) disappeared. Awaking the next morning he found himself without his horses, and starting his two boys to follow some tracks in one direction, he and his wife started in another. Presently he came in sight of his lost horses in company with several wild ones, and to his horror, he saw coming toward him the stallion "boss of the herd," and although he had his double-barreled shot-gun, he knew it was loaded with fine shot, and these two loads were the only things standing between him and destruction. Had he been a "tender foot" undoubtedly he would have been injured. Being, however, an old-timer, he stood his ground, telling his wife to keep continually behind him. On came the infuriated beast, head down, ears back and mouth open, to within a few paces of Blossom, who, at this critical moment, began to swing his arms in the manner done when throwing a lasso. This recalled to his horseship the unmerciful and uncontrollable character of these ropes when once in their fold, and, fearing his own captivity, he stopped on his charge, but continually circling around just out of reach of a rope, he endeavored to scare his enemies away. Blossom kept swinging his arm and yelling constantly, working toward his own horses, until finally he reached them. Fortunately they were the gentlest possible, and not yet under the influence of their wild companions.

Assisting his wife to mount one, he mounted the other, and as he started back to camp the stallion saw his efforts were hopeless and went back to his wild herd in the distance, assisted by the two loads of small shot before mentioned. Had Blossom, when first attacked, shot this horse and failed to kill him, as he did after being mounted, he would undoubtedly never have lived to tell the tale. Should he have killed him the report of the gun would have stampeded the band, and in all probability his team would have followed; but once on their backs he had them, beside forming a combination, viz.: "Horse and rider," of which all horses and cattle are afraid in the far West.

Dow Huntsman, at that time, about 1880, a wealthy mining and stockman, brought a beautiful sorrel stallion from California, called Patchen. This horse becoming nearly wild on the range, gathered his band, and was so energetic in his endeavors that he got to stopping the stage on the road between Battle Mountain and Tuscarora, in Nevada, endeavoring to drive the stage horses into his band. It required all the efforts possible by the drivers to make him desist. One unfortunate night for him he ran his head into the lasso and was deprived of his liberty, assuming the role of the common saddle-horse on the range, on whose back I can recall many pleasant days following the chase or in quest of game, for he finally fell into my possession.

I should guess from my observations and the extent of the country, viz.: about 1,200 miles wide by nearly 2,000 long, there must be at least 30,000 to 50,000 wild horses and ponies within the limits of the United States west of the Missouri River.

A VOLCANO IN NEW JERSEY.

How the Trap Rock of Orange Mountain was Formed.

On the summit of Orange Mountain, a ten minutes' walk from the town of Orange, N. J., is an extinct volcano. For several years past powerful stone breakers, driven by steam engines, have been breaking the hard basaltic rock of this mountain by the hundreds of tons every season for the purpose of macadamizing public streets and private drives and walks. The work of demolition has advanced so far that the scrutinizing eyes of some geologists perceived the distinct outlines of a huge crater that was once filled to overflowing with melted stone, similar to an immense caldron full of iron in a molten condition. To appearance nearly one-half of the rock that composed the crater has been so far removed by working toward the middle, from the east side. The outline of the rocky crater appears to be several hundred feet in diameter and of unknown depth. The very summit of the crater is said to be about 600 feet above tide water at New York city. The mind of the geologist runs back ages upon ages ago, when the bellowing of this extinct volcano could be heard distinctly for many miles around and when the lurid flames darted hundreds of feet in the air like the terrific flames of Vesuvius; and from this new cold and silent crater large streams of lava once flowed in every direction, which eventually cooled and formed the immense deposit of trap rock of which Orange Mountain is chiefly composed. Then there came a time when this huge cauldron ceased to overflow and the immense furnace began to burn with less and less fervor.

After the internal fire began to burn out the molten stone began to cool, and as the cooling process progressed the liquid and half-plastic mass assumed regular columnal forms, as true and smooth in many places as if the huge blocks had been dressed out and neatly fitted to each other by the planes, rule and plumb line of a master builder. But in some places the formation is quite irregular and of a great variety of curved and rectangular forms. Thousands of curiosity seekers and devotees of pleasure have traveled a long distance to see this wonderful curiosity, and many can perceive nothing but a vast deposit of dirty rock, like a worthless "elephant," standing in full view before their enraptured sight. The exterior of the columns is of a dirty slate-like color, while the surface of any portion newly broken presents a bluish black appearance, somewhat tinged with a green shade. At one time the interest and excitement of certain persons rose to such a pitch that it was proposed to purchase that portion of the mountain embracing the extinct volcano, and to hold it in statu quo for the benefit and satisfaction of those who might exist in ages to come. But the mercenary owner fixed a valuation of $50,000 on the rare curiosity, which fabulous amount will prove to be a most effectual quietus on all further efforts to preserve this American causeway.

This trap rock is of ingenius origin. One theory of scientists is that when the volcanic fires were raging in the bowels of old earth, all the oleaginous material flowed into immense reservoirs, where it is now found in the form of petroleum, while the molten residuum continued to roll slowly over and over in the crater until all the carbonaceous matter had been driven out by the intense heat, after which the material that now forms the basaltic columns began to cool; and as the plastic mass began to pass into a solid state, rectangular and polygonal crystals or blocks were formed. How many long ages upon ages passed away before the subterranean fires had gone out, and before this vast mass of red-hot rock became cool, is quite beyond the ken of mortals. Finite creatures, as we are, can grasp a few hundred, and even a few thousand years, but when we behold terrestral phenomena which suggest millions of ages, the mind is bewildered at the contemplation of the immeasurable extent of the vast eternity behind us and the boundless vista of duration that stretches out before the most vivid imagination.

No doubt there are along this mountain range other extinct volcanoes, which in ages to come will be unearthed, and will present geological phenomena of as much interest to scientists who may then be dwelling on the earth as we of the present age perceive in the formation of this cold and extinct miniature Vesuvius.

A Natural Salmon-Trap.

The salmon, the cousin of the trout, is famous for its method of going up stream; it darts at falls ten or twelve feet high, leaps into the air and rushes up the falling water in a marvelous manner. So determined are the salmon to attain the high and safe waters, that in some localities nets are placed beneath the falls, into which the fish tumble in their repeated attempts to clear the hill of water. Other than human hunters, moreover, profit by these scrambles uphill. Travelers report that on the banks of the Upper St. John River, in Canada, there was once a rock in which a large circular well, or pot-hole, had been worn by the action of the water. At the salmon season, this rock proved a favorite resort for bears; and for a good reason. Having an especial taste for salmon, the bears would watch at the pot-hole, and as the salmon, dashing up the fall, were thrown by its force into the rocky basin, the bears would quickly scrape them out of the pot-hole, and the poor salmon would be eaten before they had time to wonder at this unlooked-for reception. The Dominion Government finally authorized a party of hunters to destroy the pot-hole, and thus break up the bears' fishing ground.

THE Rev. Dr. Hanson, of Chicago, recently lectured at Chautauqua, his subject being "Fools." The Rev. Dr. Vincent, who is somewhat of a wag, introduced him thus—"We are now to have a lecture on fools by one"—long pause and loud laughter—"of the wisest men of the country." The lecturer advanced to the desk and responded as follows—"I am not half so big a fool as Dr. Vincent"—long pause and loud laughter—"would have you suppose."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Chicago has 30,000 paupers.

—Nearly 3000 births occur in London every week.

—A water famine seems imminent in Boston.

—Savannah is improving her fire department.

—The Diana-Empress of Austria writes sonnets.

—Burglars are reported to be overrunning Salt Lake.

—Lincoln, Neb., is building a $40,000 Methodist Church.

—The only church at Dublin, Texas, has been sold for debt.

—A marked increase in vagrancy is reported from Montreal.

—Lord Coleridge denies that he will write a book on America.

—Colored Masons have six lodges in Connecticut, with 250 members.

—The "Daisy Missionary Society" is a Columbus, Ohio, organization.

—Dogs in Waterbury, Conn., have been suffering with epidemic catarrh.

—It is stated that 5,000,000 people visited Prospect Park, Brooklyn, last year.

—Alabama has over 200,000 children that are not enrolled at the public schools.

—The New York elevated roads are said to carry 92,000,000 passengers annually.

—The damage caused by the recent Ischia earthquake is estimated at $1,600,000.

—It is estimated that there are 20,000,000 people of Irish blood in the United States.

—Apothecary shops, of late very scarce in Berlin, are beginning to increase in number.

—New Haven has experienced an alarming increase of typhoid and scarlet fever this year.

—The State Insane Hospital of Arkansas now contains 250 patients, the limit of its capacity.

—It is announced that the Empress of Austria has been advised by her doctors to give up hunting.

—A firm in Denver a few days ago purchased 29,000 head of cattle and 400 horses for $600,000 cash.

—A movement is looking up in Baltimore for the revival of the sugar-refining interests of that city.

—Such a severe drought as Connecticut is experiencing has been unknown in that State for a generation.

—A St. Louis hackman is in jail for sending false orders to other drivers to get them off on a wild goose chase.

—Bob Ferguson, a well known baseball man, has refused $3,000 to manage the new Union team of Cincinnati.

—The Harvard lacrosse team work systematically in gymnasium during the winter. Such men deserve success.

—One of the students at Harvard College is said to have expended $4000 in fitting up his room in the dormitory.

—Unclaimed deposits to the amount of fully a million dollars are now lying in Massachusetts savings banks.

—Roller skating is becoming a pastime of the people of Massachusetts. Every town has its rink, and Boston its dozens.

—Henry C. Michener, of the Bucks county, Pa., bar, has become one of the editorial staff of the Doylestown *Intelligencer*.

—In England the average of life exceeds that of France by eleven years, though the French climate is considered superior.

—A movement has been begun in Buffalo to take the management of the public schools out of the control of the Aldermen.

—At Tarragona a white marble column has been found, which is assigned to the monument erected there to Augustus Cæsar.

—Rev. Mr.