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The Ring's Motto.

A lover gave the wedding-ring
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within the golden band."
The goldsmith graved,
With careful art,
"Till death us part."
The wedding bells rang gladly out,
The husband said, "O wife,
Together we shall share the grief,
The happiness of life.
I give to thee
My hand, my heart,
Till death us part."
'Twas she that lifted now his hand
(O love, that this should be),
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered tenderly:
"Till death us join,
Lo, thou art mine
And I am thine!
"And when death joins, we nevermore
Shall know an aching heart,
The bridal of that better love
Death has no power to part,
That troth will be
For thee and me
Eternity."
So up the hill and down the hill,
Through fifty changing years,
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
Alas! Alas!
That death's cold dart
Such love can dart!
But one sad day she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed;
She drew the ring from off her hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man who graved
With careful art,
"Till death us part,"
'Now grave four other words for me—
"Till death us join.'" He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care,
For love, not coin,
"Till death us join."

DOWN TURNER'S POINT.

"If you will look out of the window on your right, when the train gets through the cut, you will have a fine view of the Grand Chasm," says the polite conductor, lifting his gilt-lettered cap.

"Thank you very much," returns the quiet little lady in dark blue, quickly raising her eyes from the pages of her guide book.

"Oh, Aunt Tina," says a shrill, excited voice at her elbow, "let me go out on the platform; do! I'll be just as careful and hold on to the brake as tight!"

"Don't think of such a thing for a moment!" in quick, decided tones, while her alert eyes are upon each movement of the restless bit of humanity at her side.

She is a quiet-looking little lady no longer.

The train is approaching Tallulah, Tallulah the Terrible, Georgia's greatest and most famous wonder, and the passengers are in a fever of impatience to catch the first glimpse of the tremendous canyon along the dizzy edges of which the railroad makes its way. None more so than the wide-awake bit of humanity referred to, who, boylike, cannot understand why it is that his twelve years of life do not entitle him to a greater show of privileges—like that, for instance, of standing on the platform like the other men are doing.

He thinks his auntie unnecessarily cautious and particular, yet he doesn't get ugly about it at all. He has never been a very headstrong, nor a very disobedient boy, only a somewhat wilful one at times, with strange ideas of his own, the expression of which, after a fashion peculiar to himself, has gained for him among his mates the title of "the queer fellow,"

There is nothing in the bare sides of the cut through which they are now passing, nor in the monotonous stretches of pine barrens left behind to give even a hint of the grandeur of the scene that now bursts upon their vision.

Down through a gorge 1300 feet in depth, and over 1000 feet in width at its narrowest point, dashes the Tallulah river, over raggedly massed bowlders, in foam-tossed cascades that throw their spray in the air nearly 100 feet.

On either side rise sheer walls of solid granite, worn smooth as polished silver in many places by the floods of centuries, and like silver glittering in the sun's rays.

"That is Turner's Point," says the conductor, pointing just to the right of them to a stupendous mass of rugged granite shelves, soil covered in many places that juts out more prominently than the others into the dizzy gorge. "With but one exception," continues the conductor, "it is the highest point on the chasm, and is full 900 feet above the bed of the river."

"A tremendous fall that!" exclaims a nervous little gentleman behind him, "provided any one wanted to try it."

"Shouldn't think they'd particularly want to try it," returns the conductor dryly, "yet some of them do."

"Good gracious!" cries the nervous little gentleman again, "you don't mean to say that some one has fallen down there?"

"O, no, not that; only that some of the more adventurous have tried to climb down by means of the clumps of stunted verdure you see."

"And did they succeed?"

"Only so far as a partial descent; about one-third of the way, I believe."

Arrived at Young's Hotel, about the first person whose acquaintance is sought by our restless bit of humanity, otherwise Aunt Tina's nephew, Swain Connor, is Monk, the veteran guide.

"I say, Mr. Monk," Swain breaks forth immediately that he has that worthy securely penned in an out-of-the-way corner of the veranda. "I want you to take me down Turner's Point."

"Phew!" whistles Monk, thinking this the queerest one he has had to deal with yet. Then apparently determining to treat it all as a huge joke:

"Yes, certainly, and isn't there something else on the same order that you would like, a pleasure ride, for instance, over the Hurricane?"

"Yes, if you please."

"But, good gracious! I don't please!" cries the excitable little guide, losing control of himself at once. "The thing either way is not to be thought of for a moment, unless you are extremely anxious to quit this world for another."

"But the conductor said some of 'em went down Turner's Point."

"S me one or two foolhardy ones have, to a certain distance, but they were glad enough to get back, I can tell you. As to going down that way to the bottom of the gorge—well, if you are extremely anxious to get rid of yourself, the quickest way would be to try the Hurricane."

"The very 'terror spot' of the whole river," says Monk the next morning when exhibiting the awe-inspiring spectacle known as the Hurricane Falls to Aunt Tina and her attendant, Swain.

They had been afraid to leave the hotel at first because of the threatening appearance of the sky, but as Aunt Tina's time is limited she has finally decided to venture. After that luck seems to favor her, for, with the exception of the few drops while at the Indian Arrow Rapids, there has been no further fall of rain. Indeed, the clouds are now fast clearing away, while already the bright rays of the sun are struggling forth.

"O, what a beautiful little rainbow," cries Swain, as from the rock on which they are now standing he catches sight of the exquisite arch, whose prismatic hues sparkle brilliantly between him and the dashing foam of the cascade.

"Yes, but yonder is a much more beautiful one," says Mr. Monk, pointing down the gorge to where a magnificent bow, intensely vivid in its coloring, spans the rugged walls of the canyon.

"That is, indeed, a beauty!" exclaims Aunt Tina, as she turns round the better to admire it. "I don't know when I have seen one of such intense coloring. If the old-fashioned child stories are to be believed, there must be very gorgeous treasure indeed at the foot of that rainbow."

"And why not believe them?" questions Mr. Monk, who, in spite of his rough garb, is a well-informed, pleasant young gentleman. "For my part, I have never yet gotten rid of the idea that if one could really find the end of the bow he would also find the treasure."

"Yes, certainly," says Aunt Tina, with a smile, "if he could find the end of the bow."

"Mr. Monk," questions a sharp, high-pitched voice at this moment, "where do you think the end of the rainbow is?"

Mr. Monk turns his head to follow the direction pointed out by the nervous brown finger.

"That!" he repeats, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "Why, down Turner's Point, to be sure."

"I believe, Mr. Monk," says Aunt Tina, again, that you told me many beautiful stones of rare value have been found in the rugged cliffs of the canyon.

"Yes," returns Mr. Monk "several fine rubies, sapphires and emeralds have been picked up, it is said, though none of late. I have never been so fortunate as to find one myself," with a smile, "but the guide who was here before me stumbled upon an exceedingly fine emerald in the gorge below Turner's Point."

All the way back to the hotel the words "Down Turner's Point, to be sure!" kept beating time, syllable by syllable, through Swain's busy brain. "Of course it is," he reasons. "Where else could it be? Why, hasn't he seen it with his own eyes, resting right against the rugged points of the biggest bowlder?" He has marked the place well. There is a stunted pine at one side and a great clump of laurel bushes—rhododendrons, Aunt Tina calls them. On the other there is a great rock that shines in the sunlight like it is streaked with silver, while here and there a cluster of beautiful ferns and mosses and a tiny cascade trickling down its sides—Ribbon Cascade, Mr. Monk calls it. Of course the treasure is there! And oh, how he does want it! Not so much for himself as for Aunt Tina—Aunt Tina, whom he loves so dearly in spite of the thought that sometimes she is a little too hard on him. But at others, how she does pet and humor him! And O, they are so happy together! Happier still, perhaps, because in all the world they have only each other. And there is Aunt Tina's book: How hard she has worked on it, day and night, and how much she does want it published! But the hard-hearted publishers, to whom many pages of the snowy manuscript have been submitted, have declared they can't touch it till a part, at least, of the money is forthcoming, to pay for some sort of plates. Swain wonders what kind of plates they can be, and what in the world dishes have to do with printing. He has ventured to ask Aunt Tina once, but being absorbed in her work, she has only answered briefly, "stereotype plates," and so he is as much in the dark as ever.

If he could only get that money for Aunt Tina; which she has never yet been able to get herself, for Aunt Tina is only a poor teacher with a meagre salary.

At 3 o'clock this same afternoon, when every guest of the house is enjoying his or her siesta, shut in the seclusion of their rooms, a slight figure clad in flannel Knickerbocker, with a sailor waist of the same, issues, stick in hand, from a side entrance.

Ten minutes later the same figure makes its way along the railroad track to where a small foot-path turns off to the left with a stunted pine near at hand labelled: "To Turner's Point."

"It doesn't look so very awful!" exclaims Swain, as the path followed; he stands at length beside a clump of dwarfed pines and looks down upon the river, much more peaceful here than a hundred yards above, where its fury seems to have been finally expended in the last of the great cascades.

But in spite of this peace and quiet, the scene formed by the stupendous masses of granite upheaved on every side, with their bare and frowning ledges and the sheer precipitous fall of their rocky sides for nearly one thousand feet, is enough to inspire even the boldest with fear.

A strange feeling of awe and dread steals for a moment into the child's heart, and he partly turns as though he would go back. The next, apparently ashamed of even this faint show of cowardice, he grasps his stick firmly and begins to climb downward.

There is no regular path, but he catches sight here and there of a trodden tuft of grass and the shredded twigs of ash and laurel that show plainly where the foot and hand of the daring climber have left their prints.

Very cautiously Swain picks his way at first, then, as he finds it easier than he has thought, he grows bolder. Finally, when about 300 feet down, he crawls to the edge and looks over.

"The very place!" he cries excitedly, "and I just know it is down there!"

But the "down there" is fully 150 feet beneath him, and is another projecting ledge, but much larger, and thickly covered with ferns and mosses, over which a thread-like cascade trickles.

As he leans further over, a tiny-something that glitters in the sun's rays catches his eye.

It is imbedded in the soil of the ledge a foot or so beneath him.

Reaching down he quickly grasps it, and then with an exultant cry springs to his feet But the next moment the cry of exultation is changed to one of supplication and terror, for in the sudden spring his feet have come in contact with a treacherous tuft that is barely hanging to the cliff's edge. As they press against it, it gives way, and the next moment he goes headlong over the ledge.

Up at the hotel all is confusion and excitement, for he has been missed, and the mother-aunt, in her agony of terror, is beseeching landlord, clerk, guide, waiters, all to go in search of her darling boy.

Only too well she surmises that in his usual fearlessness, and alive with the desire to hunt out things for himself, he is straying along the dizzy edges of the dangerous chasm.

It is twenty-four hours before they find him, and at least a fourth as many more, ere by the aid of ropes and ladders, he is rescued.

He is conscious and able to tell his story, though, when he if first lifted he cries out with pain in spite of himself. One arm has doubled up under him and shattered, yet with this exception there is no other outward sign of hurt.

His descent has been broken by the various clumps of verdure, and finally when he has reached the ledge below it is to fall upon a bed of ferns and mosses. For a time the shock has completely stunned him. When he returns to consciousness it is to find that he is unable to move his body. But he manages to reach his handkerchief, which he dips from time to time in the cascade near, and thus slacks his thirst, and also with its damp folds protects his face from the sun's rays. It is the chill of the long dark night that strikes the greater terror to his heart and a death-like numbness to his cramped limbs.

This is the story he tells to those who rescue him, but he says naught of these dreadful things, when passionately clasped against the throbbing heart, that all day and all night long watched and waited in an agony of mingled hope and fear on the verandah of the hotel.

There, in the presence of all, yet seemingly unmindful, overcome at last by the sight of the agitated loving face, with its passionate eyes raining hot tears down upon his own, he sobs out the whole story of his hopes and longings for her, the ardent desires that cling so fondly about the dear, dear book.

Clutched tightly in the palm of his uninjured hand he still holds the precious, sparkling thing, which, now that he is safe within her sheltering arms, he discloses to the view of all.

Not till the next day, however, when the brave, loyal fellow is struggling in the delirium of fever, is the value of his find discovered. It is an emerald, unusually large and clear.

"I will give him one thousand dollars for it, uncut as it is!" declared a young jeweler from New Orleans, who, to do him credit, is much more touched by the pathetic story sobbed out on the mother-aunt's bosom than he is taken by the probable value or the exquisite beauty of the gem.

"I lost just $250, hard cash, by the investment," he says to the same friend a year later; "but I assure you I have never regretted it."

Aunt Tina's book is out, and a success. As to Aunt Tina herself, where she made pleasure trips of a week before, she now makes them of months, and she is never seen anywhere without her attendant, Swain.

As to this same Swain, he is a handsome, active fellow indeed, in spite of the fact that one arm hangs stiff and almost helpless—an ever-present reminder of the time when he went down Turner's Point!

Theresa, the Lion Tamer.

"But, do you not shrink from a life such as this you are leading? Every day risking a terrible death?"

"No," she answered, "I like it. I like to feel my mastery over the king of beast. I know that he hungers for my flesh, and pants for my blood, and I am defenceless. A little scratch with his claw, a stroke of his foot, and I am lost. But I have a human soul, and a will stronger than his, he knows it, and cowers before me."

Mr. Templar looked at her with wonder.

"It is a fact," he said, "that every woman loves conquest."

"Every woman," she answered, "has power to gain victories so long as she is mistress over her own heart."

Next day he was again present at an exhibition. He went to the menagerie, and stood near the cage. He saw her enter; her eye met his. She smiled, and the pretty dimples formed in the corners of her mouth. At the same moment the lion's mane bristled, and he began to claw at the boards of his cell floor in an angry impatient manner. Her eye had been off him, and her power failed, but only for a moment. She recovered her attention, and concentrated it on the brute; met his red eye with a calm and resolute look; and beckoned him to her feet. He hesitated, turned aside, and walked round the den, thrusting his body against the sides, eyeing her covertly, and growling, and showing his white teeth. She followed, never allowing him to escape her firm eye, and pointed to her feet. Then he turned himself round, and sulkily, protestingly, sneaked to the place indicated. She knelt by him, and laid her arm and head on his mane, but thrust the other hand through the bars and said to Mr. Templar, "Feel my pulse."

He took the delicate wrist between his fingers and counted. The pulse was at a hundred and twenty.

When the exhibition was over, she said to Mr. Templer, "I pray you, do not be present again. You unnerve me. When I am in the cage, I must think of nothing and no one but the king. He is a jealous master, and unless he has all my thoughts will tear me."

"Good heavens, Theresa!" exclaimed he. "I cannot bear to think of this. I dreamt of you last night, and woke in terror, imagining the end had come."

It will come some day. This is the fate of us all. Mother came off better than most, with a broken thigh. Did you count my pulsations?"

"Yes."

"Then you can judge what the excitement is, with life in one's hand in a lion's den."

Small fly-wheels, cast hollow and loaded with lead, are a foreign notion new in this country. They afford the same centrifugal power as a large wheel, cost less, and take up less room.

Contaminated water passed through six inches of green sand, coke, animal charcoal or spongy iron is wholly freed from the micro organisms which cause disease. The mtaerial is to be powdered sufficiently fine to pass through a sieve of forty meshes to the inch.

THE OPEN DRAW.

Bravery of a Girl and for Whom She Sought the Peril.

"Now, promise me, Royal! Please promise me!"

Grace Arden looked up into her lover's face with wistful blue eyes and cheeks stained with crimson.

Royal Meriam looked at her with the laugh of conscious superiority.

"What nonsense, Grace! As if there were any real danger!"

"There is always danger, Royal, in your business, and with—with that habit!"

"Habit, Gracie? Now you are going a little too far. I don't drink any more than other men. It is not a confirmed habit with me, and never will be."

"Good-bye, Royal!"

"You won't kiss me? You are vexed?"

"Only sorry, Royal. Because I know that papa will never let me marry a man who drinks."

Royal Meriam turned his heel and he strode away, muttering something about "narrow-minded fools, who expected every one to be cut after their own pattern."

But he had walked only a little distance when the cloud cleared away from his face, and the old, careless, good-natured smile once more came back.

"Dear little Gracie," he said to himself. "Perhaps she's right, after all. I believe I am getting to be more fond of a stray glass than I ought to be, but of course there's no danger. A man can always control himself. Still I'll go back to-morrow and make peace with the little blue-eyed kitten, and if she wants me to promise, why I'll promise."

The "Shepherd's Arms" was an unpretending little village hostelry, through whose drawn red curtains the evening lights shone cheerily, and Royal Meriam's boon companions welcomed him uproariously.

"You're coming to the end of your rope, old fellow," said one. "The superintendent is going to strike everbody that drinks a social glass off from the list. Says it ain't business-like—can't afford to run any risks"

"I don't know what the world's coming to, for my part," said another, looking into the bowl of his short black pipe. "A man might as well be a slave and done with it."

"I've heard something of it before," said Meriam carelessly. "I don't know but what it is a wise enough regulation, on the whole. But there's one thing certain; I'll drink the superintendent's health to-night, if I never do again."

A general laugh echoed this assertion of Royal Meriam; and in the hour or two that followed poor Grace Arden's piteous request, Grace Arden's tear-brimming blue eyes, were entirely forgotten.

"Drunk—I drunk! Never was more sober in my life. Yes, yes, I know it's time to start; and here I am, fresh as a cricket."

Royal Meriam swung himself to his place on the glittering, fire-throated locomotive with the careless ease and lightness of a mountaineer.

"Go ahead," he called out.

The depot-master looked curiously at him.

"You may not be drunk," said he *sotto voce*, "but you have been drinking, my fine fellow, and you'll get reported at head-quarters before the world is twenty-four hours older."

So saying he drew a little leather memorandum book out of his vest pocket, and wrote down the words, "Meriam, engineer Flying Dart," upon it, with the slow, mechanical accuracy of one who considers in his own mind.

Meriam fully believed in his own assertion that he was not drunk. He had been drinking a good deal, but then he knew that his head could stand more than the average of brains. He felt a sort of lightness—a jocular content—as he sat there at his post. The lights along the road sparkled more prominently than usual; the stars seemed to shine with unwonted brightness, and once or twice he caught himself huskily answering some one who had not spoken.

All of a sudden he grew sleepy—his brain seemed to become confused.

"All right," said he—"all right! I'll back the Flying Dart against any engine on the road! Why, she couldn't go wrong if she was to try! Are we—are we far from the drawbridge?"

The fireman suddenly started to his feet, with a hoarse, gasping cry.

"The signal!" shouted he. "The red light! Stop her, for God's sake! Sound down brakes! We are on the bridge, and the draw is open!"

In less than a second the mists and drowsiness and fatal lethargy seemed to clear away from the engineer's brain and he had fully comprehended the awful terror of their position—the express train rushing at dizzy speed toward the yawning gulf, beneath which lay the black river.

The signal! And he had not seen it.

Mechanically he sounded the whistle, sharp and shrill—two brief, unearthly shrieks—and then sprang out into the darkness, through which the red light streamed like an eye of sullen fire!

He had done what he could to save the fated train, and he gasped blindly at the one chance in five hundred for his life.

He sprang, and striking against the beams lost all consciousness in the instant that the train skimmed by him, its long array of lights gleaming and vanishing, and faces here and there looking out of the, windows all unconscious that they were going to Death!"

* * * * * * *

A bleak December day, with the snow-flakes clicking against the window-panes, a wood fire crackling on the hearth, and Grace Arden's light figure coming and going like a little brown-robed Sister of Charity—Royal Meriam's eyes vaguely took in these things lying among his pillows, before he remembered——Remembered! Remembered that he was an outcast among men—a murderer!

"Grace," he gasped, "tell me! How came I here? How was I saved?"

"They found you on the bridge, dear. Hush! You must not talk much. You are very weak and feeble. You were quite unconscious, and terribly bruised."

"And—the train? Was it totally wrecked?"

"It was not wrecked at all," said Grace with brightened face. "For the draw was not open."

"Not open?"

"No; it had been, but was just closed again, and the men had not yet taken down the open signal when the express rushed on without any warning whatever. They stopped it on the other side and missed you."

"No one was killed then?" he shuddered, feeling as if a mountain of horror was lifted from his breast.

"No one!"

"Grace," he whispered hoarsely, drawing her down to him, "I was—drunk! If that train had been wrecked the blood of all those helpless passengers, men, women and children, would have been on my head. God be thanked that He has not punished me as I deserve!"

Royal Meriam, a premature old and and crippled man, lived to atone for all the faults and follies of his youth. He never re-entered the old profession—he had not nerve enough for that, he was wont to say, even if they would have had trusted him again—but he worked hard and honestly for his bread, with Grace, his wife, standing loyally by his side. And never in all the long years that followed did a drop of ardent spirits ever pass his lips.

"I have had my lesson," he said.

The Colonel's Umbrella.

"Colonel, why don't you marry?"

"Harry, what made you ask me that question?"

"Why, all men marry; that is, men of means, or at least they should marry."

"You have not."

"And for a good reason. I am not able."

"You could keep up a very comfortable household if you were not—well, what you are," said the colonel, as he moved away.

"I know what he means," said Harry Lancaster when left alone. "He might just as well told me in as many words that I was a spendthrit. Hang it all! I know I am very careless about money matters. If I had been forced to win my way up from the ranks it would have been different. I would then know the value of a dollar. Ah, well! Life is short, my dear colonel. Here she comes."

"Do not get up, Mr. Lancaster, I merely came out for a short walk up and down the veranda. Isn't it a lovely evening?" There was a witchery in the tones of that low, sweet voice. Harry Lancaster's heart thumped away more vigorously than ever in his bosom at the sound of Leona Lisle's voice.

She laid her pretty white hand upon his arm. When they reached the other end of the veranda they turned to retrace their steps.

"Ah, was that not a fire-fly over there among those bushes to the right? See, there it is again. Now it has disappeared."

"It may be a fire-fly, but it is my opinion that the colonel is smoking a cigar there among the shadows," said Harry.

"Is that charming old beau here?" she suddenly asked, allowing her hand to slip from the other's arm.

"Are you well acquainted with the colonel, Miss Lisle?"

"Fairly. He is a perfect gentleman—but I do detest that quaint idea of his strange umbrella."

"Umbrella! What umbrella, may I inquire?' asked Harry.

"Why, have you never heard about the colonel's umbrella?"

"Never."

"Colonel Stone possesses a blue, old-fashioned umbrella which is supposed to be a very potent love-charm, or, in other words, when he invites a lady to share its shelter against the rain the lady's heart is won forthwith. Strange, is it not?"

"I should dislike you to accept its shelter," softly said Harry, lifting the white hand and pressing it to his lips.

The next morning Harry's heart was like lead when he looked from the window and saw the laden clouds scurrying along the angry horizon.

"Rain! And I was to take her out for a drive! Well, I suppose I must make the best of it, and while away the time in the parlors," he muttered as he performed his toilet.

When he entered the dining-room he saw that Miss Lisle's place was vacant. Ah, the colonel's chair, too is vacant!

He went to the smoking-room, lighted a cigar, and seated himself near a window overlooking the white stretch of sand, the curling wave crests, and lowering sky.

Ah! A couple approach from the beach. The gentleman carries—a blue umbrella! As the pair draw near Harry's heart beats wilder and wilder.

It must be the colonel's umbrella. It is the colonel. But who is the lady?

Only Miss Leona Lisle! "Pshaw! I'm a fool to think anything strange about this! What do I care about the colonel's umbrella or its potent charm? But I wish it was some one else than Leona," mused Harry, as he tossed away his cigar and went out upon the veranda.

Leona went indoors, The colonel closed his quaint, blue umberella with a click of satisfaction and passed Harry with a polite bow and a good morning.

Two hours later Miss Lisle blushed as Harry asked her a question. She softly said:

The potency of the colonel's umbrella is not a fiction. He is a charming man, and—I thank you for your offer—but I said 'yes'—under the blue umbrella."

He Went Home Ill.

She was fair as a lily, a graceful cloud of pale pink sheen, as she swept around the ball room. He was a New York dude of the most inexpressible refinement. His Manhattan eye was caught by the vision of beauty. She was dancing with a little rotund man with a beaming countenance.

"Who is that tall, resplendent beauty?" he asked.

"Who? That one dancing with Tubby?"

"Tubby! What a horrid name! I suppose it is she I mean."

"That's Miss——,"

"She is the loveliest being I have ever seen. She is glorious. Will you introduce me?"

"Certainly. Come along."

The dance ended and the New York swell was led up to the beauty.

"Miss ——, this is Mr. Van Slack of New York."

Mutual bows, and then the introducer whispered to the belle:

"Look out. He's a dude of the first water, pure old blood."

The beauty's lip curled a little and her eye twinkled. The New York dude beamed upon her. He patronized her. He was high-flown and brilliantly sentimental. No California girl permits that from a New Yorker, so she waited her chance. She was dancing with him and as they whirled around the little rotund man bumped up against them.

"Stupid!" he said testily.

"Oh, don't mind him. Tubby's got his keg full, that's all," she answered with a haughty curl of the lip.

And the sentiment died out of the New York dude's nature and he went home sick.

A Curious Courtship.

In the good town of Thorick, far north of the Tweed, dwelt a bachelor, serious Andrew McNab, unmarried and alone. He was pastor of a numerous flock. He was one day decided by the elders of the kirk that he ought to get married.

After recovering from his surprise the good man assented on condition that the elders choose a wife for him. They gravely decided that the "two Jamieson lasses" were fitted to be parsons' wives, and so they recommended that Mr. McNab make his choice between them.

Accordingly Mr. McNab next day took his umbrella and went to the house of the Jamiesons. He soon was standing in the presence of the elder daughter.

"Madam," he said to her, "I have been recommended by my kirk session to seek a wife; they also advised me to ask you if you would marry me. I have come this morning desiring to know your mind. Have you any objections?"

"Indeed, Mr. NcNab," said she, plushing and bridling, "I am surprised that a gentleman of your discernment should ask such a question in such a manner. I have but one answer—there can be but one answer, I assure you. If I had any desire to change my condition [with a most lady-like simper] I could have done so, my dear Mr. McNab, long ago—at least, that is to say, many, many times. I have no wish, really, to—to change my name [with more simpers,] even for your sake. I am sorry, very sorry, dear Mr. McNab. I cannot bear to make a fellow creature suffer as you will suffer. You must try to forgive and forget me."

"Then," said the imperturbable McNab, "I am to understand that you decline. Very good. Will you oblige me by sending your sister down."

Now, Miss Jamieson was so elated by what had transpired that she tripped up stairs as much excited as a girl of 15 answering her first love letter, and burst in upon her sister breathless, exclaiming:

"Maggy Ann! Maggy Ann! I've had an offer of marriage; think of that! I'm very sorry for him, but I really couldn't you know. In our position I thought it best not, you know. He will get over it; time will help him, poor, poor man! I refused him, Maggy Ann, I refused him!"

And Miss Maggy Ann saw triumph in her sister's eye.

"Is Mr. McNab still down stairs?" she said, suavely.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. He asked to see you. Call Jemima, for, of course, he wants to have worship before he goes. You run down, dear; I can't for a minute or two until I collect myself. I feel quite upset. Scenes like this have always disturbed me."

And Miss Maggy Ann did run down with nimble foot. Mr. McNab was still standing, and as the lady advanced toward him he used the same formula as before: "My kirk session," etc., to which Maggy Ann responded gracefully.

"Dear Mr. McNab, I have long valued your administrations, and I am happy to devote myself to your future well-being."

"Well, will you kindly name the day?"

"Monday next." It was then Saturday.

"Good morning."

In the meantime Miss Jamieson having recovered her composure, and unfeignedly thinking that Mr. McNab desired to have worship before leaving, came down stairs and, coming toward the parlor door, overheard the most important part of the dialogue recorded above. Again greatly surprised, this time her astonishment was mingled mortification. She silently slipped into an adjoining room, and, gazing out of the window mournfully watched the departing figure of Andrew McNab, while her sister returned to her domestic duties, so singularly interrupted.

As Miss Isabel gazed in bitterness of spirit who should enter her horizon but the subject of her thoughts, Mr. McNab himself, hastening to the door. Before he could knock she stood before him to learn the reason of his return.

"Pardon me," said he, "but I did not ask the lady's—your sister's first name, to call the banns, you know. What name, if you please?"

"Isabel—Isabel Jamieson," was her prompt reply, in one of those happy inspirations that aid us once in a lifetime; or, as she explained afterwards, in utter bewilderment at her sister's treachery.

"Thank you;" and the good man hurried away again, repeating diligently to himself as he went: "Isabel Jamieson, Isabel Jamieson," lest there should be any mistake on the morrow.

But who can picture Miss Maggy Ann's discomfiture to hear that name cried three times in church. In vain she rose to protest; in vain she endeavored to undo the mischief and explain the mistake—the fiat had gone forth; in vain she made the man of her choice understand the situation.

"Ah!" said he slowly: "then you are not Isabel; it doesn't make any difference, does it? I assure you it is all one to me; the thing is done, besides."

Miss Maggy Ann expatriated himself. She emigrated to Australia, and when last heard of she had been married to a wealthy squatter, who took her home to Thorick, where she enjoyed the infinite pleasure of driving in her carriage and to hear Mr. McNab preach, and of bespattering Mrs. Mrs. McNab with mud from her chariot wheels as she drove past her without recognition.

The Peculiar Properties of Ozone.

It is a colorless gas, having a rather pungent odor and possesses the peculiarities of oxygen, but in a more marked degree. So powerful is it, indeed, that it will perform many of the feats of fire without the phenomenon of flame. As a bleaching agent it is very effective. It is especially made use of in this connection by dealers in pictures as a means of erasing the yellow "time stains" that are found on old engravings and prints. This is accomplished by bending the picture around in the form of a cylinder so that the two ends meet with the face inside, and suspending a piece of white phosphorus within it. The phosphorus oxidizes slowly, and as this is one of the chemical reactions that is attended with the production of ozone, sufficient is formed to complety renovate the most time-defaced picture. Since, however, a very little friction causes the phosphorus to ignite, great care must be taken in performing this operation.

—The largest church in Washington is said to be that of the colored Methodists. It seats 2,800 people and cost $116,000.

HUDSON'S BAY REGION.

Where the Climate is Warmer to One Travels Northward.

A very important fact must be borne in mind by those who are about to travel from Hudson's bay to the Rockies. One starts on land about fifty feet above the sea level, and gradually rising, reaches an altitude of only 800 feet at the base of the mountains. This is following the 60th parallel, or within fifty miles north or south of it. Starting on the 60th parallel, on the same longitude, up in the neighborhood of the Lake of the Woods, the height above the sea is over 1,000 feet, and at the base of the mountains in that latitude it is over 5,000 feet, or more than 3,000 feet higher than it is in a relative position as to the mountains 600 or 700 miles north of it.

It is generally but erroneously supposed that one traveling from the 60th parallel of latitude northward, say on the 100th or 110th meridians of longitude, would find the climate colder each fifty or 100 miles, while the facts are he will find it warmer as he proceeds northward, and this rule will hold good for 500 miles on the 100th meridian, and for 1,000 miles on the 110th meridian, taking the 60th parallel north as a starting point. The writer has proven this proposition from actual observation, and it may easily be established from a statement of the simplest rules of natural science. As a general principle, in the north temperate zone, as well as in the sub-arctic regions, the further north one proceeds the colder he will find the atmosphere, but this rule will apply only when the traveler is going from a lower to a higher altitude above the sea. In the regions just mentioned—and let it be understood the rule applies until the 63th parallel is reached—altitude has more to do with the climate, so far as heat and cold are concerned—and, in fact, as far as all meteorological phenomena go—than latitude.

The writer has been upon the delta shores of Lake Athabaska, which are only seven hundred feet above the sea, and almost at the foot of the Rockies, where snow will scarcely remain on the ground for twenty-four hours at a stretch during a whole winter. This is more than 800 miles north of the north boundary of Dakota or Montana, where the mercury often goes down to 40 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), and where the winters are long and severe. At the former places the mercury rarely touches zero, and in the grand stretch of park country on every hand, and for 300 miles to the northwest, the cattle belonging to the Hudson Bay posts in that section have roamed at large through more than fifty winters without the need of stable or cut hay. The latter, cured upon the stalk, is plentiful, and as rich fodder in midwinter as the excellent grass is in summer. Aside from the question of altitude, the country last in question is favorably affected by the Chinook winds, which find their way from the Pacific through the mountain passes. This is why the thermal lines extend further northward on the 110th meridian and west of it than on the 100th, as before indicated.

Important questions of mathematical geography present themselves to one on the western shore of Hudson's bay. Longitudinally he is nearly in the center of the continent; a little nearer to Liverpool or Queenstown than the cities of New York or Quebec; within 150 miles as near to San Francisco as the city of Chicago; within 1,500 miles of the Pacific ocean; within 300 miles of the northeastern border, and 600 of the centre of the great fertile prairie country north of the height of the land; in short, a harbor on the western coast of the bay, provided the latter and the strait are navigable for a sufficient period, would command the traffic of half the continent.

It is curious to notice to what extent latitudinal distances diminish between any two meridians as one travels northward. The width of the continent on the sixtieth parallel—apparently its greatest width on most maps—is nearly 600 miles narrower than it is 1200 miles farther to the south. On the sixtieth parallel it is scarcely 2,500 miles in breadth. Over 1,000 miles of this distance may be traversed in a steamship, through Hudson strait and across Hudson's bay; the remainder of the distance, about 1,500 miles, is across a low level country, ranging in altitude from fifty feet at the start to 800 feet at the base of the Rockies above the sea. The mountain passes by way of the Pine river, a series of summit lakes, and the Skneena, will at no point reach more than 2,500 feet above sea level. The average snowfall throughout the low tablelands does not exceed ten inches, and that through the mountain passes mentioned not more than three feet. The temperature of the atmosphere in the coldest months of winter along the line in question is higher by at least 20 degrees than it is along the 48th parallel except on the shores of Hudson's bay and for about 100 miles inland. From the latter point to the Atlantic it is much lower, frequently running down to 40 and 50 degrees below zero. The statements are in accordance with meteorological records kept by Hudson's bay company post's, which extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the sixtieth parallel, and for many miles to the north of it.

For the first 300 miles westward from the bay, the traveler will meet with thousands of reindeer, and thousands of "barren ground" Indians, a branch of the Cree family, between whom and the Esquimaux, who inhabit the country to the north of them, there has always been the bitterest hostility. After that one meets with the Crees proper and travels through a delta or silt country, composed of natural parks, embracing vast areas of the best grazing lands to be found anywhere. They are frequent.

The Bee Clock.

A new French clock contains a novel application of the magnet. The clock appears like a tambourine with a circle of flowers painted on its parchment head. Around the circle crawl two bees, the larger requiring twelve hours to complete the circuit, while the smaller makes it every hour. The flowers represent hour divisions, and the bees, which are of iron, are moved by two magnets carried, just under the membrane, by the clock-work inside the tambourine.

Recent German researches show that the purification of natural waters is effected almost wholly by plant and animal agencies, the chemical action of oxygen of ozone, peroxide of hydrogen and atmospheric oxygen exerting but a feeble influence.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—In 1861 there were 110 flags flown in Boston.

—Tampa, Fla., has a cabbage two feet across.

—"St. Thomas's hour" is a new toast among the Wing club in England.

—A Rappahannock (Va.) lady shoulder hot pee wees shooting guns.

—Lydia Maria Child was the last surviving journalist in the country.

—An Indian stone age is set down as 12,000 years ago in Lawrence, Mass., Valley.

—A man was strangled in Indianola, Neb., being with the limb of a cottonwood.

—It is stated that upwards of nine hundred women own and manage farms in Iowa.

—A bill to prohibit gas lighting in Oregon has passed the House unanimously.

—A girl baby born in New York during a terrible storm, has been named Cyclonia.

—A Michigan farmer is in bed from the effect of a thumping he received in a hail-storm.

—The word candy comes to us from the Arabic and Persian quand, another name for sugar.

—New York has 7000 miles of railroad within her state limits and 146,000 freight cars run on it.

—Sir George Grove has been honored by Glasgow University with the degree of LL. D. in absentia.

—A Cleveland paper says a large number of young men of that city paint and powder their faces.

—Russian nobles are declared to be even greater epicures than the daintiest class of Parisian good-livers.

—An acrimonious-looking error, in a New Haven paper the other day, made alum water out of alma mater.

—The sentence of a criminal was postponed in Buffalo until he should overcome a fit of the hiccoughs.

—A hotel is talked of in Florida on the St. Sebastian River, which, with its grounds, will cost $10,000,000.

—An Iowa newspaper says that a brother of the late A. T. Stewart is a rag-picker at Cherokee, in that state.

—A Tampa, Florida, Judge fined a man five dollars the other day for eating peanuts during a session of court.

—Three snow-white beavers were taken on the Sacramento River, near Chico, Cal., the other day. The fur was as soft as silk.

—A rustic visitor to Burlington, Vt. spent Thanksgiving Day on the horse railway, making the trip of four miles twenty-two times.

—A Chinaman, arrested in Grass Valley, Cal., for operating an opium joint, hanged himself in the prison cell with his queue.

—The extent of Anglomania in France is shown by the existence of such oddly-named establishments as the "Casino du High Life."

—London, according to a statement in one of its own newspapers, has only thirteen daily papers, or less than the number published in Philadelphia.

—A mail carrier has been indicted in North Carolina for throwing Congressional documents into the river. He claimed they were so heavy that they interfered with quick delivery.

—Of the seventy-six United States Senators ten are called John, nine are called James, five William, four Joseph three Thomas, four Henry and three Charles.

—A misguided citizen of San Francisco mounted a tall derrick in that city recently, and undertook the oft-tried flying act, and with the invariable result. He had to be carried home.

—Cocaine is reported to have been so extensively used by person ignorant of its properties, in Detroit, that a number of persons there have, as a result, become unable to take care of themselves.

—A deaf man riding a bicycle and wearing a long-tailed coat, the extremeties of which were on fire, was a somewhat striking figure on one of the principal streets of New Haven,