

## STATESMEN AT HOME.

RESIDENCES OF FOUR WELL KNOWN CONGRESSMEN DESCRIBED.

Representative McComas Has an Old Fashioned Dwelling Place at Hagerstown, Md.—The Homes of Messrs. Wilson, Banks and Breckinridge.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] In the heart of the quiet old city of Hagerstown, Md., one of the earliest settlements in the country, is the unpretentious dwelling of Representative Louis Emory McComas. It is a plain, old fashioned brick structure, with



CONGRESSMAN M'COMAS' HOUSE.

square, wide doorways and windows and a long extension in the rear. It and the house next to it, which is occupied by Mr. McComas' brother-in-law, are the only ones in the center of the town which stand in ample grounds of their own. A latticed porch over the entrance to the drawing room on the side of the house leads into the grass plot and flower garden which adorn the sides and rear of the old home. The main entrance from the street is through a wide, old fashioned hall, wainscoted in dark oak, and at the head of the stairs leading to the upper part of the house is one of the first clocks ever made in this country. It has told the time of day for six generations of Mrs. McComas' family, and is now performing the same duty for the seventh. The house was built over seventy years ago, and stands on the main street, which used to be also the most fashionable part of Hagerstown. It is comfortably furnished inside, and used to be the residence of the Beattys, a well known family in that section of Maryland.

The handsome home of Congressman William L. Wilson, LL. D., is situated on a small hill just outside the city of Charlottesville, Va. It is built of frame on a stone foundation, and stands in a pretty little yard some three acres in extent. The original building was a plain two story frame house with an L attachment, but a few years ago Mr. Wilson connected the two by erecting a handsome tower which forms the central and most conspicuous part of the residence. From this tower can be



REPRESENTATIVE WILSON'S HOME.

seen stretches of picturesque country which he claims surpasses any similar scenery on the continent. There is the fertile valley of Virginia, with its prosperous farms and broad acres. On one side are the famous Blue Ridge mountains, and on the other the North mountain, which is the first outlying spur of the Allegheny range. Harper's Ferry lies in a valley, but the position of the historic town can be defined, and the Shenandoah river traced from its confluence at that point with the Potomac. Nothing is wanting to make the view from Mr. Wilson's tower beautiful in the extreme.

The grounds surrounding the house are filled with trees, shrubs and flowers. The drawing room on one side of the entrance and the dining hall on the other both open on the front porch. Mr. Wilson's library is in the rear, and is stocked with the finest and largest private collection of books to be found in West Virginia. When first built the house was quite a distance from the city, but it is now within the corporate limits, and is surrounded by other fine homes.

Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks lives at Waltham, Mass., and his home is one of the most interesting residences in that thriving town. He has been a factory hand, a newspaper editor, a lawyer, and speaker of the Massachusetts Legislature; he received the presidential nomination at the hands of the North American convention in New York in 1856; he has been a major general of volunteers, governor of his native state, speaker of the national house of representatives, United States marshal, and is now a member of congress again. Through all his varied career he has occupied the plain, old fashioned home which is pictured here, and which he loves because it has been the birthplace of his children.



THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. BANKS.

It is a square, two-story frame house, over one hundred years old, and was one of the first residences to be erected in Waltham. The only decoration on its exterior is a Corinthian portico over the entrance, overgrown with vines. Nothing would induce him to change the exterior appearance of the main building

during his own and Mrs. Bank's lifetime, but he has built an extensive library in the rear in the Queen Anne style of architecture, which forms a handsome addition to the house. The old coach road from Boston to Wooster runs in front of the dwelling, and a mile further down forms the principal street of Waltham. About twenty acres of fine lawns surround the house, and in the rear is the tennis court used by the younger members of the family. Inside, the rooms are large and high, and all connect with one another. The room to the right of the porch, which is now used as the dining room, was the scene of the first Methodist prayer meeting ever held in Waltham, when there were no churches, and the house belonged to the Gale family, who built it. Every room has in it a fine, old fashioned, oaken fireplace, with high, wooden mantels all carved and fluted by hand. It is a fine old place, and Gen. Banks in his declining years would consider it a desecration to make new fangled alterations about it, or to bring within its venerable portals any of the modern furnishing gewgaws.

Mr. William Cabell Preston Breckinridge, the silver haired, silver tongued congressman from Kentucky, has no fixed place of residence. He used to own a pretty home in Lexington, Ky., but on going to Washington he sold it, and has since been living just as his fancy and that of his charming wife dictates. One year he occupies furnished rooms in some private establishment, another he tries hotel life. Just at present he is housekeeping on Grant



WHERE MR. BRECKINRIDGE LIVES.

terrace, a few blocks east of the Capitol. His home is one of a row of buildings all exactly alike. It stands back some thirty feet from the street on a small terrace, and is built of brick with brown stone trimmings on a white stone basement. The entrance is reached by a flight of stone steps, lighted on either side by a handsome bronze lamp. The drawing room on the left of the hall is ornamented with a wide bay window. The "camp furniture" of the house, as Mr. Breckinridge calls it on account of his frequent movings, is of the most elegant description and is arranged with great taste.

Mr. Breckinridge's home life is very simple. His particular chum is his little 13-year-old daughter, who sticks to him like a chestnut burr. The greatest frolic of the year to the pair is on New Year's day, when they both go visiting together. Miss Breckinridge wears a costume of pure white, and her face is one broad smile of childish delight as she swings on to her father's hand. They first pay their respects to the president. Then they go to the few houses where Mr. Breckinridge calls. The little maid gets her pockets full of candies, is petted by all the men and kissed by all the ladies. Her mother remonstrates at this unique performance, but Mr. Breckinridge declares he will have his way about this, as he has to give it up in everything else. HENRY E. ELAND.

A Crematory Urn.



FOR ASHES OF THE DEAD.

That cremation has not lost its hold upon the minds of certain classes of people is amply shown by the fact that leading jewelers throughout the world find it profitable to employ some of their best artists in the manufacture of dainty receptacles for the ashes of the departed. The illustration given herewith is of a crematory urn recently finished and exhibited in London. The bowl is made of the finest crystal glass, mounted in beautifully decorated silver. A crest tops the urn, on which there are also shown Masonic emblems and two shields for inscriptions. A depository of this sort is valued at \$2,000.

Very Slow Consumption.

Dr. Mortimer Slocum, who died at San Antonio, Tex., recently, had a rather novel experience once. He was supposed to be hopelessly ill of consumption, and a life insurance company with which he had a policy of \$20,000 paid him \$5,000 for a release. He removed from his then home at Chicago to Texas, grew well and wealthy and lived for twenty-five years.

## THE WORLD'S WAY.

The world is cold and scornful,  
And though heartless it is gay,  
And merit starves while knavery  
Upbids its sovereign sway.  
The sacred things are mocked at  
And undervalued today.  
Is prevalent. We sigh alas!  
'Tis but the wise world's way.

We do not forget that misery  
Is not so far away,  
To sorrow wrapped in darkness lies,  
We live but for today.  
And he who borrows trouble  
Will soon be old and gray;  
Be young, enjoy life while you can,  
This is the gay world's way.  
Cold, cynical and careless,  
We grow more so each day;  
And kind attention to the poor  
We have no time to pay.  
O ye who do in kindness  
Your duty day by day,  
Among the friendless, blessed your lot,  
You are not of this world's way.  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

## FALSE DAWN.

No man will ever know the exact truth of this story; though women may sometimes whisper it to one another after a dance, when they are putting up their hair for the night and comparing lists of victims. A man, of course, cannot assist at these functions. So the tale must be told from the outside—in the dark—all wrong.

Never praise a sister to a sister in the hope of your compliments reaching the proper ears, and so preparing a way for you later on. Sisters are women first, and sisters afterwards; and you will find that you do yourself harm.

Saumarez knew this when he made up his mind to propose to the elder Miss Copleigh. Saumarez was a strange man, with few merits, so far as men could see, though he was popular with women, and carried enough conceit to stock a viceroys' council and leave a little over for the commander-in-chief's staff. He was a civilian. Very many women took an interest in Saumarez, perhaps, because his manner to them was offensive. If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterwards. The elder Miss Copleigh was nice, plump, winning and pretty. The younger was not so pretty, and, from men disregarding the hint set forth above, her style was repellent and unattractive. Both girls had, practically, the same figure, and there was a strong likeness between them in look and voice; though no one could doubt for an instant which was the nicer of the two.

Saumarez made up his mind, as soon as they came into the station from Behar, to marry the elder one. At least, we all made sure that he would, which comes to the same thing. She was two-and-twenty and he was 33, with pay and allowances of nearly 1,400 rupees a month. So the match, as we arranged it, was in every way a good one. Saumarez was his name and summary was his nature, as a man once said. Having drafted his resolution, he formed a select committee of one to sit upon it, and resolved to take his time. In our unpleasant slang, the Copleigh girls "hunted in couples." That is to say, you could do nothing with one without the other. They were loving sisters, but their mutual affection was sometimes inconvenient. Saumarez held the balance fair true between them, and none but himself could have said to which side his heart inclined, though every one guessed. He rode with them a good deal and danced with them, but he never succeeded in detaching them from each other for any length of time.

Women said that the two girls kept together through deep mistrust, each fearing that the other would steal a march on her. But that has nothing to do with a man. Saumarez was silent for good or bad, and as business-like attentive as he could be, having due regard to his work and his polo. Beyond doubt both girls were fond of him.

As the hot weather drew nearer and Saumarez made no sign women said that you could see their trouble in the eyes of the girls—that they were looking strained, anxious and irritable. Men are quite blind in these matters unless they have more of the woman than the man in their composition, in which case it does not matter what they say or think. I maintain it was the hot April days that took the color out of the Copleigh girls' cheeks. They should have been sent to the Hills early. No one—man or woman—feels an angel when the hot weather is approaching. The younger sister grew more cynical—not to say acid—in her ways; and the winningness of the elder wore thin. There was more effort in it.

Now the station wherein all these things happened was, though not a little one, off the line of rail, and suffered through want of attention. There were no gardens, or bands, or amusements worth speaking of, and it was nearly a day's journey to come into Lahore for a dance. People were grateful for small things to interest them.

About the beginning of May, and just before the final exodus of Hill goers, when the weather was very hot and there were not more than twenty people in the station, Saumarez gave a moonlight riding picnic at an old tomb, six miles away, near the bed of the river. It was a "Noah's ark" picnic; and there was to be the usual arrangement of quarter mile intervals between each couple, on account of the dust. Six couples came altogether, including chaperones. Moonlight picnics are useful just at the very end of the season, before all the girls go away to the Hills. They lead to understandings, and should be encouraged by chaperones; especially those whose girls look sweetest in riding habits. I knew a case once. But that is another story. That picnic was called the "Great Pop Picnic," because every one knew Saumarez would propose then to the eldest Miss Copleigh; and, besides his affair, there was another which might possibly come to happiness. The social atmosphere was heavily charged and wanted clearing.

We met at the parade ground at 10; the night was fearfully hot. The horses sweated even at walking pace, but any-

thing was better than sitting still in our own dark houses. When we moved off under the full moon we were four couples, one triplet, and Mr. Saumarez rode with the Copleigh girls and I loitered at the tail of the procession wondering with whom Saumarez would ride home. Every one was happy and contented, but we all felt that things were going to happen. We rode slowly, and it was nearly midnight before we reached the old tomb, facing the ruined tank, in the decayed gardens where we were going to eat and drink. I was late in coming up, and, before I went into the garden, I saw that the horizon to the north carried a faint, dun colored feather. But no one would have thanked me for spoiling so well managed an entertainment as this picnic—and a dust storm more or less, does no great harm.

We gathered by the tank. Some one had brought out a banjo—which is a most sentimental instrument—and three or four of us sang. You must not laugh at this. Our amusements in out-of-the-way stations are very few indeed. Then we talked in groups or together, lying under the trees, with the sun baked roses dropping their petals on our feet, until supper was ready. It was a beautiful supper, as cold and as iced as you could wish; and we stayed long over it. I had felt that the air was growing hotter and hotter; but nobody seemed to notice it until the moon went out and a burning hot wind began lashing the orange trees with a sound like the noise of the sea. Before we knew where we were the dust storm was on us, and everything was roaring, whirling darkness. The supper table was blown bodily into the tank. We were afraid of staying anywhere near the old tomb for fear it might be blown down. So we felt our way to the orange trees where the horses were picketed and waited for the storm to blow over. Then the little light that was left vanished, and you could not see your hand before your face.

The air was heavy with dust and sand from the bed of the river, that filled boots and pockets and drifted down necks and coated eyebrows and mustaches. It was one of the worst dust storms of the year. We were all huddled together close to the trembling horses, with the thunder chattering overhead, and the lightning spurring like water from a sluice, all ways at once. There was no danger, of course, unless the horses broke loose. I was standing with my head downwind and my hands over my mouth, hearing the trees thrashing each other. I could not see who was next me till the flashes came. Then I found that I was packed near Saumarez and the eldest Miss Copleigh, with my own horse just in front of me. I recognized the eldest Miss Copleigh, because she had a pugri round her helmet, and the younger had not. All the electricity in the air had gone into my body and I was quivering and tingling from head to foot—exactly as a corn shoots and tingles before rain. It was a grand storm. The wind seemed to be picking up the earth and pitching it to leeward in great heaps; and the heat beat up from the ground like the heat of the day of judgment.

The storm lulled slightly after the first half hour, and I heard a despairing little voice close to my ear, saying to itself, quietly and softly, as if some lost soul were flying about with the wind: "Oh, my God!" Then the younger Miss Copleigh stumbled into my arms, saying: "Where is my horse? Get my horse. I want to go home. I want to go home. Take me home."

I thought that the lightning and the black darkness had frightened her; so I said there was no danger, but she must wait till the storm blew off. She answered: "It is not that! It is not that! I want to go home! Oh, take me away from here!"

I said that she could not go till the light came; but I felt her brush past me and go away. It was too dark to see where. Then the whole sky was split open with one tremendous flash, as if the end of the world were coming, and all the women shrieked.

Almost directly after this I felt a man's hand on my shoulder and heard Saumarez bellowing in my ear. Through the rattling of the trees and howling of the wind I did not catch his words at once, but at last I heard him say: "I've proposed to the wrong one! What shall I do?" Saumarez had no occasion to make this confidence to me. I was never a friend of his, nor am I now; but I fancy neither of us were ourselves just then. He was shaking as he stood, with excitement, and I was feeling queer all over with the electricity. I could not find of anything to say except: "More fool you for proposing in a dust storm." But I did not see how that would improve the mistake.

Then he shouted: "Where's Edith—Edith Copleigh?" Edith was the younger sister. I answered out of my astonishment: "What do you want with her?" Would you believe it, for the next two minutes he and I were shouting at each other like maniacs—he vowing that it was the younger sister he had meant to propose to all along, and I telling him till my throat was hoarse that he must have made a mistake! I can't account for this except, again, by the fact that we were neither of us ourselves. Everything seemed to me like a bad dream—from the stamping of the horses in the darkness to Saumarez telling me the story of his loving Edith Copleigh since the first. He was still claving my shoulder and begging me to tell him where Edith Copleigh was, when another lull came and brought light with it, and we saw the dust cloud forming on the plain in front of us. So we knew the worst was over.

The moon was low down, and there was just the glimmer of the false dawn that comes about an hour before the real one. But the light was very faint, and the dun cloud roared like a bull. I wondered where Edith Copleigh had gone, and as I was wondering I saw three things together: First, Maud Copleigh's face came smiling out of the darkness and move towards Saumarez, who was standing by me. I heard the girl whisper "George," and I saw her arm into the arm that was not claving my shoulder, and I saw that look on her face which

only comes once or twice in a lifetime—when a woman is perfectly happy and the air is full of trumpets and gorgeous colored fire and the earth turns into cloud because she loves and is loved. At the same time I saw Saumarez's face as he heard Maud Copleigh's voice, and fifty yards away from the clump of orange trees I saw a brown Holland habit getting upon a horse.

It must have been my state of over excitement that made me so quick to meddle with what did not concern me. Saumarez was moving off to the habit; but I pushed him back and said: "Stop here and explain. I'll fetch her back!" And I ran out to get at my own horse. I had a perfectly unnecessary notion that everything must be done decently and in order, and that Saumarez's first care was to wipe the happy look out of Maud Copleigh's face. All the time I was linking up the curb chain I wondered how he would do it.

I entered after Edith Copleigh, thinking to bring her back slowly on some pretense or another. But she galloped away as soon as she saw me, and I was forced to ride after her in earnest. She called back over her shoulder: "Go away! I'm going home. Oh, go away!" two or three times; but my business was to catch her first and argue later. The ride just fitted in with the rest of the evil dream. The ground was very bad, and now and again we rushed through the whirling, choking "dust devils," in the skirts of the flying storm. There was a burning hot wind blowing that brought up a stench of stale brick kilns with it; and through the half light and through the dust devils, across that desolate plain, flickered the brown holland habit on the gray horse. She headed for the station at first. Then she wheeled round and set off for the river through beds of burnt down jungle grass, bad even to ride pig over. In cold blood I should never have dreamed of going over such a country at night, but it seemed quite right and natural with the lightning crackling overhead, and a reek like the smell of the Pit in my nostrils. I rode and shouted, and she bent forward and lashed her horse, and the aftermath of the dust storm came up and caught us both, and drove us downwind like pieces of paper.

I don't know how far we rode; but the drumming of the horse hoofs and the roar of the wind and the race of the faint, blood red moon through the yellow mist seemed to have gone on for years and years, and I was literally drenched with sweat from my helmet to my gaiters when the gray stumbled, recovered himself and pulled up dead lame. My brate was used up altogether. Edith Copleigh was in a sad state, plastered with dust, her helmet off, and crying bitterly. "Why can't you let me alone?" she said. "I only wanted to get away and go home. Oh, please let me go!"

"You have got to come back with me, Miss Copleigh. Saumarez has something to say to you."

It was a foolish way of putting it; but I hardly knew Miss Copleigh, and, though I was playing Providence at the cost of my horse, I could not tell her in as many words what Saumarez had told me. I thought he could do that better himself. All her pretense about being tired and wanting to go home broke down, and she rocked herself to and fro in the saddle as she sobbed, and the hot wind blew her black hair to leeward. I am not going to repeat what she said, because she was utterly unstrung.

This, if you please, was the cynical Miss Copleigh. Here was I, almost an utter stranger to her, trying to tell her that Saumarez loved her and she was to come back to hear him say so. I believe I made myself understood, for she gathered the gray together and made him hobble somehow, and we set off for the tomb, while the storm went thundering down to Umballa and a few big drops of warm rain fell. I found out that she had been standing close to Saumarez when he proposed to her sister, and had wanted to go home to cry in peace, as an English girl should. She dabbed her eyes with her pocket handkerchief as we went along, and babbled to me out of sheer lightness of heart and hysteria. That was perfectly unnatural; and yet, it seemed all right at the time and in the place. All the world was only the two Copleigh girls, Saumarez and I, ringed in with the lightning and the dark; and the guidance of this misguided world seemed to lie in my hands.

When we returned to the tomb in the deep, dead stillness that followed the storm, the dawn was just breaking and nobody had gone away. They were waiting for our return. Saumarez most of all. His face was white and drawn. As Miss Copleigh and I limped up he came forward to meet us, and, when he helped her down from her saddle, he kissed her before all the picnic. It was like a scene in a theatre, and the likeness was heightened by all the dust whirled, ghostly looking men and women under the orange trees, clapping their hands—as if they were watching a play—anything so un-English in my life.

Lastly, Saumarez said we must all go home or the station would come out to look for us, and would I be good enough to ride home with Maud Copleigh? Nothing would give me greater pleasure, I said. So, we formed up, six couples in all, and went back two by two; Saumarez walking at the side of Edith Copleigh, who was riding his horse. The air was cleared, and little by little, as the sun rose, I felt we were all dropping back again into ordinary men and women and that the "Great Pop Picnic" was a thing altogether apart and out of the world—never to happen again. It had gone with the dust storm and the tangle in the hot air. I felt tired and limp, and a good deal ashamed of myself as I went in for a bath and some sleep. There is a woman's version of this story, but it will never be written—unless Maud Copleigh cares to try.—Rudyard Kipling.

A Progidy This.

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Three: pepper, salt and de baseball season."—Epoch.

## RUSSIA'S OIL CENTER.

A SECTION OF THE COUNTRY DEVOTED TO NOTHING ELSE.

The Basin of the Caspian Sea Rests on a Subterranean Sea of Naphtha—Discovery, Appearance and Large Output of the Beds—A Town of Fire.

Tiflis is midway on the railway that cuts the Caucasus in its whole width and puts the two seas in communication—the port of Batoum on the Black sea with that of Bakou on the Caspian. As we leave the capital in the latter direction the eye is at first ravished and then desolated by the changing aspects of the land. The track follows the Kour, which rolls its broad sheet of water majestically through wild forests and rich tilled soil, while two chains of snowy ridges stretch away out of sight in the distance—the Caucasus to the left, the mountains of Armenia to the right.

Soon we leave the river, which goes to join the Araxes toward the south; the plain gets broader and bare; tall cages built of planks perched on four tree trunks rise in the midst of the rice fields like watch towers. The inhabitants of the villages, who are all Tartars in this region, take refuge at night in these aerial nests; the marshy land is so unhealthy that it is dangerous to sleep there. In spite of these precautions the peasants whom we see are devoured by fever; their emaciated visages remind us of those of the inhabitants of the Roman campagna. After leaving Hadji-Caboul, the station in Moorish style where a new line branches off—"the Teheran line," I am told by the engineers who are building it, and who hope to carry it into the very heart of Persia—we enter an African landscape, sad and luminous.

REMARKABLE SCENERY.

The mountain chains become lower; they are now simply cliffs of gilded sandstone festooning against a crude blue sky. At their feet the desert, a sandy expanse, covered here and there with a rose carpet of flowering tamarisks. Herds of camels browse on these shrubs under the guard of a half naked shepherd, motionless as a bronze statue. The fantastic silhouettes of these animals are increased in size and changed in form by the effect of the mirage, which displays before our eyes in the ardent haze of the horizon lakes and forests. From time to time we meet a petroleum train, composed of cistern trucks in the form of cylinders, surmounted by a funnel with a short, thick neck.

When you see them approaching from a distance you might mistake them for a procession of mastodons, vying in shapelessness with the trains of camels which they pass. The sun burns in space. Yonder a green band glitters beneath its rays; it is the Caspian. We turn around a hill and behold! on this western shore, in this primitive landscape, which seems like a corner of Arabia Petraea, a monstrous city rises before our eyes. Is it once more the effect of mirage, this town of diabolical aspect, enveloped in a cloud of smoke traversed by running tongues of flame, as it were Sodom fortified by the demons in its girdle of cast iron towers?

I can find but one word to depict exactly the first impression that it gives: It is a town of gasometers. There are no houses—the houses are relegated further away on the right, in the old Persian city—nothing but iron cylinders and pipes and chimneys, scattered in disorder from the hills down to the beach. This is doubtless the fearful model of what manufacturing towns will all be in the Twentieth century. Meanwhile, for the moment, this one is unique in the world; it is Bakou—the "town of fire," as the natives call it; the petroleum town, where everything is devoted and subordinated to the worship of the local god.

OIL IN REMOTE AGES.

The bed of the Caspian sea rests upon a second subterranean sea, which spreads its floods of naphtha under the whole basin. On the eastern shore the building of the Samarezand railway led to the discovery of immense beds of mineral oil. On the western shore, from the most remote ages, the magi used to adore the fire springing from the earth at the very spot where its last worshippers prostrate themselves at the present day. But after having long adored it impious men began to make profit by it commercially. In the Thirteenth century the famous traveler, Marco Polo, mentions "on the northern side a great spring whence flows a liquid like oil." It is no good for eating, but is useful for burning and all other purposes; and so the neighboring nations came to get their provision of it and fill many vessels without the ever flowing spring appearing to be diminished in any manner. The real practical working of these oil springs dates back only a dozen years.

At the present day it yields 2,000,000 kilogrammes of kerosene per annum, and disputes the markets of Europe against the products of Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased tenfold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilogrammes a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. C. Marvin, "The Petroleum Industry in Southern Russia," compares the Aspheron peninsula to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all round Bakou.—Harper's.

After the Rain.

Clara—I have just had a delightful walk. How deliciously fresh and pure and clear the landscape looks this evening!

Flora—Ya-as. I just read in the papers that some detectives are scouring this part of the country.—Pittsburg Bulletin.