

LIFE'S BORDER-LANDS,
A babe is born, and its sobbing breath
Has touched on the shores of life and death.
Rocking to rest in a mother's arms,
The world swings by with its lurking harms.
Sweet border-land of her love be his—
What more have kings 'mid their dynasties?
Youth comes apace as a day in June—
The song in his heart has love's low tune.
He feels the natter of passing wings,
While he sings tolls and tolling sings.
Love beckons afar to flowery strands—
He dreams in the light of his border-lands.
Now the man delves deep in mines of thought
'Till Ambition's sword with flame is wrought.
On the border-land mirages loom,
And his heart goes down in waves of gloom.
O, temple of love and tender youth,
A wake your altar with lips of truth.
Return with lilies so white and rare
To twine on the feral brow of care.
Regive the charm of your lotus leaves;
White pearls behind her glossy sheaves,
And hope with justice be interwoven
'Till the races shall ken the joy of heaven,
Whose border-land and its halo be
The life and love of eternity.
—Mary Baird Finch.

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY AMY HANDLOPE.

"G"OD here, have you?" said my mother-in-law in a deep voice, as she stood on the threshold, grimly surveying me with eyes that shone like hard, greenish-blue gooseberries behind her spectacles. For such modern trifles as eye-glasses were as unthought of as a point-lace collar would be to the Venus di Milo. I could feel her glances penetrate to the very marrow of my bones; and yet I contrived to keep a bold front, as I stood facing her.

It was rather a curious complication. My mother-in-law had not the least idea who I was. I had cheerfully intended to take her by surprise; but now that the eventful moment had arrived, my courage, like that of Bob Acres, as Jefferson shows him, was coming out at the ends of my fingers. Richard Dalton. I was then just twenty-one, with a face that was not absolutely ugly, a sublime audacity and pockets not particularly well-lined, and I had just distinguished myself by running away with a pretty girl from boarding school.

"But, Dick," she had remonstrated, "we've nothing to live on."
"Don't be a goose, darling," had been my reply. "What do people need to live on? All the wants of this world, more or less, are factitious. A crust of bread and a glass of water three times a day, and now and then a suit of clothes—we must be poor, indeed, if we can't manage to compass that."

Nettie had looked admiringly upon me, and acquiesced in my argument. We had taken board at the Angel Hill Hotel, and began our honeymoon royally. At the end of a month, mine host had become a little importunate on the subject of his bill, and Nettie's mother had written a letter to her, signifying that she wanted nothing whatever to do with us. We had made our own bed, she signified, and now we might lie on it.

"Oh, Dick," cried Nettie, clasping her hands, "what are we to do?"
"Hanged if I know!" was my rather blank response. "But don't cry, darling, I'll go and see her myself."
"You, Dick?"
"I, myself."

"She'll have nothing to say to you."
"She can't help herself."
"She'll turn you out of doors."
"We'll see about that."
"But, Dick, you don't know—you can't have any idea—how terrible she is," sighed Nettie.

"Saint George conquered the dragon, my love," I asserted, cheerfully, "and I mean to conquer your mother! So pack my valise, there's a darling, and I'll be off before the landlord comes back from Boston!"

"But Dick, if he's troublesome, what can I say to him?" appealed poor little frightened Nettie.
"Tell him I've gone out of town, and shall be back in a few days," said I, confidentially.
But, valiantly as I spoke, my mental sensations by no means corresponded with this bold part. I was beginning dimly to realize what a very unwise step I had taken, and also persuaded poor Nettie to take. And I was secretly making up my mind that if Nettie's mother refused to receive us, I would ship myself off as second mate or third purser, or something of that sort, and send my advance wages to my poor little wife, and commence the world over again in this irregular fashion.

But when I walked resolutely up to my mother-in-law's door, she greeted me as if I had been expected for the last week or so.
"You've come, have you?" was the salutation.
"Well, yes," I admitted. "I've come."
"What on earth detained you?" said she.

In my mind I cast about what to say, and settled down on the first convenient excuse that came into my head.
"The train was delayed at Bogletown," said I.
"Well, come in, now that you're here," said she, "and get warm. It's awful cold weather for this time of year, isn't it?"
"Kinder," said I, with an assenting nod.
"Let me see," said my mother-in-law, as she took a steaming platter of ham and eggs out of the oven and lifted a shining coffee-pot from the stove. "How old are you?"

"One-and-twenty," said I.
"Do you think," said she, pensively, "that you are able to take care of the place? There's a deal to do, you know, on a farm like this. Do you think you're up to the work?"
"Of course I think so," said I, wondering what on earth my mother-in-law meant.

"You are married, I suppose?" said she.
"Oh, yes," said I, swallowing the hot coffee and winking my eyes very hard. "I'm married."

"Can your wife make herself generally useful about the place?" sharply demanded the old lady.
"Certainly she can," said I, beginning vaguely to see my way through the mist of perplexity that had hitherto obscured my brain.

"How old is she?" asked Mrs. Martin.
"Eighteen," I answered.
Mrs. Martin frowned.

"What does possess girls to get married nowadays," said she, before they've left off dolls and patchwork?"
I looked thoughtfully down at the pattern of my plate—a pink Chinaman crossing a carmine bridge, with two very red willows drooping at the far end of it, and some impossible streaks of water below—and made no direct answer. My mother-in-law was doubtlessly laboring under a misapprehension, but I did not exactly see that it was my business to set her right. She had evidently engaged a hired man, and took it for granted that I was the personage in question.

"What can you do?" she asked, abruptly. And with equal abruptness I responded:
"Anything."

"Come, I like that," said my mother-in-law, rubbing her hands. "At least you are not afraid of work. Do you understand cows and horses?"

"Well—not much," I owned. "There were no cattle at my last place." (Which was very true, for I had been a clerk in a bank at three hundred dollars a year.)
"But I have not the least doubt that I could soon learn, if you would kindly show me what is expected of me."

"Can you cut wood?" she asked.
"Certainly," said I, reflecting to myself that any fool might do that.

She asked one or two questions more, which I answered with the blind fatuity which attends youth and confidence. She seemed pleased with my willingness to undertake anything and everything.

"And now about wages," said she, briskly. "What will you ask—for your own services and those of your wife—by the month?"

I fitted the tips of my fingers reflectively together.
"As we are both rather inexperienced," said I, "we'll agree to work the first month for our board. After that you shall pay us what you think we are both worth."

"Hum—hum!" said my mother-in-law. "That's a sensible proposition—a very sensible one, indeed. Well, send for the young man at once. In the meantime I'll show you over the place, and explain to you the nature of your duties."

So I hired myself out to my mother-in-law as farm hand without further ceremony, and immediately wrote and posted a letter to Nettie. On my return from the postoffice I met a burly young man meditating at a spot where four roads meet.

"Can you tell me, sir," said he, "where Mrs. Abel Martin lives?"
"Oh, yes, sir; I can tell you," I responded, affably. "But if you're looking for the situation of hired man I may as well tell you that it's filled."

The burly young man made some remarks, indicative in a general way of his opinion of the fickleness of womankind and departed, whilst I returned rejoicing, to the old farmhouse.

"Here's a very nice beginning," said I to myself. "It is now my business to give as much satisfaction as possible."
Fortune favored me, in no more ways than one. My mother-in-law sprained her ankle on the second day, and I worked as well as man-of-all-work with distinguished success, and I had the satisfaction of hearing her say to old Miss Priscilla Perkins that "she didn't know when she'd taken such a notion to anyone as she had to the new hired man!"

"He's too young and good-looking to suit me," observed Miss Priscilla pursuing up her steel-trap of a mouth.
"He is good-looking, ain't he?" said my mother-in-law. "But he's dreadful handy about the house, and he ain't one bit afraid of work. And you'd ought to have seen the oysters he stewed for my supper last night, and the cup of tea he made. Why, I don't miss Jimina Stiles one bit. If only Nettie could have staved single till she met such a man as this!"

I smiled to myself as I laid out the kindling for the breakfast fire. My accomplishments as "Jack-of-all-trades" had never done me much good before. But now they were certainly winning me some credit in the world.

At the end of the third day she had told me the whole story of her daughter's runaway match with "a good-for-nothing young city chap." On the fourth day she had consulted with me as to whether it was better to put the forty-acre lot into oats or rye, and I had won her heart by taking to pieces the old hall-clock, which had not gone for ten years, and restoring it to running order once again.

And on the evening of the same day Nettie arrived, all blushing and trembling.
"Oh, Dick," said she, "is she very angry?"
"My dear," said I, "she hasn't an idea who I am."

"But, Dick—"
"No, but, my darling," said I, cheerfully. "Let us be Julius Caesar over again. We come; we see; we conquer."
And I dragged my unwilling little wife into the back-room, where my mother-in-law lay on a sofa, nursing her ankle. "Here's my wife, ma'am," said I, "and I hope she'll give satisfaction."

Mrs. Martin jumped up, spite of the wounded ankle.
"Nettie!" she cried, in blank amazement.
"Oh, mother, mother!" faltered Nettie, throwing both hands around the old lady's neck, "please forgive me this time, and I'll never, never sleep again."
"Please, ma'am, we'll be good," added I.

And my mother-in-law related on the spot. How could she do otherwise!
"Henrietta," said she, "you've been a naughty girl—there's no denying that. But your husband seems a handy man about the house, and I'm tired of living here alone. So take off your things and go to work getting supper. As for you, Richard—"

"Yes, ma'am, I know," said I. "I've been playing a double part and deceived you all along. But I wanted you to like me—and you know," I added, "all is fair in love and war!"

"Well, I do like you—a little," admitted my mother-in-law. "And now that I have seen you, Dick, I don't so much wonder at the way Nettie behaved."

At that, she never scolded us any more. And I honestly believe that this is the only case on record in which a mother-in-law was conquered in so brief a campaign. Nettie says she doesn't know how I did it. In fact, I don't quite know, myself.—New York Ledger.

A Tramp's Good Fortune.
Seven years ago Harry Schrader lived in Indiana. He is the son of Adam Schrader, of Water street, and is not yet thirty years of age. He entered the bakery of C. U. Gessler, and after a year's work there he went to Philadelphia and completed his trade. Then he took a notion there was room for him in the far West and started there to make his fortune. But fortune is fickle, and often those who woo it never so hard are doomed to disappointment. In his journey toward the sunset one misfortune after another overtook and sometimes nearly overwhelmed our Harry, until one day he thought he had gotten to the bottom rung of misery's ladder. This eventful day was some seven years ago, when, as the shades of night were falling fast, he entered the city of Durango, Col., barefooted, hungry, unkempt and sorely disheartened, and with only a few hoarded dollars in his clothes. He hunted up a bakery and was promptly given employment.

At the end of the tenth day his boss took the silver fever and sold out to Harry, and he found himself in the possession of an oven, a long handled feel, half a dozen pans, two sacks of flour and enough yeast to set one batch. In a month he was fairly prospering, and at the end of a year he was looking around for something to invest his surplus capital in. This materialized in the shape of a tract of fifty-five acres of land just outside the then city limits, and was not considered particularly valuable. He bought it and waited. Silver mining became a great pursuit in the surrounding mountains. Durango grew and became the seat of supplies for the thousands of prospectors hunting for silver lodes. The growth of the town was phenomenal, and grew over Harry's fifty-five acres, and the chattel farm increased in value. He built a half dozen brick houses, and a fine three-story brick for his bakery business, and for a wife he took about the time of the boom. He now controls the entire bakery trade of the city and handles vast quantities of flour and mercantile breadware. Fifty thousand dollars would not induce him to part with his possessions to-day, and the barefooted tramp who entered Durango seven years ago is now recognized as one of the city's most substantial and progressive citizens.—Indiana (Penn.) Messenger.

Mine Hero Meern.
One of the most remarkable acts of bravery ever shown in a mine or anywhere else was that of H. P. Meern at the Alleghany mine, thirteen miles from Cumberland, Md., August 31, 1889. On that day forty-five men went down into the mines to their work as usual. Everything went well for a few hours, but suddenly a thin wall which separated the Alleghany from an old mine, long disused and full of water, collapsed. The flood rushed into the passages of the Alleghany with a great roar that told those above its level what had happened. It was ascertained that there was a possibility that the miners had climbed to places of safety and escaped the flood, but hour after hour passed and no tidings came from them to the frantic crowd of relatives and friends above. No one could suggest a way of reaching the entombed men until H. P. Meern volunteered to find them or die. Many protested against his decision, but he insisted upon being lowered into the mine.

At the bottom of the shaft the water was as high as his neck; but, undaunted, he struck out, swimming toward the place where he knew the miners were. The water was full of debris. Once or twice the lonely swimmer came suddenly on the floating body of a dead mule in the darkness, and his fingers, as he bravely struck out, constantly felt the wriggling, slimy bodies of mine rats in the water. But he never faltered. At last he reached the chamber where the miners had been at work, and found them—every one alive. They were perched on ledges projecting from the side of the mine. Their lamps had gone out and they were hopelessly waiting for death.

In the excitement which followed Mr. Meern's arrival a boy fell from his perch into the water. Meern felt about until he found him, placed him on his shoulders, and shouted to the men to follow him, started back toward the bottom of the shaft. Those who could not swim were helped by those who could, and, at last, piloted by this brave man, they reached safety. Not a man was seriously injured.—New York Press.

The tramp had reached the hay-day of his prosperity when he is allowed to sleep in the barn.—Texas Siftings.



RECIPES FOR BEAUTY.
A pretty woman must first of all have clearly cut, regular features. She must have full, clear eyes. She must have a skin that is above reproach, untouched by rouge and powder. She must have glossy hair that has never known the touch of bleach or dye. She must have a white, expressive hand, preferably a small one, but not of necessity, if it is well kept and white. She must know how to put on her clothes, or she loses half her beauty. She must fully understand what best suits her in the way of hair dressing, and cling close to that. A woman may have all these attractions, and unless her own personality is charming, unless she has tact, it dawns on you that after you have seen her once or twice, that she is not a pretty woman. The most fascinating woman to men usually have less than half these regular charms.—Boston Gazette.

THE GIRLS OF LISBON.
Miss Batcheller, daughter of the American Minister to Portugal, says that the Lisbon girls are beautiful and attractive, but are very closely guarded, never appearing unattended in the street, and rarely being seen on foot. Carriage driving of a decorous kind is a favorite amusement, but the girl who follows the Queen's example, and appears on horse-back, is regarded as very advanced in her ideas. The girls play a little tennis in summer, dance and play cards for amusement in winter. They are rarely invited to formal dinners as their parents rarely, but appear at the opera. The chief delight of these delicately bred and carefully guarded maidens is the great ball at Cirra, which a most unconventional American girl, who carries her own latch key and travels alone in the plebeian street car, would scarcely have the nerve to witness, much less to enjoy, the terrible spectacle.—New York Sun.

TRIMMING WITHOUT HATS.
Women have a great many ways of "posting" the impossible, but one of the things that is denied to most of them is to make a home-trimmed hat that will look like the work of a milliner. They understand just how it ought to look, but when they come to work out their understanding through their fingers the fingers show their lack of education and fail to give those deft airy touches that end the proper air of distinction to headgear. A shrewd milliner of New York has put forward the first bit of real helplessness to women who must do their own hat trimming, but are, nevertheless, not desirous of having that fact proclaimed to the world. In his showiness he has for sale knots of ribbons and velvets of all hues made up with the very newest twist and twist, securely stitched and ready to be fastened on the hat or bonnet. Some of them are designed for the only decoration, and some need feathers or other ornaments to complete them.—New York Sun.

WORTH, THE DRESSMAKER.
Worth has made dresses not only for the royal ladies of Europe, but for the queens of society both in Europe and the United States, and for the queens of the foot-lights as well. His first royal customer was Donna Maria de Gloria, Queen Regnant of Portugal. There is scarcely a princess married in all Europe—outside of the ladies of the imperial family of Germany, whose principles forbid them from ever ordering anything to be made in Paris—that does not have a group of Worth toilettes included in her trousseau. The Empress of Russia and the Queens of Italy and of Portugal are his constant customers. One of the rooms in his beautiful home at Sureres has been fitted up as a small theatre, with a tiny stage, and there Mesdames Favart and Croizette, and others of the great actresses of France, have come to go through before him the new roles that they were about to create, so that he might design for them dresses suited to the attitudes and the gestures required by the characters they were to impersonate. The first to consult him in this way was the great Rachel when she was preparing to appear in the only modern society play in which she ever acted, namely, Lady Tartuffe. The establishment of the republic in France has wrought no change in the prosperity of his house. There are always courts to be adorned and queens and princesses to be dressed throughout the rest of Europe. Poor, commonplace, penurious Madame Grey never dreamed, I suppose, of such an extravagance as a Worth toilette in all her life, but the wives of all the other Presidents of France—Mesdames Thiers, MacMahon, and Carnot—have all been numbered among his clients.

Despite his long career, Mr. Worth is now but little past middle age. He is a stout, genial, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a peculiarly low-toned voice, and very quiet manners. He has never been known to lose his patience with even the most exacting and unreasonable of customers; but if pressed too hard by the caprices of any one of them, he will glide quietly away and leave her to find out what she wants before trying to satisfy her. He is not only the head of that grand establishment, but its soul and brain and sinews as well. He creates the pattern dresses, orders materials and trimmings to be manufactured, very often from his own designs, and superintends in person all the delicate finishing details of a toilette, such as the shape and trimming of a corsage, the tying of scarfs or of ribbons, and the placing of artificial flowers on the skirt. He excels in com-

bing colors, sweeping aside pieces after piece of silk till the exact union of hues that is at once the most effective and the most artistic has been reached. He studies the portraits of beauties and celebrated female personages of by-gone ages to glean ideas for new styles, as he observes the blending of colors in the plumage of birds or the petals of flowers or the accidental combination of the pale green of young grass in the spring with the warm red of the earth in a freshly plowed field. This last-named union of tints furnished him with an idea for a strikingly effective toilette. He comes to his establishment from his home at nine o'clock in the morning, and remains there always until six, seldom leaving before seven in the height of the season. He is ably seconded by his younger son, John Worth, who has inherited much of his father's talent. The eldest son, Gaston Worth, is the business manager of the house.—Harper's Bazar.

FASHION NOTES.
Short street costumes are in favor in Paris. Dahia red is a pretty color for a cloth or silk dress. Violet ink is considered the proper writing fluid. Tweed cloths are much in vogue at present, being tailor-made. Double-breasted jackets with large pearl buttons are among favored styles. Blue serge pulls, but it makes a very serviceable and ladylike dress for general wear.

The Victoria chain rivals the queen chain. The Victoria has a bar as well as a ball. Beautiful silk crepes in plain and swivel weaving are fit for a Queen to wear at her coronation. Odd-looking cottons are shown, having minute dots of black, white or colors on striped and colored grounds. Draperies are fast coming in. We shall soon see as many draped skirts as we have before noticed plain ones.

The Cleopatra hairpin is a gold serpent with a decorative fold in his body, an ornamental head and a waving tail. The prevailing fashion of wearing broad velvet strings knotted under the chin pleases the milliners and the patrons as well. Small cups of pale greenish onyx in which are rose diamonds are the settings of rings, not so expensive as they are pretty.

Bangs will soon be out of date. Many who have high foreheads are brushing their hair plainly back, and it is very becoming. Gold and silver ball hatpins are among the best selling articles, so say jewelers. The balls are formed of crossbars, scrolls or flower-de-luce.

Small turbans generally have facings of velvet, with a bunch of coque feathers or a large bird perched on the side, and tall loops of ribbon. Cream lambkin is an uncommon material for bonnets, but it has been made into a most becoming one, scalloped all around and edged with gold. Chiffon plastrons, white and colored, are finished with deep falls of white Irish lace and its imitations, which are almost as pretty, though less costly than the real.

The toque is either hat or bonnet, according to the way in which it is worn. If a bonnet, it is furnished with wide ribbon strings, tied in a butterfly bow under the chin. A pretty novelty in jewelry is a spray of thistles which is used as a lace pin. The round base of the blossoms are a single large pearl and the filaments are of small diamonds.

A novel fancy of the moment is the trimming of damask and brocade costumes for grand dinners and receptions with artificial flowers of the same kind with which the fabric is figured. Among the rather striking costumes are those with skirts and sleeves of dark India-red cloth trimmed with black passementerie vandykes, with Louis coat and cuffs and black watered silk.

In making calls it is now the custom, both in Paris and New York, to wear a long cloak which is dropped in the reception-room, and the drawing-room is entered in a pretty visiting costume without wrap of any sort. To a woman with graceful, regular features the softly braided Grecian coiffure, arranged a little below the center of the head, with a little cluster of zephyr curls not more than three inches long escaping from it, is very becoming.

What is known as Russian serge is a heavy, all-wool fabric which will be fashionable for utility dresses this spring. It is a durable goods and so firm and closely woven that skirts made of it require neither drop skirt nor foundation.

The bodice made with half-low waist and very long sleeves, similar to the corsets worn by Hannah Moore in her day, are seen at various receptions and grand dinners. Still they are not prominently popular, nor, as a rule, especially becoming.

As history repeats itself, so does fashion. Dresses and bonnets are getting to look each year more like those worn by our grandmothers, and wraps are soon to be the same, for the pure old broche shawl is becoming very stylish among the fashion leaders of Europe.

CURIOUS FACTS.
There are 487 schools in Irkutsk Siberia. Truckee, Cal., has a baby with one black and one blue eye. An ounce of turnip seed contains between 14,000 and 15,000 single seeds. A Maine boy of eight years is said to be able to repeat forty chapters of the Bible. The Chinese christen their children by shaving their heads preparatory for pig tails. A dog should only be fed once daily, and should be allowed an ounce of food for every pound he weighs.

In certain parts of Russia people who are hungry are forbidden by law from being so indiscreet as to say so. The longest mileage operated by a single railroad system is that of the Union Pacific—10,928 miles. Flowers are worn freely by the Greeks, who, among other things, imagined they refreshed the thinking faculties. A ratchet shot from the new magazine rifle adopted in England broke a cottage window four miles distant from the firing point.

A man in Prospect, Me., has a rooster that is as good as any barometer. When a storm is approaching the rooster crows during the entire preceding night. A Pontiac (Mich.) man, who applied for a pension twelve years ago, sends a postal card every day to President Harrison and the Commissioner of Pensions in order to remind them that he is still looking for it.

In Barsdorf, Silesia, a great land owner returned home late at night, and in the dark collided with an open door. The blow broke his artificial set of teeth in two, and in the shock he swallowed both. They stuck in his throat and he suffocated. A bright half-dollar of the coinage of 1876 was found in a cow's stomach recently in Texas. It seems a little cates by the acids of the animal's stomach, but was a good silver half-dollar. The cow was about ten years old. When, however she came to swallow it is a mystery.

A skye terrier is so called because the breed was once chiefly raised on the Island of Skye, one of the Hebrides. The celebrated Dandy Dimont terrier obtained its distinctive title from the fact of its being depicted as the favorite of a character bearing that name in Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering."

Dan, the male ostrich of Robinson's Circus, died the other day at Cincinnati, Ohio, of the grip, with which he was seized some days before. A post mortem was held. The lungs were found congested and the throat was enlarged and ulcerated, while firmly fastened to the coating of the stomach the \$300 diamond that Dan picked last summer from a visitor's shirt front in Montreal, Canada, was found imbedded. The stomach was eighteen inches in diameter.

In Canon Diablo, Arizona, a hole 625 feet deep, supposed to have been made by a meteor, has been found. It is two and one-eighth miles in circumference. The theory is that from the appearance of the way and the fact that they have found many pieces of meteoric iron around the hole the meteor penetrated the earth to a depth of 700 or 800 feet before it exploded, and this accounts for the strange phenomena. Three pieces of the meteor, weighing 300, 600 and 850 pounds respectively, were found on the mesa within two miles of the crater.

Cleaning Rubber Blankets.
The use of turpentine for removing ink, fat, oil, and colors from the rubber blankets has spread of late to such an extent that a few remarks on the subject may not be amiss. As little turpentine as possible should be employed when its use seems advisable, and it is necessary to be careful that the cleaned blankets are thoroughly dry before they are used again. This is a very important point, as otherwise the surface of the rubber would be softened and the impression of the cylinder would spoil the blanket by cracking or corrugating the surface. The best way is to clean the blankets in the evening, after the day's work is over; this will allow plenty of time for the drying of the turpentine and the return of the blankets to their natural condition, which would not be the case if the cleaning were done during the day, when the blankets may be required any moment.

As a very effective substitute for turpentine, spirits of hartshorn is highly recommended. It cleans more quickly and thoroughly and offers less danger of spoiling the blankets. The spirits of hartshorn should be diluted until it has a strength of about six or nine degrees; it can easily be obtained of a strength of eighteen degrees, and be diluted by adding one to two equal parts of water. After cleaning the blankets they should be dried with the use of pulverized magnesia or chalk. If treated in this way, the spirits of hartshorn dries very quick—much quicker than turpentine—and nothing prevents its use without the slightest danger of deterioration.—Lithographic Art Journal.

Wonderful Cycloramic Illusion.
A good story is related of a cat in Portland, Me., that wandered into a cyclorama building some days ago. The man in charge attempted to chase the trespassing feline through the door, but the cat evidently thought there was a better way of escaping the rising temper of the irate man. It looked cautiously about, as if to avoid stepping on the prostrate forms of heroes slain in the battle. Finally its eyes caught sight of a tree. A projecting limb hung very low, and here the cat thought to find a place of safety. It gave one leap, and, no doubt, was the most disgusted cat in Portland when it learned by sad experience that the tree was on the canvas. It picked itself up and slowly slunk through the door, down the stairs and out of the building.—New York Recorder.