OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout;
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

He deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where dwelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

(Written when it was proposed to break up the warship Constitution.)

Beware of the Bomb.

I was looking over the papers in the smoking room of a Paris cafe. My eye chanced to fall upon the Echoes of the Stage column, and I exclaimed aloud:

"At it again!"

A Frenchman sitting near me looked up in wonder at my petulant tone, so I hastened to explain, speaking fluently, in very bad French:

"Round the World in Eighty Days is on the boards again. Will they ever have done with that absurd affair? They seem to think it a feat equal to the labors of Hercules."

The Frenchman looked shocked.

"Phileas Fogg was no better than a tortoise!" I cried boastfully. I could do much better than he——"

"You can go around the world in less than eighty days?" asked my hearer slowly, and I answered in the same tone: "I will go round the world in seventy days if you like."

"I take you up!" he cried.

"What do you bet?"

"Five thousand francs."

"Done," said I, and we exchanged cards and bows.

That is how it came about that I left Paris for the East on the 5th of January, and stepped on board a trans-Atlantic steamer from a New York pier on the 5th of March. So far I had not lost a minute, and now it only remained to be seen whether I should reach Havre in seven days as the steamship company promised. It would be a close shave at best. A variety of detentions might occur; a slight accident to the machinery, and all would be lost

I was nearly consumed with anxiety, but the ship acted up to her reputation, and on the 12th of March I stepped once more onto French soil.

I cast the ship a look of gratitude as she lay at the Havre pier letting off steam from her monstrous boiler. Then I glanced at my watch. It was 4 in the afternoon; there was plenty of time for me to dine at my ease and catch the 6:40 express. That would bring me to Paris at half past eleven. I took out my time-table to make sure. As I ran my eye down the column of figures, an inspiration came to me.

"Where's the use of starting this evening?" I said to myself, "if I get there too early, it will look as if I were afraid of losing the wager. How much better to arrive at the very last second, with brilliancy and dash and dramatic effect, just as they do on the stage. That would be worthy of a genius! Now, here is a train which leaves Havre tomorrow morning at 6:55, and reaches the Saint Lazare Station at 11:30. The time fixed for me to meet the fellow at the office of the Semaphore just behind the Stock Exchange is before the first stroke of noon. I can easily go from Saint Lazare to the Exchange in eight minutes, in a cab, so there is nothing to prevent my appearing in the nick of time, just as Phileas Fogg did, after making everyone's heart palpitate with suspense. That's settled. I shall not go on until tomorrow!"

Accordingly, I went with my baggage to the best hotel, dined comfortably, took a walk through the town smoking a cigar, and returned at 10 o'clock to go to bed.

"I must take the 6:55 train tomorrow morning," I said to the hotel-proprietor; "can you have me waakened in time?"

"We have a trustworthy man on purpose for that work," was the reply.

"That may be," said I skeptically, "but, after all, if you could let me have an alarm-clock, I would feel more safe."

"I will lend you my own, although I assure you it is unnecessary," said the host, and accordingly I carried the tiny clock to my room, wound the alarm, set it at 6, stood it on a little table beside the bed, and went to sleep with a quiet mind.

I was in a heavy slumber when I felt my arm being shaken violently.

"What's the matter?" I grumbled, without opening my eyes.

"You have only just time, sir," said a voice in my ear.

"Time for what?" I asked, looking up drowsily.

"To catch your train," was the reply.

I sat up and glanced at the clock. It was half-past six!

Without another word, I leaped from the bed with such precipitation that I threw down the table with the little clock; dashed into my clothes; crowded my few belongings into my trunk frantically; flew down the stairs, four at a time; sprang into the stage which was awaiting me, and hardly drew breath until I was on the train.

Ouf! What a close squeeze! Two minutes more and I would have lost my bet. However, all's well that ends well; I had my ticket, my trunk was on the train, the whistle sounded, —I was off for Paris.

When I entered the St. Lazare station the hands of the big clock pointed to half-past eleven. I hailed a cab, and learned that there was time for me to take my trunk with me.

At that moment it appeared in the arms of two porters who were carrying it with the greatest care. Confound them, how slow they were! What fool ever accused the railway companies of handling baggage roughly? I hastened toward the men exclaiming:

"Be quick, now!"

I had hardly uttered the words when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and, turning round to see the cause of such familiarity, I found myself face to face with a gendarme.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked in amazement.

"Matter enough," replied the man in a jeering tone, tightening his hold; "you will see!"

Behind the gendarme came two railway officials. They stooped over my trunk solemnly, turned their heads as if listening, then stood up and exchanged a glance which plainly said: "There is not a doubt of it."

"They are crazy," I thought, but then a horrible conviction flashed through my brain. Whether the men were sane or not, one thing was sure: it was forty minutes past 11. At all hazards I must make my escape. I shook myself free of the gendarme's grasp, and knocking over two or three people in my flight, dashed madly away; but was stopped by two custom-house officers, who seized me by the collar. I was dragged, protesting and gesticulating, back to where my trunk stood. There was evidently a mistake somewhere.

"Let me go," I cried, "let me go! and I swear I will come back in an hour——"

The gendarme's lips described a smile behind his thick mustache, as he took possession of me again, this time with both hands.

"Come now; don't try that," said one of the railway officials, "you may as well confess. You arrived from New York in great haste and under suspicious circumstances. Who are you? What have you in this trunk?"

"Clothes, nothing but my clothes," I answered, speaking worse French than usual in my agitation.

"No explosives?" insisted the official.

"Explosives! What for? I am not a protechnist, nor a chemist."

"Then what is the meaning of this strange noise? Inside your trunk there is a sound of machinery—in short, an infernal machine. Yesterday, the London police arrested four American anarchists who had similar articles in their possession. You are known to be one of the gang."

I listened in speechless wonder to his words. I looked at my trunk, and my wonder increased to stupefaction as I heard a metallic tick-tack inside. Suddenly there was a loud ringing report—like a signal for an explosion. "Beware of the bomb!" shrieked some one; officers and porters scattered in all directions, and even the gendarme moved away. I alone remained, like a hero. I tore open the trunk and pulled out the clothes in feverish haste. All at once I felt something hard inside a night-shirt, and the next moment drew out and exposed to view—a little clock!

I had unknowingly packed up the hotel-keeper's property, and it was striking the alarm six hours behind time.

"Confound the old turnip!" I cried, throwing it down furiously. I was answered by a loud peal of laughter from the spectators.

Then putting my head down, like a wild boar that scents the hounds, I dashed toward the cab again and sprang in, shouting to the driver:

"I'll give you a louis if you get me to Place de la Bourse before noon."

Seven minutes and a half later the cab was tearing up to the Stock Exchange; I jumped out, flew upstairs to the Semaphore office, burst into the room like a hurricane, and remarked in a stentorian tone:

"Here I am, gentlemen!"

The next instant the first stroke of noon sounded from the Exchange clock.

PARIS AT DAYBREAK.

You cannot say you have seen the streets of Paris until you have walked them at sunrise; everyone has seen them at night, but he must watch them change from night to day before he can claim to have seen them at their best. I walked under the arches of the Rue de Rivoli one morning when it was so dark that they looked like the cloisters of some great monastery, and it was impossible to believe that the empty length of the Rue Cambon had but an hour before been blocked by the blazing front of the Olympia, and before that with rows of carriages in front of the two Columbins. There were a few belated cabs hugging the sidewalk, with their drivers asleep on the boxes, and a couple of gentlemen slouching together across the Place de la Concorde made the only sound of life in the whole city. The Seine lay as motionless as water in a bath tub, and the towers of Notre Dame rising out of the mist at one end, and the round bulk of the Trocadero bounding it at the other, seemed to limit the river to what one could see of its silent surface from the Bridge of the Deputies. The Eiffel tower, the great skeleton of the departed exposition, disappeared and reformed itself again as drifting clouds of mist swept through it and cut its great ugly length into fragments hung in midair. As the light grew in strength the facades of the government buildings grew in outline, as though an opera glass, and the pillars of the Madeline took form and substance, then the whole great square showed itself empty and deserted. The darkness had hidden nothing more terrible than the clean asphalt and the motionless statues of the cities of France.

A solitary fiacre passed me slowly with no one on the box, but with the coachman sitting back in his cab. He was returning to the stables, evidently, and had on his way given a seat to a girl from the street, whom he was now entertaining with genial courtesy. He had one leg thrown over the other, and one arm passed back along the top of the seat, and with the other he waved to the great buildings as they sprang up into life as the day grew.

The girl beside him was smiling at his pleasantries, while the rising sun showed how tired and pale she was, and mocked at the paint around her sleepy eyes. The horse stumbled at every sixth step, and then woke again, while the whip rocked and rolled fantastically in its socket like a drunken man. From up the avenue of the Champs Elysees came the first of the heavy market wagons, with the driver asleep on the bench, and his lantern burning dully in the early light. Back of him lay the deserted stretch of the avenue, strange and unfamiliar in its emptiness—save for the great arch that rose against the dawn, and seemed, from its elevation on the very top of the horizon, to serve as a gateway into the skies beyond. The air in the Champs Elysees was heavy with a perfume of flowers and of green plants, and the leaves dripped damp and cool with the dew. Hundreds of birds sang and chattered as there in they knew the solitude was theirs, but for only one more brief hour, and that they then must give way to the little children, and later to crowds of idle men and women. It seemed impossible that but a few hours before Duclerc had filled these silent cool woods with her voice—Duclerc with her shoulder straps slipping to her elbows, and her white powdered arms tossing in the colored lights of the serpentine dance. The long gaudy lithographs on the billboards and the arches of colored lamps stood out of the silence and fresh beauty of the hour like the relics of some feast which should have been cleared away before the dawn, and the theaters themselves looked like temples to a heathen idol in some primeval wood. And as I passed out from under the cool trees to the silent avenues I felt as though I had caught Paris napping, and when she was off her guard, and good and fresh and sweet, and had discovered a hidden trait in her many-sided character, a moment of which she would be ashamed an hour or two later, as cynics are ashamed of their secret acts of charity.—Richard Davis in Harper's Magazine.

It is a dangerous crisis when a proud heart meets with flattering lips.—Flavel.

There are two freedoms—the false, where one is free to do what he likes, and the true, where he is free to do what he ought.—Kingsley.

The comfort of ease without toil is an illusion, and leads neither to the health of the body, the vigor of the mind, nor the welfare of the soul.

FATHER OF GRAMMAR

That Is to Say, of Our English Grammar.

The Home and Life of Lindley Murray.

Early Days of the Man Who Did What He Could to Spoil Native English.

Twelve miles south of Harrisburg still stands the house in which Lindley Murray, the so-called father of English grammar, was born, says the Philadelphia Times. It is a somewhat pretentious log house, with three rooms and a sleeping loft, built on the southern slope of a hill and facing the slow-flowing Swatra—that historic stream of which Whittier sings, and up which, on their way to the fertile plains of Tulpehocken, the first Pennsylvania Dutch pushed their rude rafts, over two centuries ago.

Murray's father was a Scotchman who settled there about 1730, and soon after married a Miss Henry, daughter of one of the Pennsylvania German families in the neighborhood. Murray, in his autobiography, says: "My parents were of respectable character, and in the middle station of life. My father possessed a good flour mill on the Swatara, but, being an enterprising spirit and anxious to provide handsomely for his family, he made several voyages to the West Indies in the way of trade, by which he very considerably augmented his property. Pursuing his inclinations, he in time acquired large possessions, and became one of the most respectable merchants in America. My mother was a woman of an amiable disposition, and remarkable for mildness, humanity and liberality of sentiment."

The Murray homestead, with its old oaken bucket and ivy-covered porch, lies within a few miles of the "old Derry church," one of the very oldest churches in the state, and which, within the last few years has been replaced by a beautiful stone memorial chapel. Here the Murrays and Dixons and Trumans and Boyds and Bertrams worshipped as early as 1720, and tradition still points out the very tree at which William Penn tied his horse on his first and last visit to the parish. Distance does not seem to have deterred the pious old worthies who had charge of the spiritual affairs of the Murrays and their Presbyterian neighbors, for in the life of the Rev. Adam Boyd, who ministered to the flock before the infant Lindley was born, it is said that he "preached on the westward of Octorara and Donegal, over Conoy and eastward as far as the barrens of Derry," and his salary was sixty pounds per year, payable in hemp, linen, corn, yarn and chickens.

It is rather curious to see the changes that have come over the neighborhood in which the great grammarian was born and raised. The log houses in which lived the old Scotch, Irish and English families are still standing and in use for farm implements and stables, though the Murray homestead is still occupied as a dwelling-house, and the prim German housewife will think you have certainly gone daft if you go staring about her house or ask her what she knows about Lindley Murray, of whom she has never even heard. A region richer in folk lore or historical incident cannot be found, though the present inhabitants thereabout can give you little assistance or inspiration. Material prosperity has smiled upon the hills of Manada, and the barrens of Derry, but there is none of the old intellectual life which in one generation gave to "glory and to fame" more sons and daughters than have ten generations since. The most prominent of these were Dixon and Murray. Robert Dixon, of Dixon's ford, near the Murray place, won fame on the same fields that brought glory to Wolfe and Montgomery. Sam Atkinson says of him in his "Casket and Evening Post" that "he was one of those spirits which rise in flame to illume all around him; gentle as the summer breeze in private life, but terrible as a whirlwind in the day of danger." Murray was a being of a different order. The closet was his battlefield, though he never turned his pen in favor of the country of his birth. While the companions of his boyhood were fighting the American revolution he was living the peaceful life of a Quaker. Meanwhile, however, like many another pious Quaker, he was taking advantage of the times and lining his pockets with the almighty dollar. Near the Murrays was also born Ellery Truman, and another, the equal of them all, Emily Raymond, the pride of the Swatara, the spirit of its woods and fields; a beautiful soul whose story remains to be written.

Lindley Murray's early boyhood was spent at the home on the Swatara, his father's flour and grist mill being about a mile distant, near Roger's ford. When Lindley was about 6 or 7 years old his father determined to quit the Swatara and try his fortunes in the Carolinas. The family soon returned North again, and a few years later settled in New York, where they acquired considerable wealth and influence. Before leaving the parish of Derry Lindley had been sent to Philadelphia and put in the care of a tutor, Professor Ebenezer Kinnersley, who afterward became noted as a co-laborer with Franklin in his electrical researches and experiments.

Murray was an apt pupil, and gave early evidences of the ability he was to display in after years. He took a violent dislike at first to a mercantile life, and for want of a more suitable profession took to the law. He was admitted to the bar at the age of 24, and, after a few years in England, returned to New York, where he practiced until the Revolution broke out. He then took a turn at mercantile life, and made a fortune and went to England, where he lived ever afterward—an Englishman rather than an American. He says: "In particular I had strong prepossession in favor of a residence in England, because I was ever partial to its political constitution and the mildness and wisdom of its general laws. On leaving my native country there was not, therefore, anything which could afford me so much real satisfaction as I have found in Great Britain." He purchased a small estate near Holdgate, where he led a quiet, peaceful literary life.

Murray's chief literary work was "The Power of Religion on the Mind," published 1787, and which passed through nearly twenty editions. The object of the book, he said, was to "excite serious reflections on the unsatisfying and transitory nature of temporal enjoyments, and to promote a lively concern for the attainment of that felicity which will be complete and permanent." He then wrote a series of sketches of 100 men and women of all sorts and conditions, from Job to Caesar Borgia, and Baron Heller to Sir William Jones, whose lives, by inspiring in the reader either admiration or pity, were to be "of singular efficacy to excite a love of God and goodness." He dwells especially on their conduct at the approach of death, and uses it for a stirring argument against infidelity. "What an evidence on behalf of piety and virtue! What a dissuasive from vice and folly!" is the fact, he says, that all should be so deeply impressed with the need of religion when they reach the termination of their days. And he quotes Young as the inspiration of his life:

'Tis immortality—'tis that alone,
Amidst life's pains' abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate and fill.

In his school life Murray had made many friends, with whom he kept up a life-long correspondence. Prominent among these was Chief Justice Jay. Murray also wrote many religious and controversial pamphlets, and several books in French.

But there is only one book that has kept Lindley Murray's fame alive in all these years, and that is his grammar. It alone is sufficient to make the valley of the Swatara forever famous. And yet how few people remember or know that the county of Dauphin can claim the birthplace of the noted grammarian.

Lindley Murray's grammar! What memories it inspires in all of the older generations, all of whom, in the satirical lines of Dryden—

Climbed the grammar tree to know
Where noun and verb and participle grow.

All the old schoolmasters swore by Murray and his rules and examples of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, his four constituent parts of English grammar.

In the rural districts near the grammarian's birthplace Murray, under a different name, is still taught in all his glory, and there is a somewhat pretentious academy, now happily on a decline, only a few miles from the Murray place, in which a decrepit old grammarian, "dressed in gown, bands and wig," still holds his old-time sway. Grammar, in his opinion, constitutes the sum total of a liberal education. He considers it his specialty, and still uses Lindley Murray as the first and last authority, and a verbatim knowledge of his twenty-two rules of syntax is his first requirement from a beginner, and woe betide the poor wretch who recites rule 19 or rule 20 when a rule of a different number is called for!

This survival of the Lindley Murray regime is no more amusing than the grave way in which I heard a little girl discourse a la Murray on the difference between systactical and etymological parsing and then take up "Who preserves us," and, chattering as fast as her tongue could go, proceed to tell "Old Polyphemus," who hung over her with a rule in one hand and the other deep in the pocket of his antiquated trousers, that "Who is a relative pronoun of the interrogative kind, therefore without any antecedent, and in the nominative case singular; nominative, who; possessive, whose; objective, whom; the word to which it relates is called its subsequent, and is the noun or pronoun containing the answer to the question; according to a note under rule 6, which says," etc.

The boys were not quite so ready in their parsing, but perhaps they had no key to the exercise or did not stand in such awe of their teacher. Whatever may be said of Murray's grammar, it must be confessed that under one name or another it is still taught for good or for bad in nearly all of the rural schools of the state.—Ex.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

Ghosts being associated from time immemorial with this season of the year, though for what reason I never could understand, I am going to relate a personal experience of this kind which happened several years ago. We are so familiar in the present day with all manner of spirits—from the various stories gravely related to us by clever men, who, whatever may be our opinion, are evidently themselves quite convinced that ghostly interviews are now a matter of every day occurrence—that I suppose soon an apparition will be no longer a thing of terror to freeze the blood and make the hair to stand on end; but I belong to an older generation which did not care for dealings with anything "uncanny," and was content to leave all communications with another world until we ourselves had put off the body; so I must confess that when I knew myself to be in the presence of a spirit, as on the night of the history of which I am about to relate, I was seized with so deep a fear that even now I shudder at the remembrance.

I shall not indicate the house or the inhabitants nearer than to say that I was on a visit to some friends who lived near Warminister. Some of the descendants of that family are most likely alive, and it might pain them to have the name made public; so I will call them Palmer. I had never been to their house before, and had never heard that it was "haunted;" in fact, I had no suspicion of this being the case.

I arrived tired with my journey, and rather anxious to get to bed for a good night's rest. I had been used to have my sister to sleep with me, and as Mrs. Palmer had a daughter, a young girl, I asked her if she would mind sharing my room. The child shrank back with an evident look of fear, and I said hastily, thinking she was shy of sleeping with a stranger, "Oh, never mind, my dear, if you would rather not, I am not afraid of being alone, only I prefer a companion at night, as I am used to it."

I went to my room shortly after. It was a comfortable one, and I felt no uneasiness whatever. I locked the door—I am sure of that—and in a short time was in bed. This was the now old-fashioned four-poster, with curtains all around, so that when there you could see the other parts of the room through any gap there might be in the hangings. I went to sleep for some hours, I should fancy, when I awoke to the knowledge that some one was in the room, moving about. Exactly opposite my bed was a chest of drawers of antique make and design. They were of dark polished wood, inlaid, and with hanging brass handles. The curtains were not drawn close, and standing at these drawers, opening and shutting them, was apparently an old woman. The moon shone directly upon her. As clearly as I saw it then, I can still see that small, bent figure. Forgetting that the door was locked, I thought that someone had made a mistake in entering my room. I coughed to make my presence known. The figure turned and came to the foot of the bed. I saw with surprise that it was attired in the fashion of many years ago. Then it opened wide the curtain and gazed down on me with a face of intense malignity. The face was that of a corpse, the flesh discolored, the eyes fixed, the features rigid. The coldness of death seemed to seize on all my faculties—an unutterable horror of this dreadful thing took possession of my whole mind. I remember no more. * * *

Hours after, when morning was drawing near, I regained consciousness, for I conclude that I had fainted with terror. With my returning senses came the remembrance of the ghost I had seen, and the same overwhelming sense of fear. With a shudder I looked around. Nothing was to be seen, but the drawers were, some of them, standing open. I dressed hastily and as soon as the household seemed stirring went down to the breakfast room, only too thankful to leave my hateful chamber. I said nothing to the family, but directly we were seated at breakfast my host exclaimed: "You are ill. Your face is ghastly pale." All eyes were turned my way, and I felt rather confused.

"No," I said, with the reluctance one has to speak of an apparition. "But I saw something in my room last night, that rather disturbed me. A person came into the chamber, and her appearance was a kind of shock."

My host turned instantly upon his wife. "Rosetta," he said very sternly, "you have been at that old woman's things again!" Then he tried to turn the subject. But this involuntary speech as it seemed to be, made me determine to know more.

"You must tell the whole story now," I cried. "You must cruelly, I think, put a guest to sleep in a room you knew to be haunted Evidently this apparition is not new to you."

My hostess expressed her deep regret that I should have been disturbed, and her husband replied, "It is certainly true that, when anyone turns over the articles in that chest of drawers, the old woman you speak of is sure to appear the same night. What she wants, or who she is, I cannot tell. I believe she is an ancestress of mine and that the chest of drawers belonged to her. I was not aware that my wife had been meddling with it, or you should not have been put in that room and subjected to such a night of terror."

I understand then the little girl's objection to sleep with me. Many apologies were made both by Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. I was entreated not to let this experience make any difference to my visit; but I considered their unkindness was so great, in allowing a stranger to sleep in a room in which it was known this horrid apparition was wont to appear, that I left the house that same morning as soon as I possibly could, and never again entered under their roof, or even went near the vicinity of Warminister.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY

STRAY BITS OF CONVERSATION CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

The Street a Superior Place for the Study of Faces and Human Nature.

Did you ever, while walking in a crowded street, catch the stray bits of conversation that float on every side and try to "piece them out?" It is interesting, very; and certainly it calls into play one's faculties of observation and character-reading. What stories the different voices tell! and if one can see the faces the tale is indefinitely prolonged.

Let me describe a walk on a lovely Saturday afternoon when everyone is out I, being a stranger in the place, feel a bit lonely, for not a face do I know; but I am going to make them yield amusement and interest, though no friendly recognition may fall to my lot.

Two pretty girls come first. They are walking fast; one, the prettier, perhaps only the prettier because she looks so happy, is talking at a rate to match her footsteps. The other smiles sympathizingly.

"Yes, it was just lovely, and he said—"

I lose the rest and pass on, with a funny little wish to hear the sentence completed and know just what "he" said. It must be something pleasant and complimentary, or it would not be retold in that tone.

Three girls this time, almost blocking up the crossing in a way women have. One is tall and fair; another short and ditto; the third is older—quite a "bachelor girl."

"Oh, I am going to stay all night there," says the tall, fair one, evidently in reply to the bachelor girl. I imagine she has just asked the tall one to visit her. Where is she going to stay all night? With some other friend, I fancy, and she seems to anticipate a good time of some sort, a little party or a reception or—

"Oh, yes, of course I must tell Rose,"

Two young men, (they look like college boys), pass me quickly going in the same direction. "Who is Rose?" is, of course, my mental problem now. His sister I fancy; or is it

"A nearer one still
And a dearer one
Yet, than all other?"

But from his tone I guess that what he has to tell is not of the most pleasant nature, and so return to my first thought that she is his sister. When boys get into scrapes they often go to their sisters for sympathy, if not for extrication. I imagine Rose is one of the sympathetic kind—one to whom brothers and sisters alike go with their confidences. Her brother's tone tells that. No doubt she is a little older than he is, and a good deal wiser. I wish I knew Rose.

Two middle-aged ladies slowly pass as I stand for a moment at a shop window.

"I always pickle mine," says one.

"Oh, do you? we prefer them preserved," is the reply. I think they are talking of pears. The one who pickles is a decidedly acid-looking woman; one could imagine her preference even had she not just now mentioned it. I have no doubt she keeps many things in pickle, including, possibly, her family. The other is a sweet-faced, gentle dame. One can easily believe her capable of preserving not only the pears, but the happiness of her household.

Two old farmers are walking ahead of me now. Says one, "How is Jim?" "Well, pretty poorly," says the other. "Ah, if he had only taken my advice that day." I pass as this junction. Unlucky Jim! he will undoubtedly catch it next time this tiresome old party meets him. Is there anything more annoying than the sentence, "If you had only taken my advice?"

Three girls again, and they are all pretty girls this time! I have been admiring them ever since I first caught sight of them, at least two minutes ago; and that is a long time under the circumstances. One is talking, one is laughing, one is blushing. The picture is a pretty one; shall I catch any sentence to turn it into a story?

"Then he asked about Clara, and I told him——" It is plain she told him some merry nonsense, also plain that the name of the blushing young lady is Clara. It is also evident that he is a captive to her charms; and that her present companions are friendly and interested witnesses of the capture.

Two more ladies are bearing down on me now. One of them might have been transplanted from Boston within the hour, so prim, so proper, so altogether cultured does she look. She has no doubt lived all the years of her life, (which are by no means few) on baked beans and ologies; and I am quite sure she knows all the languages, living and dead. Her companion is a girl on whom style is written as plainly as is culture on the other. She is listening with a slightly bored air to the conversation of the Boston lady, which is no doubt improving to the last degree. Hoping to catch a stray pearl of wisdom from her lips, I slacken my pace until they pass; but all the reward I have is something about "The professor's paper on——." Here follows a very long word I do not catch it all, and should in all probability not understand it if I had.

Two women and a baby carriage are the next to cross my path. Baby is crying and the only articulate words I hear are, "Kas ess, by, by, pittle little sing!"

Being an old maid with no knowledge of any language but my own, I cannot translate this, so have to let it pass, an uncracked nut.

There! I have come to the end of my journey, and have not been lonely a bit since I began this study from life. I really could not be, with such a good chance to watch human nature and weave stories out of what is written on the faces of my fellow pedestrians.

PETS IN A NOVEL RACE.

The Menagerie Race for Domestic Animals a Feature of Garden Parties.

The menagerie race is a diversion which has been introduced at Bryn Mawr, Philadelphia's aristocratic suburb. It is particularly adapted to fairs and garden parties where children are to be entertained. But it's funny enough to bring older people together, too. At Bryn Mawr the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals held a bazaar and garden party the other day and, among other features, the menagerie race was introduced.

The menagerie race is a contest among animals of all kinds. The competitors must be animals that can be allowed comparative freedom. Any pet animal is eligible and speed is not essential to success, either. The menagerie race is not to the swift, necessarily. It is more likely to be won by the animal which has the sense or, perhaps, good luck to march directly for the goal and not waste any time in running to one side or stopping to look around.

The rules governing the menagerie race at Bryn Mawr were few and simple. Each animal was in charge of the lady or gentleman entering it. No animal was to be led, ridden or guided, and prizes were to be given to those winning the race. These were the announced rules. But, probably because some of the animals would have taken to their heels and made for home if not fastened, a number of them were led by their owners. The majority went free, however, and made good use of their liberty. The competitors included horses, many dogs, a monkey, several sheep, goats, chickens, cats, calves, in fact almost every kind of domestic animals.

This collection started from a given mark. The object was to reach another line, which indicated the finish of the race. When the word was given there was a grand start. The competing animals seemed at a loss as to what they were expected to do. Some of them immediately wheeled about and sprinted off on the back track. Others meandered slowly across the turf. Some stood stock still and calmly surveyed their disappointed owners and the laughing crowd. A few started off all right and went straight for a short distance.

The animals from which the most was expected did about the worst. The monkey proved himself a terror. The sheep did splendidly. They seemed to have made up their minds as to what they wanted to do and they proceeded to do it. Their way of getting to the goal was not direct, still it was far better than the wanderings of many of the other competitors.

The consequence was a sheep won the race. It gambolled around a bit, but it was far and away the leader of the others. Its owner was very proud of it.

The menagerie race may be greatly varied. At Bryn Mawr it was presented in its most simple form. But there is plenty of opportunity for making it more fantastic and amusing by putting obstacles in the way of the competitors and requiring the owners of all animals to stick close to their pets and to follow their movements.—N. Y. Herald.

FEMININE DAIRY WISDOM.

I wish you could see my calves. They have had skim milk since they were a few days old, but in addition to the skim milk they have had a little ground flaxseed and wheat middlings cooked. As the calves grow older we give them a little more of porridge. The milk is drawn from the creamery and we put the hot porridge in it, so the temperature of the milk is always the same when fed each lay and the milk is always sweet. They have a feeding of alfalfa every day and their stable is well ventilated and cleaned every day. They are straight, sleek and growthy. The meal has really cost very little, and the calves are much better than if they had been fed whole milk, as they are being reared for dairy animals, not beef.

If you wish to fatten a calf add corn meal as much as they will digest. The feeder should watch the calves and feed each one as it requires. Some will digest more than others.

Do not wait until cold weather before beginning to fatten the animals that are to be sent to the shambles. Now is the time while the pastures are nutritious, a little extra feed will accomplish what three times the amount will not do when it is cold and the grass frost bitten.

Everything that increases the comfort of an animal pays.

The annoyance from flies may be very much lessened by dipping a sponge in soapsuds in which a small quantity of carbolic acid has been mixed and rubbing the cows all over. Shoo-fly ointment is one of the best things.

The better a cow is cared for, and the better the system of feeding, the more profitable she will be in every way.

There is a growing demand for sweet unsalted butter, but this must be put up in dainty, half-pound prints and taken directly to the consumer. The attractive way in which butter is put up goes a long way in securing a good market, and this demand is growing every year.—Dorothy Tucker in Farm Journal.

FEEDING VALUES.—There is but little difference in the feeding value of fine wheat feed, such as wheat middlings, and the coarser feeds or brans. Many wheat brans on the market are simply the coarse brans re-ground. This is done because there is a popular prejudice against the coarse, husky appearing brans. One of three samples sent by B. H. McLean belongs to that class. From the small number of digestion experiments made in this country, it appears that middlings are somewhat more digestible than bran, and for this reason would be more valuable. When brans can be bought for from $1 to $3 per ton less than the price of middlings, they are without doubt the cheaper and better food for milch cows. There is considerable difference in the manurial value of wheat bran, which contains an average of 47 lbs of nitrogen, 60 of phosphoric acid, and 32 of potash, while middlings average 41, 52 and 14 lbs respectively.—Prof. C. S. Phelps.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.—Fenelon.

A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.—Anon.

Earnestness is the best source of mental power; and deficiency of heart is the cause of many men never becoming great.—Bulwer.

GRAVITY AND ETHER

The Theory of Prof. Foster the Prophet.

He Tells Why the Moon Floats in Space.

Why One Heavenly Body Is Attracted by Another—Comets and Repulsion.

It may be claimed that if gravity is a push the moon would fall to the earth. The moon is not like a stone but is enveloped by an electrosphere which is resisted by the electrosphere of the earth. This is proven by two magnetized balls brought near each other when their magnetic envelopes or atmospheres are pushed to the opposite side of each and each ball is repelled by the other. Take the magnetism away from one ball, or what is the same thing, charge one ball with negative electricity, as it is erroneously called, and the two balls will fall together, or attract each other; increase the charge in each and they will more forcibly repel each other.

For the above reasons the moon floats in the atmosphere of the earth because the buoyancy of the electrosphere is of greater repellant force than can be overcome by the push of ether as it moves toward the center of the earth from all directions.

These facts explain why one heavenly body is attracted by another while at a distance and this attraction turned to repulsion when nearer each other. The repulsion begins when their electrospheres meet.

A comet has no tail when at its aphelion or farthest point from the sun. Its tail begins to lengthen when the comet meets the repulsion of the sun's electrosphere. All comets do not go around the sun. Some are so forcibly repelled that they turn back before reaching the sun. When they come long distances and have considerable mass the incoming ether gives them sufficient momentum to pass them around the sun.

Of course these arguments depend on whether the earth and planets are increasing their gross matter or growing. If they are not the theory and argument must fail.

Orthodox scientists hold that sun and planets were originally balls of fire, now cooling and continually smaller. That is the nebular theory and the ideas herein advanced are inconsistent with it and one of the theories, at least, is necessarily without foundation.

If the earth is not increasing in size then geology is a lie. There are many strata in the earth that are recognized as general; covering the whole earth. One of these series is the coal measures. They extend all around the earth and could not everywhere lie deeply buried if the earth was not adding materials to its surface.

Vegetation produces a vast increase to earth's matter every year and it cannot be claimed that vegetation comes from the soil. The matter built up in vegetable growth comes from the atmosphere and is taken in through the leaves. The sap never ascends in vegetation but comes from the atmosphere and runs down.

The atmosphere, thus robbed by vegetation, is renewed by the condensations of the other and thus the earth is constantly growing.

The mind cannot grasp the immensity of the expansion of solid matter to ether, or of the condensation necessary, to reduce ether to solid matter. The student of nature can make no mistake in a supreme effort to understand this part of the subject for it is the basis of all things that man may know.

Although the question is in doubt among scientists I fearlessly assert that in its original form, reduced to atoms, or in that condition where it is called ether, there is but one kind of matter.

It matters not how vastly this ether may be expanded as compared with the lightest of gasses it will have all necessary power to create gravity if it has sufficient velocity.

We are used to measuring power by the pound and forget that velocity is the important factor. A one pound pull would lift the weight of the world if the pull was given sufficient velocity. The power added by an increase of velocity is as unlimited as the power of the lever.

Then it matters not how attenuated, how much expanded, the ether may be if it is given sufficient velocity toward the center of the earth it will have the necessary force to create gravity.

Electricity, magnetism, ether readily pass through solid matter. Electricity passes through some kinds of matter more readily than through others, and when given great velocity is inclined to take the matter with it. Whether the ether is of the same nature is not certainly known but no good reason can be assigned why ether and electricity are not the same, as much so as steam and water and as the velocity of steam gives to it a power equal to water so does ether have a power equal to electricity.

As it is the ether that gives to comets and planets their motions the ether must have vastly greater velocity than the swiftest comet. The sun moves about sixteen miles per second. Lights move 186,330 miles per second. The incoming ether of space must have a much greater velocity than light and this movement being toward the center of all organized and growing heavenly bodies presses everything toward their centers in proportion to their mass or density and this pressure or push is the cause of gravity.

After the gross matter carried by the ether has been absorbed by the earth the residuum is thrown off and becomes what we call electricity and the effects of this electricity we call magnetism.

Herein is the new and true theory. It is in accord with all known facts; it explains all the facts not in accord with the fire theory; it gives the true basis of all motion and all life.—Prof. Foster

THE NEW DIPHTHERIA CURE.

Statements as to the Good Results of Its Use in Other Countries.

Dr. E. O. Shakespeare of Philadelphia, who has recently returned from Paris and Berlin, where he has been devoting some time to the study of the newly discovered treatment for diphtheria, says that the use of diphtherine, the name given to the material, had lowered the mortality from diphtheria in those cities fully fifty per cent. The Press reports him as adding:

"Deaths from this disease are now scarcely half the number in any given period that they were previous to its use. Diphtherine is made from an artificial culture of the diphtheria bacillus. This is injected into the goat or horse, both of which enjoy natural immunity from diphtheria and tuberculosis. Inoculating this animal a number of times with this culture creates an artificial immunity against diphtheria. After this is established the animal is bled and an extract of his blood is made, which is found to have curative virtues for diphtheria in human beings. The portion of the blood used is the serum, and a hypodermic injection of a fraction of a centimetre of this diphtherine has the result, as has been shown conclusively in Paris and Berlin hospitals, of dividing the mortality—that is to say, it is scarcely half what it was under other treatment.

"Diphtherine is also successfully used as a preventive. For instance, if a case occurs in a house, all the members of the family are inoculated and the spread of the disease is stopped.

"The principal reason we have not used it here is that it is a new discovery. It was discovered about three years ago, and has been in use in Berlin about one year and in Paris about two years.

Reports upon diphtherine and its use were made before the recent Hygienic congress at Budapest by Dr. Roux of the Pasteur institute, Paris; Dr. Loeffler of the University of Greufswald, who discovered the bacillus tuberculosis, and Dr. Behring of the Institute for Contagious and Infectious Diseases in Berlin, who is the discoverer of the curative properties of this serum. It is a common law of medicine that the serum form of blood of an animal which has been rendered immune from a disease is a specific for that disease. This is so in diphtheria, cholera, and tetanus. It is also said to be true of typhoid fever, and it has been found to be a general law in contagious and infectious diseases that the blood serum of an animal that has had such disease, either artificially or naturally, is a specific for that disease. Experiments have not gone far enough, however, to determine about scarlet fever."

RILEY AND POE.

Whitcomb Riley, early in his career, met with the experience common to young authors, particularly writers of verse. Believing that his productions would have been well received had they been written by an author already famous, he decided to test his belief by producing a poem in imitation of Edgar A. Poe and publishing it as a newly discovered manuscript of that author. The result was "Leonainie," written upon the fly-leaf of a worn copy of