To-morrow and to-morrow,

O fair and far away,

What treasures lie when hope is high
Along your shining way.

What promises fulfilled, What better deeds to do Than ever yet, are softly set Beneath your skies of blue.

To-morrow and to-morrow, O sweet and far away, Still evermore lead on before, Along your shining way.

Still evermore lift up our eyes Above what we have won. To higher deeds, and finer deeds That we have left undone.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Sweetness" and "Baby."

They were not exactly bad, but they were not what you would call nice brothers. They were fond enough of him in their rough way, but they used to bother him, calling him "Baby" and "Sweetness," and they delighted in teasing him. Maybe the little brother ought not to have been so sensitive, and it was very foolish in him to cry, when they laughed at him. He wasn't afraid of them, but then the little brother used to wonder and wonder why they were not like the good brothers in the story books, and the big brothers kind of felt sorry for him, because when they were about he was not sociable with them, but used to get out of their way.

You see the family lived in the country, pretty nearly alone, and the little brother had not any chance to play with other fellows. Sickly children are sometimes not very playful, but the small boy I am writing about had nothing the matter with him, the only thing was that the ways of his brothers were not his ways. Maybe they did not understand him, and want to be understood.

All the brothers were fond of animals in their particular way, but can't say that the taste of the eldest boys, for there were three brothers, was a nice one. In a kind of joint copartnership they owned a big bullterrier, who was, as a dog, pretty much of a bully. His fights with neighbors' dogs were constant. As the bullterrier's battles were almost victorious for him the two older boys would invariably brag over how "Tige" had laid out the other dogs. How much Tige had been bitten or cut up they never thought about. Of course the younger brother would not have liked to have had Tige whipped, but when the dog would come home limping and cut up with big scars all over him, it was the youngest brother who always cared for him. The boy would do his best to make the dog comfortable, watching him for days, and keeping him in his kennel, for Tige was so plucky that the very next day after a bad fight he would have tried his level

best to get into another scrimmage.

It was quite plain to see who Tige liked best. He would come, being an obedient dog, to the eldest brothers whenever they called him, but rather like an humble slave; but when the youngest boy said, "Here, Tige," the dog would spring up with a bound, wagging his tail as it he were a dear friend and comrade,

Now there is a kind of unwritten law in the country, which, though cruel in appearance, is, however, just enough, and that is, that all dogs found worrying sheep must be killed. It is one of the bad traits of a dog that once he has chased a sheep he will try and kill it, and having killed one, he will keep on chasing and killing other sheep. I do not offer any excuse for dogs of this kind. Though they may be following out their natural instincts, there is no cure for such instincts but to get rid of them. Dogs that kill sheep seem to acquire a great deal of cunning, so as to hide all evidences of their crimes. I do not believe half the stories told of these sheep-killing dogs-such as of their slipping their collars, then going after sheep all night, then coming back again and getting their collars on again, so that when their master saw them they made believe that they had never budged all night. I have read of a Newfoundland dog who, after killing sheep all night, and covering himself with blood and wool, used to come thome as slick and clean as could be, having always taken a careful wash-off in a river before presenting himself to his master.

Right next to the farm where the boys and their father lived, there was a farmer who kept a flock of sheep, and he too had a dog. Butch—that was the name of the other dog—was a snaring brute, and six pounds heavier than Tige, and was Tige's especial enemy. There is a great deal more of discretion about animals than they are generally supposed to have. Though Tige was as plucky as a gamecock, and that's the brayest thing I know of, braver for his size than a lion, the boys' dog generally gave Butch a wide berth. There were, of course, many openings in the fields, and the dogs would often face one other, and one and the other would growl and hurl insults at one another in canine language, but they rarely came to blows, or gather bites.

Bragging so much about their own dog Tige had induced the big brothers to believe that he could whip Butch, and they had tried their best to get up a fight, but to this the younger broth er was violently opposed. Once when, by egging on, Tige and Butch faced one another in a gap in a hedge, the younger brother had thrown himself between them, at the risk of being bitten by Butch.

'Spoiled a fight, you baby," said one of the big brothers.

"Sweetness, you ought to have a petticoat tied round your waist," cried the other brother. Not long after that, the farmer that had his place next to where the boys

lived found some of his sheep killed. Now a man who owns a dog never will acknowledge the possibility of his own dog killing sheep, but it must be a neighbor's dog. He was a close-fisted farmer a rather cross one, and he at once made up his mind that it was Tige who had killed his sheep. Angry and excited he took his gun and ran to the fence, where he saw his neighbor's boys.

"See here you fellows-I an going to shoot your hound, you are always try-ing to make him fight. Didn't I see you the other day doing your level best to make your Tige right my Butch, and Butch is the best tempered dog in the township? You boys are always up to mischief, and making Tige so hungry to eat up other people's dogs has got him to slaughtering my poor sheep. Three sheep, that's \$20 out of my pocket, and I am going to take it out of Tige, so stand aside while I put a load of buckshot in him.

Tige, hearing the loud sound of the man's voice, had cocked up his ears, and stood in front of the boys.

"You can't deny that you were sick-ing your dog onter mine the other day," said the farmer, cocking his

It came so straight home to the elder boys that they couldn't reply. All they could do was to look angry and try to get Tige in the background But Tige, scenting a row of some kind, stood manfully to the front. The two big brothers began to hallow at him, but Tige would not budge. Then the little fellow walked up to the fence and

"It isn't so. There was no fight. I wouldn't let 'em fight. Your Bucthisa mean dog anyways, and a good deal more likely to kill your sheep than

"It's a pack of lies. Now stand out of the way. I ain't going to allow no fooling about here. That dog of yours is bound to be shot—and I am going to kill him," cried the farmer.

Then the little boy called to Tige,

who for the first time minded the voice of the one he loved best ane came and stood behind his little master. "Now you must shoot me," said the

little boy, "and then you will get hung perhaps the youngest brother did not for a murderer," he added, cooly, and he stood there just as quiet as he could be. More than that, he sat down, and held Tige in his arms.

That action of the little boy's seemed to enrage the farmer so much that he lost all control of himself. He put his single-barreled gun against the fence, umped over it and made for Tige and is master. He was a rather fat old fellow, and not so very active. The little brother saw him coming. Then he hallooed out to Tige, "Go home," and Tige obediently scampered across the field, but as all dogs will do, he would stop occasionally to look after his young master. Seeing the dog running, the farmer bounced back over the fence for his gun, and trained it over the top rail of the sence so as to shoot. Then quick as could be, the little fellow jumped up too, and just as the farmer thought be had sighted the running Tige, the barrel of the gun was shoved away up in the air, so that when the old fowling piece did go off the buckshot rattled in the leaves and boughs of a neighboring tree. Then the little fellow walked away quietly enough towards home, though it must be said that his big brothers ran just as fast as they could.

That night when the family were assembled nobody said anything about the incidents of the day, and of course Tige was silent, for he did not know what a narrowescape he had had.

Presently one of the farm hands said: "Old Jones's back is up about having had sheep killed. His Butch is a mighty mean dog. I know the stock that dog comes from and some of that breed is always killing sheep, t's natural to them.

The boys never let on a word. That night, when the boys went to bed, one of the big brothers said to the vot nger one:

"You are pluck; We never are going to call you 'Baby' or 'Sweetness,' again. You're a bigger fellow than we are. You wasn't a bit afraid."

Then the other brother said: "Bub, you are grit. He's a mighty rough man, and if it hadn't been for you old Tige's hide would have been riddled. See here. I'm going to buy you the best knife I can find at the store, providing you don't tell anybody how we ran away while you stood up and faced a man with a loaded gun.

Two or three days after that the neighboring farmer came to the house and asked to see the lads. Though he was a mighty gunpowdery kind of an old fellow, there was some spark of justice in him.

"See here, boys," he said. "I came mighty near making a fool of myself the other day, all along about your dog. I never suspected Butch—but me and one of my hands sot up the other night and we heard the sheep a-racing like mad, and we turned out, and there was that Butch of ourn just a-tearing at a sheep's throat. There wasn't nobody near to save that cur's life, and I don't miss a dog twice. The long and the short of it is, that there aint no Butch just at present, an least to speak of. So, boyz, I aint too proud to axe your pardons, but that little chap is as brave a boy as I ever came across, and if he don't make a man we shall be proudabout, I'm much mistaken." So they all shock hands

around, and that was the end of it. My story would be without point if did not tell you something about the little fellow in after life who, when he was small had been nicknamed "Eweetness" and "Baby." It was quite certain that he was made of somewhat better material than his brothers. He neither became a great general, nor a eading clergyman, nor a brilliant politician. He stuck to farming. He was so just, so humane, so careful of the rights of others, that he became the most respected man in the county where he lived—and that is saying a good deal.

The rumor that Commodore Semme had committed suicide was true. The said affair occured at the house of Miss Jane Janney, near Hamilton, Va. The doctors of Leesburg say that the deceased had been in bad health for some months and was thought to be improving.

## FIFTY YEARS AN ACTOR.

Veteran Couldock Tells Some of His Ex

periences.

From the New York Mail and Express. I interrupted Mr. Couldock in the act of completing the final details of his first-act costume. A couple of good cigars, furnished by the actor, put us on easy terms.

"When did you make your initial bow on the stage?"

"My first appearance occurred at Sadler's Wells Theater, London, in 1835. "How did you happen to seek the

boards?" was the next question. "Well, I had always been extremely fond of the theater, and had a number of friends who were in the profession. Constant companionship with these whetted my appetite and made me ambitious. The consequence was that I visited good performances as often as I could, carefully studied the methods of the great actors of that time as exhibited in their strong-

est roles, and then I began to work on my own hook. I conscientiously did good deal of it, too, because I acquired sufficient confidence to underthe ordeal of a public appearance. Finally my chance came, I was allowed my selection of a part, and I chose Othello."

"When did you come to America?"
"Let me see," said the old man,
meditating in a cloud of smoke. "It
was in 1849. In that year Charlotte ushman visited England. I went to call upon her, and shall never forget how she impressed me. The power of determination written upon her face was wonderful. And I may say here that I have seen no photographs or paintings which did her justice. As an outcome to our interview she engaged me for her leading support. She possessed a will of iron, and the course of rehearsals through which we went pre-vious to her English debut were both exhaustive and instructive. In October of the same year she returned to America. I accompanied her, and opened at the old Broadway Theater. The play was The Stranger, Cushman appearing, of course, as Mrs. Haller. When she returned to London in 1850 I declined to make the trip with her. America had taken so complete a hold on me that I decided to remain here. My first lengthened engagement on this side was for four years in the stock company of the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia."

"What did you think of Cushman?" "She was a genius-a woman possessing the expressive force of a man. Obstacles were unknown to her, or, at least, so easily surmounted that they might as well not have existed. Her Meg Merrilies captured London by storm, and an excited crowd packed the theater whenever she appeared. Her makeup was a marvelous study, and from her first entrance she swayed the audience as readily as if she had been some shriveled old hag with a fairy wand who had infinite power over them. At one moment they were wildly applauding, the next they were mopping the tears from their faces. She was a woman to inspire those who were acting with her, believe me.'

"I presume you appeared with all the principal actors of the day while you were in England?" "Yes, I played with Macready, Charles Kean, John Vandenhoff, Ellen Tree, Helen Faucit, Mme. Vestris and

many others.' "How did Macready impress you?" the most magnificent voices I ever listened to. His power in streng drapathos indescribable. I never witnessed a representation of the Lady of Lyons equal to that which he and Helen Faucit used to give. It was indeed a rare treat. He looked every inch a prince, and she was an ideal Pauline. Macready's Othello, Cassius, Richard II. and Claude Melnotte probably presented him at his best, although there were portions of his Mac-beth which fairly took your breath away. He was always conscientious, always sincere. They tell of him—although I do not know this to be a fact—that in different portions of his plays where he was obliged to appear suddenly on the stage in a strongly excited condition, he would frequently spend three or four minutes working himself up behind the scenes before he rushed into the presence of the aud-

"How didyou regard Helen Faucit?" "As almost every one else did—as a chamming artist. I previously remarked that her Pauline in The Lady of Lyons was exquisite. It was not so fine a portraiture, however, as her Rosalind in Much Ado. Her rendition of the latter role was one of the finest creations ever given to the stage. She understood the secret of being perfectly natural without being common place, and shenever missed one particle of the poetry of Shakspeare. "What are your favorite parts, Mr.

Couldock?" "They were," was the answer, meaningly, "Iago, King Lear and two or three others. Years have passed, though, since I seuched any of them." "How many times did you play Dunstan, the miller, in Hazel Kirke?

"I played that, I should say, quite a little over a thousand times, and to do that I must have traveled nearly 60,000 miles. Somewhat of a stretch of ground, isn't it? This traveling is one of the most tiresome and wearing experiences an actor is obliged to endure. If we could only play town af-ter town in a straight line it would not be so bad. But frequently we jump 200 miles to reach a city, and the next day we are obliged to go back 100 of that number to a town which we passed through the day previous, but which had to be played in the order booked. The following day on our way forward we again retrace the 100 miles with a strong addition. It's wearing, you may be sure, for it often means riding nearly all day and all

night, too.' "A number of years have elapsed since you appeared in The Willow Conse previous to the present production, have they not?"

"Yes, but the part came back to me without the slightest effort. I read it

over two or three times, and it was perfectly fresh again in my memory. "Does it embarrass you any to be

surrounded by a new company?" "Not a whit. After a few performances the different people begin to fit about me, and everything is smooth sailing. Why, in Hazel Kirke I must have hurled Dunstan's curse at fully two dozen Hazels, and I believe I had wives enough to constitute me a Mormon. This season I shall probably travel about forty weeks. I have had a fine vacation this summer, a good portion of which I spent on fishing excursions with my friend Joe Jefferson. It has braced me up wonderfully; and I feel as bright and chipper as most men at 50. I live regularly, go to bed at 1 in the morning, rise at 7:50, and rarely experience an ache or pain."

"You are about 70, eh?" "Yes. Fifty of those seventy I've spent on the stage. I am still in harness, and good for a number of years

At this point the call boy ran along the passage, shouting, "Luke Fielding!" The genial actor rose hurriedly and said: "Well, I must leave you. Have another cigar. Yes, yes; put a couple in your pocket. Come in again some time. Good night."

A moment more and there was a burst of applause as the old farmer walked into view of the audience which waited him.

## HE SAVED HER LIFE.

Exciting Fight Between an Old-time Pilot and a Murderous Marine.

From the Nashville American. "Steamboatin' ain't what it used ter be," remarked the venerable pilot. "And mighty few passengers nowadays,

since railroads are shortenin' everywhere." I have ventured to relieve the monotony of the river voyage by breaking therules in entering the pilot house, and the above remark was in reply to

an interrogation about business on the lower Alabama river. We had just passed the ancient town of Cahaba and were steaming up the river toward Selma.

The grim old man was musing in retrospection, his hand mechanically grasping the wheel and his eyes look ng ahead from force of habit.
"Yes," he continued presently, "the

trips are mighty tame to me now When I was a young fellow like you and had jest tuk charge of the wheel on the Susie, whar I had cubbed it un-der old Capt. Weir, things was a movin' briskly, I tell ye."

"By the way, Mr. Peterson," said I,
"what caused that scar on your

head?"
"It ud take a long time to tell ye all about it," he replied, "but if you're amind to set there an' listen when I ain't busy, why the yarn's yourn."
"I warn't mor'n thirty then. I was bringin' up a new boat full o' passengers. We were still in sight o' Mobile when a walk headed bright are debild.

when a curly-headed, bright-eyed child kum timidly to the door o' the pilot house and smiled at me. I saw she wanted ter come in, so I up an' invited her in, takin' powerful to her from the fust. As soon as she told me her name I knowed at wunst all about fust. Her father had been dead only a little bit before. Security debts tuk about all they had and she and her mother was goin' up on the boat to her grandpa's plantation. Well, sir, you'd a' loved that child the minit "He was grand, and owned one of be most magnificent voices I ever common interestin' like. She ud play down on the deck with her dolls an' ook up at me an' smile as sweet. I jest worshipped that child, an' never

tuk my eyes off her, 'ceptin' I had a shoal or a snag to keep away from." Here the old man's eyes grew misty and the sweep of his shirt-sleeve failed to intercept a tear that trickled slowly down his furrowed cheek as he re-

sumed: "Right back here below Cahaba, when I come on watch, I saw fust thing that innocent child-woman aplayin' jest below me with her dolls. Now, we war a-carryin' a crazy feller chained down on the lower deck up to Selma, and he ud be quiet part o' the time, then again he ud take a powerful fit, and we war kind o' uneasy like all the time for fear he ud hurt some-body. Well, sir, I had just lit my pipe and war looking twicet at the little girl to wunst at the river, when all of a suddint I heard a terrible fuss down below, and afore I knowed it that crazy feller hed come a-tarin' up the hurricane deck and right to that child, rushin' to her with his right hand raised to hit her with a piece o chain still.hangin' from it. 'Great Je hosephat!' I yelled, and lit out o' the pilot house and down to the deck, and. yellin' to the child to run, I grabbed his arm in time to save her the death blow. I thought I was stout, but that demon handled me like a straw. He had me down an' a beatin' me with that awful chain, the first lick knockin' the sense out o' me. By the time the deck hands had keeled him over with a club I was done up so bad I didn't come to for a week and was not well for a month. The lick he got hardly fazed him long enough ter be chained agin. About the girl, you say? Oh, yes; she grew up to be the belle o' the country and is now the wife of a Congressman of a distant State. She sends me every Christmas a present, by way o' re minding me that I saved her life."

A list of mining assessments published in the San Francisco Chronicle cl September 5 shows that there are twenty-tour mines appealing for aid this month in sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$100,000. The task of collect ing these taxes has been so difficult of late years that many shares have been forfeited for delinquency.

One hundred years ago there were 6,000 inhabitants in St. Mary's City, Md. To-day the town contains two buildings, one of which is an Episcopal church and the other is a female academy. Nearly all the remains of the lost city are vanished, but the mulberry tree under which Lord Balti-more offered prayer on his arrival 251 years ago still stands.

The Great Monument to General Grant.

Ex-Gov. Cornell of New York, contributes to the Brooklyn Magazine some very sensible and timely suggestions regarding the proposed memorial to Gen. Grant. The governor's views are in accord with some ideas on the subject previously expressed through these columns. He rightly thinks the great deeds and the example of the illustrious dead "can be best commemorated and preserved in perpetual honor by combining with a monumental structure some institution in architectural harmony that shall keep in view every visible illustration of the grand and beneficent results achieved under his leadership as soldier and statesman." To that end he proposes that the memorial shall consist of a monument, a library and a museum, "all connected and embracing within one grand edifice

and enclosure the following subjects:" First-A majestic column of appropriate design and commanding proportions, containing a memorial chap-el, within which shall be deposited the mortal remains of the illustrious dead. This section of the structure would naturally bear the principal portion of the elaborate decorations in stone carving, and thus be made the chief object of the whole design.

Second-A library containing pecially the publications written by Gen. Grant and other credited authors concerning his military operations, civil administration and travels, and also a complete collection of the cepted literature and published illustrations of the great war for the preservation of the Union, and relating to subsequent events proceeding im-mediately from it. Likewise any authentic book or writing appertaining to the discovery of America and its early occupation, to our colonial history, the formation and conduct of the national government at every stage of its history; the erection and development of the several states, cities and civil divisions. Everything, in fact, that would constitute a great American library, and serve to enlighten future generations on the origin, growth and progress of the American people, begun by a few brave, resolute and God-fearing men, and become one of the great nations of the earth.

Third-A museum in which shall be deposited, as opportunity may offer, interesting relics and mementos of the war for the Union, as well as those of our earlier conflicts, including specimens of every available implement of war employed by the opposing forces; and such other collections as may be made from time to time as will lend interest to those portions of our his-tory to which such relies belong. In addition to these warlike symbols, there might, with propriety, be emblazoned upon the interior walls of the edifice, in memorial tablets, the names of military and naval leaders whose valor and achievements entitle them to conspicuous and grateful recognition and honor along with the illustri-

Mr. Cornell thinks thus would be created not only an enduring monument, but an institution which every citizen of the republic would wish to

## The Climate of Santa Fe.

Letter to N. Y. Sun. Santa Fe, the capitol of New Mexico,

is on the river of the same name, which, although this is the rainy season is now quite dry. On all sides of the city are mountains, either towering up near at hand or in the distance, blue and hazy. It is 7,000 feet above the sea, and the air is so pure that the very act of breathing is a delight. Onfirst coming here people say, "What a lovely morning!" But this soon grows monotonous, for nearly all the mornings are lovely. There has been but one real rainy day this season, and a great treat it was. The sun shines with a brightness that those who have always lived here cannot appreciate. But people coming to Santa Fe from much lower altitudes generally have to become acclimated before they feel very well. little boy whose parents have moved here from Washington, who had no doubt heard a good deal about the elevation of the place, said to a neighbor the other day that his mother was "very sick," for she had "a bad attack of high altitude." This illustrates the fact that strangers here, when they do not feel as well as common, always attribute it to the altitude. It affects people in various ways. Some cannot breathe at all here. Others, after a few weeks of puffing, get use to the air, and have no further difficulty; while others still do not notice the change. Judge Flem-ming, the newly appointed Associate Justice of the Territory, says he cannot appreciate any difference between the air here and that in Kentucky. Some people cannot sleep in this altitude; they say the air is too exciting. Chief Justice Vincent says that his brother, a perfectly well and strong man, was obliged to leave Santa Fe because he could not get any sleep here. Others want to sleep all the twenty-four hours; it requires an absolute effort for them to keep awake. The climate is said to be a sure cure for throat and lung troubles, if the patient comes in time, and many advanced cases have been cured. People with diseases common in the East often receive great benefit here. there is rheumatism in Santa Fe, and once in about seven years the smallpox rages, though the latter is chiefly confined to the poorer Mexicans, who live in filth and rags.

An imperfectly prepared witness. "So you swear that at the time this theft was committed on the south side you saw the prisoner on the north side?" "Yes, sir." "Was he going toward the south side or was he coming from that direction?" "I can't answer that now." "Why not?" "Because the prisoner's lawyer forgot to tell me which way north is."—Chicago News

Women in China.

A remarkable case arising out of the recognized trade in buying and selling women among the Chinese came be-fore the Mixed Court January 5. It seems that about three months ago an old man., who is well known to the police as earning his living by this traffic, went to a woman and asked her if she would not like to earn some money by coolie work. The woman had been living for years with a Chinaman as his wife, though she was not legally married to him, and they had a child; but her reputed husband was away from home, and she expressed her willingness to go out and earn money in the way suggested to her. The old man than told her that he had a situation for her out in the country, and she accord agly went to a village, to the house of an old man of 60 years. For two months, according to her account, she remained there doing the work of a servant, but at the end this time her aged employer wished to establish more intimate relations with her. She repelled him, saying that she was a married woman and had simple come to earn money by coolie work, but he replied that he had paid \$100 for her and she was his property. The woman than took the earliest opportunity to ruu away back to the settlement, changing her house there in order that she might not be traced.

However, the tipao of the village, who appears to have had a finger in the sale of the woman, followed her to Shanghai and at length d scovered her whereabouts. He se zed her, took her to the tipao of the district, and sold off everything in her house, realizing \$14. Here in the tipao's house she remained locked up for thirteen days, when the matter came to the knowledge of the police, and she was released. On the th the Shanghai tipao, the village tipao and the man who sold the wo man were all brought up at the Mixed Court and charged with their respective shares in the transaction, the woan appearing to prosecute accompanied by her reputed husband and their child. Mr. Giles, who was sit-ting as Assessor, asked Inspector Howard, who was conducting the case for the police, whether he believed that the reputed husband was privy tothe sale of his wife. Inspector Howard said that he was inclined to think that the husband did know of it and received part of the proceeds of his wife's sale, but he believed that the woman herself was quite innocent in the matter and really believed that she was simply going out to do coolie

work.
The question was then raised as towhether the reputed husband had not a perfect right, in Chinese law, to sell the woman, seeing that he was not legally married to her; but it was ruled that, as they had a child, he had no right to sell her. The husband was accordingly arrested on suspicion and placed with the other prisoners, who vere remanded for the attendance of the woman's purchaser, who was the real loser by the whole transaction, having paid away \$100 and got no return for it. As there was no doubt, however, that the Shanghai tipao had acted illegally in keeping the woman locked up in his house for thirteen days, he was ordered to receive 100 blows "to begin with," and as this is is not the first offense, Mr. Huang intends to apply to the Tao-tal to have

Sir Astley Cooper as a Horse Dector In the life of Sir Astley Cooper it is said that he required his coachman to attend every market morning at Smithfield, and purchase all lame young horses exposed for sale which he thought might possibly be convertible into carriage or saddle horses, should they recover from their defects. He was never to give more than seven pounds sterling for each, but five pounds sterling was the average price. in this manner thirty or forty horses were sometimes collected at Gaelistridge, h's farm. On a stated morning every week the blacksmith came up from the village, and the horses were in successive order caught, haltered and brought to him for inspec-

Having discovered the cause of their lameness, he proceeded to perform whatever seemed to him necessary for the cure. The improvement produced in a short time by good feeding and medical attendance, such as few horses before or since have enjoyed, appeared truly wonderful. Horses which at first with difficulty driven to pasture, because of their halt, were now with as much difficulty restrained from running away. Even one fortnight at Gaelisbridge would frequently produce such an alteration in some of them that it required no unskillful eye in theformer owner himself to recognize the animal which he had sold but a few weeks before. Fifty guineas were paid for one of these animals, which turned out a very good bargain, and Sir Astley's carriage was for years drawn by a pair of horses which together cost him only 12 pounds 10 shillings ster-

ling. We believe a similar business to that of Sir Astley Cooper is carried on by a class of horse dealers in New York and other large cities. Lame and otherwise worthless horses are bought for a. few dollars and taken to the country,. where the change of pasture diet, the needed rest, and the watchful and careful treatment of the owner frequently transforms a worthless horse into a valuable an mal.

One of the most brilliant Oriental' scholars in the world, and the author of the first Arabic book printed in-Scotland, was, in his boyhood, a glover's apprentice in Edinburgh. Being busy all day he found time to study only at night, and, as he was too poor to afford a candle, was accustomed to climb a lamp-post where he held on by one hand while he grasped his book

The black and red, red and white, or blue and white variegated paper used by book-binders in covering the sides of book covers costs forty dollars per ream of 480 sheets. It is manufactured by a certain old family in France that owns the secret of making it, and charges its own prices. Having grown rich out of the monopoly, these French men do not now make above one has dred reams annually.