BARBARA.

"Was there any mail, Eben?"

And leaning over the little wicket gate, her dark locks falling about her in pretty, careless tresses, Barbara looked wistfully down the shady street and then away over the tossing elms, where the busy birds were chattering. And sad to relate, a frown of discontent crept over Barbara's low, white brow.

"No, there were no letters for the Leightons," said Eben, in rather a savage mood. "I made especial inquiries for you," and Eben's lip trembled a little and his voice softened wonderfully for him. "I suppose you are anxious to get away from the old place, Miss Barbara?"

"Yes, I am," said Miss Leighton sharply, with an imperial air. "I am sick of it all. I should be glad to go anywhere away from here."

Eben made no reply. He looked down at the tangled curls, the soft, wistful brown eyes, the dimpled hands clasped over the tops of the snowy balsams toward the great world where Barbara's heart was. He was thinking with one cruel pang which gripped his heart at the farm moment of what life would be at the farm without Barbara. He had tried of late to live without connecting her in any way with his days and nights, his duties, his hardships and his joys, but he made sorry work of it. It gave Eben a fright to know how much everything depended on this proud, spoiled beauty, whose dream now was to get away from such as he—the common folks around Larborough.

Barbara at eighteen had a great longing for the gay world of which she had read in summer evenings when sitting under the musky vines in the farm-house porch, or when lying amid the cowslips in the meadow, where, under a growing weight of care, Eben toiled with great brown hands in the capacity of help to the Widow Leighton. Eben was as much part and parcel of the place as the crumbling headstones in the little graveyard on the hill, where all the dead Leightons were lying. No one ever dreamed of his going away; although his merits were acknowledged, and it was cheerfully admitted that the boy had grown into a strong, handsome man, with shrewd capacities as a financier, and a turn for machinery. A great many at the village had dropped into the habit of addressing him lately as Mr. Hexford, and Eben's muscles commanded respect. He had a little snuggery in the barn he called his workshop, where, at odd hours on rainy days, he tinkered with lathes and pulleys and edged tools. When his farm work had been tidied up and the cows had been milked and turned into the green woodlands again, Eben shut himself up in his workshop and pottered over his numerous inventions and thought of what great possibilities might have been his if he had been born something better than Mr. Leighton's farmhand. He realized sensibly that there were still possibilities for him out yonder beyond the dark line of elms and firs which he could see from his study window. But his benefactor had died and left all the tangled threads of his affairs for young Hexford to unravel, and he could not have deserted Mrs. Leighton and the girls—Barbara and Theo. It would not have been right or manly. Things were going straight now, however, the farm was in a prosperous condition, and even an indifferent manager could have kept the wheels moving which Eben had fixed in their places. But Eben remained on the farm while the seasons waxed and waned, and the girls were growing into fine, tall young women with restless yearnings for a busier life than was to be had at Larborough.

He had expected that a girl so pretty as Barbara would be sometime leaving so dull a place, but he nevertheless felt a wild, savage pain at his heart, when he learned that a letter had been sent to a distant aunt to see if she would not look after Barbara when she enjoyed the advantages of a finishing school for young ladies. The longest summer days would fade into short summer nights, and by-and-by, when the first yellow leaves would be dropping into pools and hollows, Barbara would away—perhaps forever.

Eben was too much of a man to sigh, and too muscular to do without his supper, but he fell into the habit of taking long walks alone, or of sitting under the honeysuckles on the porch, where he could see the moon rise and where he could hear the young ladies singing plaintive songs, accompanied by the cracked strains of the old harpsichord in the best room.

He had just plucked the first rose of May, and, twirling it thoughtfully in his fingers as he strolled down the garden path to his workshop, when he heard the breezy flutter of a muslin robe and a light footfall behind him on the gravel walk. His hand dropped to his side. It was Theo who came rapidly up the path swinging a white sun-bonnet by one string.

Theo was a saucy, petulant, provoking young person of sixteen, whose pranks and whims had often tried Eben's temper sorely—having him stop the harvesting to saddle Rulof, her pony, or meddle with his tools and upset his newest invention. But Theo's eyes were such a lovely blue and her smile so bewitching that Eben had not the heart to scold, be sides he had humored her in all her wilfulness himself, and there was the faintest resemblance to Barbara in the brow and dimpled chin which tied him hand and foot.

"Oh, what a lovely thing!" said Theo, coveting the rose and stretching out her plump little hand. "Is it for me?"

"No," said Eben rather gruffly. "I've had an eye on this bud for some time. I notice that your Lady Isabels are in fine condition. You will have a cluster of them by the day after to-morrow."

"Well, you old stingy, I suppose you don't mind running down to the mail for me. I forgot that Barbara asked me to do, and I shall get a scolding from mamma, who can't have Bab crossed in anything, you know."

"I shall have to go down and see Hanson about the wagon gear anyway tonight, and I can just as well stop at the post-office. Is it the letter from—from New Haven?"

"Yes." And Eben very thoughtlessly bit off the leaves of the rose and mangled them with his strong white teeth.

Yes, it was a letter from New Haven, and Eben was charged to bring up a new novel, and some pink sewing-silk and eighteen celluloid buttons by Theo, who ran after him to suggest chocolate caramels in case the letter failed.

It was a sort of satisfaction to him that the letter did fail. But it hurt him to see Barbara's disappointment. He had remembered Theo's womanish little errands, and he still held the rose, which he laid now on Barbara's clasped hands. For all she had grown to hate the old place, she loved its old-fashioned, big fluffy roses as fondly as when a child, and Eben had braided a long garland of them for her out of the finest and best.

She caressed the rose and tucked it in among the curling locks, where it nestled just against her cheek. Eben flushed and paled as he remembered how he had laid his heart in the heart of that rose.

"The letter will be sure to be here tomorrow, he said, gently. "I am going down the first thing in the morning. The young ladies around Larborough are not to be without a gallant this season. A handsome young man from New York has come down to stay some weeks in the neighborhood. I met him with Dr. Ormsby in the gig."

Eben was not slow to note that this bit of news awakened a faint show of interest in Barbara.

"What was he like?" said Barbara, blushing a little. "I trust he is an acquisition. Did he look like a gentleman?"

Yes, he looked like one—Eben was compelled to admit that he did, and had slender, soft white hands, which Eben had not.

Days after this Eben, in an agony of jealous anguish, was compelled to accord the stranger a great many other advantages and accomplishments. He rode well, was a good shot, talked fluently, sketched passably, understood women, and was Miss Leighton's most ardent admirer.

Eben foresaw all this, and yet once when their mingled voices floated out to his little den, he brought down a hammer wrathfully and smashed his thumb nail. Morning and night he saddled and brought round horses for Barbara and Mr. Ney, and went away to his work in the hot fields, while they were cantering down the shady roads, and Mrs. Leighton and Theo were beating eggs in the buttery and getting up rare dishes for tea. The letter had come from New Haven and Barbara had answered briefly that she could not go until some time later. She had never looked so animated and beautiful as now. She rarely saw Eben, sending him her requests by her sister, and Eben went on at his inventions feeling as if every blow of his chisel drove a piece of his heart's core. And, although he would have scorned the idea, Eben had grown wonderfully haggard and pale with great dark circles under his eyes since Dr. Ormsby had introduced Edgar Ney to the Leightons. He took little pride in the knowledge that he was the better man of the two, but he did know that he could crush Ney with one hand into a limp, shapeless mass, and he wondered sometimes why he did not. One day he was seized with a fit of trembling. He was pruning a pear tree when he looked up and Barbara stood before him, in her habit, switching at the mottled butterflies that fluttered on the hollyhocks, and around Eben's brown hands.

"How pale and ill you look, Eben." It was the least she could say, and it was the truth. Eben's heart beat madly for a moment and then went on slowly.

"I am not one to get ill, Miss Barbara; I am not browned so much as usual, perhaps."

His "Miss Barbara" sounded oddly, and his looks belied his words. She looked down at the ground and said nervously:

"I hope you will not argue with me this morning, Eben, but I've set my heart on riding the colt, Tam O'Shanter, to the falls. I am not in the least afraid."

"But I am," said Ebner, calmly. "I cannot permit you to risk your life with that vicious colt."

"Mr. Ney will take care of his viciousness," Barbara answered, a trifle insolently.

"Mr. Ney may ride O'Shanter and welcome, but I cannot consent for you to."

"Then I must do it without your consent. Be so kind as to have the colt around in a quarter of an hour."

Eben finished his pear tree and went into the shop to wash his hands of blood. He had cut himself to the bone. Barbara and Ney sat on the porch reading from the "Princess," when the horses appeared. The colt shied and reared when Barbara sprang lightly in her saddle. An admirable horsewoman, she held her own finely, and Eben stood as if rooted to the ground until a turn in the road hid them from sight, then like a deer he set off down a footway toward where the railway crossed the road as with horror he remembered that the morning express would come down in ten minutes. The rider had stopped by the way to permit Mr. Ney to dismount and gather the first cardinals for Barbara. As they trotted sharply down the road, the roar of the train was heard just beyond the curve. Maddened with terror the wild, young horse Barbara rode reared, plunged and sprang away from the other horse and away toward the cut toward the train. With a hoarse shout to "sit firm" Eben rushed out from the copse and flung himself under his hoofs. He caught the bit in his hands and pulled the colt on his haunches, and then a violent kick made him drop like a log. Some woodchoppers came to the rescue, and as they lifted Barbara off the train thundered by. Eben was picked up for dead, and even Mr. Ney declared he was a "brave fellow."

In an agony of grief and remorse Barbara hung near him all those tedious days, when Eben's mind wandered and he muttered troubled, incoherent sentences, in which, poor fellow, he told all his hopes and fears. He was now indeed haggard and ghostly pale, with an ugly scar in his left temple, and his hands lay weak and nerveless on the coverlet. The first moment of sanity and consciousness which came made him sigh and wish that he had remained oblivious to life and its miseries. It was Barbara who leaned on him with her great blue brown eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Eben; how can you bear to look at me? You can never forgive me!"

"You would not say that if you knew what is in my heart."

"Can you not tell me, Eben? I am so wretched."

"I am sorry for that; I must not tell you, Barbara. I cannot suffer more than I have."

"Then shall I tell you something?" and she hid her face in the pillow. He put out his hand and touched her head caressingly.

"I have been very willful and blind and very unhappy, Eben. I would have given my life to save yours, as you gave yours for me."

"But, Barbara; oh, Barbara, my darling; I gave mine because I loved you better than life, than heaven. I would rather have died than live to lose you forever."

"But you will not lose me." Her arms stole tenderly around him and she laid her cheek against his. "I owe my life to you and it is yours."

"Babara, think what you are saying. I shall be mad enough to think that you care for me!"

"Eben, my love, you are all the world to me. Cannot you see that this is so?"

"My own!"

With one great effort and a spasm of his old strength Eben pressed her to his heart.

"And you never meant to marry Ney?"

"I am afraid I only meant to make you jealous," said Babara, with her old sauciness.

"I shall mend now fast enough but not until you have promised to abide by what I say, my darling."

"I promise solemnly."

"Then we shall be married to-morrow."

The Proper Way to Cut Your Throat.

The season for suicides will soon be around. Readers of the newspapers, of course, know that since last season for shuffling off we have had a suicide here and there, but they didn't come together in a bunch like they occur along about this season of the year.

In view of the close approach of the bloody period, a physician hunted up a paragrapher of this paper one evening last week, not to interview him, but to offer him some suggestions.

He stated that his heart went out in sympathy to the unfortunates whom the fates have decreed shall offer themselves soon on the suicidal altar. "This," said he, "is the reason why I wanted to have a chat with a reporter." After quite a train of other apologetic remarks for taking up the scribe's important moments, the doctor questioned him whether he had ever tried to saw his own neck open. The scribe not being able to recall ever having cross-cutted his thrapple, answered in the negative.

"Well," resumed the doctor, pathetically, "You have heard of many a poor fellow who has. Many have succeeded, and many others have made a botch job of it. I have never tried to sever my own windpipe, but I've been called to sew together the windpipes of a good many others since I've been in the saw-bones business, and I've often remarked, and I 'spose you've done the same, that the majority of folks who 'stick' themselves need some instructions before attempting it. They ought to visit the slaughter houses, for instance, and watch the butchers opening pigs' throats, or else it wouldn't hurt them to procure the 'stiff' of a pauper from the Poor Board and carve the meat off his neck and see how a fellow's constructed around there. Throat-cutting is like most other things; there's a right and wrong way of doing it, and people who take that dodge of putting on the angel plumage usually get hold of the wrong way. You see when a person goes to run the sharp edge of a knife across his throat it is the natural thing for him to throw up his chin, thus stretching his neck, and the muscles and ligaments and nerves (here the informant used a lot of jaw-breakers, which we have left out through respect for our readers) are so put together there that the stretching adds agony to the pain. The blade only gets in far enough to give the papers a sensation, and then the poor fellow usually prefers to bear the ills he has than fly to others that he knows not of. If a man must cut his throat let him borrow a sharp razor from the nearest German barber or colored barber, if he isn't rich enough to own one himself, and slit open his anterior jugular. He can't miss it if he cuts any sort of a respectable gash on either side of the windpipe. A fellow can shuffle, sure pop, every time if he follows these directions, but he shouldn't hoist the chin up while doing it."

Thinking the physician's idea may assist some poor creature "who struts and frets his weary hour upon the stage," and wishes to make his bow, to shuffle, the writer subjects it respectfully to the consideration of the public. —*Pittsburg Leader.*

French Heels.

I saw a tall, stately and elegant lady on her way down Broadway. She was dressed faultlessly, judging by the standard of present fashions, and was an object of interest and scrutiny as she moved through the feminine crowd. She looked as unconscious as anybody whose heart was bounding with the knowledge that her clothes were being admired. Her gait was easy, even and graceful, until, all of a sudden, she stopped, and in a flash grew two inches shorter. This shortening of her stature startled me. She rocked for a few seconds like a ship in a short sea, and then righted herself, rose to her former height, and passed on. What could it mean? I had not been deceived as to the lessening of her length, for her dress, now as before, cleared the sidewalk on which it rested during her brief dwarfage. Determined to solve the mystery, I followed her until precisely the same thing happened again; and that time I saw the simple cause of the astonishing effect. Fashionable shoes are now made with higher heels than ever, and the heels of the shoes are placed so forward that the heels of the wearer project rearward. In fact, these French heels, as they are called, are now put as near the middle of the foot as possible and not destroy the center of gravity. To walk on them is difficult, and without practice is as dangerous as skating to a novice, but the ladies learn after a while to manage them very well. In the case of this particular lady, however, the heels were so near the counterpoising spot that she was about evenly balanced on them, and no exercise of skill could save her from occasionally tipping back on them. They did not overturn her, but it let her own real heels down on the ground, while her toes pointed skyward, and her stature was reduced by just the height of the French heels.—*N. Y. Letter*

A HURRIED DINNER.

"Oh, see here, Lizzie, I shan't be home to dinner to-day; there's a lot to do at the office, and I'll not come home."

This speech came from my liege lord, Charley, as he popped his head in at the front door, after he had started to his business.

"All right," said I.

The head popped out again, and I added to myself:

"Mighty glad of it. I won't have any dinner to get, and I will have a good day to work up stairs."

So I cleared away the breakfast, tidied up the rooms, and after that took myself up stairs.

We had not been keeping house very long, and I made it a rule not to let things become soiled by using, but to keep them clean and fresh.

But up stairs there were certain trunks and boxes that needed renovating; some of the summer clothing was to be packed away and the winter wear got out and made ready for use.

I tied a handkerchief over my head to keep out the dust, pulled trunks and boxes out of the closet, and set to work.

I was in the very midst of it, when I heard footsteps at the front door, and directly it opened.

It was Charley, I knew, for he had a latch-key and was accustomed to let himself in. I jumped to my feet.

"Charley, and not a sign of dinner?" I exclaimed. "He said he wouldn't come. What can have brought him?"

The sound of voices, as I stood listening, assured me of what Charley had brought. Visitors, and I in such a plight.

Charley came running up-stairs with his face in a glow.

"Why, why, little woman, what's all this? I couldn't find you anywhere down-stairs. Isn't it dinner time?"

"Yes, Charley, but you said you were not coming home, and I didn't want anything for myself."

"Well I—I wasn't. But who do you think I met?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"It was Liston and his wife. They were on their way to the hotel, but of course I wouldn't allow that. I just brought 'em home with me to dinner."

I have no doubt there was a spice of irony in the tone in which I answered, calmy:

"Yes, I see you did. Well I hope you also remembered to stop at the butcher's, and send in something for them to eat."

"Well, I declare, little woman, I forgot the butcher. But I dare say you can scare up something. Only hurry, for they've only an hour or so to spare. They're off again this evening."

It was no use to say to a man, "Why didn't you send me word?" It wouldn't teach him to send it next time. So I only said:

"Well, go down and entertain them, and I'll come as soon as I can change my dress."

Charley obeyed, and I hurriedly dressed, not in the pleasantest mood.

They were old friends of Charley's, and I had looked forward to meeting them with pleasure, but I knew Mrs. Liston was quoted as the very pattern of all pattern housekeepers, never flurried or put out by anything.

I knew, too, that she had means and servants at her command, while I had neither, and dreaded to receive her in such a manner, more than I could tell, as many a suffering sister will readily comprehend.

What with my hasty dressing, I knew my cheeks were flushed, and my hair tumbled. But it was too late to wait, so I ran down, and stood fire during the introductions as well as I could, quite conscious that instead of appearing my best I was appearing my worst, as even Charley could see.

As soon as possible I excused myself, saying, by way of apology, that I was not expecting Charley, and must prepare dinner in haste.

"Pray, don't put yourself to any trouble," said Mrs. Liston, politely.

"It is no trouble at all," I as politely replied, feeling as I went to the kitchen, that that small speech was at least a fib, for I was almost at my wit's end to know what to do.

A happy thought struck me.

Oysters!

A regular dinner was not to be thought of, but most people were very fond of oysters. I knew Charley was, and I could prepare them well.

They were to be had opposite, and I was not long in getting them either.

I bethought myself of half a cake which I luckily had. That nicely sliced, in my silver cake basket, would answer for dessert, with some apples, which I bought with the oysters.

Really, I should not do so badly for an impromptu occasion.

My spirits rose as I set the table, adorning it with a cluster of fresh chrysanthemums, and with what glass and silver I possessed, so that it looked very neat and pretty.

That, at least, Mrs. Liston could not find any fault with, even if she were disposed to do so.

Charley had said hurry, and hurry I did. As speedily as possible I had everything ready on the table and the dessert arranged on a shelf by the open pantry window, so that I could put it on at once.

Tired, flushed, nervous, and doing my best not to look cross, I went to the parlor, where they were chatting gayly, and announced dinner.

Then that awkward Charley must put his foot into it, man-fashion, by saying:

"My little wife is a famous cook. I hope you have a good appetite."

"Indeed I have. Traveling always makes me hungry," replied Mr. Liston, rising.

I made some laughing reply, and led the way to my little dinner.

"Ah, oysters!—my favorites," said Mr. Liston.

I was glad to hear that, but my heart sank when Mrs. Liston declined to take any, saying she never ate them.

"I am sorry," I said, flushing. "But I will poach you a couple of eggs."

"By no means," said she, pleasantly. "I shall do very well with one of these rolls and a cup of coffee."

And when I insisted, she was obliged to say that she never ate eggs.

I was at a loss what to propose then, so I ceased to press the matter. Meanwhile I had poured the coffee.

I handed the cups, but I knew by the aroma which reached my nostrils, that, though tolerable, it was not nearly as good as usual, for in my haste I had made it too weak.

I was specially mortified at this, as I prided myself on my good coffee.

"I will not apologize," I thought proudly.

But my pride fell the next instant, when Charley, having tasted his, made a queer face, and then tasted again.

"Why, Lizzie, what ails your coffee?" he asked.

Tears of mortification rushed into my eyes, but Liston said, kindly:

"Tut, tut, there are worse things than weak things in this big world."

Of course, as I had no servant, I was obliged to remove the plates and bring on the desert myself.

This, at least, was nice. But when I went into the pantry I barely suppressed a scream of horror.

Mrs. Dean's big gray cat had jumped into the window and was contentedly munching my cake.

With frantic haste I dashed her off, and rescued what was left.

Only six thin little slices. They looked so forlorn in that big basket that I would not put them on it in that way.

I consigned them to a small glass dish, and, without a word of apology, put them upon the table; for my blood was up now, and I vowed I would apologize no more.

The apples were nice, and we finished on them as well as we could.

For my sake, Charley tried to appear very gay, but I saw he was more deeply mortified, and I did not pity him half as much as I might.

I think I was quite excusable when I said to him after that dreadful dinner was over and our guests were gone.

"Charley, if you ever bring company again without letting me know first, I'll never forgive you. And I'll order dinner from the nearest restaurant, and leave you the bill to pay."

But that stupid Charley "can' see why it need worry me."

He Wanted to Trade.

Some days since, a farmer's wagon, containing father, mother, son, and two or three neighbors, drove up to a Woodward avenue stationer's and the son went in and bought the puzzle known as "15." Even before the wagon drove off the old man had the cover off the box and was working away like an engine to solve the thing. Yesterday the son returned with the box in his pocket. He had a black eye and an awful lonesome look, and when he came to be waited on he said:

"You know you sold me this puzzle the other day?"

"Yes, I guess we did."

"Well, we hadn't got a mile out o' town 'fore dad and a neighbor pulled hair over it. While I was doing up the chores dad and mam called each other cheats. After supper we had a regular three-corner fight, and the old man got his thumb unjointed and went to bed. Mam and I set up until she hit me with a stick of wood, and then I went to bed. She sot up alone till she got mad and drove the cat out of doors and upset the lamp. Do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Well, next morning I caught dad cheating, and we had a little shindy. Then he caught mam cheating, and they had a shindy. Then the overseer of highways came along and worked at it half a day, and he and I got into a row and he blacked my eye. We took it to a barn raising and the crowd had an awful fight. We took it to a dance and both fiddlers were almost killed. It has been kicked over the house, flung down the well and jumped on in the middle of the road, and now I came in to see if I couldn't swap it for something else. I guess it's a sort of dandy-raiser anyhow, and I guess, if you don't care very much, I'll let you take it back and I'll take a telephone in its place.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.—A colored man pleaded his own case with marked success in Dallas, Texas, a week ago. He was accused of a crime as grave as murder, and had been convicted. The judge denied the motion for a new trial, and asked the customary question, "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?" The prisoner responded that he knew nothing he could say would influence the court, as all the forms of law had been observed, but he would like to say a few words to his colored friends. He started off slowly and deliberately, reviewing the testimony, showing the inconsistencies of witnesses' statements, and then, carried away with the idea of the wrong done him, he burst forth in a strain of eloquence seldom heard. When he sat down the judge said: "Sam, I thought you guilty; I do not believe so now, and will set aside the judgment overruling your motion for a new trial, and give you another chance." The county attorney dismissed the case and the prisoner walked out of the court room a free man. He was a "common field hand," the local paper said, "and uneducated."

A GOOD LETTER.—The best of all letters is that which conveys the most information in the fewest possible words. A lack of spontaneity destroys the charm of a letter. Ladies have two favorite epistolary manias in their ordinary correspondence, namely, writing across lines and indulging in postcripts, to say nothing of their most universal practice of underlining words—this is a confession of weakness. Among celebrated letters is a brief one which occurs to us, but which we write, from the pen of the Italian poet, Politian, to a friend. "I had a great grief, and I have a great joy—because you were sick, and because you have recovered." How brief and how significant! This letter stands as a model to all letter-writers.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a person in the dark. You may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

A Relic of Columbus.

The *Moniteur* of Martinique prints an interesting story about the finding of an anchor belong to the ship upon which Christopher Columbus sailed on his third voyage of discovery to the New World. On the night of August 1, 1498, says the *Moniteur*, the small fleet had come to an anchor at the southwestern extremity of the Island of Trinidad, to which the navigator had given the name of Arenas Point. Washington Irving relates that Columbus, who was a very poor sleeper, suddenly heard a frightful noise, apparently coming from the south. Rushing on deck, he saw rolling toward him a wave as huge as a mountain, which threatened to submerge the fleet. All hands thought their last hour had come; but the only damage sustained was the loss of one of the anchors of the Admiral's ship. The big wave was caused by the sudden swelling of one of the rivers that empty their waters into the Gulf of Paria, the existence of which was unknown to the discoverer. The incident is mentioned in the narrative of the voyage bequeathed to us by Ferdinando, Columbus' son. This historical anchor has been found, after all these centuries, by Senor Agostino, the owner of Arenas Point. It weighs 1100 pounds, and is of decidedly primitive form. Senor Agostino found it while making some excavations in his garden. This garden, upon careful examination, appears to occupy the precise spot where rode the ships of the great mariner in 1498. The finder at first took his treasure trove for a Phœnician anchor, but upon attentive examination he found the date of 1497 on the stock.

Hotel Mysteries.

"Why is it," asked the man with the sample case, "that at the average hotel, the shortest man is always set down at the end of the table where there is nothing, and where he can reach nothing else?"

"And why," asked the sad passenger, is the waiter always fluttering over some deliberate, fussy old gormand, who is going to stop over three days anyhow, when you have only fifteen minutes, and have to run for your train?"

"And why," asked the tall, thin passenger, "is the black pepper cruet always in the castor on the next table?"

"And why is it empty when you get it?" asked the cross passenger.

"And why," asked the fat passenger, "do two young married people who sit opposite you always stop eating and gaze at you with such pitiful reproachfulness every time you look at them?"

"And why," asked the brakeman coming in to light the lamps, "doesn't the hash shave?"

"And why," suddenly said the woman who talks bass, "don't the men ever talk sense?"

The peaceful silence came drifting into the car, noiselessly as a Fundy fog, until the car was full of it. And these questions are unanswered conundrums even unto this day, especially the last one.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

DOGS AND THE WEATHER.—Dogs are not without their weather lore. Thus, when they eat grass it is a sign of rain; if they roll on the ground and scratch, or become drowsy and stupid, a change in the weather may be expected. As, indeed, in the case of a cat, most of their turnings and twistings are supposed to be prognosticati&ns of something. There are numerous other items of folk-lore connected with the dog to which we only incidentally allude. Thus in Ireland it is considered unlucky to meet a barking dog early in the morning, and on the other hand, just as fortunate for one to enter a house early in the day. They are commonly said to possess a wonderful instinct for discerning character, generally avoiding ill-tempered persons, and making friends with any stranger who happens to be of a kind and cheerful disposition. The life of a dog is sometimes said to be bound up with that of his master or mistress. When either dies the other cannot live. It is curious that this faithful companion of man should have become a term of reproach, and be used by most of our old writers. Thus we find various phrases such as "dog-bolt," "dog's face," "dog's leach," "dog-trick," etc., all of which were intended to convey the idea of contempt. In days gone by it was a common practice in the country house for the dog to turn the spit at the kitchen fire, a custom which is described by Dr. Cains, founder of the college at Cambridge which bears his name.

GREAT TELESCOPES.—In Europe one of the strongest refracting telescopes in the world is one recently constructed in England, having an object glass 25 inches in diameter. If used when the air is pure it bears a power of 3,000 on the moon; in other words, the moon seen through it appears as it would were it 3,000 times nearer to us, or at the distance of 80 miles instead of 240,000. At the Pulkowa Observatory, in Russia, the telescope has 15 inches aperture. The largest reflecting telescope in the world is one constructed by Lord Rosse at Louth, Ireland. Its mirror is six feet in diameter, and weighs four tons. The tube at the bottom of which it is placed is fifty-two feet long and seven feet across. It is supposed that when this instrument is used 250,000 times as much light from a heavenly body is collected as reaches the naked eye. At Malta, Lassel's instrument has an aperture of four feet. There is also a huge telescope in Australia, at Melbourne, and another at Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, the latter having an aperture of 4½ feet. At the Imperial Observatory, Paris, the telescope is of 12½ inches aperture, and at Munich 11 inches. There are also scores of other telescopes of less aperture in Europe, yet of no small service in the great field of investigation to which they are devoted.—[Troy Times.

The days are growing longer, but they don't show that way on a note.