TWO TRUTHS.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you," and his eyes grew wet;
"I would not hurt you for the world!
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried,
"Forgive! I knew that it was not
That you would mean to hurt me, love,
I knew it was that you forgot!"

But all the same, deep in her heart
Rankles this thought, and rankles yet;
When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget.
—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

ONLY KITTY.

BY ETHELIND RAY.

Portland Evening Telegram.

Come around to dinner to-morrow afternoon Earl," said Alfred Summers as he was parting with his friend, Earl Stanhope. "We dine at three—will you come?"

"Thanks! With pleasure!" replied Mr. Stanhope, with the peculiarly winning smile which belonged to him alone. "I will try to be punctual."

"My sisters have just returned from Europe you know," went on Alfred, "and I am sure you will admire Helen's drawing; and if you like music you will go wild over Clara's playing, for she is a fine musician. Ta-ta, old fellow! be sure to come!"

And the two friends parted with a warm hand-clasp. They had been schoolmates and college chums together, and were still the best and warmest of friends, although Alfred was only a poor, young barrister, while his friend was very wealthy and very idle, and spent the greater portion of his time in traveling. Alfred's parents were dead, and he supported not only himself, but also his sisters, and it was chiefly this fact, together with his strength and independence of character that caused Mr. Stanhope to regard him warmly as a friend.

He looked forward with pleasure to his meeting with Alfred's sisters; he had heard so much about them—their praises had been so constantly sung by their brother—that he would have been more than human had he not felt a little thrill of pleasure in the thought of meeting them. So he sauntered back to his hotel, smoking a cigar, his mind filled with pleasant thoughts of the morrow.

"Girls," said Alfred delightedly at supper that evening, "I invited Earl Stanhope to dinner to-morrow, and he accepted very eagerly, I think. I am sure you will all like him."

"Earl Stanhope!" echoed Clara, a tall, beautiful blonde, her face lighting with pleasure. "Dear me! I am so glad! I must practice some new pieces, and—Kitty"—turning to her youngest sister who sat behind the tea-urn—"you must not forget to arrange my music nicely—I never could make things look neat or respectable. I was never intended to do housework—I care for nothing but music—it is my greatest delight."

"And a great pleasure to us, too, dear," said Alfred with a fond, admiring glance at his pretty sister. "I am sure you will do a great deal of good in the world just by cheering others with your beautiful music!"

"I wonder why Earl Stanhope does not marry," said Helen, a piquant, vivacious brunette, tossing back her curls. "He must be thirty by this time. I wonder if he will admire my drawings! O, by the way, Kitty, you must do my hair up on curling-pins to-night—the curl is quite out of it; I do look horrid without my hair curled."

"Earl admires long curls," remarked Alfred, smiling across the table at Helen, "I hope you will try to please him, girls, so he will come again."

"Oh, yes," said Clara, with a languid smile, "I will play for him, and Helen can show him her drawing and her curls, and Kitty can—let me see—oh, yes! Kitty can superintend the dinner. What a shame it is Kitty is so plain, and has no accomplishments! Do tell me, Alfred, when you are going over the list of your sisters' charms, for Mr. Stanhope's benefit, what do you find to say for Kitty?"

Alfred's face looked a little blank.

"I don't believe I ever mentioned her to him," he said, half apologetically.

"But you see, Kitty, dear,"—turning to his youngest sister—"there is so little to tell about you. You don't play, you don't draw, or paint, you—in fact, you have no accomplishments at all!"

"Indeed, you're mistaken, sir," retorted Kitty, smiling saucily to hide the bitter pain in her heart, "I can make cakes and pies, and I can—I can *darn stockings*!" she concluded triumphantly.

"And you can iron shirts," said her brother affectionately. "Yes, dear, I know you are one of the *best* and most *useful* little girls in the world, and can do all kinds of housework, but you see such things are not much to boast of to a rich fellow like Stanhope, who wants an *accomplished* wife, and not one to do his work."

"Well," said Kitty, rising, with a little sigh, "I wish I could play and draw, and do all sorts of nice things, but I wish it for my *own* sake and gratification, and not Mr. Stanhope's!"

When Mr. Stanhope rang the bell at the Summers mansion, the following afternoon, the door was opened by a saucy, young lady, with brown hair, and most decidedly mischievous, brown eyes, who showed him into the parlor, and withdfew with a graceful courtesy.

"Too pretty and self-possessed for a servant," was Earl's unspoken comment.

Alfred came in soon after, and introduced his two sisters who had "just returned from Europe," and to save him, Earl could not but be conscious of a little chill of disappointment.

To be sure, Clara's execution was superb, though lacking expression; and he courageously murmured his admiration over Helen's drawing, though her mountains *were* top-heavy and looked dangerous; and he tried to not wonder whether her hair was naturally curly!—but all the same he was a little bit disappointed in his friend's sisters.

Just before dinner, the door opened quietly, and the same little, brown-eyed, young lady, who had first met him, entered, and Alfred said carelessly:

"My youngest sister, Kitty, Earl!"

Kitty gave him her hand, with a saucy, upward glance, and Mr. Stanhope exclaimed in amazement, "Why, Alfred, how is it you never spoke of Miss Kitty, when talking of your sisters—you have never mentioned her."

Alfred colored deeply, but Kitty, pitying his confusion, exclaimed, with her sunny smile, "Oh, you will not wonder that he did not mention me, when you have known me a little while, Mr. Stanhope. I am only Kitty, you know, and I am not at all smart or clever. But I didn't come in to tell you this—dinner is ready, Alfred!"

"Why didn't you let Mary announce dinner?" inquired Clara, languidly.

"I was afraid she couldn't do it in style!" retorted Kitty, the corners of her mouth twitching mirthfully. "She is not used to it, you know, Clara!" And, as Clara and Helen flushed crimson, Kitty could not help stealing a saucy glance at Earl, and was rewarded by a knowing, mischevious reply from his dark eyes.

All during the dinner hour, Kitty kept making the most horrible "breaks," as Clara termed them, frequently causing her stylish sisters, the greatest consternation.

Once, Mr. Stanhope said something in praise of the cocoanut cake, and instead of maintaining a discreet silence, as a well-bred young lady would have done, Kitty exclaimed, innocently, "O, do you like it? I'm so glad—I made it! We only have one servant, you know," she went on, pretending to not notice her sisters' frowns and confusion, "and I have to help her a good deal—I made those rolls, too—arn't they nice?"

"You're a regular goose—I'm ashamed of you!" exclaimed Clara, after their guest had departed. "The idea of opening the door yourself, and confessing that we only have one servant—and he is so rich and stylish!"

"Well," said Kitty, coolly, "when any one is as poor as Job's turkey, and every body knows it, I don't see the sense of putting on 'airs'! If Mr. Stanhope don't like to come here because we only have one servant, he'll have to stay away—and that's all there is about it!"

However, it soon became apparent that Mr. Stanhope *did* like to "come here," as Kitty expressed it, and almost every evening found him sitting in the little parlor, listening politely to Clara's music, and admiring, with real wonder, Helen's drawings, while Alfred smoked out on the piazza, and wondered which of his two brilliant sisters would win the prize; and Kitty—sweet, saucy, independent little Kitty—sat off in a corner, and worked at her embroidery, occasionally throwing little, mischievous, wicked glances at Earl from under her long, brown lashes, when Clara would innocently make some very conceited remark about herself, or when Helen would get off one of her long French words.

And once, after a great deal of coaxing and teasing, Mr. Stanhope persuaded her to leave her quiet corner and sing for him; and, though the girls looked horrified, she bravely went to the piano, and, playing a soft, low accompaniment, sang that sweetest of old love songs, "Then You'll Remember Me"—sang it with such pathos and expression as Earl had never heard it sung before; and Alfred came in, smiling with pleasure, but stopped short when he saw Kitty, and said, "Why, is that only Kitty singing? I was sure it was Clara!"

But, after that one evening, Kitty never came into the parlor when Earl called. He asked for her repeatedly, but she was always "engaged," or had a "headache," as the girls said.

Early one morning he was passing the house, and saw Kitty out in the garden gathering flowers for the breakfast table. It had now been three weeks since he saw her last, and he was really quite surprised at his pleasure in meeting her. She turned at his approach, and a soft, delicate color suffused her face, and her eyes fell, as he took her hand and retained it for a moment.

"Why have I not seen you lately?" he asked, reproachfully. "I have asked for you so often, and you were always 'engaged.'"

Kitty gave a slight start of surprise, which was not lost upon Earl.

"I have been rather busy," she said, slowly; then, with a startled look, she said, hurriedly, "O, Mr. Stanhope, there is Clara! *Please* let me go!"

"Confound Clara!" muttered Earl, under his moustache, and, still holding Kitty's fluttering little hand, "When shall I see you again, Kitty?"

"I don't know, Mr. Stanhope," she faltered.

"Will you meet me over there under the willow to-night?" he asked, eagerly.

"I won't promise," she answered, saucily.

"Then I will not let you go."

"Oh, yes, yes, I will promise!" she cried, hastily. "Please leave me and go to Clara; she will be so angry."

And with a warm pressure of the little hand he left her.

"O, Mr. Stanhope," said Clara, as he approached, "I am so glad you came. Helen and I are going down the river for water lilies, and you must go with us—you will, I am sure—that's a good fellow."

Earl consented, smiling down into Clara's face, and thinking what a very pretty girl she was. He almost wished he had not asked Kitty to meet him under the willow that night. And after all, what *had* he asked her for? She was only a sweet, sucy, independent little thing, and it would be impossible to fall in love with her, even though she *was* so good and sweet; so what was the use of meeting her?

He returned from the excursion after water lilies in a rather unenviable state of mind.

He was half tempted to ask Clara to marry him—she was so pretty, so regal, so accomplished, and he would feel so proud when introducing her as his "wife."

However, he concluded to "think about it," and declining Clara's invitation to supper, turned and left her; but when he reached the gate he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten his cane, and hastily retracing his steps, was in the act of stepping through the low, French window, when he heard his own name mentioned, and, pausing involuntarily, listened.

"I say, Kitty, you shall *not* come in the parlor this evening," said Clara's clear, distinct voice. "Earl Stanhope came very near proposing to-day, and I *know* he will to-night."

"Are you quite sure he is coming this evening?" asked Kitty's low, tremulous voice.

"Of course I am. He said so."

"Then," said Kitty, quietly, "I will not disturb you."

And she stepped through the window, with quivering lips and tearful eyes, almost into Earl's arms. "Don't you believe her Kitty," he said, tenderly, for he knew now that he loved her.

"Be under the willow at nine, dear."

And Kitty went, and when she returned Earl was with her, and boldly demanded an interview with Alfred. The latter was astonished.

"I don't know what I will do without her," he said, looking bewildered, "I thought sure you would take one of the others. You see I could get along very well without Clara's music or Helen's drawing."

"And so can I," smiled Earl, putting his arm round Kitty. And so, to the astonishment of Helen and Clara, and all the rest of the world, the coveted prize was won by ONLY KITTY.

Talk of the Weather.

Why is it that one obvious, self-evident proposition, the utterance of which imparts no information, and is absurd truism, should be tolerated and grateful, while another of the very same kind is received as a jest or sign of mental decay? If you should reply to the friend who remarks upon the fine day, "Certainly, very fine; twice two are four," you would have replied in kind, but insult or insanity might be fairly alleged. But to question the weather as a topic of conversation is really to require that there shall be no talk which is not reasonable. Yet why reduce us to silence? Deduct from the sum total of human remarks the wonder whether it is going to rain, the hope that it is going to clear, the emphatic asseveration that it is too hot, and the profane proclamation that it is altogether too——cold, with all the filling in, so to speak, the "How lovely!" "How perfect!" "How just right!" "What extraordinary weather!" and "What delightful weather!" and then the historical comparisons of weather, and references to thermometrical records, and days of phenomenal cold or heat, and what would be left of human intercourse? Imagine, under this privation, the condition of ladies making morning calls! Consider the case of young gentlemen joining young ladies *en promenade*, or of A suddenly presented to B! What mournful silence would wrap the world!

It is in this view that the weather reports from Washington are such blessings, and that the late lamented Merriam and the contemporary Vennor are such benefactors. The "probabilities" of the morning paper organize and give point to the whole weather gossip of the day. "Ha!" says Lynx, over his coffee, "hum! Probabilities says cloudy and cool, with shifting winds from north to south; clear, with local rains, increasing temperature, and possible frost at night; rising, stationary, or falling barometer. That's all very well. Now let us see." Lynx scrutinizes the weather all day long to catch Probabilities tripping, and his mind is fuller of it than ever. If a friend salutes him with the familiar "Fine day!" Lynx is ready for him. "Well, perhaps so, but you wait. I am not so sure how it is going to turn out." But, nevertheless, if Probabilities says tersely, "Rain," Lynx and everybody else sallies forth with an umbrella.

Before Probabilities we had Merriam. This worthy man was the inventor of "heated terms." He had an ill way on July morning of publishing a card announcing that a heated term was at hand, and the population began at once to mop and puff, and the annoyance was the greater because of the announcement. There was a great deal of skeptical ribaldry when the Merriam prophecies appeared; but he doubtless consoled himself with the familiar proverb about prophets in their own country, and heated up their terms as before. Mr. Merriam supplied us with conjectural weather for some months. But his voice became silent, and he had no individual rival—for Probabilities is a system—until Mr. Vennor, who, this year, announced a cold wet May, and a hot dry June. By this middle of June the result is that May was the hottest and dryest upon record, while June has been cool and moist. But the good prophet need not be discouraged. If the particular kind of weather that he had designed has failed, yet the weather itself has become more than ever a topic of interest. It has not only its general interest, but the especial interest of verifying or disproving his accuracy of foreknowledge. The older almanacs displayed this prescience also, when along the whole list of the thirty-one January days they said, significantly, "Look out for snow about this time," and upon the July and August pages they prophesied all the way, "About this time expect thunderstorms." There are other prophecies also:

"St. Swithin's Day, if it do rain,"

We are taught what to expect.

But why be impatient of the universal talk of the weather? What is it but the instinctive tribute to the beauty of the world in which we live, and to the celestial laws which govern it?—*Harper's Magazine.*

GLUE AS A CURE FOR CUTS.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes as follows: "For the last twelve or fourteen years I have been employed in a shop where there are over three hundred at work, and, as in the case of all shops of this kind, hardly a day passes without one or more of us cut or bruise our limbs. At first there were but few who found their way to my department to have their wounds bound up, but after a while it became generally known that a rag glued on a flesh wound was not only a speedy curative, but an effective protection against further injury. I was soon obliged to keep a supply of rags on hand ready for any emergency. I will here cite one among many of the cases cured with glue: A man was running a boring machine, with an inch and a quarter auger attached. By some means the sleeve of his shirt caught in the auger, bringing his wrist in contact with the bit, tearing the flesh among the muscles in a frightful manner. He was conducted to my department (the pattern shop), and I washed the wound in warm water, and glued around it a cloth, which, when dry, sunk into a rounded shape, holding the wound tight and firm. Once or twice a week, for three or four weeks, I dressed the wound afresh, and it was well. The man never lost an hour's time in consequence. The truth of this hundreds can testify to. I use, of course, the best quality of glue."

A petition was recently presented to Parliament from the British Medical Association, signed by seven thousand medical men, against vaccination.

MOUNT VERNON.

[Correspondence of *Evening Telegram*.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 7, 1880.

About a week after my last letter to you I visited Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington, for I felt that I could not well leave Washington without first paying a visit to the grave of the "father of our country" and the "man that never told a lie." We left the capital about 10 o'clock in the morning, on a boat differing from our Oregon steamers, by not being "new, elegant and commodious," but by being as slow as the wrath to come! We had quite a large party, including three foreigners—not foreign ministers, but "harpers" and "fiddlers"—who kept up a racket all the way down, for the purpose of keeping our spirits up, and also to replenish the interior of their pockets with some of the new Bland dollars. In passing

DOWN THE POTOMAC

The first interesting place we passed was the United States arsenal. Here can be seen the spot where Mrs. Surrat was hung, and for the moment a slight shiver ran through my body, as I thought of the terrible fate of that woman. Crossing the river here to the Virginia shore, and about seven miles below Washington, we stopped at Alexandria, a place made famous during the war. It now reminds one of the "deserted village."

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green."

All the buildings along the water-front are unoccupied and falling, one by one, to ruin. In the streets can be seen the idle negroes lounging about, and everything bears the marks of time. It is now on the downward track, having, like Rome, already reached the pinnacle of its glory. Yet there are buildings here which are very interesting to sight-seers. Among which, the old church of which Washington was one of the vestrymen; the house in which Ellsworth was killed during the Rebellion, and also many other interesting buildings. Below Alexandria, and on the Maryland side, we stopped at Fort Foote. Here we were met by some of our Nation's defenders; the men who give up their lives for Uncle Sam, and represent the army; viz: one corporal and one private. These gentlemen viewed us as we silently drew out from the wharf and sailed away. Nor far below Fort Foote is Fort Washington, which was

DESIGNED BY GEN. WASHINGTON

as a fortification to protect the Potomac. Its tall and massive walls rise grandly on a point of land jutting out in the Potomac. Its walls are surmounted by small cannon, whose last report was heavily reverberating through the hills of Virginia and Maryland "a many year ago." The fort was ransacked and burned by the British during the war, signs of which can still be seen. Now, crossing over the river, we come in sight of Mount Vernon. Landing at a small wharf, we are conducted by a guide, who explains everything of interest to us. On the right of the way, and not far from the wharf, is a clump of weeping willows from the grave of Napoleon. Passing on we come to a turn in the road, from which we have a view of the tomb. Peering in through the iron gates we saw the sarcophagus, which contains all that is left of the great Washington. It is of plain marble, inside of which is a leaden casket, which contains the remains. On the cover of the sarcopagus is a shield, surmounted by an eagle; one of the claws of the bird is missing, it having been broken off by a soldier during the war.

OPPOSITE WASHINGTON'S CASKET

is the one containing the body of his wife. At the back of the vault is another vault, which contains the remains of all of Washington's relatives. There are about thirty bodies here. The door of this vault is securely locked, and the key thrown in the Potomac. As we stood here gazing on this doleful scene no one uttered a word. I thought of Meredith, who says:

There are moments when silence prolonged and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken.

The next place of interest was the old oak tree under which Washington used to rest in coming from the wharf to the house. Just beyond this tree is the old tomb of Washington; the body was first placed there, and aftewards removed to the place where it now lies. After passing the old stable, numerous sheds and buildings, we arrive at the house. The first room which we entered was Washington's dining-room. This remains the same, the walls being ornamented with old-fashioned pictures. From here we pass into the hall; this is large and spacious, running through the centre of the house. Here the eye is first attracted to to a glass case, inside of which is the key to the famous French Bastile, which was presented to Washington by Lafayette. On the walls are hung the coats-of-arms of a few of the different States. Here also is a register in which visitors are requested to place their names and residence. We next passed into the last parlor, which is the museum of the house. Here can be seen Washington's paraphernalia. On one side is his tripod, said to be the first he ever used, his globe and a mysterious-looking

BLACK BOTTLE

Stood on the shelf. But a tag tells us it was found among the ruins of some house. So our minds were made easy on that score. In a large glass case is Washington's clothing, Lafayette's Masonic apron, a piece of the "Independence bell," letters from Washington to different members of his family, a lock of his hair, his sword and blunder buss, a set of British colors given by General Grant to the Mount Vernon Association, some screws which fell from Washington's coffin when it was removed, and many other curiosities which are too numerous to mention. We then stepped into the main parlor, or the State dining-room. Here is a harpsichord, given to Nellie Custis by Washington, also Washington's camp equipage, and a chair which is said to have come over in the "Mayflower." The mantle in this room was presented to Washington by an Italian sculptor. It is inclosed by a wire screen, so as to protect it from relic hunters. In the center of this room is a miniature of the Bastile, modeled out of a block of granite, taken from the celebrated prison. We were next conducted to the west parlor. This room is unfurnished; but over the fire-place hangs a picture of the battle of Carthagena. It is so old that the figures can not be deciphered. A portion of it is gone, having been stolen by some relic-hunter. We now proceeded to the second floor. Half-way up the stairs was an old-fashioned and odd-looking clock. This was all that attracted our attention until we entered the New Jersey room, the one

OCCUPIED BY LAFAYETTE

when he visited Mount Vernon. The looking-glass and shaving-case are both original. This was all that proved interesting in the room. The next two rooms are furnished with old-fashioned furniture, but contains nothing original. Next is the Maryland room, the one occupied by Nellie Custis. After this comes the Virginia room, the one in which Washington died. The bed and part of the furnitnre is the same as when occupied by Washington. Directly above this room is the Wisconsin room. the one in which Mrs. Washington died. The bed and part of the furniture are the same, but the carpet and bed trimmings are not original. However, they are made as near like the original as possible. The original carpet was made of rags and cost thirty cents per yard, but the present carpet cost about $9 per yard. This finished our tour of the house. We then slowly retraced our steps, and came out upon the front porch. This is just the same as it was when Washington sat there and watched the crafts slowly gliding on the bosom of the Potomac. The flags here are well-worn and faded; they originally came from the

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Having a few hours to spare, we used them in looking at the flowers and shrubbery, and conversing with one another about the Rebellion, Washington, and other similar topics. At two o'clock we were startled by the shrill whistle of the steamer, which told us that it was time to return to the bustle and business of the great capital. On our way to the steamer we were met by a negro who was selling peach-stone baskets. He politely informed us that he had been Washington's body servant, and whenever he would eat any peaches and throw the stones aside, why, he (the negro) would pick them up and save them. By this method he acquired a great many, and was now selling them to make a living. He also gave us the startling information that "George was a powerful eater." I cannot vouchsafe the truth of this story, and merely give it for what it is worth. We arrived home about four o'clock well pleased with our visit, and extremely glad that we had seen the grave of the immortal Washington.

MOUNT HOOD.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The London *Standard* of a recent date, according to a dispatch by cable, contains this statement: "We understand that a marriage has been arranged between Lady Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Member of Parliament for Eye." This statement may be true, but in view of the great disparity in the ages of the parties named, it may reasonably be received with caution. The Lady Burdett-Coutts, whose immense wealth and philanthropic works have rendered her one of the most distinguished personages of Great Britain, has frequently been a victim to the pranks of Madam Rumor. The reports have been very frequent of "arrangements of a marriage between Lady Burdett-Coutts and some one else, and scarcely a year ago it was cabled that she had accepted the proposal of Henry Irving, the actor, who at one time was one of her guests on the cruise in the Mediterranean, which she made in her yacht. If the last report be true there will be an analogy in this marriage to that of George Eliot (Mrs. J. H. Dewes) to Mr. Cross, though the disparity in the ages of the parties will be still greater, as Mr. Ashmead Bartlett is thirty-one, and the Baroness Coutts is sixty-six.

The Lady Burdett-Coutts was born in 1814, and is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, baronet. Her fortune comes to her from her maternal grandfather, Sir Thomas Coutts, and she assumed his name when she inherited his property. That was in 1837, upon the termination of the life interest of his widow, who was Miss Mellon, the actress, before he married her as his second wife, and who died the Duchess of St. Albans. Sir Thomas Coutt's first wife, the grandmother of the subject of this sketch, was Elizabeth Starkey, the daughter of a Lancashire peasant, who was a servant in the employment of a banker's brother until her marriage made her one of the first ladies of the kingdom. The Baroness received her title in 1871. She received the freedom of the city of London in 1872, and, eighteen months later, the city of Edinburg similarly honored her. At the end of the last Russo-Turkish war the Sultan decorated her with the grand cordon of the order of Medjidie in recognition of her services to the wounded. The estimation in which she is held by the people of England is shown by the fact that when, in 1878, the reform procession passed her house, she was recognized at the window, a shout was raised, and for over two hours the air rang with the cries of the thousands who filled the street.

In 1872 the fortune of the Baroness was estimated at £10,000,000, and up to this time she has given away for charitable purposes fully £5,000,000. In other words, after disposing of $25,000,000 for the education and care of her fellow people, she still held fully fifty millions of dollars in investment. She is the richest single woman in England, and her liberality in the distribution of her vast fortune has commended her to the admiration of the civilized world.

REMEDY FOR COLIC.—I send you a receipt for the cure of colic in horses and mules. I have never seen it fail to cure, and have never had to repeat the dose. Have been using it for two years repeatedly. Carbolic acid (pure), 1 teaspoonful; con. tinct. nux vomica, 1 tablespoonful; lime water, 1 pint; water, half pint; mix and drink. If not relieved in a half hour, repeat. The carbolic acid arrests the generation of gas in the stomach and bowels, and the tinct. nux vomica sets up the peristaltic action of the bowels, which is so necessary to permit the escape of the generated gas, and the lime water neutralizes the acid condition of the contents of the stomach and bowels which gave rise to the gas.

Prehistoric Man.

About the latter part of April or the part of May a discovery was made in Franklin county, Missouri, which is of great interest and importance to the scientific world. This was the finding of part of the remains of a human skeleton that perhaps antedates the age of the Neanderthal man. I will give the facts as related to me by Dr. R. Booth, one of the oldest practising physicians of that county. The doctor is engaged in mining iron ore about six miles from Dry Branch, a station on the St. Louis and Santa Fe Railroad, six miles from this city, and superintends operations himself. About the 1st of named, the miners, at a depth of 18 feet below the surface, uncovered and exposed to view a skull and a few other bones, consisting of portions of ribs, a piece of the vertebra and a portion of the collar bone. There was also found with the bones two flint arrow-heads of the most primitive type, being imperfect in shape and barbed. A few pieces of charcoal were also found at the same time and place. Dr. Booth was fully aware of the importance of the discovery, and tried to preserve everything found, but on touching the skull it crumbled to dust, and some of the other bones broke into small pieces, and part crumbled away, but enough was preserved to fully establish the fact that they are human bones.

Some fifteen or twenty days subsequent to the first finding, at a depth of 24 feet below the surface other bones were found, a thigh bone and a portion of the vertebra and several pieces of charred wood—ally lying upon what appeared to be a piece of coarse matting, all of which, except the charred wood, crumbled to dust upon exposure to the air. The matting lay upon a fine soft but solid iron ore, which yet contains the imprint of the threads. Underlying these last bones was a stratum of what appeared to be loam or sod from 2½ to 3 inches thick, below which is a deposit of soft red hematite iron ore standing upon two large boulders of hard stone standing on edge, inclined at an angle of about 45 degress, the upper ends leaning against each other, thus forming a considerable cavity, which was filled with blue specular and hard red ore and clay lying upon a floor of solid red hematite. It was in this cavity that the bones, matting and charred wood were found, intermixed with the ore.

The importance of this discovery to the scientific world rests upon the fact that the ore bed in which the remains were found lies in the second (or sacroidal) sandstone of the lower silurian measures—the oldest formation in which human remains have ever been found, and the oldest stratefied rocks except the Cambrian and Laurentian.

It is to be regretted that the skull could not have been preserved, so as to compare it with the Neanderthal and Engis Cave skulls. That it antedates them by many geological ages I think will scarcely admit of a doubt when all the facts are considered. The remains of the spoken of must have entered or been deposited in a cave in the sandstone previous to the deposition of the iron ore. Since its deposition the second magnesian limestone and the first sandstone, which overlie the second sandstone, and the remains of which yet cap all the hills in that region, were formed, and have been denuded and washed away, leaving the iron near the surface upon the declivity of the hills. That the place where the remains were found was a cave is evidenced by the formation, and by the fact that loam or soil several feet thick is now found, though in a disturbed condition. This is accounted for by indubitable evidence of upheaval in that whole region. It is apparent from this view that the bones found at the depth of 18 feet and those of 24 feet belonged to the same skeleton. The internal convulsion which caused the upheaval, disturbed and scattered the remains among the ore, leaving part above the floor of loam and some part below it. That the cave was inhabited by men previous to the deposition of the iron ore is proved by the lining of the stratum of loam or soil, and the charred wood. Another fact is given in proof. I am satisfied from an examination of the piece of iron ore before spoken of as retaining the imprint of a piece of matting, that Dr. Booth was mistaken in supposing it to be matting. There is no regularity in the imprint in the ore, as there would be if it were woven or plaited matting. On the contrary, the impressions cross each other in every conceivable direction, showing conclusively to my mind that they must have been caused by rushes or weeds, or perhaps small twigs used by the inhabitants of the cave as a bed.

How a Clerk Made His Fortune.

The withdrawal of the Rothschild agency from San Francisco through the retirement of Messrs. Gansl & Cull recalls an anecdote connected with the house of Rothschild, which illustrates the prompt manner in which the bank deal with their employes. When the Rotschilds decided on establishing an agency on this coast they were for some time in doubt as to who should accompany Mr. Davidson, who was detailed for that purpose. Finally, Clerk No. 1, we shall call him, was requested one morning to step into the manager's office. Presenting himself there, he was asked how long it would take him to prepare for a journey to California. He wished to know where California was, and how long he should be required to stay there. He was informed of the locality of the hitherto unknown land, and that his residence there would be indefinite; and to take time to consider before answering. Pondering awhile, he replied that he should require a week to pack up and bid farewell to his friends. "Very well," said the head of the house, "you will be informed should we decide on sending you," and so dismissed him. Clerk No. 2 was sent for, and the same questions and answers ensuing, he asked for three days. He also was dismissed in like manner, and No. 3 summoned. On being questioned as to the time he required to prepare for the long journey, his reply was, "I am ready now." "Very well," said the banker, "you sail to-morrow for San Francisco, where you will be just in partner in the house we are about to open there." The clerk, who was ready at a moment's notice to journey to the other side of the world, was Julius May; and he thus laid the foundation of his present fortune.