#### SAVED BY STRATEGY.

"Strange! what can this mean? Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what?" And Dr. Pomeroy stared most vacantly at the closely-written sheet he held in

his hand. He read: "Dr. Pomeroy, I will not apologize for the unparalleled service I am about to ask of you; suffice it to say I have heard your history, heard of your struggles, and realize how hard a task it is for one so young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you; and yet I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless, I am about to request you to do me a great favor. Will you come to South Street Church to-morrow at eight o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and aever repeat that which takes place there. Will you give me, a stranger, a awful claim to your name, and yet not eek to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars, payable to your order at the city bank, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time."
That was all. There was no signature

-nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or abode. Indeed, It was so terse and unfeminine in its details that he was half tempted to believe that some of his male friends were playing a oke on himself.

"I will not go-I will not be fooled!" he said to him.

He flung the missive down, then he picked it up, folded it carefully, and thrust it in his pocket. He remembered that he had a patient

to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter were ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dunning bilts had been left to his consideration-bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He threw them down and buried his face in his hands.

"Poverty is a curse, mother," he caned. "I do not know which way to moaned.

She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Everywhere he turned, hopeless chance seemed to envelop him.

"Ah, if that letter was only real," he thought. "Fifty thousand dollars would make me rich."

And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour came-one moment vow-

ing he would not go near the place, the next greatly tempted to see the "farce" Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies closely veiled, and a gentleman, standing in the upper part of

the building, while the minister sat in a chair. There was but one gas jet lighted, and he could but just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies and she advanced to meet him. "Are you Dr. Pomeroy?" she asked in

a low tone. "I am.

She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.

"How do you do, Pomeroy?" he said; and Pomeroy recognized in him the president of the city bank. "I am here by the request of this young lady," pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken, 'to inform you that if you agree proposition, I am authorized to pay to Listen to my story before you blame your order the sam of fifty thousand dollars.

Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud; it was reality. He stood motionless for a moment; then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it without a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them. The ceremony was quickly performed.

Dr. Pomerov registered his name, and then looked with considerable curiosity Heart, and kept me there until I at the bold, plain signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled out a certificate, which he had brought with him by request, and which the maid and the banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it and thrust it in her bosom. One moment and the two glided swiftly away from sight. Dr. Pomeroy wiped the perspiration

from his brow, and then asked: 'Who was she?"

"I do not know," said the minister. "I was requested by letter, and paid to perform the ceremony and keep it a secret. It is perfectly lawful."

"And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here to assure you that her promise should be faithfully fulfilled."

The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the cartain fell on the first

The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to the unknown woman but he thought that could not injure him. She must have been in deadly peril,

to pay such an exorbitant price for a simple name. He took an office further up town, and moved his mother to a nicer home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Dr. Pomeroy than

those who had employed the poor one. Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation and added considerably to his bank account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while.

"We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."
A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the "good doctor" leave, although vain. He felt no preference for the op-

their endeavors to eatch him had been in posite sex. He had recovered from his disappointment, and he ceased to remember that he was a married man, or to think kindly of the unknown woman who had so radically changed his life.

They traveled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they had started, and one night found them in a French village. About the middle of the night the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door and calling

He did so. He found the landlord who told him in broken English that one of his countrymen had just fallen down

stairs in a fit, and on seeing his name registered M. D., they called him up. He went into an elegantly furnished room, where a man, some fifty years of age, was lying in a dying condition. A young lady sat by the bed fanning him. The doctor hastily examined the patient and found that it was impossible for him to live; but the day passed, and still another, before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness.

The lady told Dr. Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, a native of England, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for her health, she went on to explain that he was a widower.

Her only remaining relative was a young sister, who was being educated split the kindling wood, piled up there in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of in well-seasoned logs.

Paris. After Mr. Sydenham was buried, Miss Sydenham went under the care of the doctor and his mother, to Paris. She insisted on their taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed, but she was with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady got warmly attached to her, and talked dolefully to her son about the time they should have to be separated.

She told them confidently not to wonderthat she did not mourn for her father, for he had endeavored to wrong her deeply; that it was not love that held her to his side; and in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was

Dr. Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last began to be reserved and cold. A feeling he dared not cherish was growing in his heart, and it alarmed him greatly.
"I dare not love her," he muttered to

himself. "I am bound." Then, for the first time he realized how

heavily were the fetters he had forged for himself. She noticed the change. She tried to beguile him to forget the grief that was evidently wearing on him; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her

"I am a married man!" he said, impetuously. "I love you; and yet I am not free to love!" She recoiled, but bade him tell her

"It was cruel, unkind of her to bind you so," she said.

"No, no!" he ejaculated. "She saved me—she blessed me—and I shall always respect her, but never did my bonds hurt me until I met you. Now I shall "Yes," said Mrs. Dean, her face involbe miserable forever.

"You may meet her." "But possible," she said, with a sor-rowful look, "I know your Ellen Latour. She lives, and I must give you "Improbable!"

up."
'You know her?" "Yes; to-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you; she knows you are here, and—she believed you loved me, and wondered if you were as upright as she had always thought

you to be." He bowed his face in his hands, and Miss Sydenham left him. The hour had come which he bad hoped for in bygone days-he was to learn whom he had wedded; but it gave him no pleasure

At an early hour the servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him in her private parlor, and he was ushered into a strange room. He searcely lifted his eyes as he entered, but when he did, they fell upon Miss Sydenham.

"I am Ellen Latour," she said, simply. "That is my real name, though I never anticipated revealing the truth me," she said.

"The man whom you saw die was my step-father. He married my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada a baby. My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later, leaving all our father's property in that man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our property under his control until we were married or become of age. He placed me in the Sacred was sixteen, and then he took me out, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that was to be paid down to him out of my property the moment Turner became my husband. I was shocked. I had no friends to go to, and was totally at a loss what to do. He did not allow me to go into society; I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's

house, he kept me traveling about the country. "At last I proposed to compromise I told my step-father to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started for England an uncle of my mother's left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry When we returned to England, my step-father commanded me to fulfill my promise, and I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore, but he saw his case was lost. I had outwitted him. I did not leave him, but remained to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to have you sue for a divorce as soon as he should die, and it would not

endanger my safety. "But this intention will never be carried into effect!" Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever,

Ellen!" "Yours forever!" she answered. And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people to be

found in the whole world. Years have passed since then, and Ada finds a home with her sister, who never repents that she was saved from a fate worse than death by strategy.

John Stetson one evening met a manager and made an inquiry as to the "biz." "Immense," answered the manager, "we had \$600 in last night." "Honest usher, that!" said John. "Usher! honest! What dropped \$400 in, somebody must have dropped \$400 in the sisle, and one of the ushers found it.—[Detroit Free Press.]

"Bless me!" said Mr. Desc.

#### THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of an extra fire to be considered—the fact that the best rag carpet, woven by her own skillful hands, must not be worn out too read recklessly, the dread possibility of sun-fire. shine fading out these chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the saucepan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed as he cut and

in well-seasoned logs.

She was a little, wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows to her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen, blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices and all necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her

life. "I'm glad I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself as the bright needles clicked merrily away; "people say it isn't quite safe. And one can't be too care-ful. But, then, again, there's the danger of burglars—though, to be sure, no burglar," she added, with a complacent inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville Clarion newspaper in the pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers, and the trunks, and the locked-up chests that they aim for. A fifty-dollar bill! a clean, crisp, new fifty dollar bill! And all savings, too, out of the house

money. Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind, and muffled up in the furs of the wild animals which, from time to time, he himself had shot.

"Good day, Mrs. Dean, good day!" said he. "No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took \$50 out

untarily hardening, "I did!"

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go around ped-dling tinware," said the doctor. "It's pretty hard for any one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little-"But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean, reathlessly. "The money was an in-

breathlessly. "The money was an investment. I don't propose to cut it up into little bits." "It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean, said the good old man, "to help lame

Dick Bodley."
"I dare say," said Mrs. Dean, a little irritably. "But I never pretended to be

a charitable character.' "The old doctor went away, and the next visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy girl

of eighteen. "Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean," said she, "but Larry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me that you drew out your money!"

Mrs. Dean. But she said nothing, only knit away her needles seemed to glance and glitter like points of fire.

'I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes'," added Helen, coloring, "so as to be near the district school, where I am to teach this spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and, unfortunately, we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed, decently to command the respect of her pupils. But if

you would kindly lend me \$10---"
"I never lend," said Mrs. Dean, tartly "I will be sure to pay it up when I re ceive my first quarter's salary," pleaded "And I don't know of any one Helen. else to go to."

"It's altogether against my princi-les," said Mrs. Dean, with her face as if it had been carved out of hickory. Helen Hurst crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond all ex-

pression. Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness; but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the saucepan, before Graham entered with a leathercovered memorandum book and pencil. "I am looking for charitable people, Mrs. Dean," said the Squire's wife, with

a laugh. "Then you've come to the wrong place," said Mrs. Dean, frigidly. "Poor Patrick O'Hara was killed yesterday in the machinery of the rolling mill," said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbor's response. "He has left a wife and eight children, totally desti"

tute. "And whose fault is that?" said Mrs.

Dean. "Will you not contribute something toward relieving their destitute con-dition?" urged Mrs. Graham, opening the book and holding the pencil ready for use.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dean. "I've no money to spare."
"But I was told—"

"Oh yes-about the money that was drawn out of the savings bank!" said Mrs. Dean. "But I intend to keep that money for myself, Mrs. Graham.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.," softly spoke Mrs. Graham.
"Yes, yes—I know!" said Mrs. Dean. But nobody interprets the Bible literally, nowadays."

Mrs. Graham took her departure, acknowledging within herself that her errand was a failure; and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting-work in her lap-a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty-dollar bill had taken to itself legs and was running away from a crowd of pursuers, her-

self among the number. When she waked up, roused by the noise of coal being ponred upon the stove, a candle was burning and Mr. Dean was laughing at her.

"Why, Betsy," said he, "I thought

have been asleep quite awhile. But,"as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket, opposite, was empty-

ville Clarion?" "It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean calmly. "We have both of us read it, so I just took it to kindle the

"You burned it up?" "Yes," said Mr. Dean; "I burned it up. Why shouldn't I?"

up. Why shouldn't 1?
For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. Her first utter-

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me! Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to her table drawer, took out a sheet of paper and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, inclosing a dollar toward lame Dick Bodley's cart and horse. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor little O'Haras, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes and some of ber husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

to come and see her.

"I can't lend you \$10, my dear," said she, "because I haven't got it. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There's a nice spare room, and it's an eighth of a mile nearer than Mrs. Swipe's to the district school."

"Oh, how very, very good you are!" said Helen, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Dean. "I'm just beginning to see what a selfish, greedy creature I've been all my life. you're welcome, my dear, and it shall

She opened her parlor, shook out the curtains, and built a fire in the air-tight wood stove. "Dean likes the parlor," said she,

because it has such nice south windows, and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it." She baked a fresh batch of ginger-bread and sent a loaf to old Mrs. Mudge;

she took out a basket of hickory nuts for poor little Harry Jones, who was trying to crack dried-up pig nuts on the stone by the roadside; she renewed her subscription to church charities.
"I can't be very liberal," she said,
"but I am determined to do what I can."

"That's right, my dear—that's right!" said her husband. "We shall be prosperous, never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your fifty-dollar bill; but, if it's going to open your heart like this, it's the best thing that could have happened to us."

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out the kitchen. She looked around with a smile as she moved the wide-leaved table which always stood under the wallpocket, and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of splints, lined with red cambric and tied with cords and tassels of red worsted, to dust it out.

"Yes," she said, "I am afraid I was getting to be a little miserly, and—why,

what's this? Mr. Dean stopped and picked up a slip of crumpled, dark-green paper, which had fallen out from the wall-pocket as his wife turned it upside down and

tapped her finger against it to remove all possible dust.
"It's the fifty-dotlar bill!" said he, with mouth and eyes opening in unison.
"It must have slipped down from the folds of the newspaper and lodged here."

"The Lord has sent it back to us." lls me that you drew out your money!" said Mrs. Dean, reverently; "and He "Was all creation there?" thought has sent a lesson, wise and merciful, with it." "Well," said Mr. Dean, after a moment or two of silence, "there's a lesson

in almost everything He does, if we did but know it." And all the theologians in the world could not bave improved upon the faith

#### of this simple, unlettered old farmer. Disinfect Your Trees

There is no doubt that the planting of lesirable varieties of fruit trees and vines will be greatly extended in this county the present and in succeeding seasons. The stock for the extended plant is likely to come from nurseries and vineyards in districts abroad that are more or less infested with scale insects, red spider, aphis, codling worm, phylloxera, and other pests, with which as yet we have not been extensively troubled, though some of them are beginning to be habitats with us, and will inevitably give us a great deal of trouble. To contend with the natural increase and dispersion of the fruit pests we now have in our already planted orchards and vineyards will sufficiently tax our efforts and resources, and we should take care, by proper treatment of imported nursery trees and vines or cuttings, to destroy any insect life there may be upon them, before they are planted, and the wrappings or boxes in which they may be packed should also either be destroyed by fire, or thoroughly disinfected by the same treat-ment applied to the trees and vines or cuttings. The lye, whale-oil soap and sulphur, or other washes, that are recommended as safe and effectual, can be conveniently and thoroughly applied to fifty or a hundred nursery trees piled together, before planting. - | Contra Costa Gazette.

# Hardly Consistent.

The following incident floating in the press of the country illustrates the inconsistency of human nature:

"Do you believe in predestination," inquired a Mississippi captain of a clergy-man who happened to be traveling with

him. "Of course I do," was the reply. "Then you believe that whatever is to e will be.

"Certainly." "Well, I am glad of it."

"Why?" "Because I'm going to pass that boas shead in just fifteen consecutive minutes, if there is any virtue in pine knots

if the boilers are not going to burst they wont; that's all." Upon this the divine began to put on his hat and looked as if he was going to back out, which the captain observing,

and safety valves. So don't be alarmed;

remarked: "I thought you believed in predestination? "So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."

It was very ungallant in the old bache lor who was told that a certain lady had "one foot in the grave," to ask if "there wasn't room for both feet."

#### The Salvation Army and the Roughs in England.

For two years, or thereabouts, our towns have had frequent opportunities of witnessing an exhibition not to everybody's taste. 'The "Salvation Army," as far as it can be known to the uninitiated. consists of bands of men marching through the streets, generally toward "church time," with banners, devices, and sometimes emblematic helmets and other accoutrements, singing sensational hymns, and by their gestures inviting all whose eyes they succeeded in catching to fall in and march with them to some headquarters or rendezvous of those who are to be saved. The worship they conduct under cover is not quite of the sober and monotonous character that finds most favor with English re-spectability. The confident heirs of power, and the volume of vivid, silvery a newly-assured salvation sing hymn after hymn with emphatic refrains, in an ascending scale of devotional energy. At intervals exhortations which are at least simple, intelligible and frequently re-iterated, restore their flagging energies for fresh multitudinous utterances. The sense of numbers amounting to an army, if in showers for a considerable distance not on the spot, yet in faith, everywhere around the well. This eruption of wanot on the spot, yet in faith, everywhere present, feeds the strength of the individual. The devotees are told, very likely with truth, that hundreds of thousands are at the same moment marching towards Zion, scouring her bulwarks, ascending her steps, and even entering her gates. It is plain that the enthusiasm does not always die away when these provocatives are withdrawn. It is plain, too, that the movement has not lost the attractiveness of novelty and youth. The army is still found on our streets. It is not to be expected that even so much of a good minority of a settled and wellregulated population should take part in such a movement, or like it, or even regard it with indifference. A very large part of our own population, on one ground or other, believe themselves saved already, and therefore under no need to go out of their way for a new call. A large part are very well satisfied to be in a fortunate minority in this respect, and take an exclusive view of the celestial circle. About the last thing they desire is to meet their neighbors there, especially if they are not clean, or talk broad, or cannot distribute their h's properly. A large part are quite content not to be saved; indeed, think there is no such thing. If these various classes be added together, they will constitute an immense majority against the "Salvation Army." Most of these people, however, are ready to leave it alone. They will be neither for it nor against it. But there remain the irre-pressible "roughs." It is unnecessary to describe them, for they promise to be our lords and masters. They are the present tyrant, whose function it is to test the sincerity of the virtuous and the gratitude of the brave. It is with them that the "Salvation Army" is now waging its only physical warfare. English people generally would leave it to the test of time. The men that stagger out of the public houses, or that have not yet recovered from their Saturday night's carouse, or that dread some possible interference with their own ways, molest these harmless soldiers with insulting cries, mockery, and more serious annoyances. The faith of the majority, the good taste of the educated, and the universal sense of decency are outraged under the pretense of interrupting the ex-ceptional methods of a few. But it is evident that if the "roughs" are to be al-

# A Relic of the Revolution.

At the last meeting of the Virginia Historical Society, in Richmond, Va., a curious ancient document was read by the Corresponding Secretary. It is the handwriting of Col. Thomas Waring, of Goldberry, Essex county, Va., an ardent rebel, who was with Washington at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. It is entitled, "The Last Will and Testament of Old England, and is dated at the "Palace of Necessity, this 19th day of April, just four years from the fatal day on which my last opportunity was lost by shedding the blood of America at Lexington, in the year 1779. The follow-

ing are the bequests made:
"I, Old England, being in a very weak and languishing state, through voluptuousness and loss of Blood, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in the manner following-viz: Imprimis I do give and bequeath unto the Bishops of St. Asaph and Peterborough, to be equally divided among them, all my religion. "2. I give all my sincerity to the Worthy Members of the Minority in the

House of Commons, "3. I give all my knowledge in Politicks to Lord Camden and Lord Abingdon and those other noble Lords who opposed the Ministry in their Mischiev-

ious and Cursed war in America. "4. I give to my sister Scotland all

my Pride and Haughtiness.
"5. I give to my sister Ireland the onehalf of my Poverty, Distress and Ruin. "6. I give to the Earl of Bute and Lord North all my Treachery and Tyranny, to be equally divided among them. "7. I give to Lord Howe and General Howe all my Cruelty as a reward for the Treatment of the American Prison-

"8. I give all my low cunning to Lord Mansfield and Lord George Gorman. "9. I give all my Stupidity and Obstinacy to the present ministry.

"10. I give my Power by Sea and Land to the French King. "11. I give my Integrity to the King

of Spain. "12. I give my Trade and Commerce to the State of Holland. "13. I give those abject Mortals, the Tories of America, one Ton of Hemp, to

be equally distributed among them by "14. I give my Right and Title in that most glorious tract called Magna Charta to the United States of America, to their Heirs and Assigns forever.

"15. I give unto my Colonies in America—viz., Canada, Nova Scotia, East and West Florida, the West Indies —the other half of my Poverty, Distress and Ruin; and I do appoint the United States of America to be guardians of my said Colonies.

An elephant in a North Carolina circus recently drank a pailful of whisky. The

### A Gaseous Geyser.

The last well put down by the Sarnia Association was on the farm of Peter Lambe about three and a half miles to the southeast of the town. At a depth of 600 feet there were some indications of oil, but the prosecution of the work was stopped last Tuesday night at about 12 o'clock by the flow of gus from the well catching fire from a torch in the hands of one of the drillers, who at the time was at a distance of 25 feet from the well, the wind blowing at the time in his direction. The ignition of gas in an oil well is by no means uncommon, but this particular blaze soon developed some unusual features. The gas, instead of burning quietly in a small circle around the outlet, seemed flame is fully thirty feet high. most remarkable exhibition is that at intervals of exactly fifteen minutes by the watch there is a grand eruption of water which mingles with the flames, and so far from extinguishing them, drives them in sheets above the highest trees and falls ter, which lasts about two or three minutes, is preceeded by a gradually in-creasing roar, accompanied by a series of powerful gasps like strokes of some mighty engine. The miqture of waterwhich, by the way, is said to be strongly impregnated with sulphur—with the flames pro-duces effects in color which are dazzling in their brilliancy and beauty, various shades of yellow and purple predomi-nating. The spectacle, especially if wit-nessed at night, is indescribably beauti-ful, and its effect is heightened by a slight dash of weirdness caused by the unusual color of the flames and the corresponding reflection which it throws on the foliage of the surrounding trees. The birds seem to be almost paralyzed by the unwonted illumination. All night long, so the drillers say, they skim around the flames, uttering shrill cries of alarm, and become either so frightened or so bold that they alight alongside the men, by whom they are frequently caught. Every effort has been made by the drillers, Mesars. Fair Brothers, to shut down this brilliant show, but thus far without success. Twenty loads of sand were thrown on, but without effect. Afterward a number of tarpaulins were placed over the vent and sand thrown on top, but the flames belched out with apparently un-surpassed vigor, throwing these impediments aside as if they were so many feathers. The drillers came to the conclusion to try, as a last resort, to invert a heavy iron tank over the flame and surround it with sand, so as to exclude the air. The opinion of most of those who have seen the phenomena is that the subterranean power is so great that this plan will share the fate of those which preceded. Large numbers of people have visited the well. It is a sight that baffles description, and once seen will never be forgotten .- | Sarnia (Canada) Observer.

### That Old Brandy.

On a recent night at the Davenport House, Toccoa, we took a look at the register before going to bed, and saw in a large business hand the name of M. L. Bonham, Columbia, S. C. We wondered if it was our old friend, Governor Bonham, or one of his grandsons. We always arise early, and on entering the hall the next morning we saw a gentlelowed to do what they like, the streets can no longer be called the Queen's highway, or the land of her realm.—[London Willedge, whom we voted for as Major-General of cavalry when we were only 16 years old. In those days South Carolina was truly a military State. Only a certain number of calvary was allowed. I rode fourteen miles to muster in eavalry before I was of the age required by law, and then they could not transfer me to the infantry. I attended camp-mus-ters under Bonham, at one of which he and General Frederick Garvin were considered the best riders on the encampment, and in trying the speed of their horses, General Garvin was thrown and seemed to be as "dead as a door nail." The brigade surgeon could do nothing for him, and Bonham said to Aiken, who was then Governor: "By G-, unless we can stimulate him he will never come to. Get a bottle of that old brandy." A servant soon brought it, and Bonham, not waiting for a corkscrew, broke the neck of the bottle with a horse pistol, filled the tumbler three-fourths full of mellow twenty-year-old brandy, forced Garvin's mouth open, and poured it down him. In half an hour the old fellow was laughing and cracking jokes. Those were glorious days!—[Ga. Sun.

# Woman's Work.

At intervals one is shocked by reading of the suicide of some poor woman who cannot find work to do, and prefers death to dishonor, This is very sad; but need it be? Throughout our broad land surely there is plenty of work for women's nimble fingers if she looks for it in the right place. But unhappily she eldom knows how to get her skill and energy in the right groove. In the cities you find hundreds of thousands of women struggling for work as shop girls, hair dressers, clerks, milliners, etc., and failing, simply because they stay where there are thousands of the same trade in competition. If they would go to some village or inland town, where taste and fashion are beginning to create a demand for their work, and where living is cheap, they could be sure in the end of comp teney if not fortune. On the other hand in those very inland towns and farms you find hundreds of thousands of other women, anxions to make a living, sending poems, novels, pictures and high art embroidery literally by the ton for sale into the cities, which are already swarming with unsuccessful authors and artists; and blind to the fact that their neighbors really want a first-class milliner, embroiderer, saleswoman or hair-dresser. Good servants, too, are needed; but Chloe and Bridget are the queens of our kitchens, and enjoy a comparatively easy life, while women who could fill their places remain in the cities to starve.

M. M. Moleschott and Fabini find reason to believe that the elimination of carbonic acid from animals increases un-der the influence of light, and that light acts not only through the eye, but over the whole surface of the body.