I never told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be

In the first place, my name is Freder-ick Putnam. I am, and have been for the past ten years, the foreman and book-keeper of the large lumbering esablishment of William Winston & Co. and hope to be for another decade, unand nope to be for another decade, un-less something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by the far the largest share of supply the country to the west of us, is stead. quite large.

Well, one cold, December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small traveling-bag in one hand, and a shawl thrown over his arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before. locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him, as usual.

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat and was just in the act of turning down the lampbut of course I waited.
"Good evening, sir," said the man,

bustling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?" I answered that he had.

Whew! I was afraid of it." He drew out his watch-a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked "I wanted to leave some money with Winston, I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home." "What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville." I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best west customers. I say had been, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write to him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast of my over-

"You can leave the money with me. sir, and I will give you a receipt.' He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me, somewhat. I have never blamed

anybody since, however. 'How much is my bill?" he asked. eying me sharply. I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents." 'Humph! Less than I supposed. Write me out a receipt for that amount." He left the stove and came and looked

over my shoulder while I wrote.
"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature any-

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of bank notes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred

The balance was in fives, tens and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprang for his traveling-bag, and, giving me a hasty hand shake was off on a run.

I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket. I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up, I saw the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it. Only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in some-thing of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady, who I hoped, would be my wife before many

I hastened to my boarding house, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the coat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and leaving my hat and coat in the hall, I went into the parlor. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so will pass it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me, until I arose to take my leave.

Carry went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire; but she came back with only my hat.

"Why Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night as this without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of way, for the thought of the money flashed upon me so suddenly that it almost stunned me.

The rest way for the dazed the whole thing excepting my attempt, or rather my resolve at self destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time. The next moment I tore past ber like a

madman, as I was. The coat was gone! Then I was unrerved. I grasp the stair-rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a abeat!

"No, no, Carrie?" I entreated. "There I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong, all at once desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket.

Anderson had nothing to show that the
money had been paid; and was not my unsupported word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew con-

fident and quite easy at once. "There, Carrie, I am much better now, The room was too warm I guess. So some sneak thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a bet-

ter one. "But was there nothing in the pocketa?" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on what the mill cats although the amount the end of my tongue. I suppressed of our sales directly from the mill, to it, however, and uttered a falsehood in-

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. pair of gloves and some other trifling

notions. "I am glad it is not worse, Fred. Now if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's overcoats to wear

home. Thus equipped I left her. You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my

haggard looks were the subject of re-"Why, Fred, you look as though you met a legion of ghosts last night!" Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered with a sickly smile. "And you'll have another if you are not careful; you had better keep quiet

to-day. By the way, did you write to I do not know how I managed to reply for the question set me to shivering from

head to foot, and I was so weak that 1 could scarcely sit in my chair.

I must have answered in the affirmative however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or next day." Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweat-ing like a butcher! You're sick, man! Come jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston casse himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my fellow boarders; but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating! Coward that I was, I had at last resolved on self-destruction.

I commenced my preparation with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most commen transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In the fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to the secreary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all

Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would make no failure. I sat down before the fire to gather courage.

It may be interesting to know that no courage came to me, for the desperation, the growing fear of life I can in no wise call by that name. It was simply cowardice. Yet, whatever you may term it, it was all sufficient for the time. It nerved my arm, and, lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-like muzzle

against my forehead. In another second I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my

It startled me, and bastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?" I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale let-ters which I had left on the table into

my pocket-book, I opened the door.
"Oh, Fred, you are real sick!" exclaimed Carrie the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?'

"Worse," I answered, huskily-"but, Carrie -good heaven!" As I uttered this exclamation I started back, then forward; and then-I scarcely knew what, for hanging across Carrie's

arm was my overcoat. Becovering from my astonishment, I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three

cents. You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and from the appearance of my apart-ment after it was over, I am led to believe that were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in compari-son with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair on the washstand, which I had selected in my craxy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. was the simplest thing imaginable. do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idle in the pocket.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was the next door to it. I made a clean breast of the

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, d at and went right on with my duties, a wiser and better man, I hope. And, to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie

Brigham, the Cave Dog.

A common yellow cur is the hero of this true story. William—a wag,as well as a firstrate guide—explained to me the odd name given to the dog: "We call him Brigham—'cause he's young, you know!

This creature is remarkable for but among the elves and gnomes, and ap-pears to have no fear of darkness.

Jack, the old dog, with Brigham, the new one, will trot, side by side, as far as the Iron Gate. But there they part. Jack, as usual, returns to the hotel; but Brigham advances, pushing ahead of the guides, choosing his own path, digressing now and then, yet always returning in safety to the light of the lamps. Brigham and I besome fast friends during my fortnight's stay at Mounmoth

ground researches was very sausing. Brigham was a great favorite with the manager of the cave, whe particularly warned us not to lose him; for it was feared the dog would be unable to find his way out again. Other curs that had been left behind invariably stayed in the place where they had become lost, not

Cave last summer. The gentle dignity with which he sought to aid my under-

daring to stir, but yelping and howling till help came.

The dreaded accident happened at last. We went one day on what is called the Long Route, to the end of the cave, said to be nine miles from the entrance; and Brigham went with us. We left the main cave at the Giant's Coffin, by an arched way, leading among some pits, the most famous of which has long been known as the Bottomless Pit. My guide, however, measured it, and found that it was ex actly one hundred and five feet deep. There are six pits in all at this place, two of them lately discovered. We named them Scylla and Charybdis-because, in trying to keep out of one, you are in danger of falling into the other. These we measured, finding them to be more than two hundred feet deep.

Brigham did not like the pits very

well. It was only by much coaxing that we led kish across the narrow bridge thrown ever the Bottomless Pit. But, indeed, we all were glad to get away

from that dangerous place.

We west through the "Fat Man's Misery," and entered River Hall, where these are several deep lakes. Presently we came to Echo river, about thirty feet deep, from twenty to two hundred feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. Getting into a small boat, we paddled our way ever the clear, cold water, waking the echoes from the steep, rocky walls, Brigham helping with some lively basking. Presently, we landed on a nice sandy basking the farther end.

Peer Brigham became very tired, and cased less for the lovely arches of flowerlike erystels than for some cozy nook where he might curl down for a nap. At length, after taking lunch with us in Washington Hall, he started in chase of a eave-sat, and probably availed himself of the chance to take his siesta. At all events, be disappeared, and made no mawer to our calls.

"Perhaps he has gone ahead to Echo river, said I, "and is waiting for us there.

"Lobe enough," said William, the guide. "I hadn't thought of that." But no bounding form nor joyful bark welcomed our approach. The echoes answered our calls, until it seemed as if a thousand veices were crying, "Brigham, Brigham!" in every conceivable tone, from the seftest whisper to the deepest bass; and our whistling was, in like manner, repeated, until it seemed as if all the spirits of the cave had been let loose for an Æolian concert.

Plainly the dog was lost. William thought Brigham might track us as far as the river; but that on reaching the water he surely would lose the scent, and would not try to swim across. Light-ing a freshly filled lamp, William set it on a ledge, so that in case the dog should come thus far he might not feel too

lonely. Sadly we returned to the hotel, where our announcement of the loss caused a sensation; the ladies especially declar-ing it "perfectly dreadful to leave the poor thing alone in that horrible cave all night,"-as if it were darker there at midnight than at noon !

Early the next morning, a party of explorers crossed Echo river, and were met by Brigham. The guide reasoned with him, as one might reason with a runaway child, and tenderly took him in his arms aboard the boat.

Alas! the warnings were wasted! For. almost as soon as we had landed, that capricious cave dog disappeared again; and, as before, refused to obey our leudest summons. Compassion was now mixed with indignation, and we lest him to his fate.

Nothing was seen as him all that days and this time, of decidenate straice, he remained a second postst umlengssame

And now comes, personals, the strangest part of my story. On the holomore, morning Jack, tos, was messing. The guides had to dispense with their sustomary canine escont. Go assisting howyards within the case, they fluxed Jack just outside, and Brephan behind the bars; and there the degs street, wagging their tails, and apparently eschanging the news!

Our curiosity led us to occurine Brigham's tracks, to see by what rente he had found his way back. Beginning at Echo River, we had no difficulty in seeing that he had, step by step, followed our trail; his only guide, of course, being the sense of smell. Here his tracks were deeply printed in soft mud and there, more sharply defined on the mellow banks of nitrous earth, less distinctly along ridges of sand, or over heaps of

stone, or up steep stairways. Thus Brigham had followed through darkness deeper than that of midnight, along the narrow beach of Lake Lethe, across the treacherous natural bridge spanning the River Styx, up to the galleries overhanging the Dead Sea, through the wild confusion of Bandit's hall, and by many a spot where one misstep would have sent the poor, lonely creature plunging downward in darkness to inevitable death.

It will be remembered that we had gone in past the Giant's Coffin, by the arched way among the deep pits, and through the mazes leading to River Hall. But we had come out by a newly dis-covered mode of exit, through an intriate set of fissures, known, on account of its winding nature, as "The Corkscrew." We preferred this, because it saved a mile and a half of travel. Our A friend of the Baltimore Sun at

four-footed friend, pursuing the freshest scent, went, of course, up the Corkscrew. The opening is too irregular to be called a pit, or shaft. Yet it winds upward for a distance, vertically, of about one hundred and fifty feet; but one thing, and that is his fondness for fully five hundred feet, as one climbs, life below ground. He seems at home creeping through crevices. twisting through "auger-holes," and scaling percipitous rocks scattered in the wildest confusion imaginable. Three ladders have to be mounted in threading this passage. One emerges, at last, on the edge of a cliff overlooking the main cave and down which he clambers to the level floor, where the road runs smoothly along to the Iron Gate, a quarter of a

mile distant. Only think of it! Through all this intricate and hazardous pass, where, without a guide, we should have found it difficult to make our way, even with lamps and maps of the cave, that yellow dog had safely gone alone! He offered no explanation of his proceedings, nor told us what motive prompted his indeindependent explorations. But that was his affair, not ours. We honored him as a hero, and obtained for him, from the manager, Mr. Francis Klett, the freedom of the cave for the rest of his life .- St. Nicholas for April.

Marriage in Stamboul.

Without intelligent sympathy at home, forbidden all amusement and diversion out of doors, ignorant of boyish sports, even of riding, probably, the Turkish last falls into dissipation. For any kind of vise he finds liberty enough at Stam-beul. We Christian have I ever met so bold, even in imagination, as to draw, a picture of the dark places in that city. But several of these educated youths have assured me that the luxurious temptations of immorality in Stamboul -not Pera ner Galata-are unequaled in their net inconciderable experience of

Europe. The state of society was revealed to me with rather startling force one day. I called upon a young Mohammedan whose English education has made him one of ourselves in all respects saving that it to the speed being the capacity of the has net shaken his religious faith. He held in his arms a lovely child of two years old or so, who screamed with passion. A small Circassian boy, fair which cars loaded with persons are occurred. years old or se, who screamed with passion. A small Circassian boy, fair haired, blue eyed, was trying to distract her, but the apparition of the "Chelebi" was more successful.

The children were presently dismissed to the harem, and my friend observed:
"I dread to think of that boy's departure. My baby has the temper of a little fiend, and only he can manage

Knowing the small Circassian to be a slave I asked why he was leaving.
"I must send him to Robert College soon," was the reply, "and get another playfellow for the child."

Robert College is the American school where so many middle class youths are being educated-well educated, too, though the training is not in all respect

I said: "The kindness of your people toward their slaves is well known to me, but I did not think it ran so far as to pay their expenses at college."
"He answered, laughing: "Not as

rule, of course. But my intention is to marry those two if Ahmet turns out well. He is clever and well disposed. The missionaries will keep him honest, I Monumental City." But his doubts are

This was such a novel view of the relations between bondslave and mistress, that I discussed the matter at length sev-

eral times. My friend told me that such matches, never rare in Turkey, are now quite usual. The state of morals is such in Stamboul that parents do not willingly take a daughter or son-in-law from families of their own rank. They distrust all and bulky articles of commerce with the world. It has lately become a com-mon thing te choose a slave, boy or girl, to grow up under their eyes. The first expense averages, perhaps, forty pounds, and the female child costs little. She is taught truthfulness and

vistue, fine sewing, the mystery of caffee-making and of filling a pipe—the arts of a very simple housewife. A boy is vastly more expensive, as in this case he must be sent to school, launched upon some kind of employment, and provided for until the parents are satisfied that he will make their child happy. Then the pair use masried and the ex-slave becomes a member of the family, though that makes

little change to him.

My M-selem friend is on such terms with me that I speak of his wife almost as facely as I should of a Christian's. Remember that he was brought up in England and speaks the language as Many readers acquainted Censtantineple will know to whom I Boffer.

Temy question how the child's mother segar-ced this idea, he answered that it was her own conceiving. And then he selated various stories of domestic misery and crime within her knowledge, which had brought his wife to a fixed resolve that her daughter should not wed a Turk of Stamboul.

I asked what she proposed to do if this little slave died before marriage.
"In that case," said the father, "we determined to look out a husband in

Syria, where are still honest men." Such is the view which a Turk, educated in the real sense, expresses of his countrymen-not in the elder, but the new generations, to whom so much is hoped.—[All the Year Round.

The experiments of a famous Swedish chemist, prolonged over two years, making it definitely certain that separating cream by the centrifugal secures 10 per cent more of it than any other process while if the cream is at once churne what chemists and other experiments pronounce the best lasting and best keeping butter is obtained; the refuse-th skimmed milk and buttermilk-are sweet that is, in their most valuable condition, and the milk has been in the course of a few hours turned into money. This appears to be the ultimate perfection scientific butter-making.

The new building erected by the Bo ton Art Club is a marvel in its way. It was built within the appropriation, and if any one can show better exterior and interior finish, purer taste or greater solidity in a building for \$85,000, finished and furnished, we should like to of mechanism is known to thousands of

A Rallroad Fifty Years Ago.

Clarksburg, W. Va., sends a clipping from the National Intelligencer of October, 1831, containing a description of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by Mr. Gales, editor of the Intelligencer. The article makes curious reading as showing how impossible it is even to a man of superior intelligence, to forecast the possibilities of a great invention. It seems that the Washington editor made a trip to Ellicott's Mills in company with Dr. Gwynn, editor of the Baltimore Gazette, and George I. Brown, an officer of the railroad company, and in recounting his experience, confesses that "for celerity of transportation of persons the railroad possesses advantages over every other mode," though he is at the same time careful to warn the"general reader that "as a great highway of commerce the canal is beyond camparison. Says Mr. Gales: "We experienced in a very slight degree the jarring, which we have heard spoken of, in the motion of the car. It will require, to be sure, care to guard against accidents. For ourselves, we met with no accident of any sort. One of the cows, indeed, which we overtook, strolling or grazing along the edge of the road, cast a suspicious glance to-ward it as the car rapidly passed her, which filled us with a momentary alarm lest she should attempt to cross our path. But, luckily, she forthwith took a direc-tion from the road." The Washington editor was unable to conceive that any rational mortal would

wish to exceed a speed of thirteen miles an hour, especially at night. He says: "We traveled in a large car drawn by one horse, carrying eight or ten persons, and capable, we suppose, of carrying thirty or forty. Indeed the car was drawn with so much ease that we do not believe that had it been so loaded its progress would have been at all retarded by the additional weight of the load. In the distance, between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills, the horse was changed once, going and coming. In going we did not accurately reckon the time, but, in returning, the whole distance of thirteen miles was per-formed in fifty-nine minutes—the limit casionally drawn, as well as those loaded with the materials of commerce, is propelled at about the same rate, and might be propelled much more rapidly if it were desirable. But for our part we have no desire ever to be carried by any mode of conveyance more rapidly than at the rate of thirteen miles the hour. A much greater speed, we are satisfied, would be attended with considerable liability to accidents, and with no little injury to the road. Even at that speed the greatest care and circumspection are necessary, and we do not think we should feel entirely safe, un der any circumstances, in traveling on a railroad at night at anything like that

speed." As a Washingtonian, Mr. Gales was interested in the canal, and, therefore, disposed to be skeptical about the new means of transportation. His regard for his entertainers leads him to say: "We have not expressed in higher terms than great: "Whether the railroad will be a profitable undertaking; whether, besides its first cost, the continual necessary ex-pense of repairs and keeping it in proper order will not absorb too large a portion of its receipts, are questions we shall not undertake to consider. Nor shall we here institute a comparison, which might be deemed invidious, between canal and railroad transportation of the heavier reference to economy, accommodation and general adaptation to the wants of the country. In this particular we will imitate the courtesy of our Baltimore friend when he visited our canal and would not allow himself to say anything disparaging of it."

Gates.

The front gate has always been the favorite lounging place of lovers. Philosophers who know nothing of the tender passion, except as they have studied it in books, have been at a loss to account for this fact. The front gate is an exposed situation. It is visible to all who pass along the street, and is in most cases commanded by front windows from which the father may at any time make observations. Why lovers should pre-fer the broad publicity of a gate in such a situation to the safe retirement of a seat under the shrubbery is something that science cannot find out. Nevertheless, this very publicity has its advantages in the eyes of the youg people. An interview at the front gate has the air of an accidental meeting. The young man happens to be passing and the young woman happens at the same moment to be swinging on the gate. Thus the pair may meet and interchange vows and portable property without exciting re-mark on the part of casual observers. Then there is on the part of the young woman the opportunity of being seen in conversation with a desirable young man, a sight which she knows must fill the bosoms of other girls with envy and rage. The quiet seat under the shrubbery is all very well, but it is not always easy to explain the situation to an intruding maiden aunt, and its very privacy prevents the other girls from being

tormented with jealousy.

Probably the rymthmic motion of the swinging gate has an attraction for a young girl at the period when she finds her life suddenly translated into poetry. As she waits for her lover she swings dreamily to and fro, keeping time with the measure of that delicious poem of Tennyson that she read last night and thought must have been written expressly in order to describe Charles Henry's passion for her. When he comes she ceases to swing, and they both lean on the gate, which becomes a barrier strong enough to keep them from indiscret demonstration of affection, and yet not high or broad enough to be a real separation between them. What do the philosophers know of these things that they should attempt to discuss "The Front Gate."

That the front gate is a defective piece young people. If a hot-tempered and

aggressive father suddenly approaches from the side where the young is im-proving his time, there is little chance of avoiding a painful scene. Mr. Tenny-son in his little fragment, entitled "The Gate," has pictured this danger with wonderful vividness and pathos:

"The lovers lean across the gate—
'And go not yet' she maketh moan, The flerce par-bouncing father con she awingeth on the gate alone

A still more serious defect in the modern gate is the fact that it is built without reference to the height of any particular young person. The average gate is perfectly suited to the height of the average young man and young woman, for when she stands on the lower bar her head is brought to the same level as his head, and conversation can thus be carried on without inconvenience. When, however, a very tall young man has to lean over a gate he must of necessity assume a position that is both ungraceful and uncomfortable, and the case of a tall young woman is even worse. Again, if both happen to be persons of very short stature, the gate becomes an actual and formidable barrier between them. They can only clasp hands through the bars or pickets of the gate, and few readers of Western journals can forget the fate of the small young man who had thrust both hands through a gate, and being temporarily unable to withdraw them was in that situation a helpless prey to a large and infuriated father.

A beneficent scientific journal has in its last issue an account of a newly invented gate, which will supply a great public want, since it is just the sort of improvement upon the present style of gate which has been so long needed. The upper bars of this gate can be lowered by merely touching a lever, thus re-ducing the height of the gate to such an extent that it can be used by lovers of not more than three feet high. The gate is constructed to swing both ways, and it can be opened or shut with a very slight exertion of strength and in less than one second. The great utility of this latter feature is visible at a glance. Let us suppose a small lover, who has properly reduced the height of the gate, is occupied in the usual way when he perceives a father approaching him with a frown on his face and new boots ready for action. Instantly that small young man opens the gate, rushes inside the front yard, closes the gate again, locks it with a spring, and hoists the upper bars to their normal position in precisely three seconds by the watch. The father, unable to jump over the high The father, unable to jump over the high gate, and unable to open it without a key, is forced to permit the young man to escape through the back yard and the young girl to retire to her room and have a headache. How many terrible scenes of blood and mangled garments would have been avoided had this benifthe past ten years? The inventor is a noble man, and young people yet unborn will hang on his gate and call him blessed.

Mineteen Reasons.

A great many people can not under-stand why the female portion of the community prefer sober men. The matter is simple enough:
1. Wives like sober husbands because

they can reason with a sober man. 2. The sober man is more companionable

3. Sober men have pride, and pride is a woman's main hold. 4. Sobristy means a comfortable home. 5. Good clothes for mother

dren. 6. A house of your own.
7. Evenings at home instead of in a barroom.

8. Better health and the enjoyment of life. 9. An elevated view of life and a sense of your responsibility.

10. You are a credit to your wife and

ohildren. 11. People who once despised you will now bless you. 12. Your words will be gauged as you

resist the tempter. 13. Young men will pattern after 14. You will be an ornament to so-

ciety and the whole town in which you 15. The whole community will take pride in you and wish they had more

like you. 16. Your family and friends will appreciate you. 17. Your enemies will admire your path of sobriety.

18. Scoffers will be disarmed by your

works. 19. Your many good qualities will grow with your years.

Victor Hugo on Love.

There is within us an immateriel being, an exile in our bodies, which is destine to survive eternity. This being of pure essence and a better nature in our soul which gives birth to all enthusiasm, all affection which apprehends God and heaven. The soul, so superior to the body to which it is bound, would remain body to which it is bound, would remain upon the earth in an uncondurable desolation were it not permitted to choose from among all other souls a companion which shares with its misery in this life and happiness in eternity.

When gtwo souls which have thus sought each other, for a longer or shorter time, in the multitude, find each other at last, when they have seen that they

at last, when they have seen that they agree together, that they understand each other, in a word, that they are alike, then there is established between them forever a union ardent and as pure as themselves, not to end in heaven. That union is love, true love, such as few men understand it.

This love is a religion which deifies the being loved, which lives by devotion and enthusiasm, and to which the greatest sacrifices are the sweetest pleasures. Love, in this divine and true acceptation, elevates all the sentiments above the miserable human sphere. We are like to an angel who lifts as uncessingly toward heaven.

A strong point made in favor of the Hawpshire Down sheep is the great weight and development of the lambs when sold in summer. It is no discredit to the breed to say that the unusually early lambing common in the South of England has something to do in securing these results. Prof. Wrightron, an extensive breeder living near Soulisburg, says that most of his ewes will have lambed by the close of January, and he expects some lambs shortly after Christ-