GRANDMA'S BOX.

Grandmother's box!—and here's a ring;
A little, flashing old-time thing!
If it could speak, what fun 'twould be,
To hear the tales 'twould tell to me.

My grandma—so people say—
In auld lang syne was bright and gay
As any maiden of my size,
And fair her hair and blue her eyes.

I'm thinking, yes—I wonder whether
When she and grandpa met together,
'Twas then, while both were fain to linger,
He placed this ring upon her finger.

Poor little silent circlet! How
Forlorn and useless you are now,
And a heap of relics here,
You've lain neglected many a year.

You shall be mine for grandma's sake,
And to a modern age awake,
But, oh! if you've no romance true,
I would not give a fig for you!

VINEGARVAN.

This place is not down on the maps, and probably never will be. A month hence and it will be a city of the past. Six months ago the spot where it stands was a rocky hill, covered with a dark growth of sotallos, prickly pears, cat's claws, Spanish daggers and lechegiere. Then the nimble jack rabbit, the æsthetic centipede, the industrious tarantula and the pestiferous little beast in whose honor Vinegarvan is named were the sole inhabitants. Now it is a thriving community of perhaps two thousand persons, boasts of two stores, two barber shops, a bakery, five restaurants, a hotel, twenty-three saloons and a dance hall, besides a Justice of the Peace and a company of Rangers. Six months hence the aboriginal inhabitants will creep back, the thorny vegetation which characterizes this Rio Grande country will spring up again in rank luxuriance, even hiding the mounds in the graveyard, which institution, by the way, is an indispensable and well patronized adjunct to a thriving frontier town. Fifteen years ago towns like Vinegarvan were unknown in Texas and were, from the very nature of things, an impossibility. They came with the railroad boom, which began in 1875, and the State is now full of them. They are the growth of a day; they flourish during their brief existence like a green bay tree, and disappear with the same comet like abruptness which marked their advent.

OLD ROY.

One of the first settlers, and my contemporary, was Old Roy, a gambler, saloon keeper, Mexican war veteran, Indian fighter, and bad man generally. He kept a saloon, but was usually so drunk and quarrelsome that people shunned the place. In one of his sober moments he realized that business was literally going by the door, and he was seized with a sudden aspiration to brighten up trade. Looking up a pair of six-shooters and a Winchester rifle, he took his position in the road directly in front of his saloon. The first man who came along was halted at the muzzle of the Winchester, and the following dialogue took place:

"Got any money, partner?" asked Old Roy, toying with the trigger of the Winchester.

"A little, sir," answered the stranger, with an uneasy glance at the gun. "I'm a hard working man, and you wouldn't rob me of my little savings——"

The click of the gun hammer as it flew back to full cock checked further utterance, and it was some time before even Old Roy could find words to speak.

"Look here, stranger," he said at last, "I'm Old Roy, by——, and I'm a gentleman. What is that you said about robbing, hey?" and he raised the gun to his shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the stranger; "I meant no offence."

"Oh, you didn't, he?" said Old Roy, lowering the gun. "Well, bein' as you're a stranger, I'll accept your apology; but you must come inside and set 'em up for the crowd."

Glad to escape so easily, the frightened stranger consented to stand the treat, and between the gamblers and Old Roy his pile was considerably diminished before he left the saloon. Seeing that he had a good thing, the Mexican veteran continued his system of solicitation, and so industrious was he that he soon controlled the trade of the town, and his saloon was crowded day and night. To use a favorite slang phrase, the other saloon-keepers "kicked" and petitioned for the Rangers. The Rangers came and the bulldozing ceased. Business again declined at Old Roy's saloon and the proprietor was left to drink his own vile liquors. Before he succeeded in exhausting the supply on hand a commission arrived from the Governor appointing the ex-veteran a Justice of the Peace. Money was scarce with him and he immediately convened court. A rich harvest of fines and costs was garnered by the new judge the first day. He closed out the saloon and has devoted his time and talent since to expounding, upholding and explaining border jurisprudence.

Aside from his bibulous peculiarities Old Roy is generous, brave, courteous and a keen lover of fun. He holds court anywhere and carries a pocketful of of blank warrants, one of which he will fill out and sign at a minute's notice. The other morning he went down to the "bull-pen" and took a look at the prisoners before court began.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

"Turn those two men loose," he said, pointing out a pair of "navvies," charged with assault and battery.

"They are charged with fighting, Your Honor," explained the Ranger Sergeant, who had them in charge.

"I don't care if they're charged with murder. Turn them loose. They are both dead broke, and we don't get anything if we try 'em."

Recently His Honor got very drunk and wanted to run things.

"I'm the law here," he cried, jerking out his six-shooter, "and if anybody don't like it they had better hide out, for I've got my war-paint on, and when 'Old Roy' gets his paint on he's h—l."

The Ranger Sergeant expostulated with him and tried to keep him quiet. 'Old Roy' wouldn't quiet.

"You have got to hold court to-morrow, judge," said the sergeant at last, with a quiet determination that meant business. "I mean to have you so' er."

He seized the old veteran's pistol, called one of his men, and they soon had the dispenser of frontier justice in irons. They kept him chained up until he was sober, and only released him then upon his solemnly promising to keep sober.

FARO JAKE'S LITTLE GIRL.

There is a gambler here in the saloon attached to the dance house who rejoices in the name of Faro Jake. Jake is a very gentlemanly fellow and as polite as a French dancing-master. He has no small vices—neither smokes, drinks, chews nor swears. He is accounted the most expert faro dealer on the frontier. He lives in a little tent on the outskirts of the town, his companion being a lovely little girl about six years old, who calls him papa. The little one's name is Bessie. She is a pure and innocent creature, with a fresh, sunny face lighted by great blue eyes. Her hair is as flossy as corn-silk and hangs down her back in long curls. At very infrequent intervals she comes into town. I was here on the occasion of one of these rare visits. It was Sunday evening, and work being suspended on most of the railroad contracts, the town was full and business was booming. The saloon where her father deals is the largest in the town, and at least two hundred rough men, armed to the teeth, were scattered about the apartment. A dance was in progress at the hall. It was just after pay day. Money was flush and was being squandered with prodigal liberality. I was seated at the corner of the bar watching the nimble fingers of a monte dealer at an adjoining table. The air about me was blue with tobacco smoke and profanity. Suddenly a hush fell upon the rioters and all eyes were turned toward the door. Standing on the threshold, with a half-confident, half-timid look upon her face, was little Bessie. She was dressed in a show-white dress and her dimpled arms were clasped about a rough doll, which she held tight to her breast.

"Come in, little one!" cried a big "navvy." "Sure, there's no man here will harm a hair uv your head, ye pritty little sunbame."

Thus assured Bessie came into the room and walked straight to the table where her father was dealing.

"Bessie!" he cried and frowned.

"Oh papa!" she shouted and sprang forward. "I was so lonely, and I just come for one kiss." She put her arms around the gambler's neck and laid her soft cheek against his. "Now please don't be cross, papa. Kiss me and I'll go right back."

Faro Jack kissed the soft, red mouth uplifted to his a dozen times.

"I can't be cross with you, Bessie," he said, and carried her to the door. "Run home now, like a good girl."

The hush in the room had deepened and men, who for aught I know, had hands red with the blood of their fellow kind, held their breath in the presence of this vision of loveliness and purity. Jake stooped to kiss her again at the door. One of the dance-house sirens had been devouring the little one with hungry eyes. As Bessie gathered her doll closer and prepared for the run home, she stepped forward.

"Jake," she said, in a hoarse voice, and touched the gambler's arm, "I know I ain't fit to, but will you let me kiss her?"

Bessie heard the question and turned her wondrous blue eyes toward the speaker's face.

"Papa don't care," she said; "he likes to have people kiss me."

The woman sprang forward and caught her in her arms. She kissed the pure face a score of times and hugged her close.

"God bless you, little angel," she said and setting Bessie down she turned away. The child ran off, throwing back kisses from the tips of her pink fingers, and the men cheered.

"You're a fool, Liz!" said a tall cow boy, striding up to the woman. "What do ye want to act so babyish for? Come, let's have another drink and go back to the hall."

"No!" cried the woman fiercely. "I dance no more, drink no more this night."

She rushed past the cow-boy toward the door leading to her tent. When she passed me her painted face had a new light in it, and there were tears in her eyes. Ah! one sees a great deal of human nature, good and bad, at Vinegarvan.—Vinegarvan Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Siren and Sucker.

"But papa—"

"Not another word," said the person thus addressed, a tall; handsome man, in whose deep brown hair a tinge of gray was just beginning to show. "You know, my child," he continued, "that nothing could give me more pain than refusing any wish of yours, and that I am never so happy and free from care as when some act of mine has made your life brighter. But this request I cannot grant. A sealskin sacque with fur trimmings! By my halidom, you jest bravely!" and turning hastily away, Dunstan Perkins stepped hastily to the sideboard and took a drink.

For an instant Lilian stood in the conservatory looking steadily down at the heavy velvet carpet in which her shapely feet sank deeply, but presently the spirit of desolate loneliness seemed to leave her, and going quietly into an adjoining room she began eating some pie.

In a few moments her father came into the apartment. "Perhaps I was rather harsh with you Lilian," he began.

But the girl interrupted him. "Don't speak of it again, dear papa," she said, "because I know that you really have no money to spare. While I was mending your overcoat last evening, I saw that note from "Daisy," and I would not—"

"You saw the note?" asked Mr. Perkins in hoarse, agonized tones.

"Yes, papa, but you know I never—"

"How much will a sealskin sacque cost?"

"Three hundred dollars," and as the girl spoke these words a baleful light shot from her eyes.

"You can have the money to-morrow," he said and went slowly out of the room.

"I thought my darling papa would weaken," said the girl, and lifting the fork slowly to her lips, the last of the pie was gone.

They don't have rains out West. A cloud just saunters up and examines a town, and then collapses right over it. Nobody escapes but the newspaper reporters and the book agents.

Dueling in France.

Duels in France are not only extremely frequent between persons who move in the upper ranks of society in Paris, but they occur almost daily in the country districts. About them the Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes under date of December 4, as follows:

Although not more than one-tenth of them are fatal to one or the other of the combatants, yet in the course of a year a striking list of murders, under the thin disguise of affairs of honor, is prepared for public inspection. A few days ago a gentleman, who is a leading politician, and who was recently the Parisian prefect of police, fought a duel with a prominent journalist and wounded him severely in the cheek. The fact is, that the ex-prefect had been very roughly treated by the scribe in question, and that his exasperation was fully justified. But there are countries in which ex-ambassadors and ex cabinet ministers would find it beneath their dignity to go upon the turf. Even Gambetta was forced to do it, however, in the bitter and exciting year of '77.

There is the same tacit understanding here which prevails in our own southern country, that until a man has had his first "affair" the exact degree of his courage may be regarded as somewhat uncertain. In social circles the story is told with infinite gusto of a certain colonel, a marvelous swordsman, and one of those old-fashioned folks who believe in adherence to the marriage contract, that, finding his son-in-law at a theater in the company of a woman of questionable reputation, he boxed his son-in-law's ears and was promptly challenged therefor. The colonel went out with his daughter's husband, killed him very neatly, and in reciting the tale to his fellow officers a day or two afterward, said: "The blade stuck out thirty centimeters behind his shoulders, and I could have hung my hat on it."

"But how about your daughter?" said a listener.

"Well, let us hope she will get a better husband next time," responded the colonel. "If she does not I will have him out, too."

This promptness to avenge the daughter's honor may be salutary, but it has a sanguinary coolness about it, calculated to impress an Anglo-Saxon as slightly horrible. The duel is regarded by a large class of politicians and paragraphers as an excellent means for getting themselves before the public. There is the preliminary three line notice of the encounter, which is copied from journal to journal until the whole boulevard rings with it; then there is the visit of the seconds and a picturesque account of that formality; then comes the crossing of swords and the report of the friends, who state with the utmost minuteness the depth of the wounds, even to the hundredth part of a centimeter, and who rarely fail to add that, all the conditions of honor being duly satisfied, the contestants are as good friends as ever before.

In a country where the excessive formality of politeness, a formality which perhaps grows out of the artificial and involved character of the language itself, prevents anything like the expression of an utter frank opinion, and where the statement of an unpleasant truth, however much it may have been provoked, is construed into an insult, the duel is often a means of reconciliation between people who would always be enemies if they were not now and then brought face to face with each other and compelled to make up.

Fencing being considered indispensible to a gentleman's education, every fashionable quarter of the town has its great "salle d'es crime," or fencing hall, where learned professors take turns with the weapons against the guilded youth of the metropolis. Even the prematurely old fop takes the same pleasure in being brutalized by his fencing professor that Mr. Toots took in being knocked about by the Chicken after that hero of the ring had picked up his daily allowance of beefsteak, as related in the romance of "Dombey and Son." At the Elysee the fine flower of the professional and amateur fencers assemble twice a week, and M. Andrieux, the ex-Prefect mentioned above, as the hero of a recent duel, is one of the most renowned frequenters of these presidential fencing matches.

The journals often give long accounts of some bout between two celebrities, just as the English press is fond of detailed reports on cricket matches; and there is a whole volume of fencing slang, as difficult for a tyro to learn as the musical vocabulary. We hear much of phrases of arms, of "coup de bouton," of the remises and the redoublements, the tenacity and elasticity of rapiers. There is no doubt that a goodly amount of strength, quickness of muscle and firmness of nerve are necessary to a master fencer; but, that very intelligent men should fancy that they heal their wounded honors by indulging in a trial of skill with swords is an error so extraordinery that one cannot help wondering how it ever become so firmly seated in the usually sensible Parisian mind.

Mr John G. Saxe's Illness.

The Albany Argus, December 17th, says:

Mr. John G. Saxe, the poet, still resides in Albany, at the home of his son, and is an invalid. The disease from which he suffers is neuralgia, affecting the great nerve centers, and accompanied by chronic dyspepsia. The result is considerable physical pain and a degree of emaciation. As exaggerated statements have been made concerning the gentleman's condition, it is well that the correct facts be given. It should be added that no impairment of mental strength is a characteristic or a consequence of the disease, and that, of course, the reports about Mr. Saxe having experienced softening of the brain have no foundation in fact. The poet reads regularly, but feels indisposed to writing; still, in conversation, his logic, fancy, and analytic abilities are shown to be as marked as at any time. His many friends and admirers regretting to learn of his illness, will, nevertheless, be gratified to know that the impressions concerning any disorder or decay of the mind of the sufferer are totally devoid of truth.

The tunnel under the Elbe, between Hamburg and the island of Steinwaader, now open, 800 meters in length, and cost about $5,000,000.

Not in the Ranks.

The old army overcoat that used to be such a familiar sight on our streets is one of the rarest now; indeed, it is so seldom seen that we involuntarily turn and gaze after it, as something that brings sad and often cruel memories. The other day an old man wearing a coat of this kind, which reached to his heels, stopped at a cottage a little way out of town and asked leave to rest awhile on the porch.

"I'm a bit tired," he said to the woman who opened the door, "an' if you don't mind I'll sit here and rest myself for a spell.

"You're welcome," said the woman kindly, with a glance at the martial blue. Then she left him alone, but after a little while returned with a bowl of coffee and a plate of white biscuit.

"Eat," she said, gently; "I had a boy who was a soldier."

"But I'm not a soldier," answered the old man. "I never was a soldier; my boy went to war and was killed. He was all I had, too. This coat was his; seems like he's near me when I have it on. I gave him to his country; the handsomest and bravest boy he was, too, in the whole regiment. God bless him. He did his duty, died on the field, and this coat was all that came back to his poor old dad. No; I never was a soldier."

The woman went in and brought out some cake and the whitest honey, and added it to the coffee and biscuit.

"Are you alone in the world?" she aske .

"Oh, no," answered the old man, cheerfully; "I've got a sister, but she's old and lame, and she has a daughter that is sickly and ailing. You see I have them to work for, and they are a sight of comfor to me. Many's the time I'd have broken down since Mary died but for them poor critters. Mary was my wife, ma'am; she was a master hand to nnss sick folks, and she thought after Tim died as it were her duty to go into the hospital service and nuss the soldiers, and she died these sixteen years ago; but she did a heap of good work first. Many a soldier has kissed her shadow on the wall! Mary, darlin', God wanted ye in the ranks up there. I've often wished that I had been a soldier, if only to be fit for the little mother and Tim; but I never was."

He drank the coffee, ate the food thankfully, and offered to pay for it with some carefully hoarded pieces of old worn silver; but the woman shook her head.

"Put back your money. My son was a soldier," she said.

"But I am not a soldier. Well—well" (as he looked into her face)—"I thank you, and I take it for his sake."

He wished good-night to his kind entertainer, and turned away. As he walked off, slow and limping, bent by infirmity, the long skirt of his army overcoat struck bright and blue against the splendor of the sunset; he shaded his eyes with one trembling hand and looked wistfully up at the rose and amethyst door that seemed to open in the west. What saw he there? A little, round-shouldered woman with a small, homely face; a lank, over-grown boy, with sparse red hair. Aye, and of such as these are angels are made. So, watching, he passed down into the shadows and disappeared.

The woman at the gate looked after him.

"No soldier!" she said, gently, "but I wonder if the boy who died on his first battle-field ever fought as he has, or sacrificed as much to his country? All the soldiers didn't go into the war with flying flags and rolling drums. Some of them stayed at home and fought harder battles. I'm glad I gave him a bite and a sup. He is a soldier, and a brave one, too, and one day he will know it!"

And I think she was right.—[Detroit Free Press.

Claiming Her Rights.

A girl walked into an elevated railroad train last night at about 6 o'clock, while I was going up town (says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle), and went from one end of the car to the other glancing sharply at the faces of the men who monopolized all the seats. She was evidently a factory or shop girl, and looked weary. She had a clear-cut and resolute face, and was dressed prettily. The men stared at her as she walked down the car, and watched her covertly when she turned around and started back. She stopped in front of an elderly man with rather a good-natured face, and said to him clearly and with quiet firmness:

"That seat was intended for a woman. Give it to me."

He looked into her clear, if somewhat tired eyes, and said as he moved slightly:

"I don't see—er—how you——"

"Give me that seat," she said quietly, and he rose and gave it to her with some embarassment. She sat down and began to read a book she carried with her lunch basket, and paid not the least attention to anyone in the car. The little incident created the greatest sensation imaginable, and men talked of it to each other so long that a woman with a baby stood awkwardly holding on by the strap for some time and no one offered her a seat. Then the girl with the clear-cut and resolute face called her, and compelled the woman to take her seat. The men in the car gazed steadfastly out of the windows, and tried to look unconcerned. I've do doubt whatever that they were willing to give up their seats to her. I know that I was, but somehow I felt that I would look rather foolish if I did, so I sat still in selfish stolidity. The girl glanced about once more, crossed the car, touched a small man on the shoulder, and said in the same low tone of voice:

"I'll trouble you for that seat, please."

"Oh, certainly, madam," cried the little man, nervously, and sprang away. All of which strikes me as being decidedly droll now, though it was quite serious then. It suggests an idea. Why don't women form themselves into a seat-seeking protective union and carry the war into every car?

Anxious to explain the meaning of the hyperbole, a Presbyterian minister said: "Perhaps you do not understand the meaning of the word hyperbole. This word, my friends, increases or diminishes a thing beyond the exact truth. Suppose I should say the whole of this congregation is fast asleep. That would be hyperbole, for there is not above one-half of you sleeping."

The Hair.

Dr. Wilder, in a recent article, says: Whether the hair should be cut I never could quite satisfy myself. As a physiological practice, I seriously doubt the propriety. Every cutting is a wounding, and there is some sort of bleeding in consequence, and a waste of vital force. I think it will be found that long-lived persons most frequently wear the hair long.

The cutting of the hair stimulates to a new growth, to supply the waste. Thus the energy required to maintain the vigor of the body is drawn off to make good the wanton destruction. It is said, I know, that after the hair has grown to a certain length it loses its vitality at the extremity, and splits or "brooms up." Whether this would be the case if the hair should never be cut I would like to know. When it is cut a fluid exudes, and forms a scab or cicatrix at each wounded extremity, indicating that there has been injury.

Women and priests have generally worn long hair. I never could imagine why this distinction was made. The ancient priest was very often devoted to a vow of celibacy, but I cannot surmise whether that had anything to do with it. Kings wore their hair long, in imitation of Sampson and the golden Sun God Mithias. I suspect from this that the first men shorn were slaves and laborers; that freemen wore their hair unmutilated as the crown of a perfect manhood and manliness. It this be correct, the new era of freedom, when it ever shall dawn, will be characterized by men unshorn as well as women unperverted.

I wish that our science and our civilization had better devices for preserving the integrity of the hair. Baldness is a deformity, and premature whiteness a defect. If the head were in health and the body in proper vigor I am confident it would not be. I am apprehensive that our dietetic habits occasion the bleaching of the hair; the stiff, arsenic prepared hat is responsible for much of the baldness. Our hats are unhealthy from the tricks of the hatters. I suppose there are other causes, however. Heredity has its influence. Certain diseases wither the hair at its roots; others lower the vitality of the skin, and so debiliate the body.

I acknowledge that the shingled head disgusts me. It cannot be wholesome. The most sensible past of the head is at the back, where the neck joins. That place exposed to unusual cold or heat is liable to receive an injury that will be permanent, if not fatal, in a short period. The whole head wants protection, and the hair affords this as no other protection can. Men have beards because they need them, and it is wicked to cut them off. No growth or part of the body is superfluous, and we ought, as candidates for health and long life, to preserve ourselves from violence or mutilation. Integrity is the true manly standard.

Barnes on Ingersoll and Talmage.

The evangelist then took up the subject of atheism. He said that Colonel Ingersoll has a closer grip on the thought of the people than any fifty men in the nation. "I respect his talent," the speaker said, "his beautiful private life, his control over his own temper. He has certainly kept his temper better than any one who has been in controversy with him. I wish I could convert him, and I think I could if I had a chance. He owes his influence over the people to the fact that he is attacking a false God. There is no man in the world who can answer him from the standpoint from which the replies to him have been made. Ingersoll is making infidels faster than Moody is making Christians, and Moody is making Christians faster than any other man in the world. The best men in the country are running to atheism. Don't be afraid of Romanism; the danger lies in the direction of atheism. But Ingersoll has never attacked my God. The devil himself hasn't brass and cheek enough to attack the God who is love and nothing but love. I believe Ingersoll is an honest infidel. I could not defend the God he attacks. If I had no other God to believe in than a God who kills half the human race in infancy, brings misery to the other half and sits clipping off the lives of human beings, as with shears, with every tick of the clock, I tell you, my friends, I'd be an atheist too. I am glad our instincts override our theories, so that we may make a hop, skid and a jump over all such theories and land in the bosom of the God of love."

Mr. Barnes spoke of Mr. Talmage as the "great Dr. Talmage, who has professed to tear Ingersoll all to pieces, but has never knocked a feather out of him." The stately preachers in stately pulpits, he said, are asking what is to become of the masses.

"The masses," shouted the evangelist, leaning forward with outstretched fingers, "are going to hell! What the masses want is somebody who will preach a Gospel that will draw sinners as molasses draws flies. The preachers say, 'we preach the Gospel;' but I say 'you don't, and the proof is that you don't draw sinners.' It has come to this—that an announcement that the Gospel is to be preached is enough to drive sinners away."—[N. Y. Tribune.

"Thank the Lord She's Lit"

A passenger over the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad relates the following:

The cars were passing over a trestle, and just in front of me sat an old colored woman who showed great alarm, and, as it afterwards turned out, imagined that the whole train of cars was flying through the air. It was not many minutes, however, before the cars passed safely over the trestle and as soon as they struck terra firma, the old woman drew a sigh of relief and exclaimed in a Te Deum tone of voice:

"Thank the Lord she's lit."

That reminds us of a very neat pun by a country gentleman on a similar occasion as above. When the trestle had been crossed some lady remarked:

"Well, we've struck terra firma."

"Yes, madam," said the old gentleman in his brusque way, "less terror and more firmer."

A Kentucky boy, aged sixteen years, had never tasted whisky until Tuesday, when for a wager he swallowed enough to bring on congestion of the brain. An older fool in Kansas City drank a pint at a draught and he is in a fair way to cross the Styx.

An Artful Engineer.

While General Mahone was president of the East Tennessee road, one of the engineers had a fireman put on him that he did not like, so he resolved to get rid of him. One day, the first trip, the fireman and engineer were discussing General Mahone, and the fireman remarked that he felt like giving the general a good "cussing."

"Why don't you do it then?" remarked the engineer.

"Yes, and get fired," sententiously said the fireman.

"Not much," replied the engineer.

"You can never get along on this road until you cuss Mahone. I cussed him out for every blankety blank thing that has happened since he was in charge, and have got along all right."

The fireman concluded he would do the same thing. So the next trip to Richmond he went to Mahone's office and heaped on him such a torrent of abuse that nearly took away his breath. Mahone heard him through, and then told the fireman to come and get his money after the next trip. There seemed to be a hitch somewhere. Things seemed to be different from what he expected, so he went to consult his friend, the engineer.

"You darn fool," shouted the latter, "you didn't cuss him to his face, did you?"

"Of course I did," the fireman said, didn't you tell me that you did the same thing?"

"No, not by a blamed sight," adding some words that contained a not very complimentary allusion to the heated flames of the lower regions; why, when I cussed Mahone, he was in Richmond and I was in Bristol, and I gave him a good cussing, too."

Well, the fireman got bounced, and the engineer was made suddenly and strangely happy.—[Nashville American.

Gaelic Proverbs.

We naturally expect to find a strong flavor of the sea derived from the Hebrides and the adjacent shores of the mainland, and the proverbs which come to us from this source are among the most racy and original of all. "No wind ever blew that did not fill some sail" in an improved form of "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Making needless difficulties is happily described as "Making a great ocean of a narrow strait." For a man who prides himself on being always wiser than his neighbors, it is said: "He knows where the whales breed." For one who seems fated never to be in luck: "When the herring is in the north, Red Malcolm is in the south."

Here is a brave and cheery utterance, peculiarly suggestive of the narrow seas, where the tide is a power not to be lightly set at nought: "None ever got tied with him that did not get it against him." Nor is the wind forgotten: "I shall go to-morrow, said the king. You shall wait for me, said the wind." What a world of suggestive tenderness and pathos lies in the following: "There is hope of the man at sea, but none of the man in the church yard!" To these may be added the following graphic little story: The small Hebridian islands of Ulva and Gometra are divided by a narrow channel, which is passable at low water. On one occasion, when the minister, who had gone over to Gometra to preach—intending afterwards to return to Mull—was in the midst of his sermon, he was summarily interrupted by the Beadle with the warning: "Get on, Master John—the channel is filling!"

How a Man Dropping One-Thousand Feet Reels.

With regard to the recent sad suicide of a girl by leaping from one of the towers of Notre Dame, Dr. Bronardeli's expressed view that asphyxiation in the fall may have been the cause of death, has given rise to some correspondence in La Nature. M. Bontemts points out that the depth of about 66 metres, the velocity acquired in the time (less than four seconds) cannot have been so great as that sometimes attained on railroads, e. g., 33 metres per second on the line between Chalons and Paris, where the effect should be the same; yet we never heard of asphyxiation of engine drivers and stokers. He considered it desirable that the idea in question should be exploded, as unhappy persons may be led to choose suicide by falling from a height, under the notion that they will die before reaching the ground. Again, M. Gossim mentions that a few years ago a man threw himself from the top of the Column of July, falling on the awning which sheltered workmen at the pedestal; he suffered only a few slight contusions. M. Remy says he has often seen an Englishman leap from a height of 31 meters, say 103 feet, into a deep river; and he was shown in 1852, in the island Oahu, by missionaries, a native who had fallen from a verified height of more than 300 meters, say 1000 feet. His fall was broken near the end by a growth of ferns and other plants, and he had only a few wounds. Asked as to his sensation in falling, he said he only felt dazzled.—London Times.

Duration of Dreams.—It is claimed that the longest dream lasts less than three minutes. A man fell asleep as the clock toiled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned. The shock of finding the halter about the neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself, for his pride, made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard; and upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked bottle filled with water—which he overturned as he fell asleep—had not time in which to empty itself.—Christian Leader.

A New York doctor writes that one can double his blood circulation by washing the feet night and morning with cold water. It will be readily seen that the expression "Double your circulation" is liable to come into use in a way of which the learned doctor never dreamed.