THE OLD TRUNDLE BEO

O, the old trundle bed where I rlept when a boy? What expopled king might not cover the jo?? The giory and peace of that slumber of mine. Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine. The qualit, himsely couch, hidden close from the right, But distorily drawn from its biding at night. O, a nest of daught from the foot to the head was the queer little, dear little, trundle b.6!

To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crep Through the trees where the room so restlessly

where I heard the low murmurous cheep of the And the katydid littlessly chirrup again.
Itli my fancies grew faint and were downly led
Through the mass of the dreams of the old trundle

O, the old trundle bed! O, the old trundle bed! With its plump little pillow and old-fashione

With his plump little pillow and old-fashioned spread;
Its nowy-white sheets and the blankets above. Smoothed down and tucked round with the lonches of love;
The voice of my mother to bull me to sleep. With the old fairy stories my memories k-ep. Still fresh as the lilles that boom o'er the bead.

Once bowed with my own c'er the old trindle bed.

—Life.

TOLD BY A DETECTIVE.

In some of the isles of the Pacific it is not uncommon for the spider, while in the act of seizing and sucking the heart's blood of a tender and jnicy fly, to be himself pounced upon by a larger insect peculiar to the clime, having as keen a zest for raw spider as the spider has for fresh fly. Nature repeats itself in all its grades and conditions. Human spiders abound among my acquaintance, but then, fortunately, the spider-devourer occasionally crops up in the same class. Sometime this devourer is created by the devourer himself-reared and fostered like a dreadful and vengeful Frankenstein out of his own sin-but more often they spring up naturally as noxious weeds, just to keep us in activity, or act as a curb on their kind,

In passing through one of the fashionable squares one day about noon, on business which admitted of little delay, I was surprised to see one of the most cunning rogues within my ken ascend the steps of a big house and ring the bell as coolly as if the residence had been his own. Peter Hart was one of those exceedingly cautions and deep rascals who will flourish and fatten where a fox would starve. He could never be caught napping or booked for anything like the sentence he deserved, from the fact that he never personally conducted any operation which he could conveniently transfer to a fitting tool. His "cat-paws" might come and go, but it seemed that Peter's liberty might flow on forever.

That was the man whom I saw ascend the steps of that fine residence. What plant was the villian after there? My business was urgent, but the effrontery of the knave pointed so clearly to some carefully-planned crime, that I instinctively slackened my pace to watch if he should enter the house. Unfortunately, I had been almost upon him before aware of his identity, so there was ne opportunity of concealment before his quick eyes, ever on the alert, had turned around and taken in his position at a Peter's impression probably was that I had been following him all the way from his house. He might have known me better. Had the meeting been anything but a purely accidental one I should never have allowed him to get a glimpse of me, more especially at that critical moment.

I fully expected Peter to cave in at the first glimpse of me, and slink off from the house at his smartest; but-to my surprise, he only bestowed upon me a patronizing wink and a confident grin, and stood still to await the answering of his ring. His coolness did not seem to me that of sheer impudence or andacity. It seemed to be boastful and exultantas much as if he had said, "Ah, Jim, what a lot of trouble you've had for nothing. Here I'm safe from you; just

try me and see."

There was something irritating in the challenge, although it was given only by a look, and, in spite of my anxiety to get away, I determined to wait a little, and possibly to do the very thing he de fied me to attempt. I therefore only passed on slowly, far enough to hear the door opened, then I turned, never expecting to see him admitted. The cunning rascal was watching me all the time, and possibly guessing my thoughts, for when I looked round he was being admitted by the smart servant, and in the act of disappearing favored me with another exulting grin and wink, which said as plainly as words could have done, "Sold for once, Jim."

I did not believe it, and determined to let all other business stand that I might see the end of this adventure. With this object I loitered about, never within sight of the windows of the house, yet always having my eyes on the front door till Peter reappeared. There was no name on the door of the house he had entered, but by questioning a servant who passed, I learned that the occupant or owner was Matthew Bannister, who had taken some degrees at college and was a kind of savan in chemistry. The gentleman was well known to me by reputation, and the moment his name was mentioned I swiftly decided that Peter Hart's visit to the house could have no connection with him. Mr. Bannister had a young and beautiful wife, who had bestowed not only herself and her love upon the somewhat elderly savan, but a fortune as well; but she came of a high family, and I as emphatically decided that Peter's visit could have no sonnection with her. There then remained only the servants, and, knowing Peter's reputation and his modes of working, I quickly decided that he was in sollusion with some of them, and working out some scheme entirely unknown to their employers.

Peter did not remain long in the house-possibly ten minutes at the most; and when he did appear I thought best to be out of sight. To my surprise he had no bundle or trace of one about him; nor did his person appear more bulky than when he had entered. He looked carefully around in every direction-for me, of course-and, apparent ly slightly relieved at seeing no one, started off in the direction he had come. He made his way to the West Side, where he entered a favorite saloon. Not two minutes later the boy came out with omething like a bank note in his hand, and, knowing the boy well, I stopped ske inquiries for Peter.

"Where are you running to now?" I sarelessly asked, not wishing to be too

sudden in my questions.
"To get change for a twenty-dollar

note," he smartly answered, with a peculiar wink, at the same time opening the crisp note for my inspection. "We've lots of change, but it's safer to try a big note outside.

I examined the note carefully and found it to be perfectly genuine. "You might have risked it with that

one," I said at last, handing it back, "Who offered it?" "Ah, that's just it," said the boy; "even a good note isn't quite safe from him; it was Peter Hart. You'll know

him, I guess?" "Oh, indeed!" I cried, with a start and a thrill of satisfaction. "He offered this to be changed, did he? Then you needn't bother going any further with it.

particularly want to see Peter." The boy was quite accustomed to such events and did not seem surprised. We entered the shop together and the boy conducted me to the box in which sat Peter. I had in my hand the twentydollar note. Peter had in his hand a glass of brandy, which he was in the act of raising with manifest gusto to his lips. He was transfixed in the act, more

by anger it seemed to me than fear. "This is yours, isn't it?" I said pleasantly, whereupon he scowled most ma-

lignantly. "Yes, it's mine," he said, with an oath at me which, being quite undeserved, need not be put down. "What do you want with it? It's good enough, isn't

"I believe so. Where did you get it? "What's that to you?" was the bully-

ing response. I folded up the note and put it into my pocket, and then produced my hand-

"Everything in the world," I replied. You must either answer that to me or put on these before answering it to the

judge. Slightly disconcerted, but still defiant he thought for a moment and then said: 'Well, I got it from a gentleman-a friend of mine I was a-calling on this morning.

"His name?" "Mr. Bannister," he suddenly responded, after another pause.

"I believe you!" I returned, with marked skepticism. "You had better say no more, for you will have to go with

Peter lost his temper, and said he would see me very much altered first, but he didn't. He was foolish enough to resist, so I got another man, and after much kicking and struggling on Peter's part we landed him at the Central office. This resistance seemed so utterly unlike him-his usual conduct being cheerful and polite to an irritating degree-that I rashly considered that for once I had caught him napping, and that by the merest accident.

At the office I stated all the facts -how I had seen Peter entering the house of Mr. Bannister, and watched him leaving it, and knowing his character and antecedents had followed him and arrested him passing a twenty dollar note, for the possession of which he could not prop erly account. Peter, on being searched, was found to have in his possession nearly \$20 more in small bills, thus clearly proving that the changing of the large note had been a matter of choice or policy, not necessity. However, he boldly declared that he had got all the money, in the way of business from his very good friend Mr. Bannister, and he was put in the cells till I should go over abot as keen a blade as it is possible to that gentleman to make inquiries. to become by continually rubbing edges What the "business" was for which he had been paid £10 he refused to state, and I concluded that the business existed only in Peter's imagination.

When I reached the house and was shown in the impression I had formed was strengthened. Everything in the place seemed so stately and grand that I could not conceive how the possessor could be beholden to such a crimestained wretch as Peter Hart. Mr. Bannister appeared at length, and accompanied by his amiable young wife, I studied their faces closely as they entered, and it struck me that that of the husband was careworn, fearful and anxiously watchful in expression; that of the young wife looked tenderly solicitous, and somewhat saddened and subdued.

"I have called about rather an awk-ward business," I at length said, not knowing very well how to begin. I am connected with the detective staff-

I would have proceeded to say that I had watched and arrested Peter as already described, but I was at that juncture interrupted in a manner altogether unexpected. The gentleman, who had an appearance at once refined and dignified, started back at the mention of my name, with his face as suddenly changed to a deadly and anguished expression as if he had been at the moment stabbed to the heart. He seemed ready to drop to the floor in his pitiful agony, and his wife saw the change even before my eyes had taken it in.

"Oh, Matthew! dearest!" she cried, starting forward, with her own face flashing almost as white as his own. "What is wrong? What is to happen

I scarcely caught his answer, it was so huskily spoken, but it seemed to me something like: "The very worst that

could happen me." Then the young wife gave a low moan and fell slowly forward into his arms. She had fainted, and her very helplessness, I believe, was all that kept him in his senses. Mr. Bannister rang the bell for a servant and had his wife removed, and then with a blanched face turned to me and said: "Now, sir, I am ready to attend to you. Will you state your busi-

ness with me?" "A man named Peter Hart entered your house this morning, and shortly after left, having in his possession \$40 in bills, which he declared had been given

him by you. Is this actually the case?"
I had expected Mr. Bannister's face to lighten up and express astonishment as I proceeded; but instead it became darker and more troubled.

"Why do you ask?" he at length auswered, in a helpless tone.

"Because we know him to be a daring oriminal, and suspect that the money was obtained by robbery and possibly without your knowledge.

"Is that all that brought you here?" he demanded, with a look of intense relief. "Did he make no other statement

of any kind?" "None, except that we could refer the matter to you for confirmation of his statement, and for that purpose I have

"Oh, if that is all," he readily answered, looking now positively radiant. Peter's incarceration, conditionally, of 'I can readily relieve your anxiety. I did pay him the money, freely and willingly, for work done.

"For work done?" I echoed, a good deal staggered and thoroughly puzzled. "Have you any objection to say what kind of work it was?"

"T have. It is not necessary to go into details," he coldly returned. "You are aware, then, of the character of the man you have employed?" I con-

tinued, with undisguised disappoint-"I believe him to be a scoundrel," he faintly and somewhat wearily answered. "I know nothing of his private character,

and care less." "Then we are to conclude that we have made a mistake in arresting him. and that we have no just cause for detaining him," I pursued trying in vain to

read in his face the real secret. "Exactly. You have made a mistake; but it was a natural one on your part, seeing, as you say, that the man is a professed criminal," he decidedly sponded. "By the way," he added with animation, "I wonder that a man like you does not lay such a rascal by the heels. Is he too clever for even you?"

"That remains to be seen," I dryly returned. "He will not be at liberty one moment longer than I can help it."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the gentleman, shaking me warmly by the hand. "When you do get him, and make certain of his conviction, come to me and I will put a \$50 note in your

"Honor among thieves!" was my contemptuors thought. "There is some bond of villainy between the two, and now this man wants to get rid of his leech. I wonder if I could not take them

I left the house, after bidding Mr. Bannister a not over-gracious farewell, and Peter Hart was promptly set at liberty, with much crowing and exultation on his part. The next day or two I spent chiefly in trying to guess the nature of the hold which Peter exercised over the gentleman. That he was the spider and Mr. Bannister the fly I felt certain after making some inquiries regarding the character of the latter, Mr. Bannister was spoken of by all as the soul of honor and goodness. I was more than disappointed at losing Peter-I was angry; for in leaving he did not scruple to say some nasty things concerning my capacity, and to hint with lordly fashion that any other attempt to interfere with him would be followed by a letter "from his lawyer." I replied, in the irritation of the momen, that I should probably interfere with him before long in such a way that his lawyer would be powerless to help him or injure us. I ought not to have spoken so rashly, but then I felt so sayage; but as good luck would have it, the very boldness of my threat added to my reputation when the spider-devourer had adjusted things nicely in my

To the spider-devourer I now come, though, of course, I did not at first recognize him in that character. Not many days after Peter's release I was accosted by a sharp-witted fellow, pretty well known to me, named Dick McQueen. Dick was not a thief, but one who lived chiefly by billards and cards. He had been waiter, groom, cab driver, and I knew not what all by turns, and was with others as sharp. He was always poor, and I think was partly supported by relatives at a distance.

I believe you said you'd take Peter Hart before long," he said to me, after some of the preliminary talk which conjurors and men of the world use to throw one off his guard.

"Did I?" was my careless reply. "You'll never do it single-handed, he darkly continued, "but, if you could make it worth my while I'm ready to give you the straight tip, which will book him for twenty years.'

"What do you mean?" "Twenty years to him is surely worth \$100 to me?" he suggestively returned. "Perhaps; but I am not in a position to offer anything; in eed, I'd rather do

the work myself. 'You can't, for Peter's got a gent at his back who'll stand any amount of bleeding, and he doesn't need to put out a band now. Now, if you could only help me to find out who that gent is, I believe he'd stand a pony to get rid of Peter.

I watched Dick's face keenly for some moments in silence. "You don't know who that gent is,

then?" I said at last, suspiciously. "No: I've tried hard to find out, and I've watched Peter all over town to no purpose. He's too fly for me. "Have you any idea what hold Peter has upon the gent?" I asked, after a

pause to think. Dick bestowed upon me one of the most superlatively cunning winks that

humanity could create. "I've an idea," he curtly answered.

"Well, what is its nature?" "Look here, you're a detective, and

pretty fly, but you don't come it so easy over me," he retorted sharply, but without any anger. "I'll swap secrets with you, there! Nothing could be fairer, could it? You find out the gent's name and address and gi' me them, and then I'll tell you what hold Peter has on him." 'Is it anything in connection with that hold which is to book Peter for twenty clear till long after. years?" I quietly continued.

"Oh, no; that's a different affair alto gether—a job Peter did years ago in Boston. I was there at the time, and knew all about it, and I'm the only one who has the real tip in his hands." "Why are you so auxious to get rid of

Peter?" I presently inquired. "Have in trouble and likely to be taken, and the you quarreled?" "No, not exactly; but Peter chested me out of a dollar months ago, and I've

never forgotten it, nor never will." A dollar! Fancy a man being threatened with twenty years entombment-probably the whole term of his lifethrough cheating a companion out of a miserable dollar! If Peter had only known that a spider-devourer was on his into paying backmail, under the idea track, would he not have hastened to that his lost wife was still alive. When place a whole heap of dollars at his ene-

his pardon as well? I took the proposal of Dick under adrisement, and shortly decided to let him have the desired information. I had found him not only willing, but eager, and swoon on the occasion of my first to pay \$100 to any one who would give visit to the house.

such information as would lead course, that his name did not appear in the case. I made no conditions, but allowed Dick to make his own terms. Before I gave him Mr. Bannister's name and address I insisted on being told what hold Peter had upon that gentleman, when Dick readily answered:

"Do you know Bell Diamond-she who's said to be Peter's sister, though her name's different? Well, I don't know all the outs and ins of it, but Bell is said to be that gent's real and lawful

"Never!" "A fact, I believe. Peter's got all the papers somewhere to prove it. They were married quite young-twenty years ago, at least-when Bell wasn't such a harridan as she looks now."

The moment this information was tendered I regretted my compact. What, though I sent Dick to Mr. Bannister and the money was cheerfully paid, if the arrest and imprisonment of the gentleman himself on a charge of bigamy followed? The very execution of my duty would then look, in the eyes of those most interested, as an act of the deepest treach ery. There was no going back, however, and I could only hope that Dick had been misled or mistaken. The same afternoon Dick appeared at the office and gave minute details of a daring forgery case in which Peter Hart had been engaged some time before. The facts were so striking that we were for a time doubtful of their reality and telegraphed for information. The answer put at rest every doubt. Two men had been tried and convicted in connection with the affair, but they were mere tools and the principal had escaped. That man was said to be Peter Hart, changed only in name, and an officer able to identify the real culprit was on his way to meet me when the reply had been dispatched.

So far Dick's information seemed valuable and accurate, and with the greatest alacrity and delight I went for Peter Hart, whom I found sitting at his ease in his inn-the same saloon in which the former arrest had taken place. He returned my salutation rather sternly and haughtily, and resumed his game with the air of a man who was certain to be the last to be "wanted" by me.

"I'm waiting on you, Peter," length pointedly remarked.

"Oh, you are, are you?" he snappishly and defiantly answered, jumping up with the greatest readiness. "Perhaps you'll take me to the office and lock me up as you did before, and risk me bringing an action of damages against you and the rest of 'em? Perhaps you'll be kind enough to call in a policeman to hit me over the head and arms like as he did the last time, eh?" And after this scathing and satirical outburst he pansed for breath to pose grandly before his friends, thinking, doubtless, that he had quite cowed and overawed me.

"There is a man at the door," I quietly answered, bringing out my bracelets, "but he won't have to hit you over the head, unless you act as feolishly as you did the last time. You're not afraid of these?

"Afraid of them? Not me. I want them on-I want them on badly. See, I'll put them on myself. Now take me away and abuse me, and lock me up, and then take the consequences."

Delighted to find that his facetious mood made nim so pliant, I obeyed him in every particular, and Peter's exultant smile only faded when the first two or the office. The moment "Boston" Was: mentioned his jaw felt, and he fixed upon me a look of hatred most flattering and pleasing to me. On searching the lining of Peter's coat, we came upon a flat packet of papers. There were some six or seven letters, and a properly authenticated certificate of marriage, all proving that Isabella Diamond had been courted and married some twenty years before by Mathew Bannister. rage had been working up during the search and he now shouted out that he knew who set that "bloodhound," as he was pleased to name myself, on his track, and, after a burst of the most awful language, he wound up by accusing Mr. Bannister of having two wives living, and commanded us to go and arrest the

the rogue. When the papers had been discovered I fully expected to have that disagreeable task to perform. The whole case seemed clear and the proof positive to my mind, for I had seen the workings of the hidden springs from the first. But the law has certain forms of its own; and I was sent first to Bell Diamond's herself, who was the proper person to make the charge. To my surprise, though she gave vent to rage and vituperation over the capture of Mr. Peter, she most positively refused to charge Mr. Bannister with bigamy; nay, in the very face of the discovered papers she swore most positively that she had never been married in her life, and had never spoken to Mr. Bannister. My firm conviction, upon hearing this extraordinary denial, was that Bell had a spark of generosity in her breast, low as she had fallen, and wished to save the man who had once loved her from the ignominy of a prison; but in that I was very far mistakan. Bell was actuated by a very different motive-a desire to get well out of an awkward plight and a very threatening complication. The secret was partly laid bare by referring to Mr. Bannister, but it was not wholly made

Mr. Bannister had really married a girl named Isabella Diamond, who drifted away from him and was lost sight of That lost wife, after sinking lower and lower, died in a lodging house in New York, in which Peter Hart and his sister at that time lived. Nelly Hart was name of the dead woman was boldly given in as Helen Hart, while the living owner took the name of Bell Diamond, as well as the papers left by her, and vanished in the direction of Chicago. There they remained for some time, till, by merest accident, they discovered that Mr. Bannister was newly married, and conceived the plan of frightening him there is real love there is always perfect my's disposal, and have abjectly craved trust, and Mr. Bannister had confided the whole story of his life to the devoted girl who had laid her all at his feet, and it was this knowledge and the idea that she was to be torn from him forever first made a visit to Mr. Bannister, and which had caused her terrible agitation

Peter Hart duly received his sentence of twenty years, and Dick McQueen, the spider-devourer, as I may name him, was avenged of his dollar.

Colonel Branson.

A very interesting bit of personal and general history, especially to the residents of New Mexico and the Rio Grande valley, is the fact that Colonel David Bracson, now a resident of this pice, is the man who fought the last battle and gave the last order to cease firing at the close of the war of the rebellion, and did it at the mouth of New Mexico's great river, the Rio Grande, The battle was fought on May 12 and 13, 1865. Colonel Branson was sent out from the general camp on Brazos Island with a mixed command of about 300 men from the second Texas cavalry, dis-mounted; first Missouri, colored, and the twenty-fourth Indiana, to capture a herd of cattle for the use of the troops. While out he was attacked by a force of about 500 Texas cavalry with artillery. under General Slaughter and General Ford. During the night a war ship arrived off the harbor with the news of the surrender of Kirby Smith, the last of the confederate forces in the field and consequently the end of the war. General Barrett, the commander of of the garrison, ordered Colonel Branson to cease firing and return, which being impossible on account of the pressure of a superior force and the well known enmity on their part toward the colored troops and southern white union troops, the engagement was con-tinued, though the unionists retired, fighting, toward the island. Gen. Barrett came to the rescue on the 13th with a small reinforcement, and the fight back to the island occupied all that day. Near sunset, as General Barrett was crossing the ferry with the main body, the attack was renewed upon the rear guard, in command of Captain Coffin. Colonel Branson had just gone back to the guard and the enemy were repulsed; the last battle of the war was over.

Then it was that Colonel Branson, who had been informed of the good tidings brought by the war ship in the offing, and fully comprehending its importance and the historical significance of that day's work, with himself as a modest though conspicuous figure in the closing scene of the great tragedy, gave the or-der to "cease firing," with probably deeper feeling than he ever before gave a military order, and gratefully sheathed the sword that had for five years been the symbol of command through the bloodiest war of the ages, never again, he hopes, to draw it in deadly conflict with his fellow man. Turning to Capt. Coffin, he sententiously, and with an animation he can never feel again, remarked, "That winds up the war;" when the captain replied, with equal emphasis, "Yes, and I thank God we are alive." The impressive scene closed as the sun was sinking behind the sandhills on the western bank of the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico, and was witnessed by interested crowds of men perched in the rigging of the eighty men-of-war and other shipping anchored in the offing and flying the flags of nearly every nation on earth .- Albuquerque Journal.

An Electric Sluice Box.

We witnessed this morning the operation of a new style of sluice box, to be three questions had been put to him at used on mill tailings and in washing gravel. The appliance is a new one, the patent on which has been applied for by C. H. Wetzel and F. J. Taylor. sluice box used is the ordinary shape and size, and in the bottom of which are arranged wedge shaped riffles, two abreast, but with the ends reversed in every set. The riffles are each about a foot long, and all are covered with a sheet of zine and copper, the copper being next to the wood. The copper plate has the zinc fastened to it so that the zinc is not allowed to touch either the rifles or the side of the box. In this way it is claimed that an electric current generated that precipitates and catches all mineral in solution passing off in the tailings, and at the same time a stronger affinity is created between the gentleman as smartly as we had arrested | mineral in its natural state and the plates. The reversed motion given the water and pulp in its passage through the sluice box, by means of the alternated wedge-shaped rifles, will, it is conceeded, bring every particle of mineral in transit in contact with plates, which, being charged with both electricity and quicksilver, will seize and hold the same. There is also suspended in the sluice box with a small wheel with copper arms that are also charged. The current of water passing underneath this wheel revolves it, thus again bringing a charged copper surface id contact with the "slimes" and floating mineral in the water. Those two latter substances have baffled the efforts of millmen in times past to successfally work them. At the end of the sluice box is arranged a reservoir, copper-lined, into which all the pulp is emptied. In the center of the reservoir a gate is placed that prevents any pulp from running off into the waste pipe until it has been churned and brought in contact with the metal lining, which gives the apparatus still another chance to seize what mineral may have avoided contact above. Mr. Taylor is making a test of the invention on tailings at the Centennial mill, and a number of mining and milling men who have witnessed its operation have high opinions of its merits and speak confidently of its success.— Inter-Mountain, Butte, M. T.

John Bright's Fun.

This gentleman was recently entertained at a big breakfast given in his honor by his admiring constituents. In return he entertained them with a speech of some two hours' duration. Rather a long breakfast talk, it is true; but he kept the Mayor of Birmingham and some two hundred and fifty guests in peals of laughter throughout. He was in the most exuberant of spirits, hoping that the atmosphere of commendation and praise in which he had been living an entire week might not impair the simplicity and the moderation of character which he had always-although, perhaps, not successfully-endeavored to preserve. He was particularly facetions in allusions to the Su- z Canal and Channel Tunnel; and in his reference to the latter he spoke of "a very remarkable (the flavor of the tar was stronger in the man," J. C. Dyer, an American by birth, center of each grape than on or at the but who had lived nearly half a century

in England, dying a few years ago Manchester at the age of ninety, Mr. Dyer had left in the possession of Mr. Bright a packago of manuscript. Of this Mr. Bright says: In this account he described his coming over from America for the purpose of disposing, if he could, of some American inventions. Even at that time, 1814, the Americans were great in invention. At this day I usually ask an American who comes to me, as a great many do, whether or not he has a patent. * Mr. Dyer came over nere, and one of his patents was for the establishment of steam navigation. He had been intimate with Mr. Fulton, who, in the United States, was the first promoter of the great change, and Mr. Dyer came to the ship-owners and various people in London, and tried to engage them to take up this patent and establish these boats on the Thames and on the Channel. He describes how entirely unsuccessful he was. He could not get any of them to look at it. And now Englismen were afraid to look through a hole in the earth, in fear of seeing French uniforms and guns." "Why," said he, "I could draw a picture, if we had not lived over it and through it that would make your hair stand on end at the perils we were about to encounter by the establishment of steam navigation and swift passages across the atlantic." Touching upon the dimensions of the tunnel he said: "I do not know the width of this room, but that of the tunnel could not be much wider; and it would be only twenty miles in length. and 35,000,000 of persons in England and Ireland—8,000,000 grown men-are afraid to think of it." He asked if the great English nation, which has its arm stretened all over the globe, was at home a nation of imbeciles? And poked his fun at the military authorities in this wise: "I would advise you never to take the opinion of high military authorities, except on a question of what should be done when you are actually at war."

As to the Suez matter he said: "I am

not at all certain. I believe it possible and probable that if we had had-if the government had had-a civilian of commanding character and capacity in the harbor of Alexandria-no battle up the country-no slaughter of three or four hundred human beings-and then there would have been nobody ennobled and no pensions granted." no pensions granted. Oprogrous laughter followed this sally, and the pleasant breakfast of many hours at length came to an agreeable end.

Pigeon Houses on the Nile. The pigeon houses on the banks of the

Nile are a great attraction to travelers. Phese breeding places consist of nothing else than an enormous number of red earthenware vessels, closely resembling medium sized flower pots, placed on their sides in a circle, with the mouth inward, and tier upon tier is raised with the assistance of the tenacious Nile mud until the cone is completed and the dome covered in, a few light branches of trees being introduced on the outside of the fabric before completion to enable the pigeons to perch and rest themselves at times. Hawks and other birds of prey, not to say cats also, annoy and too often destroy the pigeons here, and consequently a trap-door is fitted to the place about half way up the building and worked by a couple of ropes which reach down to the ground. These on being pulled by the natives at dawn, allow the pigeons to saily forth and feed gratis during the day i the adjoining fields, or a little farther off if food is scarce at hand, and soon after sunset, when the pigeons are all back, the trap-door is let down for the night, to the exclusion of all intruders. There is a long upright pole in the center of the building, with cross pieces of wood on it to serve as a ladder, upon which the owner mounts to catch the birds or clean out the place; and owing to the facility for keeping pigeons in Egypt, it is not to be wondered at their being found always in the market at very moderate prices. It is not altogether, however, for the sake of the birds that people here breed them on a large scale, but it is the manure, which is prized for agricultural purposes, especially for raising melons in the spring; and often a fellah, who has no pigeons to depend upon, will send donkey and boy with a couple of large baskets across the animal's back through the country to buy up all the manure he requires by going from house to house, even where only a few pigeons are kept, paying 50 cents for a quantity that would barely fill a bushel measure.

Odd Stories About Animals.

In its fright, on being chased by a a hawk, a partridge flew against Joseph Brink of Sullivan county, N. Y., with such force as to break its neck.

Charles Hedrick, of Legington, N. C., shot an eagle which had black back wings and tail, while its neck and breast were as white as snow. It measured

seven feet from tip to tip. In a burning cabin in Franklin county, Ga., two colored children perished, and a dog which had been left with them refused to leave them and was

burned to death by their side. A buzzard dined on a lamb that had been killed by a dog at New Garden, Ga. In some way it got fast in the strap which fastened the bell around the lamb's neck, and has gone jingling about with the bell ever since.

For a useful lime wash for wood and stone this is the proposed preparation: Twenty liters of quicklime are slaked in a suitable vessel. One gramme of sul phate of zinc and 5 grammes of common salt are added. The latter causes the lime to dry without making any cracks. A very beautiful fawn color is produced by adding to the mixture 5 grammes of vellow ochre, or if a stone color is desired or preferred 2 grammes of umber and 1 of lamp-black may be substituted. A common brush may be used in applying the wash.

Gases, M. Cornu says, may be absorbed through the epidermis of the aerial organs of plants. Some of the plant stages in a vinery had been coated by the gardener with some bad smelling coal-tar. The result was that the grapes were spoiled. The roots and stems of the vines were outside the house so that the odor of the tar could not come through them. A curious fact was that