NOT TO BE WOS THAT WAY.

- Do you know you have asked for the costlicat thing
 Ever made by the Hand above—
 woman's heart and a woman's life
 And a woman's wonderful love?
- Do you know you have asked for this priceles thing as child might have saked for a toymanding what others have die! With the reckless desh of a boy?
- You have written my lessons of duty out: Manlike, you have questioned me; Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul Until I have questioned thee.
- You require your dinner should always be hot.
 Your socks and your shirts should be whole:
 I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
 And pure as iteaven your soul.
- You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
 I require a far better thing;
 A seemstree you're wanting for stockings and
 shirts—
- I want a man and a king. A king for the beautiful realm called home. And a man that the Maxer, God. Shall took upon as He did the first, And soy "like very good."
- I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
- From my soft young cheek one day; Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves. Avyou did 'mid the bloom of May?
- Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep f may lambch my all on the dida? A loving woman finds heaven or hell On the day she is made a bride. I require all things that are good and true,
- All things that a man should be; If you give this all, I would stake my life To be all you demand of me.

If you can to do inis—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's beart and a woman's life
Are not to be wun that way!

Mrs. Books. -Min Browning

MY ONE LOVE PASSAGE.

CHAPTER I.

I wish I could so describe my mother that you should realize the sweetness of her nature and the pleasantness of her ways. She was of medium height, of clear complexion and soft brown hair, and a face that tapered from a broad and rather low forehead, with a small and beautifully shaped chin.

She was fair to look upon, dear mother, but her beauty was not her greatest charm. There was about her an indescribable brightness and freshness that reminded one of early sunshine and sweet morning air, and that soothed and cheered and invigorated as only sunshine and pure aircan. She charmed me from my mournful grieving after my lost sisters, and made me quietly happy.

None of the gladness of her own nature descended to me-I was always calm and sedate. From a melancholy child I passed into a serious, self-contained woman. Beautiful girlhood, with its wild impulses, eager friendships, erratic energy and pretty bashfulness had no part in my life. Sometimes I have grieved that it was so, for I have thought that this absence of one phase of existence made me an imperfect woman, and prevented me from possessing some of the most endearing attributes of my own

But I grieve no longer, and as I think of my mother, I wonder much that with her bright face to look upon and her wise and cheerful words to listen to, I ever grieved at anything. But I suppose in every woman's life there is a time when a mother's love is but a secondary love, and this time came to me in my twenty sixth year. Until then, though I was rich and handsome, and knew all the neighborhood for miles round, nobody had come to woo me.

A small estate close to our village changed hands, and its new possessor

was introduced to us.

He was of middle age, good-looking and dignified, and was often by my side. He had traveled much, and for me his conversation had great interest. And there was in his eyes a glance of energy, a fire that seemed to kindle in me a corresponding energy. In his presence I could sing better than when with others; conversing with him I seemed to acquire an eloquence that at times startled myself; his well-considered opinions found an echo in my untrained mind; his lefty thoughts were my thoughts. I did not stand in awe of him, such as some women do for lovers superior to themselves. I was simply lifted above my self and placed upon the same plane with aim, where I gazed upon him as equal, and felt a warm and just appreciation of his talents and good qualities.

I know not when I first began to love him, but I know that one evening as be bade me good night my heart fluttered, and when I sought for a reason for this unusual symptom I blushed and was ashamed. Nor was I long troubled with fears of being an old maid, for the next morning he gave me the right to love

We sat in the oak dining room, the bright spring shone cheerfully in, lighting up the dark wainscoting and placing in brilliant relief the high carved mantle-piece, where grinning goblin faces stared and leered and peeped from twining wreaths of flowers, leaves and corn. Stephen stood by; he had been expati-

ating on the beauty of the workmaaship. I looked at him and I saw also the grinning heads, and their grotesqueness formed a strong contrast to the calm and manly beauty of his face. As I looked an earnest and kindling light beamed in his eyes; instinctively I rose from my seat, attracted by that glance. He took

my hand and said:
"Sarah, be my wife; I cannot live without you."

His face glowed like a cloud at sun-set. I looked no more. He put his arm around me, and whispered softly :

"Sarah, you love me; your heart says o." It was beating under his hand. "It says you love me, my own, and I worship you! Darling, speak; one little word will be enough!"

My head was on his shoulder, and I murmured "Yes."

He clasped me closer in his arms. Then I thought, "I am foolish—that is not a fitting answer;" and I freed myself from his embrace, and stood calm and dignified, and said, with all my heart in my voice :

Stephen, I love you!" "Heaven bless you, my wife!" One kiss, and we stood silent, calming our excitement.

Presently we sat down and talked of the future, of our unchanging love, and of the great happiness the coming years

When he left me I hastened to my mother. She was delighted, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. When I went to rest that night joy at being so beloved prevented me from sleeping.

We were to be married in the autumn.

We were to be married in the autumn.

no hindrance to our happiness; we were both rich; the future lay smiling before us, while the present was full of delight,

I loved Stephen with all my heart. He said he loved me devotedly, and there was an admiration -- a sort of worshipwith his love that is so dear to woman. He said I was queenly, and that I was a glorious creature; and held my head higher and was more stately than ever; and when I looked in the glass I saw a beauty in my face that I had never seen there before, and I exulted in my good fortune, and thought in my foolishness that no woman had ever before been so

There were festivities in our house then, and the grinning, goblin faces looked upon gaveties they had not seen since the first years of my mother's married life. We welcomed all our friends and neighbors and made merry. My mother determined that the last months of my stay should be as happy and beautiful and bright, as much company and fine taste could make it, but, alas! her intention was frustrated.

A schoolfellow and dear friend of my mother's had been for some years a widow, and at that time we received a letter to say that she was dead, and had bequeathed her only child, a girl of 17, to my mother's love and care. A few days later Annie Forsyth arrived, and her grief and black clothes threw a gloom over us that, notwithstanding our pity than the doubt. I was rational now and and sympathy for the poor child, we felt could understand my position. I say was oppressive and unwelcome.

Poor Annie cried almost incessantly at first, but after a few days she would look up into our faces with sadly mournful eyes, and say she was sorry she was myself. so unhappy, but she would be better

Dear mother charmed and consoled her as she had charmed and consoled me in the past, when my father and sister died, and now and then there was a smile in the beautiful eyes, and the pale, pinched face grew pretty and youthful, and I began to hope that when her sorrow had worn itself out she would prove to be a merry little sprite, and I rejoiced that she was there to take my place in the old home when I left it for the new one. My mother loved her already, and would easily take her to her heart as a second daughter.

Annie's complexion was very fair, her features small and regular, with a timid, pleading expression in them. Her hair was of pale gold falling in masses of awakening was all too soon. I lay still, curls about her neck. She was small, slight and singularly graceful and there was an intangible something about her that claimed for every one a special tenderness.

I particularly recommended her to Stephen's kindness, and he good-naturedly told her stories and did his best to divert her mind from its sad memories, and he succeeded well. Sometimes, when he talked to her, she would look live without his love. up into his face with a wondering, reverential expression in her mournful eyes, and then I was more proud than thankful that he was my promised hus. ble."

to talk to Annie, he went with regret; a ning goblin faces on the high mantellittle while, and there was no regret; and piece, and I turned from them—they then, oh! weeful thought, I tancied he seemed to mock me. went with pleasure.

amusing her, I thought he looked like importance to say to you."
her father, and I pictured him in the list face grow pale; he future adapting his conversation to the intelligence of a little child who should call me mother, and bringing her bright smiles into her face and overshadowing her with loving kindness and protection; and my heart grow warmer, and I loved him more fervently than ever before. And, as watching him, I wished that my love might grow as great as his goodness, he caught my eyes and his face

A chill ran through me, a fear, indefinite but terrible, oppressed me. I went into the garden and walked among the flowers and trees, and let the fresh evening breeze blow upon my head.

I tried hard to collect my thoughts, but I could not. A strange doubt, dread and horror possessed me. I could not think-I seemed to have no mind-I could only feel.

I walked down the fir-tree avenue. Its darkness claimed kindred with me. It led to an open glade, where a fountain sparkled in the setting sun; its waters fell in jewels of many colors. I saw them not, but throwing myself on the grass rested my head on the cool margin of its marble basin.

Presently my hand played with the cool water; then I bathed my forehead with it, and soon I found myself counting the golden fish that sported in its cool depths and watching their gambols. I vaguely wondered how many heartbroken women had bathed their foreheads in that fountain.

Then I remembered an ancestress of mine whose betrothed had died on the eve of her wedding day.

I saw her day by day at the fountain, and each day more shadowy and ethereal until at last her soul passed from the music of its waters to the music of the beautiful spirit land; and her friends found the frail body on the turf, the head on the fountain's margin, its eyes seemingly gazing at the fish, and its long curls

floating in the water. I remembered this clearly and was thankful. My mind had come back-the strange, hateful madness had passed away; but I bathed my head again and again and kept very quiet. I was afraid of myself. I knew that I had been jeal ous and I scorned myself; yet I was such a poor, weak thing that I must treat my . self carefully, tenderly, lest I fell again

into my past foolishness.

I sat by the pool looking into its waters. I pressed the green leaves of the water lily against my forehead and its gracious coolness made me more myself, and I looked still into the water, blue with the sky and rosy with sunlit cloud, and I felt that hope and happiness endured forever; grief might come and dim their brightness, but could do no more.

I felt the demon of jealousy had entered into me. I was humbled and I longed that evil thoughts might pass from me, and I grew calm and rational once more. The peace of night settled all around me. An odorous perfume filled the air and a darkness came down like a protecting genius, shrouding the

The days passed very swiftly; there was strangely disturbed me was dead, an once again I believed that the love of my promised husband was all my ow For some days Stephen kept alway by my side, and I enjoyed again the lon conversations that were so delightful t me and the evil thought returned

more to disturb my peace. Our wedding day was very near. A preparations had been made; fair, ne garments of every description were ing inspected by my friends. I was t begin the new life with everything ne -new clothes, new house, new happ

Alice relapsed into her old sadne and grew day by day more beautiful, for her face was flushed a little and they was mournfulness in her large eyes the touched the gazer's heart.

One evening I observed Stephen log ing at her, and there was that in h glance that roused all my dread one more. Frightened and trembling at wha I might learn, I yet courageously se myself to seek for information. Stephe was always kind and aff ctionate, but felt with sinking heart that he was no the same, that the warmth of his lov was less than the warmth of its expresion. And once again I saw that terribly look of sorrow, regret, as he gazed a Annie, and my resolution was taken.

I suppose the first terrible shock has broken the force of my discovery, for the calamity affected me less severe its difficulties and its dangers and wante to work my way clearly through them to the end. I must not marry Stephen that was certain, and I must tell him

My own affection was my greates langer. I felt that I must show no re lenting, no lingering tenderness. I mus build up a barrier between us; at leas around my own heart I must put a stron wall of separation, through which ne sound of grief could pass. His, alas would open so readily to the new love a to need no defense from the old. I would be brave-I would! But my sorrow led heavy upon me; the air of the house suffocated me, the dear voices seemed mocking voices, tormenting me. I went out amid the trees for rest and strength. I went up the fir tree avenue to the fountain. The sun shone, the birds sang, the water sparkled-all around me was joy and beauty, and in my heart was a desolation as of death.

I had dreamed a beautiful dream, Oh. that I could dream a little longer-my wooing back the beautiful dream; but its thread had been broken. I was sad unto bitterness, but my will was strong to do

right and to bear my grief silently.

It wanted but four days to my wedding day. I must act promptly. I nerved myself to my great trial. I loved Stephen more than ever, and I felt that to make him happy I could lay down my life, or, what then seemed to me the harder fate,

As I left the breakfast room mother said: "Come back soon, dear; this day week we shall be without you, so we ever of his talents, and more than ever want as much of your company as possi-

I went into the dining room; the mel-At first, when I sent Stephen from me low amtumn sun streamed upon the griu-

Stephen came soon. I said, as he en-Once, as he sat by her, chatting and tered, "Stephen, I have something of

His face grew pale; he was about to peak, when I said quickly:

"Listen to me for one moment." To my own ear my voice sounded dismally hollow, but by a great effort I spoke calmly.
"Stephen, I love you dearly. I love

you far too well to cause you one regret, or to cloud your life with one shade of sorrow. I have felt proud and happy in the thought of becoming your wife. But I am not so now. I must have the whole heart of my husband. I could not be content with his esteem and affection. You have changed, Stephen! I do not blame you that it is so, but I must not shut my eyes to the consequences of this change. I must not bring sorrow upon you and remorse upon myself, so I say

be friends, for the future. "Sarah, have pity," he said.
"I have pity," I said—"pity for myself and for you. I am saving us both
from misery in the future."

"I love you earnestly, soberly!" he re-plied sadly. "I have always loved you If once or twice my fancy has changed, pardon me, Sarah! It will not do so again. I have resisted the temptation. Forget and forgive! Our wedding day is very near. I love you faithfully, and guard you with a husband's fondest care!

"Stephen," I continued, "your heart is cold to me still. You would wreck your own happiness to try and insure mine and to keep plighted troth. Take back that troth—be free! Go; live where you will and be happy! It would break my heart to be your bride now! I could not live to be coldly loved! I must be the joy of my husband, not the clould that shadows his life!"

"Sarah--" he began. "Hush!" I said. "I will tell you all. I have looked into your eyes and read there what you had not the courage to read in your own heart. I have read there that you love another. Your heart was never wholly mine, and now is not your own; it has gone from you to

His face was blanched; his strong hand, that rested on the back of a cnair, trembled.

"Hear me, for Heaven's sake," he cried. "I have never spoken a word of her childishness touched me; but that is past. We will see her no more, and you shall be as happy as ever you dreamed.

he was not thoroughly frank with me; that his love for me was weak, and that he was only maintaining an engagement for the sake of honor-"never!" Our engagement is at an end! We will go our separate ways. Heaven grant that yours may be a happy one!"

And I turned to leave the room. "Pause-consider!" he cried. "I have considered. My decision cansot be changed. I will tell my mother. Bless you, Stephen, you shall always be my best friend."

I offered him my band. "Bless you!" he replied, and kissed my hand That kiss made me shiver, it was so

so, for we each tried to cheer the other and forget the past; but a settled depression was upon us and we decided to en-deavor to dispel it by change of scene.

We went to the seaside and the great ocean gave us strength, and my mother was fresh and bright as the morning sunshine once more, and she cheered and cherished me until I was happy in a subdued fashion and could almost forget the must. Annie grew strong and merry, but her

figure was still slight and fragile, and

her eyes kept their sadness, and her manner was still simple and pleading like that of a timid child. She would never grow womanly, my mother said, regretfully. It was best she should no., I thought; the clinging plant always finds the strong support. And I went to my music; I could not be idle or have reveries yet my cure was not complete. I had to keep my mind well occupied, to fill it with plans, hopes and ideas; to bar entrance to thoughts that should not have admittance. And well my good mother helped me. Love has its instincts, and told her always when my mind was straying, and when it was partly empty and forbidden memories were stealing in, and she would rouse me with cheerful words of ordinary conversation and a look that spoke her heartfelt sympathy. Oh, blessings on thee, my mother! thy love was the joy that knew no change; it was strong, it was stondfast it was invigorating cheered me, it kept me firm to do right

it made my happiness.

We had been from our old home a year, when it was decided that my mother and Annie should return there while I still remained with some friends. Three months later I received a sweet etter from Annie, saying she had accepted Mr. Hawthorne. Stephen and I had met as friends-rather distant and ceremonious friends. I am afraid, for we sould not quite forget the past-its hadow seemed to hang over us.

And thus Annie went from us, and I remained always at the old home, and my dead love ceased altogether to tronde me, and if my dear mother grieved that the bright hopes she had cherished at the first were not realized, she never let me guess her secret sorrow.

We were very happy; we did all the good in our power with our wealth and we brightened the lives of many of our poor neighbors and soothed the last hours of many a poor woman by promising to take an interest in her children And as I grew older I thought I knew why Annie had won Stephen's love from me. The shy, winning, girlish ways, that had never been mine, were her chief charm.

A Girl's Long Horseback Ride to California.

"Hello! how far is it to the next town?"

These words greeted the ears of W. W. Davis and family, as they sat at supper at their residence, Sixteenth and O'Neill streets. Mr. Davis looked out of the open door

of his dising-room upon Sixteenth street. He saw there an unusual picture. A fine, large sorrel mare with a yearling colt at her side was standing by the sidewalk. Upon the mare's back sat a young woman sidewise in a man's saddle. She had on a man's broad brimmed hat, a close fitting blue and white checked calico dress, rough lace shoes, and on one foot was a man's stirrup. A yellow rubber coat was tied up behind the saddle. The young woman was sunburnt and travel-stained, but sat erect and looked as if she was able to take care of herself. She was a girl of about 20 or 22 love to Annie. Her sorrow, her beauty, years of age, baving an intelligent face with comely features. Her hair, which was brown, was cut somewhat short and banged. Her complexion was of a hue "Never!" I said fiercely; for I felt that that wind and sun puts on a man or woman, and her lips were chapped from She had bright, gay the same cause. She had bright, eyes, and a straight, handsome nose.

What town do you want?" "The next town, whatever it is." "Where are you traveling to?" "To California."

"Alone?" "Yes, alone and camping out. Where can I find good grass?"

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, like good, hos pitable people, invited the young lady to dismount and partake of some supper. She washed her hands and face, sat down to the table and talked about the trip she was maling.

with my father. I once spent some time visiting in southern California, but it was some years ago. I have for several years thought of starting in the spring and making the journey on horseback, and this year I made up my mind that I would do it. I have been eight weeks on the road. From my home to the Mississippi river the distance is 180 miles; it is 350 across the state of Iowa, as I traveled, and then 500 more to Cheyenne. So I have come ovor a 1000 miles on horseback and alone.

"Have you a good horse?" "Indeed I have. They wanted me to give up my trip at Kearny. Why, some folks there grew real angry with me because I persisted in going on. They wanted me to sell my mare and colt and take the money to pay my passage. But I do not need money, and I'H never part with that mare. She's a good animal, has speed as a trotter, and she weighs as much, to a pound, as when I started with her. To-day I have ridden twentyeight miles, but that is more than I generally make. I travel mornings and evenings, and I stop a long while at noons. I started with a side saddle, but it made the mare's back sore, so I traded it off for a man's saddle. At night I picket the mare and lie closed to the picket. She can't move but I know it. She got away twice, though. Once I followed her afoot more than ten miles, and then caught her in a herd of thirty horses.

"What bedding have you in camping out?" "Nothing but that yellow slicker and the saddle-blanket. I haven't suffered from the cold, but it gets awfully lonely sometimes at night, when the coyotes are howling."

"Have you been annoyed by tramps?" "Not a great deal. I go back from the railroad at least two miles and avoid them. Once a tramp came upon me in a lonely place when I had the saddle off the mare, and began talking. I directed his attention to some emigrants off at a distance, and slipped on the saddle, buckled on the fore-cinch, and galloped off. But I'm not afraid. I never think of danger and carry no firearms."

"How do you manage about eating?" "There I have trouble. If I don't strike a station at mealtime I get nothing to eat. Why I've gone all day often without eating-two days sometimes. It was hard at first, but I got used to it. I dont want to travel with emigrants; there's no glory in that. I have set out to do this trip alone. I have been the last day or two traveling at about the same rate with some emigrants to Wash ington Territory. Sometimes they are shoad; sometimes I am. But I don't camp with them."

"Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Emma Larson." "Miss Emma?" "Yes, sir."-Cherenne Leader.

A Problem in Flying.

An interesting discussion is at present going on among scientific engineers in regard to the flight of birds, which has considerable bearing upan the flying machine question. It is a matter of observation that birds, without any movement of their outstretched wings, and without any apparent muscular exertion, are ento rise in the air and to move laterally even against the wind. The modus operandi of these movements is a mystery, and scientists are trying to disver the secret. The most plausible theory is that the wings may be placed in such a position as to divert a current of air from its normal course until it represents two sides of an angle, of which apex is the hinder portion of the bird's body. If that be the case--say the theorists -- there would be really two currents of air coming into collision at the spex, the result of which would be a pressure upon the body of the bird at that point, urging it forward with force far greater than on first thought might be supposed. The smoothness of the feathers in but one direction reduces to a minimum all opposition to a forward movement. Experiments are now being carried out with mechanical contrivances to demonstrate the correctness of the theory, and it is stated that the investigutors are in a fair way to a discovery of the cause of the phenomenon, and also to a solution of the flying-machine question.-London Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Negro's Progress.

The Louisville Courier-Journal has interviewed several colored men as to the progress of their race since its liberation. Mr. N. B. Rogers, a barber, and a very intelligent colored man, said: "I can't say that I am a proper person to talk to. I am not thrown with my race very much, and I was never a slave. I think that freedom has helped some and hurt

some. Those country negroes who flocked into the large cities at the close of the war have been hurt undeniably. They have lost their ideas of honesty. and become lazy and thriftless. The rest have been benefitted. I hope for much in the future. With proper educational advantages, and the rapidly dying out prejudice against the black race, we can

hope for a fine future. Uncle William Johnston, an old man well known to most people down town, said that he had been a slave for forty years, and been free twenty years. "And which do you like best?" asked the reporter. The old man leaped on his stick and shook his gray head sadly: "I find 'em bof 'bout the same, honey. I got my close and my vittels when I was wid Massa Henry Johnston, and I gets my close and my vittels now. It's most bout de same-hard work and little fur it," and old Uncle William hobbled off shaking his head dismally.

How Animals Help Each Other. Social animals perform many little ser-

vices for each other. Horses nibble, and cows lick each other. Monkeys pick from each other thorns and burs and parasites. Wolves and some other beasts of prey bunt in packs, and aid each other in attacking their victims. Pelicans fish in concert. The Hamadryas baboons turn over stones to find insects, etc., and when they come to a large one as many as can stand around it turn it over together, and share the booty. Social animals mutually defend each other. Brehm encountered in Abyssinia a great troop of baboons which were crossing a "My home is at Kingston, Green Lake valley. The latter were attached by the Silver City, N. M., pays county, Wis., she said, "where I live dogs, but the old males immediately school teachers \$250 a month.

hurried down from the rocks, and with months widely opened roared so fearfully that the dogs precipitately retreated They were again encouraged to the attack, but by this time all the baboons had reascended the hights, excepting a young one about six months old, who, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a block of rock and was surrounded. Now, one of rock and was af the largest males, a true hero, came down again, from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him and triumphantly led him away, the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack. On another occasion an eagle seized a young monkey, which, by clinging to a branch, was not at once carried off. It cried loudly for assistance, upon which the other members of the troop with much uproar rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle and pulled out so many feathers that he no longer thought of his prey, but only how to escape, This eagle assuredly would never again attack a monkey in a troop.—Our Dumb Animals.

Bad Luck.

Major C -- is exceedingly fond of the game of whist. On one occasion he was speaking of the way in which adverse luck will sometimes pursue a man, and remarked that he once played a whole season at the White Sulphur Springs. and never held a trump. Some one in the company suggested that that was impossible, because he must have held at least one trump every time he dealt the cards. But the major replied, "every time I dealt it was a mis deal.'

He illustrated the same idea in another way. He said he was once in a party when the proposition was made to throw dice for drinks and cigars. He threw several times and every time the dice came ut ace, deuce. He was vexed, and threw them with all his might against the wall of the room. When he went to pick them up from the floor he was confronted with the same one and two spots. He went to the window and pitched them as far as he could into the yard.

The next day he felt like trying his luck again, and not having another pair of dice, he went into the yard to hunt them up. Stooping down and peering closely into the grass, his eyes finally rested upon the acc. He was so mad that he made a mental resolution that if the other dice was found with the dence up he would swallow them. He found it at last and it was the dence. He swallowed them both forthwith. Five minntes later he became dreadfully alarmed at what might be the consequences of his rash act, and took a strong emetic. The dice was soon deposited on the grass again. "And as sure as you're alive," said the major, "there lay the same old ace, deuce. Harper's Magazine.

Origin of the Word Restaurant.

In 1765 a cook named Boulanger, who kept a shop at the corner of the Rue des Poulis, and the Rue Baillel, in Paris. hung out a large white flag bearing the inscription (imitated, of course, from the passage in the New Testament) : "Venite ad me, omnes qui stomacho laboratis, es ego restaur bo vos." Beneath these words was a list of his prices, And, as the good man did not look for outrageous profits, his dining room was quickly invaded by all the young bloods of the capital, and every one began to ask his neighbor, "Have you been to Boulanger's?" The favorite dish at the house was nothing more appetizing than sheep's trotters; but so excellently was this humble fare cooked that large quantities were sent out daily to all the great mansions in the neighborhood. The restaurant was much resorted to by the courtiers of the day; and even the celebrated gourmet Moneriff, the academician, went there regularly. Being reader to the queen, he at last sounded the praise of sheep's trotters to the ears of royalty; and Boulanger, who had by this time accumulated a fortune, was ordered to supply the table of Louis XV. Thenceforward the restaurant became one of the peculiar features of Parisian life: and within the next few years Very opened that far famed establishment which, after having been the resort of Saint Just and Marat, was removed in 1808 from the Allee des Oranges to its present quarters,-Pall Mall Gazette.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Perhaps the most popular department of science in Spain at the present day is geology, and the Mining exhibition at Madrid is considered to be a grand suc-It appears that alum is sometimes

added to wines to give astringency and to raise the color. For its detection, evaporate to dryness, and then set fire to the organic matter. Edison says: "Electricity is a ten-acre

lot, with a very high, close fence around it. All we know about it, so far, we have gained by peeping through the cracks in the boards."

Drs. Mitchell and Reichert find that the full grown lizard will bite and cause a wound that may prove fatal. Unlike that of other reptiles, its saliva is alkaline, not acide. A little injected into a pigeon cause the death of the bird (which was long, sat and plump) in less than three minutes.

GENTLE REMINDER. - Husbands are so stupid! The story in the June Drawer of a man who went to town with his wife to do errands, and was sorely perplexed at missing something on his return, until he reached home and found he had forgotten his wife, reminds somebody of a woman in Philadelphia who gave her husband six commissions to execute in New York. He telegraphed back that he had executed five and forgotten the last. It was an order for an illuminated sentence for a Sunday school room. He was a good deal astonished when received the raply: "Unto us this day a child is born -two feet wide and nine feet long. Harper's Magazine.

In Rome a small Egyptian obelisk has been discovered in an excavation behind the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, near the site of the Temple of Isis and Serapis. It lies at a depth of fifteen feet and is in a good state of preservation. A sphinx in basalt was also found, with a cartough on the breast.

Silver City, N. M., pays its public