A GOD AFTER ALL.

We laid in a cell, Mr. Judge, all night long,
Jimmie and me, wa tin' and wishin' for the mornin' to dawn.
'Cause we couldn't sleep, Mister Judge, in that cold, damp place,
And Jimmie was scared to death at the wild, mad race
That the rats kept runnin' all through the dark night;
That's why we were glad, Mr. Judge, to see the daylight.

Please, Mr Judge, we are not very bad little boys
And the policeman what took us said we're some mother's joys.
He was wrong, Mr. Judge, and should only have said
That we are two little outcasts and our mother is dead;
And there's no one to care for us, at least here below,
And no roof that shelters us from the rain and the snow.

A preacher once told us that way up in the blue
There was a God that was watchin' all that little boys do;
And that He loved little children, and His love it was free;
But I guess, Mr. Judge, He don't love Jimmie or me,
For I prayed and I prayed till I was most out of breath
For something to eat and keep Jimmie from death.

And that's why we're here, Mr. Judge, for you know
There was no help from above, I must find it below.
'Twas no use beggin' and be told in God I must trust,
For I'd begged all the day and got never a crust;
And there was poor Jimmie holdin' his cold little feet,
And cryin' and moanin' for somethin' to eat.

So I went to a house that was not very far,
And saw, Mr. Judge, that the back door was ajar;
And a table was settin' right close to the door,
Just loaded with pies, about twenty or more.
So I quickly slipped in and grabbed one to my breast—
The policeman then caught us—and you know the rest.

Discharged, did you say, Mr. Judge? both Jimmie and I?
And—and we ain't got to be jailed 'cause I took a pie?
And we can eat all we want? how funny 'twill seem—
Say, Jimmie, pinch me, for I—I think it's a dream,
And you'll give us work summer, winter and fall
Say, Jimmie I think there's a God after all!

THE WIDOW LOCKERY.

I made her acquaintance at an Old Settlers' reunion. The club, which held its yearly meetings at Gershom, was composed of the surviving pioneers of 1836. All persons who, either as adults or children, had settled in the district covered by the organization previous to or within that year were entitled to enrollment.

I was spending the summer with a friend who called herself an old settler by marriage. Her husband, Colonel Hugh Hastings, had come into the wilds with his parents at the age of two years, and so had grown up with the country in a literal sense. They lived at Barhan Station, on the line of the one railroad which traversed the county. Gershom, the county seat, was six miles distant.

It was arranged on the morning of the reunion that my friend Marian and I should drive over early with the children and spend the entire day. The colonel kept a saddle horse, and would follow in the afternoon.

We started in the dew, yet when we reached Gershom the village was all astir. At ten o'clock the beautiful picnic grounds on the banks of the Shokobee lake were swarming with population of many townships. The Old Settlers proper were not a numerous band, but their assemblies had come to be gala days with the entire community.

Passing among the groups gathered here and there, one caught bits of characteristic talk. A group of men were discussing wheat prospects. They seemed to belong to that class in whom the uncertainty of the farmer's hope had bred a condition of chronic foreboding. One said the wheat was too strong, and would all be "lodged" before harvest. Another thought the recent heavy rains would produce "rust in the stalk." A third predicted a dry, hot time, that would cause it to "fire at the root."

"How does your wheat look, Dave?"

The question was asked of a tall, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had been listening to the rest and saying nothing.

"Derned 'f I know," was the reply. I sowed it in good time an' good style last fall, and I hain't looked at it since. Lookin' does no good, nor croakin', nuther."

Old Seth Householder had been a remarkably good shot in his time. We paused in our saunter to hear him tell about it. He was a grotesque old man, with yellowish curling hair hanging over the collar of his clean calico shirt.

"I presume there's a good many old fellers here," said he, "that minds about doggery Hank Sloan kep' over on the old State road. He kep' a little stock of grocery, too, and about once a forni't he'd hev a shootin' match. He'd tie up bundles of tea and terbacker and sugar, and we'd shoot for 'em. Well, one afternoon in the beginnin' of winter—it was the 31st of November, if I mind right—Hank had a shoot. There was just seventy-three of them packages, and when the match was out, and Hank told 'em over, all but four was marked 'S. Householder.' Yas, that was rather fair shootin'. I was tol'able handy with a rifle them days. I tell you, gentlemen, it's all in the optic nerve of the eye. There's where it lays."

The band began playing on the rostrum, and the multitude moved toward the music.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never called to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?"

The sweet horns seemed to speak the very word.

There was roll call, answered to in voices varying from the robust, mellow tones of middle age to the feebler quaver of the octogenarian. A brief biographical obituary of a late member was read. Then the orator of the day was introduced. After the speech came the basket dinner under the trees. The afternoon was devoted to music and story-telling. A venerable Methodist preacher gave an account of his own circuit-riding in the early days. A Barhan banker recalled the fact that he had come into the county, at the age of sixteen, as chain bearer in a surveying company. An aged farmer named Manning arose.

"I was the first white settler in Deer Lick township. Things was middlin' onhandy 'long at first. What 'ud folks think now of drivin' thirty miles for a bag of seed wheat and two plow-p'ints? I did that in '37—druv it with oxen, too. It wos powerful hard work clearin' up my land—timber so heavy and help so scarce. I had one hired hand that done me a heap of good. He was only a boy, but he was a good one, strong fisted and keen witted. He'd chop all day and study his books till ten o'clock at night. He's here to-day, friends, and maybe some of you know who I mean. It's Judge Tazewell, there on the platform. He split and laid up the rails that fenced my first clearin'. He's been to Congress since, and I'm proud to say he's been as honest a law maker as he was a fence-maker. I propose three cheers for the rail-splitter of the old tenth district."

They were given with energy, and Judge Tazewell came down and shook hands with Uncle Eli Manning.

The president of the club then asked how many in the assembly had any personal recollection of a two days' hunt for a lost child in the autumn of '41.

"Answer Sunday-school fashion," said he, and about half a dozen hands went up.

"Is the widow Lockery here," he next inquired.

"I reckon she is," came the answer in a woman's voice from somewhere in the crowd.

"Mrs. Lockery," continued the president, "found the lost child, and if she will tell us all about it, I for one, will be much pleased. I have a vague impression of the terror which the hunt produced, and the excitement it aroused in my childish mind; but I do not remember that I ever heard the occurrence fully described by any one who took part in the search."

He glanced again in the direction whence came that prompt response, and sat down.

A tall, straight woman rose from her seat, walked slowly down the aisle between the rude benches, and took a position facing the people. She seemed in no hurry to begin her story, but deliberately took off her starched bonnet and laid it on the grass beside her. She was the most remarkable personage I had seen that day. Though fully seventy years old, she was as erect as an Indian, and gave one the impression of great physical power. Her iron-gray hair grew low over her forehead, and was gathered in a great, rough looking knot at the back of her head, and secured in its place by a brass comb. Her complexion was swarthy, and her dark eyes were shaded by darker brows which almost met above her prominent aquiline nose. He lips closed firmly, and her whole face had an expression of unspeakable sadness.

"Friends and neighbors," she began; and all at once I found myself smiling, as I observed others doing. Never before did human countenance so quickly transform its expression. The dark eyes twinkled, the corners of the mouth gave a humorous curl, the lips parting in speech revealed a double row of perfect, natural teeth gleaming with drollery, and the whole changed physiognomy was laughter-provoking.

"Friends and neighbors: Seein' as how Mr. Evans has sort o' give out that I'm the herowine o' this tale o' terror, maybe it would sound better for some one else to tell it. So much by way of preface.

"It was Benjamin Nyfer's child that was lost. Ben started one mornin' in October to get some grindin' done. There was no mill nearer than the one on Taylor's Fork, twelve miles off, and the way roads was then, it would take him away 'long into the night to get home. That little boy o' his'n, just five year old, took a notion to go 'long, but pa wouldn't let him. He whipped the poor little fellow in the mornin' for cryin' to go; but when he started the child just follered the wagon and bawled to be took in. The other young ones told me that; and that precious mother o' his'n, instead of coaxin' him into the house and fryin' him a dough horse, and twistin' him five or six yards of tow string for drivin' lines, just went on about her work, and paid no 'tention to him till out o' sight. 'Long towards noon Mary Ann Nyfer, the oldest gal, came over to my house, lookin' real scairt, and said Sammy was lost. He'd follered his pa a ways in the mornin' and hadn't come back. I says right away:

"'He's all right. Your father's give in to his yellin' and took him 'long.'

"But the gal shook her head, and remarked:

"'Father never gives in to nuthin'. He's druv him back, and Sammy's lost.'

"I went home with her, and found Lake Wilson there. We three families lived purty cloast—all within a mile. Luke thought just as I did, that Nyfer had took the boy along, but the mother and Mary Ann seemed to doubt it. Wilson said he'd go down the road, and stop at Fell's and Harder's—maybe little Sam had stopped to play. Well, he didn't find him, and the good feller hoofed it on till he met Nyfer, three or four miles this side of the Fork. There was no Sammy with him. He said the child had turned back at the big shingle tree stump, about a mile from home.

"When Ben druv up to his house, there was quite a company of the neighbors waitin' to see if he had the boy. A search was started that night with lanterns and kep' up till morning. Word was sent fur and near; before noon the next day three townships were on the hunt. Horns were blowed, bells rung and the poor baby's name called in hundreds of voices. The woods and swamps were scoured and every brush heap and holler log peeked into.

"The sarch lasted another night and another day, till in the afternoon some began to give out, myself among the number. I went home and throwed myself onto my bed with my clothes on, and slept as I'd never slept before. About ten o'clock I awoke as wide awake as I am at this minute. My mind was seemed uncommon clear and quick. 'That child can't be fur awar,' I thought, 'He's been with the rest to the blackberry swamp this summer. The trail leading to the blackberry swamp leaves the main road not fur from the shingle-tree stup. I'd often heard that children lost would never answer, when everything was quiet, they'd cry and make a noise. It seemed as though the hull kentry had been well sarched, but I still believed he was stickin' somewhere in that blackberry marsh.

"Now, I don't want anybody to think I was a herowine, for I wasn't. I think I felt more'n sorry for Rachel Nyfer, because I'd had a dislike to her for quite a spell. It growed out of an egg trade. I wanted a settin' of goose eggs; she had some and said she'd let me have a dozen for two dozen hens' eggs. Well, we traded, and I s'posed it was all right, till one day she come over and said she thought she orter have another half dozen eggs, for she'd opened a goose egg shell, and then broke two hens' eggs into it, and it wasn't quite full. 'Twould have held easy half another egg! I counted out six eggs, and she lugged 'em home; then I told Miss Luke Wilson and one or two other women that I was purty thick with, and we made no end of fun about it when we got together.

"I didn't like the general make up of the woman. She had five purty children, but she didn't seem to take no kind o' comfort with 'em; just pushed 'em one side and druv ahead with her work. She and Nyfer both seemed to think all the duty they owed their young ones was to make 'em mind from the word go, and dig away like all possessed, to make property for 'em. But I was there that evenin' when Ben came home without the boy and I saw 'em stand and look into each other's faces, like the end of the world had come, and neither one could help the other. Then she went about puttin' a bit of supper onto the table; but when she set out Sam's little tin plate and mug, all the mother in her broke loose, and she flung herself down, shudderin' and sobbin' in a way I'll never forgit. Well, seein' as how I'd kinder misjudged the creetur for havin' no heart, I felt pushed to make one more try for that poor lost kid o' hern; so I jumped right up and said out loud:

"'With the Lord's help, I'll find him yet!'

"I lit my lantern and shaded it so it let just a little light down onto the ground. Then I went over the road, just as I guessed the boy had done, turnin' off on the trail at the big red-oak stump, and took right down to the swamp. There I stopped and listened, still as death. Sure as there's mercy for us all above, I heard him almost right away.

"'Oh, ma!' such a pitiful call! Then he cried and whimpered, very weak, like his breath was 'most gone, and his heart 'most broke. I followed that sound and found him easy. He was mired to his arm-pits in mud and water. I couldn't at first see how I was to get to him. There was the body of a big walnut tree lyin' back on the hard ground, and the bark was loose. I pulled it off in slabs and throwed 'em onto the hummocks, and so bridged my way out to that little yaller head. He struggled wild when I first pulled him out; then gave up in a kind of faint. I carried him home in a hurry. There was still a good many people at Nyfer's. They made some milk warm and put a taste of liquor in it, and forced a few drops down his throat, as you've done to a chilled lamb on a winter's morning.' He was bathed and rubbed and wrapped in soft flannin and laid in the baby's warm nest afore the fire. Nyfer and his wife stood lookin' down at him.

"'Raich' said he—and she looked up, her black eyes a-swimmin' and her face all a-tremble. Then he took her into his arms and held her cloast—'Raich, we hain't loved one another enough, and we hain't loved our children enough. There's that that's better'n money and land, and for the rest of our lives we'll try and keep holt of it.'

"And I believe they did. The little boy had a fever, but he came out all right at last. Mrs. Nyfer died about five years after that, and he took the family and went back east. Of course, I wouldn't have told this story just as I have if any of 'em had been around."

The people had listened closely, and when Mrs. Lockery put on her bonnet and resumed her seat the hush was so profound that we could hear, high above our heads, the twittering clamor of a nest of young tanagers, to whom the mother-bird had brought a worm.

The next to address the assembly was a noble looking old man with silvery-white hair. It was Luke Wilson, or 'Squire Wilson, as he was generally called. He had a firm, intellectual head, and when he spoke his language was correct and chosen.

"The Widow Lockery," he began, "has disclaimed all right to the title of heroine. Do not let the verdict be rendered till I have finished what I am about to relate. My friend and neighbor for forty years will, I know, pardon me if I for once lift the veil from a passage of her experience to which she seldom alludes, and of which many in this audience have never heard. Nothing has been told here to-day, nothing could be told, more strongly illustrative of the courage and endurance of the pioneer spirit, at least of the spirit of one brave pioneer.

"One winter evening many years ago, a stranger presented himself at the cabin of Thomas and Ruth Lockery and begged a night's lodging. He was a Canadian, completely tired out, and far from well Neither Lockery nor his wife had it in them to turn a sick stranger from their door, so they gave him supper and a bed. The next day he was unable to rise, and before night he broke out with small-pox

"The following morning when I went out to feed my cattle I happened to look toward Lockery's, and saw on a sharp rise of ground, about half way between the two houses, a woman standing and beckoning to me. It was my neighbor here. I went toward her, but while I was some distance away she halted me and told me in a few words about the man with the small-pox and charged me to watch the road and warn the community. She told me she had been inoculated and would not take the disease, but she feared for her husband and children. That day I rode eleven miles to the nearest doctor. His wife cried and would not let him go. He read his books for an hour while my horse rested, then he made up a package of medicine for me and I started back. I left the medicines and stimulnats on the scrub-oak hill and Tom came and got them.

"As Ruth had feared, her husband and their two children were taken down. Several out of the nearer families then offered to take all risks and help her nurse her sick, but she firmly refused their assistance.

"'I can get alone,' she would say from her post on the hill. "The Lord give me strength for all I have to do, and this horror must not spread." Everything she needed was furnished promptly and abundantly, and this is all she would suffer us to do. The stranger had the disease in its mildest form, but Lockery and the little boys, Amos and Willie, were hopelessly bad from the first. One morning the poor woman called to me that both the children were dead, and told me to have both coffins brought to the hill that evening at dusk. George Giles and I dug a short, wide grave at a spot on the place which she designated; and that night she took those coffins to her cabin, put her children into them, and buried them with her own hands! One morning, some three weeks later, as I went out of my house just at daybreak, I saw Mrs. Lockery waiting on the hill. She looked changed and bent, and her hair was loose and flying in the wind. I can see it all now. The sky was such a clear, pale gray, and she looked so dark and wild against it! I ran to my old post, from which I had hailed her daily for weeks.

"Thomas died at midnight, she called. 'Make his coffin as light as possible to have it strong enough.'"

"Then I shouted back:"

"'Ruth Lockery, you have done enough! Giles and I will come to-day and bury your dead.' At this she threw up her hands and uttered an awful cry."

"'Don't do it, for the love of God! I've gone through this alone, that no other place need be desolated as mine has been. Don't let it be for nothing.' It shall not be for nothing. If a man or woman dares to come near that awful house, I'll draw my rifle on them!"

"The Canadian was by this time well enough to render her some assistance, and together they coffined and buried poor Tom. They drew the body on a stone sled over the snow, and laid it in the new grave beside the other. The next day we saw a red flame shoot up through the timber, and we new Ruth had fired her cabin with all the little effects it contained. There wasn't much to be sure—nothing that she valued after what had gone before. We left a pound of sulphur and two suits of clothing on the hill by her orders. The stranger got into his fresh garments after Ruth had smoked them well. Then she cut his hair short, and rubbed his head with sulphur till, she said afterwards, she knew he'd carry the scent into the next world with him. He took a gun and a pouch of provisions and went away, promising solemnly to enter no human habitation for at least a month.

"The weather had turned very mild—it was the last of March—and Mrs. Lockery begged us not to ask her in for a little while longer. She built herself a wigwam of poles and bark; we took her some bedding, and for three weeks she lived out of doors. Then she changed her clothing again and came among us, pure enough, we thought, to mingle with the angels of heaven. The people got together and built her another house, and furnished it with everything for her comfort. She lived alone for years, a brave, cheerful, actively helpful life. Then she adopted a friendless babe, whom she reared to womanhood, and who is now well married, and gives to Mrs. Lockery in her old age a child's love and duty."

Old Settlers' day, with its June glory of greenness and brightness, was drawing to a close. At 5 o'clock the bustle of breaking up was at its height, and a murmur of genial talk and friendly leave-taking was heard everywhere. We were examining the society's museum which was under a tree near the speaker's stand. Glancing up, Marian saw Mrs. Lockery standing quite near. She shook hands quite warmly with the old lady, as I did also upon being introduced.

"We were looking at these Indian hatchets and ornaments," I remarked. "I suppose they were picked up in this vicinity?"

"Yes, mostly," said the widow. "The Pottawattomies used to have a camp on Slater's Creek, about half way between here and Barhan. I'd like to show you something I found over on the old traders' route, once when I was huntin' a stray yearlin'. It's a queer old knife, and it's in this chist somewheres, for I gave it to Mr. Evans for the museum."

Just then she spied it and brought it forth. It was a long French dirk of the finest steel. The handle, a mere shell of silver filagree, had doubtless once been filled with ebony or other precious wood, long since rotted away. On one side was a tiny plate, bearing in minute lettering the inscription:

"Jean Delcore, Bordeaux, 1760."

Colonel Hastings came up and informed us that our phaeton was awaiting us. We bade goodby to the old lady, not however before she had given Mrs. Hastings and myself an earnest invitation to make her a visit

"Come soon," she urged. "We have lots of strawberries now, and you never see the like of Lavynie's green peas and reddishes."

As we were driving home Marian said: "We must surely accept Mrs. Lockery's invitation. She affects one like Shakespeare and Dickens. After spending a day in her company you can hardly tell whether you have laughed or cried the most."—Angeline Teal in the Continent, August 22d.

Deaths from Fright.

The distinction between fright and fear ought always to be borne in mind. Fear can be mastered by an effort; fright has come and gone before the brain has had time to come to the conclusion that an effort is possible. There is no fear so strong in human beings as the fear of death, and yet "there is no passion in the mind of man," says Bacon truly enough, "so weak that it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupieth it." Pity, which is the "tenderest of passions," led many to kill themselves from compassion for Otho's suicide. Even "taedium vitae," mere utter weariness of doing the same thing over and over again, will lead a man to defy his inborn fear of death. But what passion can guard against fright?

A Jew, according to Lodovicus Vives, once crossed a narrow plank over a torrent in the dark, and, visiting the place next day, saw the extremity of his last night's risk and died of—what? Not of fear, obviously, because there was nothing to be afraid of, but possibly of fright. So, again, persons have been known who always fainted at the scent of certain flowers, notably that of May blossom, but it would be ridiculous to accuse them of being afraid of hawthorne.

Surgeon-General Francis, of the Indian medical service, tells of a drummer who was suddenly aroused from his sleep by something crawling over his naked legs. He imagined it was a cobra, and his friends collected by the outcry thought so too, and he was treated accordingly. Incantations, such as are customary with the natives on these occasions, were resorted to, and the poor fellow was flagellated with twisted cloths on the arms and legs, in view partly to arouse him, but principally to drive out the evil influence (spirit) that for the time being had taken possession of him. With the first dawn of light the cause of the fright was discovered in the shape of a harmless lizard, which was lying crushed and half killed by the side of the poor drummer; but it was too late. From the moment when he believed a poisonous snake had bitten him he passed into an increasing collapse until he died. The drummer was not a strong lad, and the shock was too much for him.

The most remarkable death from the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter, Pentemau, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on a picture in which were represented several death heads, grinning skeletons and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with contempt for the vanities and follies of the day. In order to do his work better he went to an anatomical room, and used it for a studio. One sultry day, as he was drawing these melancholy relics of mortality by which he was surrounded he fell off into a quiet sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused. Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling dashing themselves together. Panic-stricken, he rushed from the room and threw himself headlong from the window to the pavement below. He sufficiently recovered to learn that the cause of his fear was a slight earthquake, but his nervous system received so severe a shock that he died in a few days.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by an accident of fear. He was one day sleeping in an arm chair, when his wife, Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had for sometime been hopelessly insane, escaped from her keepers and made her way to the king's private apartments. Breaking through a glass door she dabbled herself with blood, and, in a raging fit of delirium, cast herself upon the king. The latter, who was not aware of the hopelessness of her lunacy, was so horrified at the appearance of a woman clad only in linen and covered with blood, that he imagined, with a superstition characteristic with the age, that it was the White Lady, whose ghost, according to time-honored tradition, invariably appeared when death was around the house Bradenburg. He was seized with a fever and died in six weeks.

More ridiculous was the death of the French Marshal, De Montrevo, "whose whole soul," says St. Simon, "was but ambition and lucre, without ever having been able to distinguish his right hand from the left, but concealing his universal ignorance with an audacity which favor, fashion and birth protected." He was a very superstitious man, and one day a salt cellar was upset at a public dinner in his lap, and so frightened was he that he arose and announced he was a dead man. He reached home and died in a few days, in 1716, literally scared to death by the absurd casuality of a salt cellar's turning over.—London Globe.

Summer Coasting.

Thomas Alexander, a typo at the University Press office, has a novel invention, which he styles an artificial sliding or coasting hill, for use all the year round. It is claimed that by this invention accidents, which are too frequent from the use of sleds on ice, may be avoided. This artificial hill, for which a patent has recently been granted, is designed for use all the year round, but is especially adabted during the heated or milder seasons for use at seaside resorts, public gardens, parks and private grounds. It may also be erected in large buildings devoted to varied public amusements. The hill may be erected of any desired length, the elevation of the platform being made sufficiently high to give the required incline and impetus to the sleds. It may be placed on level ground or on a natural hill or incline, the expense in the latter case being much less. The invention in part consists in constructing the hill with grooved ways or tracks, to be used with sleds of peculiar construction and adapted to the grooved ways, so as to insure perfect safety to the occupants of the sleds while gliding swiftly down. Each sled will be supplied with comfortable seats, also a brake to control its speed. The sleds rest on a starting table on a platform, and, when loaded, are started by means of this table with force down the hill. At the lower end of each track is a curve by which sleds are conducted to a side return course, on which is arranged an endless chain or belt, with hooks, which engage with loops on the sleds, whereby the latter are drawn to the top of the hill again, with or without their occupants. The sliders descending and those ascending the hill will be in full view of each other, thus enhancing the pleasure and excitement of the occupants of the sleds. The platform, which will be a pleasant resort for spectators, is reached by means of stairs with landings. An elevator may also be used if necessary. It is thought by those who are competent to judge that this novel coasting hill cannot fail to be popular with old and young, all the ordinary objection to this fascinating and healthful amusement being overcome in this invention. It is predicted it cannot fail to prove a very great attraction.—Boston Transcript.

How the Wind Stirs up the Sea.

One of the first things to be observed in a storm is the way the wind acts. It does not blow regularly, but in gusts. At one moment it bends over the branches of the trees; in the next, it has loosened its hold and let them fly back. We see it swelling out a ship's sail into a full puff; a minute later the sails hang flapping as if they they had been struck down. We can account for these phenomena and explain the intermittence of the wind puffs by assuming that the molecules of air, displacing each other, excite a vibratory movement, which gives rise to little undulations following one after another at intervals of a few seconds. The resultant of a series of these undulations is a puff of wind which comes on suddenly, and is followed by a short lull. A series of puffs constitutes a squall, and an aggregation of squalls forms the atmospheric wave which is called a gale of wind. We should naturally expect to observe the same phases in the formation of sea-waves; and, in fact, if we carefully examine a wave, we shall find that it is covered with very fine ripples, that correspond to the atmospheric vibrations. The ripples give rise to wavelets, which correspond to the undulations of the air, and are seen on the upper part of the waves. The wave proper appears to consist of a series of wavelets. A number of waves constitute a billow; a series of billows gives rise to a heavy sea (paquet de mer); a series of heavy seas produces the great swell or tidal wave of the storm.

From the nautical point of view the ripples are of no importance, for they are seldom more than a few millimeters in diameter; but from a scientific point of view they may be considered as the origin of the swing of the liquid element, for they engender the wavelets. The last are still of no interest to the sailor, but are important in their relation to works of art, which are disintegrated by their blows, apparently insignificant, but infinitely multiplied. The wavelets are from ten to thirty centimeters in diameter and not very long. A very heavy wind breaks them up, and contributes to the formation of a fine dust of salt water or salt spray, which is very destructive to vegetation on exposed costs. The wave proper may, in the English Channel, be about ten feet high, thirty feet or more broad and eighty feet long; its proportions do not disturb the large ships, but it is destructive, in the long run, to port works, and is dangerous to small crafts when it breaks. We may estimate that ten waves make a billow. The first of the ten may be relatively small, but the others go on increasing to the last.—Emil Serel, in Popular Science Monthly for August.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Chicago has twenty miles of cable road.

Key West turned out 75,000,000 cigars last year.

Delaware county, Iowa, has seventy creameries.

Richmond, Va., has had this year a business and building revival.

French Canadian women work in the New Hampshire harvest fields at $2 per day.

The shoe and leather interests of Boston are represented as paralyzed by the recent failures.

The New Yorkers, who are owners of 6,000,000 pounds of butter are not feeling very strong—but the butter is.

Gold mines in the famous Wilderness, Spottsylvania county, Va., are being worked, it is stated, with profit.

The export of ostrich feathers from the Cape last year, was unprecedently large. The prices obtained were enormous.

The public lands remaining in the Southern States, which have been so long neglected, are rapidly coming under settlement.

One result of the great strike while it was in progress was to enormously extend the telephone service and enlarge its usefulness.

According to a canvass lately made there have been built or begun this year in Minneapolis, 1,522 buildings valued at over $5,000,000.

The electric light has recently been put to use in the reception rooms of the house of the Marquis of Salisbury in Arlington street, London.

The average volume of business transacted daily on the New York stock exchange has shrunk to about one-fourth, and perhaps less, of what it was in 1880 and the first half of 1881.

The consumption of ice in Berlin is reported to have reached "almost American proportions" and the new trade is giving employment to hundreds of people.

On Manhattan Island 100,000 children are earning a living. The youngest child employed as a bread winner is four years old, and her services are valued at $1 a week.

Six years ago the sugar product of San Domingo was two millions of pounds; this year it will be forty millions. The increase is due to American capital and enterprise.

From nearly every city in the United States comes the cheerful report that the number of new buildings this year will exceed that of any corresponding period in its history.

It has been shown by telegraph experts that a system as complete and extensive as that of the Western Union can be built at an outlay of $20,000,000 by the government itself.

The special advices say the Ohio board of agriculture reports that wheat in that state is but 50 per cent. of last year's yield. In Kansas one report is that wheat will be thirty bushels to the acre.

"Who Am I, Anyway?"

A short time ago, says the Salt Lake Tribune, a bright-looking Danish boy stepped into a lawyer's office and said:

"I want you to tell me who I am," laying a $5 bill on the desk at the same time.

The lawyer, peeping alternately at the boy and at the $5 bill, shaking his head, replied:

"It seems you are a funny boy?"

"Not funny at all. You will find it a very serious matter."

"Well, go ahead and explain it."

"About twenty years ago a wealthy Danish lady, being a widow, came over to this country with her two daughters. There was a Norwegian and his boy. The father married both the widow's daughters. One year after the Norwegian's boy married the wealthy widow. The result of that marriage was another boy, and, if I am sure, I am that boy. The Norwegian's boy died. The Danish widow was a widow again, but the old Norwegian married her too. After that the lady died, and one year ago the old gentleman, too, after he had made himself the owner of his third wife's property. Now, when I claimed that property my sister said: 'Stop, you can't be the heir at all! You are our late husband's grandchild. By her marriage with him you became your mother's grandchild, too, and after she died, we became your mothers, and you never can inherit the property before we are dead.' That's what my sister mothers say, but I think that can't be right, and there must be some mistake in polygamy. Now, sir, please to tell me what I am—who am I?"

The lawyer, thrusting his chin into his neck, answered pathetically, "You are a polygamistake!"