A LUSDLE OF LEITERS.

Etrange how such sentiment chings like a frarrant scent To these love letters, sent in their pink dovers; bdy effect day they came, yes ding love's firsts # ame, Now, she has changed her mame-Then, we were lovers.

Locsen the sliken band kound the square bundle, and see what a dainty band Stiblied to fill it Pu'l of facetions ohat: Paney how long she sat Moulding the buil of that Can e with each billet

ah I remember still. Time that I used to ktill Walting the postman's shrill Heast stirring whistes. Calling vague doubts to mind, whather up no 1's flud One he had left behind. Uf her epstites. of her optation.

Seconds became an age Second's became an age at this exclude at an Secon for a minute; Theo, with true tover's art, and it part by part, Until they know by heart Everything in it.

What is it all about?

What's if all scould Diabes for words left out-Fromous beyond a doubt Very devoted. Howeis's she's just begun: Dobson her heart has wold Locker and Tennyson Fr. quently quoted.

cirise cross the reading goes, Crise eriss the reacting give, hardine us thy to said to said Werea which i don't support Look vory largests Des there's a ling (rises) Full of sweeting a vorgest, Worked on the margin.

Lastly-don't pause to laugh!-That is her autograph signing this trues for half Her heard's surrender; Post-sentytum, oue and two-Pesert-the dinner's through!-Linking the "t" and You" Ju longings tender.

Encle is the type of all sove care, and let mo call Brief notice to base and Note nearly written; 'Tis but a card, you see, -Frank Dempster Sherman, in the Century.

THE HOUSE IN THE MIRROR.

It was late one winter evening. The snow was falling in thick, fast-coming flakes, making a white curtain that was perpetually being let down between heaven and carth. The storm was carrying on wild sport round the house, shaking the windows, beating against the thick walls, and murmuring in deep, hollow tones in the chimneys. It was a night for warm, cozy, substantial indoor comfort, and such I resolved to make it.

At the period of which I am writing I was still a young man, and was practi-cally successful as a doctor in a town in the west of England-a tolerably large, busy county town which lies very near the borders of both Devonshire and Somersetshire. I was unmarried, and was living with an old housekeeper and one servant girl, who helped her by turns, now above stairs, now balow, with complacent submission, because the semi-blindness and deafness of the good lady made interviews with her true swain, the batcher's boy, in the scullery not only practicable but easy. On the evening in question I had come in what we medical man call "healthily tired," after a hard day's work in my professional duties, and I was now sitting cozily by the blasing fire in my dining room, with a glass of good claret on the little round table at my side. My thoughts went wandering to tro lazily, now resting upon some of the most interesting cases among my patients, now fluttering around a pretty picture of my only sister and her first baby, which her letter, received this morning from India, had called up; now straying into the stable to visit my bay horse—a new purchase, which I flat-tered myself did no small honor to my judgment in horse flesh. Gradually, however, all these subjects of pleasant reflection slipped into a mass and got confusedly mixed together. I found myself gazing, without feeling the least surprised, at an odd vision, which showed me my sister mounted on my pet bay with the baby in her arms, who, instead of a baby's face, had the face of my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer. the grocer, and soon after that I was sunk into a peaceful slumber, where no dream over came to disturb me. How long I slept I do not exactly know, but I recollect I awoke with a start, roused by the clock on the chimney piece, which had a peculiarly ringing, clear sound, strike eight. I sat up right with a jerk and looked around with that vaguely uncomfortable feeling which often follows sudden waking. My glance happened to wander up to the mirror which was over the chimney pieco. Why was it, that as I gazed at it, I uttered a low exclamation, and then shut my eyes, thinking that sleep must still be retaining its power over me, and that I must be dreaming a strange, fascinating dream? But no, L certainly was not dreaming. for there it was, just as it had been be fore. Fix my eyes as steadily as I might upon the mirror, with all my wakeful faculties concentrated upon it in eager earnestness, it was still there. I looked away and fastened my look for a minute or more upon my mother's picture which hung over the sideboard. Then my eyes were allowed to return to the glass; but this manenver was use less also-it would not go, do what I would What I saw was certainly no alarming vision, though its appearance, there in the mirror, over my dining room chimney piece, was remarkable and startling enough, to say the least of it. In the middle of the glass, which in its other parts reflected simply and naturally the commonplace objects in the room, chairs and tables and window curtains, there appeared a small but vividly distinct pie ture of a house and garden. It was a very pretty house, its foont covered on one side with a green creeper, which was spangled with starry white blossoms, and on the other with a fresco such as had heard described as existing on the walls of houses in Italy, where I had never been -a fresco representing an old woman sitting with a basket of oranges at her feet. There were four windows, two up stairs, two down, exactly over each other; they were all half shaded with green blinds, and I could see that the top one, on the right hand side, was slightly open. Up the garden there ran a broad gravel walk, with soft fresh turf, gemmed with flower beds on either side of it. The inclosure was fenced round

with a rather high wooden paling, and in one corner of it there stood a summer house, with a quaintly shaped roof that had something of a pagoda about it. Over the whole there was spread a soft, silvery light, as though a bright, full moon was shining down upon it. A yellow gleam, as of a lamp burning within, stole through the open window and mingled with the white rays without.

I laid my fingers on my pulse. Was going fast into a raging fover. My pulses were as steady as they were when I rose that morning after a night's sound sleep. I tested my brain by going through, in my mind, all the symptoms and features in a difficult and perplexing case which had been lately under my care; my mind acted as coolly and calmly and regularly as it had ever done. I repeated to myself several passages of postry from different authors in different languages; they came as quickly and easily to my tongue as if I had been reading them from a printed book. I gazed around, and fixed my eyes on various objects in the room, to see whether I should be subjected to other optical illusions; but to all other points my eyes were as reasonable as they usually were; they showed me nothing but the familiar chairs and table, and the well known pattern of the paper on the wall. Then I looked back at the mirror. The house was still there.

was still there. Had I been reading lately a description of such a house, or had I lately seen anywhere a picture like it? Either these things might possibly have left a vivid impression on my mind which might have accounted for the strange delusion. I was not, however, able to recollect, search my memory as I would, that a book or a painting had brought such a house and garden before my thoughts. I was naturally neither excitable nor imaginative; indeed, I was generally regarded by every one who knew me, and by myself into the bargain, as one of the most prosaic, rational beings in the world. My fancy had never before played me the smallest trick, even as I rode home, worn out with watching by a sick bed; on the darkest night; even in the many painful scenes full of death and gloom, through which my professional life had led me. In the dissecting room, in the severest operation, my hand had always been as steady as if I were peel ing an orange. All this made the pres-ent incomprehensible vision yet more utterly inexplicable. Besides, even while I gazed at ft. I knew that I had never felt more calm and collected and more in an ordinary condition of body and mind thronghout my very common-place, very busy history. Would another pair of eyes see the

house in the mirror? I wondered. With a hurried hand I rang to test this point, and summoned my housekeeper, who generally herself waited on me. This good lady's name was Mrs. Trickey. It is a common Devonshire name, let it at once be understood by those who are not aware of the fact, and it is in no way meant to hint at any unpleasant pro-clivities or unwarrantable whims on the worthy dame's part; she was as honest and simple minded a woman as ever handled a bunch of keys.

"Mrs. Trickey, I have rung for you to ask you to do a very simple thing." said hesitatingly, now that she was present, scarcely knowing how to begin; for I felt, if I spoke out plainly, my housekeeper must infallibly think that I had suddenly taken leave of my senses. "What will 'ee please to have sir?" re-

plied Mrs. Trickey, in true Devonshire fashion.

count for it. As, however, I could not gain the slightest light on the subject, turn the matter up and down as I might in my brain, I came to a resolution on two points, and then went to bed. One of these resolves was, that I would not reveal the strange circumstance to any-one, because I had always a most hearty dislike to gossip and ridicule at my ex pense and the other was, that I would not allow the inexplicable vision to trouble my mind so as to make me in-capable of the daily work and duty of life. My natural calmness of tempera-

ment and my active, busy course of existence, made me more able - to make these determinations with some chance of keeping to them than most people in

my place. I slept well that night, and did not see the house in the mirror once in my dreams. Next day I was sent for in haste to attend a dangerous, difficult case, which required all my skill and energy. By the time the evening was again come the impression made by the strange circumstance of last night had in a great measure faded out of my mind.

It so happened that I was engaged to spend that evening with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Woodland. Mr. Woodland was a banker, and his wife was a pretty, sparkling woman-the queen of society in our town. She and I were always ose allies; she would chatter to me of her family affairs, and in a certain ay made me her confidant. On the occasion in question I was Mr. and Mrs. Woodland's only guest. The banker slumbered in his arm-chair, the lady had two or three bits of gossip to tell about the neighborhool, and two or three new books to discuss with me, and a deal to say besides about the first appearance of a tooth in Miss Baby's little rosy month. That young heroine was brought down in state in her night dress, and I had to examine the prodigy with much circumstance and solemnity.

Baby had retired again to the nursery, and had ceased her somewhat loud remonstrances with regard to the inconvenience of being brought downstairs to appear in the drawing-room in such a costume and at such a hour. Mrs. Woodland was standing on the hearthrug looking in the mirror when the town clock in the market place hard by struck 8. I was looking at the reflection of my hostess' face in the mirror, and thinking that it was certainly a very pretty one, when suddenly at the side of the lively brown eyes appeared precisely the same house, line for line, which I had seen in my dinning room mirror yesterday at the same hour; garden, pagoda like summer-house, silvery moonlight, yellow

lamp-lighted gleam-all were there. I could not help a start and a mur mured expression of wonder. Mrs. Woodland turned round quickly at the sound.

"What is the matter?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh, just a twinge of rheumatism in my shoulder," I answered carelessly. "I caught it riding home through the

storm yesterday." "Mr. Heathcote, what do you see wonderful in the looking-glass to night?" she asked a few minutes after, noticing with feminine quickness, the direction in which my eyes, in spite of myself, were so frequently turned.

"I was thinking that if I was a little handsomer man than I am, I should try to get a wife made exactly on your pattern, I replied lightly.

With these and a few more jesting words I contrived to put Mrs. Woodland's curiosity to sleep again, while from time to time I watched the vision-English face, in a state of evident great ary house. It was just as I had expected; when the town clock chimed a quarter to 9, it vanished exactly as it had done on the previous night. From that time forward, wherever I might be, if I was in the room with a looking-glass, I saw every evening from 8 to a quarter to 9, for the next month to come, tee house in the mirror. Sometimes it met my view in the tiny looking-glass on a cottage wall, where I was tending a poor patient, sometimes in the pier-glass of a sick fine lady's apartment, sometimes in the mirror of a friend's dining-room as I sat at dinner. There was never the faintest change in the vision; it was always marked by exactly the same features. I cannot say but that this perpetual haunting of my life by so mysterious an apparition did not make a vaguely uncomfortable and painful impression on my mind. But, by strength of will, and by clinging resolutely and ceaselessly to all my active daily duties, I prevented its hav-ing a morbid, unhealthy effect upon me. I revealed the circumstance to no one, but appeared to the outer, world as if there was no strange page in my com monplace story. When, however, a month or so had passed by there came a great, sudden real sorrow, which most effectually thrust aside all inclination to brood over gloomy, shadowy, fanciful troubles, One morning there arrived a telegram from Lecco, on the Lago Como in North Italy, saying that my sister on, her way home from India, had fallen dangerously ill there, and calling me at once to her side. I knew that Lottic's health had been delicate ever since her baby was born, and that she was about to return to England for the sake of a cooler climate, and the best medical advice. I knew, too, that she meant to return through Italy, but I was hardly aware that she had, as yet, started from Bom-bay, and I had not the faintest notion that, her disease might pessibly take such a dangerous turn. No wonder, then, that the tidings were a severe blow Lottie was far more to me than sisters generally are to their brothers. She was several years younger than I was, and she had been first my plaything, then my pupil; and I had experienced a pang of real jealonsy on that day when, sitting on a stool at my feet, with her sweet face hidden on my knees she confessed to me that there was one who was more to her than I was, one who was more to her than all the world beside. This foolish feeling, of course, quickly passed away, and I rejoiced to see her a happy bride; yet Lottie was still my pet, my pride and my darling. I will not dwell upon the hurried journey, with fear sitting at my side, nor the long nights and days of dreary, anxious watching. It suffices to may here that my sweet girl was, at length, given back to my arms, after, through long weeks, my medical care and skill had battled with death for her. During the whole

deed, in my absorbing anxiety and about \$1300 to his credit in a local bank, trouble, the remembrance of it even,

hardly entered my mind, and belly spring, One lovely evening in early spring, when Lottie was much belter, but not strong enough yet to be moved. I had been taking a long ramble into the lovely country which surrounds Lake Como, and on my return had lost my way. The sun had set, the moon had risen, and was bathing the world in a silver sea. I had reached a path by the lake, and was pausing to consider in which direction one glory of stillness and of brightness. A breeze just stirred the waters softly with a kiss, the outlines of the distant hills were soft and tender, as if drawn by an artist angel's pencil; here and there among them there was a white glimmer which told of a hamlet or homes.ead: hard by a nightengale just struck a single golden note, and then was silent again, as if he feared to break the calm spell of the moon.

All at once I started, and a low exclamation burst from my lips. My eyes were resting on the surface of the lake, and there, mirrored in its clear waters, I beheld exactly the same house and gar den which had so often, before I left England, met my view in such a strange mysterious way. Disturbed, astonished reflection below, and which was in every respect the realization of my vision. Just then the clock of some distant church up among the hills struck eight. The whole circumstance and coincidence was so singular that I could not help being impressed and startled by it. Antagonistic through my whole ener-getic nature was to all imaginary fears and beliefs. I approached the gate of the garden and noted how, in every smallest particular, even to the starlike flowers of the creeper on the wall, even to the freeco of the old woman with the basket of oranges at her feet, even to the slightly opened window with the ray of

light gliding through it, it was the complete likeness of the house which had so often met my view in the mirror. The very name of the villa written over the gate filled me with a strange, cerie feeling; it was "La Casa dello Specchio." It had evidently been so named from the peculiar clear and beautiful reflection which it had produced in the waters of the lake.

The complex thoughts and feelings which the sight of the villa and its name called up caused me to linger near it for some little time, until I began to fear that my mind was going to take a morbid, sickly turn, and I resolved to leave the spot at once. Just as I had turned to go, however, a gold seal, which had belonged to my father, and which, therefore, was much valued by me, happened to fall from my watch chain, and I spent some time in looking for it, for it had rolled down the hill into the grass.

I had at length found the seal and was moving away when the same distant clock struck a quarter to nine. Scarcely had the sound died on the breeze when a long, shrill ory came ringing out of the house into the night apparently through the partially open window. After that I cannot describe the motives that impelled me; I only know that, led by what was more like instinct than anything else, I rushed across the garden and entered the door of the tonely house. There, the first thing I beheld in the

and as this was not in the nature of 'personal property to be sold," and as no provision in relation to money had been made in the will the court, in its discretion, ordered the sum to be paid to Mrs. Wright. This brief sketch of this most curious case furnishes no explanation of the motives that induced Heyland to lead a lonely life in California, while his wife and children, believing him to be dead, were struggling for existence in the land where he had left chem. Had his will Lecco lay. The scene around was all left them nothing his mysterious conduct might be more easily explicable. No one knows the secret of his remarkable conduct. If there were any secret by which it could be explained, that secret went with him to his grave .- Marysville Appeal.

A Steward on Sea Sickness.

"You must see some very amusing cases of sea sickness?" said a Sun reporter to an ocean steamship steward. "They are seldom amusing to me," said the steward, solemnly, "because they always recall by own experience. Most cases are pathetic, though I smile sometimes when the braggart keels over. On every trip we have at least one man who boasts of his ability to withstand unable to believe my own senses, I sea sickness. He always says that the glanced round behind me, and there, on trouble is as largely mental as physical, a little rising ground above the lake, I and that a man of invincible determinasaw a house which corresponded to the tion can ward it off by an effort of will. The fall of this man to a condition of pitiable wretchedness has its humorous features for us-not for the man."

"Are women more subject to sea sick ness than men?"

"Yes, but, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles right up to the point of despair against the-what I might call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as sho is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, baggard and draggled. She fights against it to the last, and keeps up ap-pearances as long rs she can hold up her head. Then she becomes mavdlin and pathetic. She takes to her room and invariably asks three questions. First, whether people die frequently of sea sickness, then how many miles we are from shore, and lastly, when we will get there. She often also asks me how deep the water is, and if I think it possible for any one to go seven days without food. The doctor is always talked over. I am asked time and again if I think he is capable and efficient, and if I have confidence in him. When the patient

gets so ill that she loses interest in the doctor, she usually lies on her side and cries by the hour. Luckily the more violent attacks last only a short time." "How is it with men?"

"Oh, men give in at once. They bellow like bulls and make a great rumpus until they are compelled to take to their berths. Then they grumble and swear until they are well enough to go on deck again. A great many passengers come aboard loaded with medicines and schemes for the prevention of sea sickness. I never know a preventive yet,except the one I mentioned when we first began to talk."

Mrs. Brown's Opinion.

What is my opinion of high-tonedness? There is no such word in the English language, may be, but it expresses what I want to say, and I have as much right to coin a word as anybody else, particularly when no other word exactly meets the case. High tonedness, as I under-stand it, means the desire that some peo-

ALL SORTS,

Over the ocean-The sky. A bright beginning-Sunrise. Always too bad-A pair of knaves. Popular D. D.'s-Dollars and dimes. A cut and-dried affair-Jerked beef. The bone of contention-The jaw-

bone. A garden "wanl"-A cat on the fence.

Goes without saying-The deaf and dumb alphabet.

A cutaway jacket is the proper costume for an elopement.

A stump speech-"Give us the butt of your eigar, mister."

Politicians go up the ladder of fame by the rounds of drinks.

"Failure in the yarn trade"-Writing some unsuccessful novels.

A financial failure-Trying to pass a three-cent piece for a dime.

What barbers never hesitate to give their patrons-The cut direct.

A fellow played all night without turning a trump. He was playing a cornet. Why is the potato the most susceptible of vegotables? It is oftenest "mashed." Young Fastboy says the first girl he ever waitzed with was all the whirled to

A Sunday school boy told his teacher that the world, being round, could have no end.

An American coin was changed when George Silver was married to Catherine Penney.

In some cases when a judge lays down the law he takes up his own opinion in place of it.

No one can see into the future any more than he can see into the bank account of an editor.

"Smith can't stand a joke," said Perry; "I hit him on the head with a brick, and he got mad.

Conversation is more than half the time a refuge from thought or a blind to conceal it.

A Spartan was asked how he attained such great age. "I was not acquaiated with any doctor," he replied.

"Life is short," moralizes the poet, We can sympathize with Life. We're short, too, says a contemporary.

DeCamp is the name of the cashier of a national bank. The name is very suggestive. He should be watched.

The oyster houses have an opening every day, but somehow the fashion reporters never seem to notice them.

In Rome, Augustus' tomb is the site of a variety theater, and Caesar's death place is occupied by a grocery store.

There is a man in Pittsburg so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A specimen of vegetable wool is on exhibition .t Amsterdam. It comes from Java." When it is freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, through a very simple process, it is worth between sixteen and seventeen cents per pound.

To cut the neck off a bottle, bend a quarter-inch iron rod so that it will half encircle the bottle. Heat it to a low red heat, place the bottle in the bend upon the line of separation, and tura the bottle back and forth through the part of a revelution in contact with the hot rod. When the bottle begins to crack, turn it

"Mrs. Trickey, will you please to look in the glass over the chimney-piece?" I blurted out abruptly, not knowing how else to find out what I wanted to discover.

"Get along with your nonsense, Mas-ter Fred," cried Mrs. Trickey, with a toss of her head, which was so energetic that it almost discomposed the stiff frills of her cap.

It must be mentioned here that Mrs. Trickey had lived with my mother when I wes a boy, and that, with her, I still continued Master Fred, though all the world beside know me as Frederick Heathcote, Esq., surgeon.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Trickey, I mean no insult, nor even a joke," I replied humbly. "I fancied something was wrong in the reflection of the glazs; perhaps Susan had not dusted it as she should. Will you please look into it with your experienced eyes, Mrs. Trickey?"

I was in hopes that this last implied compliment would have propitiated the housekeeper; but apparently it had no such effect, for after a short inspection of the mioror, she said tartly:

"The glass be right enough so far as I do see; this just be one of your items, Master Fred.

"But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me what you see when you look into it," I exclaimed, seeing that I must be more explicit if I wished to gain full certainty on the matter.

"Why, what should I see but my own face, Master Fred?" she retorted snappishly; "and it be as goodlooking a face as the faces of many women who be ten years younger than I be, and I can tell ee that it have been thought a goodlook ing face by scores of men in time."

And herewith she bridled considera-bly, and drew herself up.

"And do you see nothing there besides your face, then, Mrs. Trickey?"

"Bless and save us, Master Fred, you must be turning mazed, I think, or else it be that you are making a regular fool of me. I don't see why you should make up such gammots about my face when you've aknowed it these last twenty years. I calls it very disrespectful, that I do."

And with a flounce and a bounce Mrs. Trickey turned and disappeared from the room, leaving me all alone with the house in the mirror, which most certainly she had not seen.

I was musing most uncomfortably on this subject, with my eyes fixed on the vision, which to me was as distinct as ever, when the clock on the chimneypiece struck a quarter to 9. Then, suddenly, as if wiped out by a spirit's wing, just when the little silver chime of the clock was ringing, house, garden, sum-mer house, moonlight, yellow gleam, vanished from the mirror, and I saw nothing there save the reflection of the familiar room.

It was certainly a more wonderful phenomenon than any which my med-ical books and medical knowledge had tanght me, and I sat up late that night of this period the house in the mirror thinking it over and trying vainly to ac- never again appeared to me, and, in-

terror and agitation.

"What is the matter?" I asked. heard your cry. I am an Englishman, and I am here to give you any help and service I can."

"My father, who is lying ill, has just swallowe i poison by mistake," she an-swered at once, for great grief is never surprised. "I could not help crying out when I discovered it. All our servants happen to be out, and I have no one to send to Como for a doctor."

"I am one," I said, "and, with God's help, I will save your father."

It so happened that that day I had been moving Lottie into more airy a ariments, and had put my little travel ing case of medicines and instruments, for better security, into the pocket of my greatcoat, which hung on my arm.

The rest is quickly told. I saved, by the prompt measures I took the poisoned man's life, and that fair girl has become my home queen. The villa is her father's property, and our brightest holidays are spent in "La Casa dello Specchio" The house of the mirror.'

Heyland's Will.

Sometimes the seemingly dry and monotonous proceedings of probate courts furnish clues to stories of curious interest, surpassing in strangeness the bold est creation of fiction. Such a remark-able tale may be told in relation to the Heyland estate, which is in course of settlement in the superior court of Sutter county. The testator, Heyland, came to California about thirty years ago, leaving a wife and two children in Canada. He settled in Sutter county, and up to the time of his death, which occur red a year or more ago, he was engaged in far.ning. His will disposed of an es-tate of about \$30,000, all of which was left to his wife and children. But they were not to come into possession of the heritage until five years from the testa tor's death, and in the meantime all the income from the estate was ordered to be paid over to other relatives, sisters of the testator. This was certainly a currous will. Bat a much stranger thing is the fact that in his long absence of thirty years from home Heyland never wrote to his wife or his children, and they receiving no tidings of him, had supposed him to be dead. They were left in poor circumstances, and in the course of her long struggle with poverty the wife died. One of the two children also died, and the other, now the sole heir, is married and has children of her own. Her name is Mrs. M. A. Wright, and she recently came here from Canada to look after the estate of which she is the residuary legatee. But for an accidental circumstance she would be unable to get any income from the estate until the expiration of the five years as provided in the will. The will provided that all the "personal property" of the estate should be sold, and the proceeds invested in government bonds the inter-

the end of their noses, relative to other people who may have less money or less social position, but not less good breeding, for well-bred people are not of that kind. To be high toned in the sense of elevation above the coarser elements, is commendable, out the mischief of it is that some of the coarsest kind of trash affect the quality, and have affected it until it has become a term almost of reproach. As soon as a person can own a

the house and ride in a carriage, he affects to turn up his nose at his former estate, and cultivates only the faculty of forgetting the past. People who have pasts that cannot be remembered with comfort, have to take a good deal of toning before they arrive at the pure high pitch, although it is an easy matter to arrive at the society pitch. Women seem to be more seriously affected than men, and while the husband may find real pleasure in thinking of the when he was a plain peddler, the wife is driven frantic if the thought comes to her that he was ever anything else than a merchant prince. It does not occur to them that there is more true nobility and manhcod in one man who has the nerve and the brain to overcome all obstacles and rise in spite of circumstances than in five hundred who, by accident of birth, inherit wealth and social position. Honesty is royalty, and though society may not recognize its crest, the better part of man's nature accepts it, and this better part is what constitutes real hightoned men and women .- Merchant Trav-

Paper gas pipes are made by passing an endless strip of hemp paper, the width of which equals the length of the tube, through a bath of meited asphalt, and then rolling it tightly and smoothig on a core to give the required diameter When the number of layers thus rolled is sufficient to afford the desired thics ness, the tube is strongly compressed, the outside sprinkled with fine sand and the whole cooled in water. When cold the core is drawn ont and the inside served with a water-proofing composition. In addition to being absolutely tight and smooth, and much cheaper than iron, these pipes have great strength; for when the sides are scarcely threefifths of an inch thick they will with stand a pressure of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried underground they will not be broken by settlement nor when violently shaken or jarred. The material being a bad conductor of heat, the pipes do not readily freeze.

eler.

One Renson-It is said that "one reason of the lack of success in starting a young orchard on old, worn-out lands is that the necessary care is not taken to deepen the soil and thoroughly prepare and manure it. Another reason is the neglect that the young tree subsequently receives. The young orchard is too often left to take care of itself. The week ontrank the trees, no suitable manure is spplied and the land is left unplowed, and the us qual contest for life is soon concluded." years to the sisters of the testator. But and the une qual contest for life is soon when he died there was a deposit of concluded."

ple have of holding up their heads and slowly around until the top is completely cracked off.

It has long been supposed that tame noukeys die chiefly from consumption, but a careful inquiry by the London Pathological society shows that such is not the case. Out of fifty three deaths in the collection of the Zoological society, on y three were ascribed to that disease. Bronchitis is very fatal, and caused the death of twenty-two monkeys during the sixteen months of the in estigation.

A Yokohoma paper states that John Milne, whose researches on earthquakes, as explained by him to the British association at Southampton, have excited great interest in scientific circles, and who has since returned to his duties in Japan, has applied to the Japanese au-thorities to establish an observatory, in order that he may be able to thoroughly investigate underground phenomena. He has sent the authorities a long treatise upon the earthquakes of Japan.

Apples in Mythology.

Probably because the apple is such beautiful fruit, and so common, it holds a great place in European tradition. Ap-ples are to our legendary lore what peaches are to the Chinese. The fruit is as old as Homer, and in the fairy gar-dens of Phracia he tells us that "apple dens of Phieacia he tells us that "apple grew ripe on apple, and pear on pear," through all the circuit of the year. Laer-tes, the old, was tending his garden when Odyssensmethim and reminding him of the little boy that had begged for so many apple trees, "all for his own," and who had now returned, a man tried in war and on the deep. It was an ap-ple, the apple of discord, that cansed all the Treian wees, and but for this golden the Trojan woes, and but for this golden the Trojan wees, and but for this golden fruit, Troy might still be a flourishing rival of Constantinople. Indeed, the whole eastern question would have taken a different complexion, for the strife between Asia and Europe notori-ously began with that apple of discord. For an apple Atalanta lost her maiden-hood, and Eve, paradise. They show dif-ferent forbidden fruits in different coun-tries: come surgely. tries; one especially, a monstrous yellow thing, about as tempting as a turnip. But thing, about as tempting as a turnip. But in northern Europe at least we have al-ways been sure that for no fruit but an apple would Eve have listened to the serpent. The heathen Scandina-viaos, indeed, maile apples the very fruit of life and immortality. They were in the keeping of Iduna, wife of Bragi, and the gods of Asgard tasted them, as Horus (according to Dioderus) ate of the death destroying drug of Isis. Then when they had tasted of the ap-ples, the gods grew young again and forples, the gods grew young sgain and for-got death. But Thiasee, the giant, by the sid of Loki, seized Iduna and the apples of immentative apples of immortality and the gods grew old and gray and wrinkled (as in Gior-dino Bruno's satire), and the spring died out of the year. But Loki was made to