## THE HOUR OF SHADOWS.

[H. C. Bunner.]

Upon that quiet day that lies
Where forest branches screen the skies,
The spirit of the eve has laid
A deeper and a dreamier shade;
And winds that through the tree-tops blow
Wake not the silent gloom below.

Only the sound of far-off streams,
Faint as our dreams of childhood's dreams,
Wandering in tangled pathways crost,
Like woodland truants strayed and lost,
Their faint, complaining echoes roam,
Threading the forest toward their home.

O brooks, I too have gone astray,
And left my comrades on the way--
Guide me through aisles where soft you moan,
To some sad spot you know alone,
Where only leaves and nestlings stir,
And I may dream, and dream of Her.

## A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

### Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines, Her Vitality and Mental Brilliancy.

[New Orleans Cor. Inter Ocean.]

In this pleasant home we had the pleasure of meeting one of the most wonderful women of the nineteenth century—Myra Clarke Gaines, the widow of the late Gen. Gaines. Mrs. Gaines has for the past fifty years been trying, through the courts to prove her right to property which actually belongs to her, and about which the supreme court of the United States has decided in her favor, but now comes some technical flaw about bonds. The little woman has seen 76 years, but has the appearance of being only 50, with her fair complexion, bright black eyes, that never look through glasses to decipher the finest print or to use her pen, which she is doing, and the result will be her autobiography, which cannot help but be an interesting work. With all her trouble and opposition, she does not show any vindictiveness or bitterness, is amiable, generous, and a true friend to the poor. When relating to us the experiences of her trials, she would vibrate about the room, gesticulating in an amusing manner. She avows that she can outtalk, outlaugh, outwalk any woman under the sun, and boasts of having monopolized the conversation when Mme. LeVeit was of the company, much to the chagrin of that renowned foreigner.

When the question of the illegitimacy of Mrs. Gaines' birth was introduced in court, she pleaded her own case in the presence of more than a thousand people, which plea brought every member of the jury to her side. She says "God never repented having made woman, but He saw that man was a decided failure, and was sorry that He had created him." She is always a woman's champion, believing in her rights, which she says must come, and the right of franchise, on which subject she has talked in public to thousands of attentive listeners. "If," said she, "I had been a man I should have adopted the medical profession, because for it I inherit both taste and talent." She restored her daughter to perfect health after the physicians had pronounced her beyond cure.

Mrs. Gaines' father, Daniel Clarke, was a native of New Orleans, and in that city he is buried. In her early maidenhood she became the wife of William Wallace Whitney, of New York, but in a few years was widowed. She says: "Gen. Gaines was greater than Clay, Calhoun or Webster, and his last words to me were, 'Your cause is just and you must succeed.'" Although her father was born in Louisiana and her husband in Virginia, she has never known any north or south, but has idolized her whole country. Her first benevolent work will be to build a widows' home, the next an orphan asylum, if the greedy lawyers do not "gobble up" all she secures. The charges in the case thus far, for fees, stenographers, writs and counsel fees, have already been over $300,000. The printed record will cost $12,000. It is hoped that the moneyed woman will soon secure her rights, as she has been living on borrowed capital since 1870, part of the time supporting thirteen persons.

### Sunday in El Paso.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.]

We spent Sunday at El Paso, and in the afternoon went across the river to see the old church, the only object of interest in the town. The doors were locked, and we inquired at a neighboring store where we could get the key.

"Of the priest," was the reply.

"And where is the priest?"

"At the cock-fight."

And there we found him; in a rough amphitheatre, crowded with men who looked like banditti, nearly every one of them with gamecock under one arm and in the other hand a few dollars of Mexican money, engaged in the national amusement and betting upon the combativeness of his favorite rooster.

It is the regular practice on Sunday in Mexico for the entire congregation, priest and all, to leave the church for the cock-pit after high mass and spend the remainder of the day in that refined amusement. The priest at Paso del Norte owns a number of fine game birds, and was too much interested in the match to accompany us to the place of worship where he officiates.

### A Humorist's Ready Wit.

[Bill Nye.]

This is a story of George D. Prentice which I never saw in print and which is a better illustration of his ready wit than anything else he said, I think. The old Journal office used to be the stamping ground of many southern men, more or less known, who liked to hear the veteran journalist tell a story or warm up a presumptuous young man for lunch. Among those who frequented The Journal office was Will S. Hays, the song writer.

Coming into Mr. Prentice's office one day in that free and easy way of his, he sat down in one chair, with his feet on another, and jamming his hat on the back of his head, said, without consulting Mr. Prentice's leisure:

"Seen my last song, George?"

Mr. Prentice ceased writing, sighed heavily and looking up sadly and reproachfully at the young man, said:

"I hope so, Billy."

Henry Ward Beecher: There is an undying multitude of all who in ages gone by have added to knowledge, to virtue and to heroic deeds, above our heads in the air.

## A LOST ART FOUND.

[Cor. Anniston (Ala.) Hot-Blast.]

I had the good fortune to meet a gentleman who has made the greatest and most important discovery of any age. On the northbound train to Cincinnati was Mr. Charles Williams, who, when a young man before the war, left Norristown, Pa., after serving his time in a railroad machine shop, to take charge of a locomotive on one of our southern roads. At the close of the war he went to South America to take charge of some mining engineering on the Andes. When I met him he was on his way back to his old home after an absence of thirty years. Shortly before reaching Cincinnati, when the train was leaving a station, the engine ran off the switch. The rain had softened the earth, so that the driving-wheels sank in the mud, and every effort to block up got the engine deeper. After an hour's hard work the engineer concluded to wait for another engine to help him on again.

Just then Williams got out to see the cause of delay. Seeing the engine off the track Williams went up telling everybody to step out of the way, put out his hand and lifted the engine as easily as if it had been a feather. In an instant the driving wheels started off like lightning, covering Williams with oil thrown out from the rapidly revolving rods and oil cups. Everybody was frightened, as well as Williams, who dropped the locomotive quickly. The sudden dropping of the engine on the blocking the engineer had put under it made them fly in every direction and bent one of the rods—but fortunately no one was hurt. The engineer, when trying to get the engine on, had neglected to close the valve, so when the engine was lifted off the ground, the steam not being turned off, the wheels revolved like lightning.

Williams got the astonished engineer to shut off the steam, and then putting his hand on the spokes of the driving-wheels he lifted the engine on the track as easily as if it had been a pound weight. During the balance of the trip Williams was regarded by the engineer and train hands as a man from hades instead of South America.

To-night he has been waited on by a committee of the leading men of Cincinnati — ex-Mayor William Means, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Shillito, Mr. Sinton and others—to learn something of his remarkable power. He told them he had, when in the Andes, made a discovery that enabled him to overcome the laws of gravitation, and he or any one adopting the same means could move or lift any weight, no matter how great. The committee were astonished at the evidence he furnished of the fact. That he has made this discovery there is no doubt, and its effect on engineering and science is beyond all calculation, and makes every thing possible.

Williams leaves in the morning for Washington, thence home. He was literally besieged last night by persons wanting him to lift them out of their troubles.

Mr. Sinton said he would be one in ten that would give Williams $5,000,000 for his discovery.

When we read the above special to The Hot Blast, detailing the wonderful powers of Mr. Williams, we were surprised, and doubted its accuracy. But it seems Williams has discovered a lost art, and one that the Egyptians once possessed. We find in history this fact:

"The pyramids required the labor of thousands of men for many years. It is supposed that they were the sepulchers of the kings. They are in several groups, some distance from each other, on the banks of the Nile. There are about forty of them, many being small and in a ruined condition. The great pyramid of Gizeh or Jeezeh is 450 feet high, and covers an area of thirteen acres. Some of the huge stones weigh 1,600 tons each, and were dragged hundreds of miles from the quarry. It is estimated that it would take 2,000 men three years to bring one of these stones to the pyramid; and it must have required much mechanical knowledge and great power to lift such enormous stones to their places in the pyramid."

Just think of it! One of these stones weighed as much as our cotton factory building, and yet the Egyptians could and did handle them with ease.

### An Observing Elephant.

[Chicago Herald.]

A couple of young elephants which were recently provided with a home at the St. Petersburg zoological gardens were fed with cakes and other good things to such an extent by visitors to the gardens that their health greatly suffered and it became necessary to interfere. The public was requested to be less generous in its offerings, and the request being not generally attended to, a notice to the same effect was painted on a metal plate fastened above the entrance of their house. This failing to attain the object in view, and visitors continuing to feed the elephants with pastry, an official was stationed at the entrance to call attention to the notice. The animals observing that whenever the latter raised his hand to point to the sign, buns and cakes about to be given were withheld, drew their own conclusions and acted in their own interests. When their keeper looked in upon them one morning he found the sign on the ground in such a damaged condition that a new plate had to be procured and placed out of the animals' reach.

### Assisting Nature.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Some people are very stupid. There's Gragle, for instance. Good fellow, but wofully dull. In conversation with a friend, he remarked: "I regard the use of beer as the true temperance principle. When I work all day and am exhausted nothing helps me like a glass of beer. It assists nature, you understand." "It makes a regular fool of me," the friend replied. "That's what I say; it assists nature." And even after the friend scowled at him Gragle didn't realize that he had said anything inappropriate.

Wilkins: Youth sucks the sugar coating and old age chews the bitter pill of life.

## CROWS AT WASHINGTON.

### The Part They Play in Preserving the Health of the Inhabitants.

[Cor. Cincinnati Time-Star.]

One of the professors at the Smithsonian has evolved some curious theories about crows and the effect they have on the health of Washington. Arlington and the dense woods of the Virginia hills thereabout are the "roosts" of countless flocks of crows. This professor estimates them at something like a million. These curious birds, which he has studied a good deal, are of great value in keeping Washington as healthful a city as it is.

They go on the river flats in the evening just before roosting time and clean away much of the refuse which would breed miasma. They are down there nearly every evening digging away on the flats like a gang of workmen—thousands of them at a time.

"Hundreds of thousands, I presume almost a million of these birds," he said, "roost here every night. In the evening it looks as if a pall had been thrown over the cemetery or night had settled on the tree tops. Every tree—and you know the trees at Arlington are large and close together—is so covered that you can't see the limbs. They look like pyramids of crows, and the ground is covered, too.

"They are very curious birds," he continued. "Early in the evening, before settling down to roost, thousands of them will fuss and fly about the cemetery, now settling upon the trees, then flying up and soaring about, their wings flashing like polished armor in the setting sun. Others walk solemnly among the graves, in search of food, or sit silently upon the tombstones. Their numbers increase rapidly as the evening advances. They seem to divide off into companies, as roosting time approaches, and drop off in flocks of two or three hundred, dropping suddenly head first in among the trees.

"Their feeding grounds stretch out in a direct line to the bay, toward Annapolis, and they feed all along the route. The 'feed' commences in the open fields in Maryland just outside of the district, and an immense number of crows are scattered out during the day over a belt of country from Annapolis to Washington. The greater number, I think, however, go clear to the bay and range along its shores, for miles and miles, near low water mark, picking such food as they can find. They seem to have the power to travel a great distance in a very short time, but they are frequently on very short rations. I think, however, that the distance of their feeding ground from the roost is regulated by their strength and age, the very old and feeble feeding in the fields near by, and the others further away according to their ability to travel.

"The shore of the bay is, doubtless, their chief resort for food, and they have almost exterminated one of our greatest table luxuries, the terrapin, which formerly abounded in the bay and lower Potomac, by, in certain seasons, destroying their eggs. The terrapin, in the breeding season, lay their eggs along the shore, burying them in the sand, pressing the sand over them with their breasts. In this way the cross mark on their breast leaves an impression in the sand which enables the crows to find the eggs, and they eat them with all the relish of an epicurean taste. The crows rise early, before the wind or tide has had a chance to obliterate the mark, and wherever they see the cross on the sand they dig for the eggs. In this way they have almost done away with the breed of terrapins."

### The Oyster to the Strawberry.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

A dissipated oyster that had just completed a winter's round of orgies at church fairs and Sunday school suppers, met a young and unsophisticated strawberry on its first trip from home.

"I've an eye on you," said the oyster, leering at the strawberry in a way that made it blush. "Come up to 'tend the spring festivals, I suppose?"

"I thought of so doing, sir," modestly replied the strawberry.

"Going to take in Chautauqua Lake, Ocean Grove, and so on, mebbe?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're the short-cake feller that goes around with his face tied up in sugar and cream, ain't you?"

"Really, sir, I have seen but little of the world as yet, but——"

"That's all right. Now just you take the advice of an old rounder. I've been through this festival racket. It doesn't pay. It gets people down on you and ruins your reputation. Short-cakes are frauds. You keep away from them. Don't go near cream. It's the worst thing you can get mixed up with in warm weather. Just you wait until you see a feller with a big diamond on his shirt and a tombstone on his little finger shaking up some sherry and sugar in a glass. Keep your vest on until you see him put on top of the sherry a piece of pineapple, a piece of lemon, a chip of orange, and a sprig of mint; and then you get right in among them and pass the summer in good society. You hear me twitter."

### Ignorance in High Life.

[Texas Siftings.]

"You have got a very picturesque paper," remarked an elegantly dressed young gentleman, looking over the shoulder of a man who was reading a copy of Texas Siftings.

It is an actual fact, that the young man, although residing on Fifth avenue, New York city, was under the impression that a picturesque paper meant one that was full of pictures.

This is almost as good as the story of the clergyman, who imagined that garbage meant pretty much the same as garb, and who consequently rebuked the frivolity of the ladies whose dress or "garbage," as he put it, was too extravagant.

### Danger in Drugs.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

It is rightly observed that the great danger in using narcotic drugs lies in the fact that the dose taken to-night that will not give you sleep, may to-morrow night put you into a sleep from which you will never wake. As an old physician remarks, the real strength of a drug often depends as much upon the condition it finds you in as upon its own potency.

### Women Sea Captains.

[Harper's Weekly.]

Mrs. Mary A. Miller is not the first woman who has served successfully as mistress of a ship. Mrs. Capt. Patten, of Bath, Me., who while her husband was lying ill in his berth, navigated his ship around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco, although his timid first officer wanted to stop at Valparaiso for assistance; of Mrs. Capt. Abbie Clifford, of the brig Abbie Clifford, who, after her husband had been washed overboard, brought the vessel safe into New York harbor from below the equator; of Mrs. Capt. Reed, of the Oakland, of Brunswick, Me., who was a practical navigator of celebrity, and of Miss Jenet Thoms, who often used to navigate her father's ship, who is now teaching a school of navigation in this city and who was in part the author of "Thoms' Navigator," a book of authority among mariners.

These cases are all of recent date. To them The Leavenworth (Kan.) Times adds the case of Mrs. Capt. John Oliver Norton, of Edgartown, Mass. Her husband commanded a whaling vessel, and she frequently went with him into the Arctic waters. On one of these expeditions all the boats were out, leaving on board the captain and just enough of the crew to manage the vessel. A whale was noticed off to the starboard, and the captain and men were puzzled how to get it. It was the woman who solved the problem and settled the fate of his whaleship. Going to the wheel she prevailed upon her husband to leave the ship in her charge, with two disabled men, while he and his men went after the whale. He did so. The woman managed the ship all day until nightfall, when the boats returned, that in command of her husband having captured the biggest whale ever seen in those waters. When the ship put in home the New Bedford owners made the "woman commander" a handsome present.

### The Might of One Man's Intellect.

[Emil Du Bois Raymond.]

Siemens telegraph wires girdle the earth, and the Siemens cable steamer Faraday is continually engaged in laying new ones. By the Siemens method has been solved the problem (by the side of which that of finding a needle in a hay stack is one of childish simplicity) of fishing out in the stormy ocean, from a depth comparable to that of the vale of Chamouni, the ends of a broken cable. Electrical resistance is measured by the Siemen mercury unit. "Siemens" is written on water meters, and Russian and German revenue officers are assisted by Siemens apparatus in levying their assessments. The Siemens processes for gilding and silvering and the Siemens anastatic printing mark stages in the development of those branches of industry.

Siemens differential regulators control the action of the steam engines that forge the English arms at Woolwich and that of the chronographs on which the transit of the stars is marked at Greenwich. The Siemens cast steel works and glass houses, with their regenerated furnaces, are admired by all artisans. The Siemens electric light shines in assembly-rooms and public places, and the Siemens gas-light competes with it; while the Siemens electro-culture in green-houses bids defiance to our long winter nights. The Siemens electric railway is destined to rule in cities and tunnels. The Siemens electric crucible, melting three pounds of platinum in twenty minutes, was a wonder of the Paris exposition, which might well have been called an exposition of Siemens' apparatus and productions, so prominent were they there.

### The Hollow Square in Warfare.

[New York Times.]

The "hollow square" formation that won the battle of El Teb is undoubtedly a formidable one in these days of long-range rifles, when the assailants can be exterminated long before they ever reach the bayonet points. But that infantry squares have been broken by cavalry on more than one occasion is now a matter of history. Authorities are still divided as to whether Victor Hugo was right in affirming or Siborne denying that the French heavy brigade drove in the face of a British square at Waterloo. But Montbrun's cuirassiers broke a Russian square at Borodino in 1812, and Col. Caulaincourt's horse, in the same battle, actually charged into an intrenched redoubt.

In the course of the Anglo-Arabian war that followed England's annexation of Aden, in 1839, an English square was attacked in the open plain by a mass of Abdali horsemen. The Arabs forced their way in so far as to kill several men in the third rank, and were then beaten off with bayonets and clubbed muskets, an occurrence utilized by James Grant in one of his military novels. The Irish brigade had a similar experience at Talavera. "So, my Connaught boys," said Gen. Picton to them after the battle, "you let the Frenchmen get into your square to-day, did you?" "Well, your honor," answered a brawny Irish grenadier, with stern significance, "the blackguards got in, sure enough, but, bedad! they never got out again."

### The Color Line in Liberia.

[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

The tendency among the negroes is to draw the line between those of pure blood and mulattoes. They had trouble of this kind in Hayti, and it crops out here in the south to a greater or lesser extent during every political campaign. It has become the controlling issue in the politics of the republic of Liberia. The constitution of that republic erects a bar against all men of white blood. They cannot hold office and are restricted in their rights of citizenship. The black negroes now propose to bar out the yellow ones.

J. J. Roberts, Liberia's first president and the George Washington of that country, was defeated when he last ran for office on the color issue. He was very fair, almost white, in fact, and a native of this country. The Liberians now have a black president, who is a native of Africa, and the mulattoes are given to understand that they are not wanted. Very few mulattoes can now be induced to go to Liberia, the disposition being to let Liberia be purely a black republic.

## NEW ORLEANS CEMETERIES.

### A Lottery Man's Revenge Changes a Race-Course into a Cemetery.

[Letter in New York Times.]

Any stranger here in search of curiosities is pretty sure to go back again and again to the cemeteries, just as I am going back to them, for they are, without exception, the most interesting points to visit. All the other New Orleans curiosities may be duplicated in other cities, but there is nothing like the cemeteries anywhere else in America. They are so full, so well kept, so curious in their arrangement, so quiet and restful, that it is a pleasure to go into them.

One of the oldest of the French cemeteries is in the heart of the city, only a few blocks from Canal street. It is inclosed with a high stone wall, and the entrance to it is through a narrow gateway. The graves are all above ground, as they are in all the New Orleans cemeteries, and the little burial houses are so close together it looks impossible to find room for another body. There are several large vaults belonging to benevolent societies, and two or three are filled with bodies of Confederate soldiers. Narrow walks wind among these dwelling houses of the dead, with which the entire inclosure is filled. The inscriptions on many of the tombs show that the occupants came years ago from the French provinces, but a fair proportion of the names are German, Irish, or American. Nearly every grave shows some mark of affection, with its bouquet of flowers, festoon of crape, rosette of black beads, its tiny cross, or font of holy water. The French do not forget their dead friends. There are graves in this cemetery so old that the plaster is crumbling away, that still are ornamented with fresh bouquets of flowers. But this old French cemetery in the middle of the city has not the charm of the newer ones in the suburbs.

About three miles from the center of the town, straight out Canal street, there is a village of cemeteries whose population must equal, I should think, that of the city. It is just a pleasant walk to them on a fair day. The first to be reached bears a sign over the gate "Temene, Derech, Rest;" the next is the Lutheran cemetery, then the Jewish "Cemetery of the Congregation Dispersed of Judah," St. Patrick's cemetery, which probably is not filled with Frenchmen; the beautiful Firemen's cemetery, and the "Odd-Fellows' Rest." The last to be reached in point of distance is the largest of all, the Metairie. This word was a sticker, and it took me a long time to find out what it meant. I asked several gentlemen whom I met on the broad gravel walks, and they all told me it was a race-track, but the exact connection between a cemetery and a race-track was hard to see. It was plain enough, however, when I heard the story.

A few years ago Metaire was the fashionable race-course of New Orleans, owned by a club composed of a number of prominent citizens. The president of the Louisiana Lottery company desired to join the club, but the respectable gentlemen connected with it did not care to be mixed up with any 4—11—44 business, and promptly black-balled him. He made effort after effort to get in, but was black-balled every time. At last he grew indignant, and said to them:

"It's not much of a race-track, anyhow. I will buy it and make a cemetery of it."

He kept his word. Before long the sporting club was in difficulties, and the lottery man got possession of most of its stock. As soon as he was able to control it he tore down the grand stand, laid the whole place out in burial lots, and the old race-track is now the fashionable cemetery of New Orleans. No choice lots, however, are reserved for the lottery company's victims who spend their last dollar for quarter tickets and die in the poor-house. This connection of a swindling lottery company with a cemetery is beautifully appropriate, leaving nothing to be desired but an alms-house on one side of the big arched gateway and a jail on the other.

### Utilizing Old Corks.

[Mineral-Water Trade Review.]

In a low wooden building in Mulberry street old corks are made as "good as new." This is the only place in New York where they are dealt in. The dealer buys the corks by the barrel, and pays from $1 to $3. His trade is mostly in champagne corks. The best and cleanest of these he sorts and sells to American champagne-makers. The bottom of the cork, where the first bottler's brand appears, is shaved off, and the name of the second stamped on them. These corks were cut expressly for champagne bottles, and, as they can be bought much more cheaply than any new ones, the bottlers purchase them. The old-cork dealer obtains 25 cents a dozen for them, and makes a handsome profit.

The broken and dirty corks go through a peculiar process. They are first subjected to a sort of Turkish bath to clean them, and after they have dried are cut down. They are put in a machine and turned, while a sharp knife runs across them. They can be cut to any size, and, with the soiled surface removed, look as bright as when new. The corks cut down are purchased by root-beer and soda-water makers, who use smaller bottles. They can save a considerable amount by purchasing old corks, which, as it is easy to see, will do as well as new ones. The "old cork man" is rushed with business. The champagne and root-beer and soda-water bottlers take all the corks he can furnish. He gets his supply at the hotels and elsewhere.

### On the Verge of Reaction.

[Helen Wilmans in Chicago Express.]

The day of military leaders is past. The day of political leaders is past. I doubt whether there will ever be a new party formed or a new church. I doubt whether they are needed. I see something better ahead; I see that corruption in the old parties and in the old churches, having gone its entire length begins to tremble on the verge of reaction.

Wilkins: He who makes the best of life loses the worst of death.

### Arizona's Petrified Forest.

[Cor. Boston Herald.]

One might almost pass by and notice nothing unusual. But on looking closer the rocks are found to be the trunks of fallen trees turned to stone. They lie about you here, there and everywhere, some preserving their shape and outlines, others broken or cracked. The scene is a strange one. It smacks of enchantment. Perhaps some potent magician blew upon this forest in the vigor of its prime, and before his chilling breath the stout trees bowed themselves and fell, and froze into flint and agate. Still you hardly see why you came, but after the coffee had been boiled and breakfast eaten your Mexicans slowly enlighten you. They bring out hammers and drills, and selecting a likely spot in a stone trunk endeavor to force a way into it. The stone is like adamant. Again and again the drill bounds away, but finally pieces are shivered off the cracks made, so that you see what the petrified forest has hidden within it. Emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds are convenient names, but alas, our discoveries would hardly be counted as such by Tiffany. Yet they are singularly beautiful. You find blocks of stone, there sides bristling with great hexagonal crystals, some green, others purple, and others a pure white. You cut through geodes whose hollows are lined with prismatic crystals sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow. Much of the stone is beautifully marked flint. Often you find pieces with a brown corrugated coating, which, I fancy, is the petrified bark. All the stone abounds in the most delicate shadings of gray and white, with dark lines, but the crystals, lining fissures or gathered in the nests of geodes, are the especial delight of seekers. Here, too, there are moss agates, and exceptionally large and clear garnets, which masquerade under the name of rubies. And of the ordinary forms of petrified wood there is no end.

### Beating Brass.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Do you beat brass?" is the initial catechism of the latest fashionable handicraft in Philadelphia. It is a particular pet with feminine fingers, and requires thorough and practical knowledge of hammers and tracing tools, brass and block. A class of ladies, under the patronage of the Scandinavian Thor, have produced some beautiful and lasting work. The instructor teaches them the way of using and holding their tools, and the proper kind of stroke to make upon the steel dies.

The method is simple. On a block of wood a brass plate of sheet is fastened. The design is then drawn upon it; the outline hammered by a die, which has a row of dots. Other dies give the groundwork a frosted or mottled appearance. Everything depends on the skill of the workwoman. Really valuable articles in repousse brass can be made from a piece of brass costing but a small sum. Card-receivers, paper-weights and plaques can be made. The brass beating educates the hands and develops the muscles. It is worthy of note how much interest in the mechanical arts is publicly shown. Sometimes the hammering of brass is combined with the use of the paint brush. A brass tray lately seen has a loose spray of purple pansies, apparently flung down carelessly upon it.

### Uncle Remus on the Art of Courtship.

[Joel Chandler Harris in Atlanta Constitution.]

"I know'd a nigger one time," said Uncle Remus, after pondering a moment, "w'at tuck a notion dot he wanta bait er 'simmons, en de mo' w'at de notion tuck 'm de mo' w'at he want um, en bimeby, hit look lak he des natally erbleedz ter have um. He want de 'simmons, en dar dey is in de tree. He mouf water, en dar hang de 'simmons. Now, den w'at do dat nigger do? W'en you en me en dish yer chile yer wants 'simmons, we goes out en shakes de tree, en ef deyer good en ripe, down dey comes, en ef deyer good en green, dar dey stays. But dis yer yuther nigger, he too smart fer dat. He des tuck'n tuck he stan' und' de tree, en he open de mouf, he did, wait fer de simmons fer ter drap in dar. Dey ain't none drap in yit," continued Uncle Remus, gently knocking the cold ashes out of his pipe, "en w'at's mo', dey ain't none gwine ter drap in dar. Dat des zackly de way wid Brer Jack yer 'bout marryin'; he stan dar he do, en he hol' bofe han's wide open, en he speck de gal gwine ter drap right spang in 'um. Man want gal, he des got ter grab 'er—dat's w'at. Dey may squall en day may flutter, but flutter'n an' squallin' ain't done no damage yit as I knows un' en 'taint gwine ter. Young chaps kin make great 'miration 'bout gals, but w'en dey gits ole ez I is dey 'ull know dat folks is folks, en w'en it come ter bein' folks de wimmen ain't got none de 'vantage er der men. Now dat's des de plain up en down tale I'm a tellin' un you."

### For Oyster Eaters.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The New York Times proposes the organization of "a new party in favor of spelling 'Orgust' with an 'r,' and thus enabling American citizens to eat oysters thirty-one days earlier in the season than is now possible." The Times does not know, perhaps—but it is a fact—that The Chicago Tribune has inaugurated a system of spelling which, if faithfully followed, would give us just such a bad spell of August as The Times wants. There is an easier way, however, to lengthen the oyster season by thirty-one days. Let the month of May be called by its true name, the month of Mary.

### A $105,000 Dress.

[Cor. Boston Herald.]

The most noticeable feature of a recent evening at Saratoga was the magnificence of the costumes of the ladies. Perhaps the most costly of these was worn by Mrs. Moore, the wife of a Philadelphia millionaire. One who professed to have accurate information on the subject told me that she wore laces and silks which cost $30,000, and also diamonds that were valued at $75,000. This makes $105,000 for one evening outfit. Whatever the cost, the toilet was certainly superb, and I doubt if anything more expensive or elaborate has ever been seen in this country.