is the soughing of the south wind, in the waves

ng the weirs, shing of the cascade, scattering countis the dashing of the teach, issert at through my boyleh fancy voices whisper at through my boyleh fancy voices whisper at through my boyleh fancy voices whisper at through my fears. mg boyes and fours, they now are nature's noises, and they grate soon tax cora

to the Ashing of the lightning saw I God's abode ing of the thunders heard I stories of his might, and my boylish heart would feel him close beside

my bed at night, ny bed no mgint, nat they now are nature's forces, if my reason speaks aright.

on the foolish dreams of boyhood! Oh, the wisratiofies think the children understand what man ne'er can past heaven and unseen voices, God and all the

id I wish for just a moment that the child would teach the man. -Yankee Blade

THE PINK POCKET

Miss Sara La Rue had danced all the erening at a ball at her next neighbor's, he Peytons. She wore a pretty pink less, with a little, lace trimmed pocket the side. Her principal partner was oung Andrew Peyton, who was deep in love with her, but had never told

On this night he had written a letter. which by adroit management he contrived to place in the pink pocket aforesid. It offered her his hand and heart

If you do not answer I shall know hat you cannot love me, and shall go No answer came to him. Sara had

ent the dress, pocket and all, away in hox to the wardrobe, where she put dresses she was weary of. She had not looked into the pocket and knew nothor of the letter.

Andrew Peyton took silence for refisal, and left the country within a month. In a year pretty Sara was dead. Nobody knew it, but she had broken her heart over the deserted lover. And cone romance ended. Our story is of

Twenty years had passed. Moss grew on the white stone over the breast of Silly La Rue. And at the old La Rue place her brother lived-a widower. with one daughter.

Looking up at La.Rue from the roadide you would assuredly have believed that the people who lived there were

It was the residence, you would natunlly have said to yourself, of people d means. And being unblessed with real estate, you might have sighed, with a little spice of envy for folk who orned such a solid dwelling, such rare old oaks, such a smooth shaven, green, relyet lawn, such a garden, and yes, meh a gardener. There he was now among the roses; but when you have three wishes given you by a fairy, it is vise as the old tale proves, never to wish yourself anybody else until you examine into the private affairs of that dividual

In the story I alluded to the wisher wished himself "that king there," seeag him in a magie mirror, and, bebold! he was transformed into a monseh who had been conquered and was about to be put to death by decapitation. Thus the envious admirer of his property, who had wished himself Mr. la Rue because he thought him a rich an would have been greatly astonided to find himself sitting before an old oak desk, trying in vain to arrange thaotic papers, which when in order mly proved that he was dreadfully in debt; or to see his daughter waiting behindhim with trembling anxiety, knowing that be could have no dinner but the salt pork he so hated, unless by chance he had a little money about him. If he had it all went well; but. that if he had not be would turn his wild, black eyes on her when she had poken twice or thrice, and with his klimte, ivory tinted fingers running through his fine, curly white hair, would ask her in tones of Lear like reproach where she supposed he could

ave gotten money? He! It was in the old days of the south, when a southern gentleman might not work, and that wonderful gardener was their only servant. He was older than Mr. La Rue and prouder of the family. He did the cooking. He did all the work except that done surreptitiously by Miss Sally in the privacy of parlor

and bedroom. There is a fascination to people of his race in making believe a great deal, ud Scipio spoke of his fellow slaves, one by one away from their old home, as though they were about the place still, and through his zeal La belooked as well as ever. He mended lie fences, repaired the verandas, kept the lawn and garden in order, trimmed be trees and flourished a long handled duster among the cobwebs that gathered so fast in the long, low hung hall

that the spiders loved. Everywhere the rich old furniture, with little upholstery and much carving about it, resisted decay.

Unless you had staid to dinner on a mager day you would never have stand that anything was wrong; and ien the table would have been set with old china and good cuttery and ever spoons, Neither did Mr. La has great Panama hat, indestructible and costly, or his well laundered linen wits tell anything.

Other women knew that Miss Sally ad not a good gown to her name; but would have thought the after toes dimity, made out of an old extra sir of bedroom curtains, very good bleed, when she pinned one crimson

The last of a large family early gathcel to the tomb, following their conthe family sorrows the first time in her life Sally's heart born, and life was before her and fluttered. her home was lovely, and she felt as Oalr asking for housekeeping mopey, "Sally dear, Mr. Andrew Peyton."

and having no wardrobe to speak of Then the pretty creature fluttered worried her, until the unkeshift was concered. Soily had runninged the garret for years, and had made a cloak out of a brown tablecloth lined with the Lacz. Cannol pertienal that had been here as a baby, had raveled footless silk stockings and knit them over for herself with cotton tops, and the beaux who dropped in of an evening

admired her greatly. It had been a trying day. Mr. La Rue had been quite tragic since dawn, and, since selling Scipio would no more have been thought of than selling Sally, had decided to part with the Borse and carriage. That was a blow. Scipio went under it; Miss Sally turned pale and had not the heart to put roses in her belt. Mr. La Rue had remarked that it would be just as well not to send the Falter away, because he would need that to hang himself with. But at ten time they had preserved persimmons and bread and butter with the beverage. Sally found a letter at her plate, and, opening it, read this:

Dean Miss Sally-Uncle Andrew is coming home and we are going to give a party for him. He has been away twenty years. I never eaw him before, and I have made up my mind it shall be fancy dress. Come in some character. It's not a masked ball. Papa. disapproves of masks, but it Come early to see the arrivals. Won't you beg

our dear father to break through his rule for use and join us? We should be so howered. He needn't costume, unless he chooses. The elder people will be allowed to do as they like, but you st, my dear Your loving friend, "Oh, papa!" cried Sally, all her sad-

ness gone on the instant. "You'll come. won't you?" "You have not stated wha'," replied Mr. La Rue with his broadest accent

and sternest voice. "To a fancy dress ball, papa dear," replied Sally.

"I, who sit here waiting for the complete downfall of our family-1, who will leave you soon a beggared orphan -go to a fancy dress ball!" cried Mr. La Rue. "Not anothah wo'd!" "Oh papa! Then I mustn't go

either!" almost sobbed poor Sally. "You're a woman," replied her father. "The Turks think women soulless. I am not such but that they ali

right. However, I am too poah to give you a ball dress," "Oh, I can make up something out of nothing. It's my one talent!" cried Sally. "But let me tell you the occasion. They say your presence would be an honor, and you might like to

"Not anothal wo'd!" cried Mr. La.

His obedient daughter held her tongue, finished her bread and jam, and, having called for Scipio to clear. away, went up into the garret with a candle.

"I'll go as King Cophetua's beggar maid in artistic rags if I can't do better," she laughed.

She looked the old bureau through, the old chests, the old wardrobe fruitlessly. Several years of foraging had emptied them. But on the top of the wardrobe, quite out of her reach, stood new Sara La Rue; and they are mara long paper box. What might it not ried now, and his wealth has restored contain of rumpled gauze or lace that the old place and its master is happy, might be "done up," or silk that might And Sally who loves her husband so be cleaned? Miss Sally turned on her tiny toes and tapped down the garret swered her aunt's love letter. It is a stairs.

"Scip!" she cried—the call was popular in southern homes and bells were rarer than at the north in those dayscome here and get that box down for ne off the wardrobe in the garret."

Seip stumped upstairs, set an old table against the piece of furniture and climbed down. On his way he stumbled and fell, the box burst open and pread abroad on the garret floor lay a pink dress of old fashioned silk, a bow of ribbon to match, a fan and a gauzy searf, all little bobs and fringes. Yes and a little muslin bag, from which protruded the toes of a pair of slippers. and gloves all rose color and white.

"Why! has my fairy grandmother been here?" cried Sally joyously. "What does it mean?" "I kin explain it, miss," said Sein,

'Dat yar dress was worn by yo' aunt, Miss Sara. Dev called her Miss Sally, jes' like dey call yo', 'fo' evah yo' was born.

"She was mighty pretty, jes' like yo' Miss Sally, jes' like yo'. An' she went to a ball in dis yar dress, so bright an' libely an' happy. She came home pale an' wan, and she sent dis dress, all folded up in de box, up de garret. Said she never would wear it no mo'. She hated it, an' she never did. She died early, Miss Sally. Dat's de story, miss.

"Poor auntie, I don't remember her," sighed Sally. "But Seip, I think I'll take the dress down stairs. Tote it down for me right away."

"Yas'm, Miss Sally," said Scip, "an jes' 'scuse me for offering one word of advice: I'se of de opinion dat ef dat yar dress seems to you to be suitable fer dis yar ball you needn' hab no scruples ob conscience about wearin' ob it. Miss Sara would hab de honor ob de family at heart fer you to dress well, and she was jes' your height, jes' your build. Dat yar dress will fit you like de skin fits de coon, Miss Sally.

"I'm sure," thought the girl, as she tried it on before the glass, "my poor

little auntie would never, never care, 1 shouldn't if I were she, and it's the prettiest, quaintest thing." Then she brushed her hair into the

smooth, bat's wing style of the period, and saw a picture so like the portrait of her aunt in the parlor below that she almost screamed.

Sn wore it to the ball. How pretty she looked! Howquaint! How sweet! And who ever lacks a compliment when southern gentlemen are near to whispar it? The sweet intoxication of flattery that is founded on fact had thrilled the girl's young blood before her hostess found the lion of the evening and the at her throat and enother in her brought him to the spot where Miss Sally stood among her admirers. A handsome man of 45, young enough in all outward seeming to be still charmimplies mother thither only a year or ing, tall, broad shouldered, picturtwo sport, Miss Sally, at 18, was the esque; with no gray in his hair as yet, betwee of health. The family sorrows and with his own splendid teeth. For

"Uncle, this is my friend, Miss Sally above common folk as a queen. La Rue," said the young hostess.

away, and the rest of the ball was Mr. Andrew Peyton to Sally. We all know Bussets Churs to a Brass Teakettle Fast Time and Diving Cars Knocking what that means.

For his part, Andrew Peyton went home with strange sensations in his heart. It seemed to him as if he had once more seen his Sara. He had read her name on the mossy tombstone in the graveyard, and the barb of that unheart his whole life through; but here, fresh and young again, with a look in

stood in the person of Sally La Rue. her niece, actually in a gown of the same partern. He did not know it was its side into which he had slipped the letter twenty years before. He dreamed strange dreams that night, in which twin girls in rose color ran before him. One was his love, one a vision; but which ever he grasped proved to be a ghost, and melted in his grasp to noth-

At dawn he slept, He still slept at II o'clock when Sally in her dimity morning robe made out of disused bed curtains of her grandmother's folded the ball dress in its box again. She examined it closely. How well they used to sew; no slighting as we slight our dressmaking, and this pocket - how perfectly every stitch was set. She took out the kerchief, and why! what was this? A letter-a little, faintly perfumed thing with her name upon it: Miss Sara La Rue." Of course, she was christened "Sara," although "Sally" was her home name.

She opened it, her heart beating wildly. It was an offer of marriage from Mr. Andrew Poyton

What a strange, romantic thing to do-a man of five-and-forty-a rich man, a man of the world! It was love at first sight, and what she had always longed for. And she knew she also had fallen in love with him. She was sure

All the morning Sally was in a dream. That afternoon she wrote this answer: DEAR MR. PEYFOX - On reaching house, I found our letter in my pocket. Since you say silence oil meas refusal to you, I reply. But you know last? Yeu may call if you like; papa will be glad to see you so shall I but before you do let me tell you! am a poor girl indeed. Everything is going from us. Even La line, I fear. Even sciplo stays with us out of love, and though my costly dress last night might make you think I had some money, even that was an was a dress an aunt of mue, who died young, left behind her, clas I could not have been at the ball. I conceal nothing, but you ask me if I like you. Surely as well as I could like a gentleman I had seen but once, and perhaps I could like you

re, but we must know each other bett Sana La Run. Scipio took this note to Mr. Peyton, who awoke from his strange dreams to read it. He understood all. Poor Sara had never found the letter. It had remained in the little pink pocket twenty years for her niece to answer; and he shed tears for the first time since he left his babyhood behind him. However, he called that evening on the well will never dream that she ansecret buried in the depths of that chivalrous bosom on which she repo -Mary Kyle Dallas in New York

Dynamite Farming.

The Oxford County (Me.) Advertiser man has been personally superintending extensive improvements on his and at the suggestion of a neighbor decided to clear out the stumps from a recently cleared piece of land by the use of dynamite, sending to Cape Eliz abeth for an experienced man to do the

Mr. Chapman decided to test the ree on the hillside, and ordered seven came down through the roof of his elegant farmhouse, but he was so elated with the experiment that he sent the following telegram to Kendall & Whit ney, Portland: "Dynamite farming big success. Stumps and trees going heavenward. Send three more boxes."

Lost the Game Through "Quacking."

There may not be much in a name, but Martin Duck didn't like his. Now it is Duke. The incident that led him to make the change is thus told: About two years ago Martin was pitching in a game up in Michigan, and in the ninth inning his club led the opposing team by one run. Two of the latter had reached two corners nearest the plate, when a man in the grand stand began imitating the quack of a duck.

Martin didn't show at first that he was annoved by it; but as the "quack. quack, quack!" continued his face became lobster colored. He shouted to his taunter that he would fix him after the game, but the fiend gave the pitcher the horse laugh and went on with his "quack, quack!" Duke was crazier than the "wild man from Borneo," and at last he lost his head entirely and threw the ball with all his might at his tormentor. It didn't bit the mark, but two runs came in and Martin's side lost the game... After that he dropped the name of Duck entirely. - Milwaukee

Wisconsin.

Dropped His "Blanket." Said an Atlanta eating house keeper: I sincerely enjoy seeing a backwoods man 'knuckle' down to a dish of soup. The other day a big fellow came ramb-ling up to one of our tables and ordered Shore," there is a line, "Cling to self an oyster fry. He ate with such relish no more," which, as sung by the coland vim that I could hardly keep my ored children in one of the schools, eyes off him. Presently I noticed that sounded strangely, and on having it he seemed to be hunting under the said slowly it was discovered that they table with one hand, as if he were after were singing, "Clean yourself no more, a fallen spoon. His eating continued -American Missionary. with the same vigor, and I was curious to know if he was really searching for It is stated by a pharmaceutical conanything. To my inquiry he made ference that the growth of the patent this astenishing reply, 'Nothing, only medicine mania has been tremendous my blanket. And at that moment he in recent years and that the present fished up his napkin from the floor."- generation is much more credulous Atlanta Constitution.

AN AFRICAN CHIEF'S BADGE.

Which Dr. Peters Gave Him. Among the many wreeks of dark continent royalty now drifting about you will have to wait a few minutes." Germany is the Somall chief, Husseln Farrar. He got a taste of Teutonic expeditious as you can, for we are huncivilization while aiding the Gorman aryanswered letter had rankled in his be kept from hurrying off to the empire the railroad station that this conversaher eyes that seemed to say to him. Before sailing he invested \$300 in two afraid that his four unexpected enstorm-

ery business in Aden. the very same with the pink pocket at appeared in Unter den Linden, and the railway sandwich that ever escaped rapids last night, the first time since we battered brass teakettle that he nondescript friend who might be alfrom disturbing the public peace by per men. but in vain.

some kind of present, he came upon an the felt he was doing us a mortal injury. with him. - Chicago Times.

Education in Switzerland.

In Switzerland the state's first busi- work for it, too." ness is the education of the youth. sity graduates, or else be graduates of said the nondescript.

sium, the last answering in rank to the dining car. American college. The first two of Byers in Harper's.

Rest the Great Bemedy. The medicine for the heart, of all

other organs, is fest-mental and bodi- the platform."-New York Herald. ly. This does not mean doing nothing at all, but not overdoing; least of all, tells a good story about the enthusiasm not giving it anything in the way of which Hon T. A. Chapman, the dry physical III being to overcome. This his business transactions. Mr. Chap- Food may be delicate and plentiful, air and sunshine generously admitted, pan, m; baths and massage do their utmost, homestead farm in Gilead and Bethel, and chilly sleep for want of some extra blankets or dull days with a poor fire will so disorder the circulation that the positive gain is concerned.

It takes an all round intelligence to secure the common health. Most people take the one chance of it that pours to this care about food and baths, and cartridges placed under it and touched half care about pure air, while they off. The result was that the tree was take little rest and next to no sunshine thrown high into the air and blown or any cheerful stimulus of pleasure. into a thousand pieces. One big timb Of course, the result is unsatisfactory. -Shirley Dave's Letter.

Congressman Allen turned up in the house with a fresh story, says Amos J. Cummings. He had heard it in New York. It was concerning a friend of Gen. Spinola. Years ago the general met Mark Maguire and John Morrissey, Wishing to compliment Morrissey the general said to Mark: "Ah. I see you have the Cromwell of

America with you." Morrissey was highly indignant. He

Magnire said: "What does this splinter | the voyage unharmed. mean! I've a notion to lamm him." "Hold on " Mark shouted, "He

means that you're the greate t man in America." "I suppose so, when he is out of it."

Morrissey growled. The general never forgot the remark Whenever he met Morrissey afterward he saluted him with all the honors, but

not as the Cromwell of America.

Drowning the Miller. "Drowning the miller" originated from the following fact: If the mill stream below the mill is dammed or stopped the water is ponded back, and the mill becomes what the millers call "tailed." There is too much water. the mill will not work, and the miller is said to be "drowned out." Hence. when too much of any one article is put into a mixture, it is called "drowning the miller." - Detroit Free Press.

Eather Bad Advice.

than the last,

DECAY OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Out the Rullway Restaurant. "Dinner for four? Yes, sir. But

Emin Pasha expedition, and could not. It was at Blankton Junction and in of the Hehenzellerns as soon as he got tion took place. The tiest speaker the \$450 afflowed him for his services, were an anxious look, as if he was me to sit by his bed and talk. We sat Try, and see if you can win me," she cabs, two cabmen and a superintend- ers would get away. The four had ent, whom he left in charge of his live come up on a freight train and were waiting for an express. They were He created a panie the first day he bungry enough to tackle the toughest police had to be summoned to prevent from a tannery. One of the four was started." the crowd from stealing from him a a milroad traveling man, who had a clutched tightly with his right hand, most anything so far as appearances Every effort was made to dissuade him showed. The other two were newspa- ahead, my boat, getting out from shore

swinging this kettle wherever he went. The few minutes expanded to half an hour. We saw one of the children He refused to explain his affection of the proprietor slip out of a side door for this rather curious adjunct of his and make for the butcher's shop, and street costume, and not until Dr. our hearts sank within us. But when Peters, the explorer, came to Berlin we were called to dinner, which the was any satisfactory reason for his be- proprietor's wife had prepared with havior obtainable. The rival of Stan- her own hands-dear me! time was ley, however, unraveled the mystery. when she had a dozen servants to call When the Emin Pasha expedition was upon-we looked and beheld a juicy in the Massai country, he said, Hussein | porterhouse steak, with nicely fried poconducted himself with extraordinary tatoes, a tasty tomato salad and a cup bravery. Poters wished to reward him, of good coffee. A dinner for a king, but had nothing of value at hand to and so we all pronounced it. The proprietor was still anxious and apologetic, While runnaging about in eamp for and charged us fifty cents apiece, as if

eld, leaky, brass kettle that was about to be thrown away. He had it pol-was once a busy and prosperous railished at once, called together the na- way enting house, but fast time has tives, and in their presence gave it to knocked it out, and the man who once Hussein, with the assurance that such stood guard at the door and fairly an article among white men was the coined money, as they say, is now havcustomary reward for great deeds, ing a hard time to eke out a livelihood. Since then Hussein has never let the He was improvident when he was in kettle out of his sight. When fighting luck; he thought his good fortune was he wore it tied to his waist; on ship going to last forever, and like many board he carried it in his arms, and in another man he awoke too late and Germany he always takes it to bed found himself in the soup. Where once he would have taken your six shillings with a supercilious look he is now glad to get half a dollar, and to

"He is not the only man who has Teachers must, first of all, be univer seen his business go to decay, I guess,"

high, very high, class normals. They "I should say not," said the railroad are employed for long terms, almost man. "I find the same thing all over for life, and are pensioned when grown the country. What with the fast time old in the public service. The schools and long rans of trains and the diaing stand at the load of everything; even cars which so many roads are operatthe army costs less than their schools ing, many of the wayside restaurants have gone to pieces. Only a few fa-Their system contains six kinds or mous ones, like Hornellsville on the grades of preparatory schools below Erie, and Bath on the Lackawanna, the university. There are the primary, keep up their old time prestige and the secondary, the repeating, the spe custom. The New York Central has cial, the Real schools, and the gymna rained its restaurants with the deadly

"I want to say one thing," continued these schools are cumpulsory and free. the railroad man, in the tone of one but the pupil may choose between at | who is speaking well of the dead. "A tending the secondary school and the great many bad jokes have been crackrepeating school. This latter is intend- ed at the railway restaurant and the ed mostly for the benefit of the very railroad sandwich. I have no good poor, who cannot spare the children word to speak of the latter, but some from labor after they have finished of the best meals of my life have been with the primary school. -S. H. M. eaten at the former. And I have found that if a man will only take his case and not hurry be can enjoy a very good meal in the twenty minutes alloted and still have time for a stroll on

The London Elevated. Climbing up the steps to the elevated station near the Manhattan goods king of Milwaukee, infuses into must be provided for at all points, beach crossing one evening I heard an old lady behind me remark to a com-

Oh, dear! I wish the elevated road

as on the ground," I was just fired enough to sympathize with the dear old soul, however other cares go for nothing as far as absurd her wish. The remark reminded me of a controversial tilt I had with a young Englishman some time ago. He had lately arrived on our shores, and was expatiating on Lonpower of the explosive on a giant oak out of a medicine bottle. Others add don's superiority to anything we had here. He was pushing me pretty severely when an idea struck me:

"Look at our elevated roads," I said. 'You haven't any elevated roads in London."

"Oh, yes we have," he answered unabashed, "but we put the blooming things under ground so that they don't disfigure the streets." At that I surrendered uncondition-

ally.-Brooklyn Citizen.

In the book "To Europe on a Stretcher," the author says that on board the Italian steamship plying between New York and Marseilles a white ox was kept as a supply of fresh meat. but the sailors grew too fond of it to doubled his fist, and turning to Mark give it up, and it went to the end of The artificial fuel throws off no dirt

Among the passengers was a poor lit- a clear white flame. tle Polish lady, sailing with a sick child, which needed for its health a daily supply of fresh milk. "Oh, madam, said this woman to the author, "I was so happy to see the face of that ox. 1 thought now my boy will have what per year and rarely exceeds \$800, but he needs plenty of fresh milk!"

A correspondent of The Chicago Triclaims that in England and Scotland chance to get in," as with us. - Harthe apothecaries return prescriptions, per's. retaining copies. A Chicago druggist thinks that a good case can be made out for both customs, although "under ordinary circumstances in this city any druggist will give a customer a copy of the prescription he brings in unless the ary that is being compiled. physician's request is to the contrary,"

Opposition to a Growing Idea. The movement on foot for a crema tory is not regarded with favor by a Somerville man who sells butter from a dairy farm to private customers. He says that the less crematory butter there is the better, and he can't understand why any one smiles.-Boston Transcript.

After some forty years of immersion in the waters of the pool of Echoschacht, not far from Hermannstadt, several human bodies have been brought to the surface in a state of perfect preservation.

DROWNED IN A WHIRLPOOL

The Tragic Death of President Brown in the Colorado Marble Canyon

On the morning of July 9, Mr. Brown and the supplies having arrived, we "All right," said we. "But be as started into the unknown depths of Marble canyon, with three boats and our little party of eight. That night we camped at the lower end of the Loap creek rapid. President Brown seemed lonely and troubled, and roked there late, anoking and talking of our homes and our journey on the morrow. When I awoke in the morning Mr. Brown was up, and as soon as he saw me said, "Stanton, I dreamed of the

After breakfast we were again on the river in very swift water. Mr. Brown's boat with himself and McDonald was with some difficulty, was a little distance behind. In two minutes we were at the next rapid. Just as we dashed into the head of it I saw McDonald running up the bank waving both arms. We had for a few moments all we could do to manage our own boat. It was but a moment, We were through the rapid and turning out into the eddy. I heard McDonald shout, "Mr. Brown Is in there." I looked to the right, but saw nothing. As our boat turned around the whirlpool on the left, the notebook which Mr. Brown always carried shot up on top of the water and we picked it up as we passed.

Mr. Brown's boat was about one-half minute ahead of mine. His boat went safely through the worst part of the rapid, but in turning out into the eddy an upshooting wave, so common in that river between the current and the whirlpools and eddies on the side, upset it without a moment's warning. Brown was thrown into the whirlpool while McDonald was thrown into the current. McDonald, as he came up, saw Brown on the side of the current and shouted to him, "Come on." He answered with a cheerful "All right."

McDonald, carried down by the stream, "was three times thrown under by the terrifle tossings of the mad waters," and with great effort reached the left bank, where the current rushed upon the shore at a sudden turn to the right. As soon as he recovered himself he saw Brown still in the whirlpool, swimming round and round. Rushing up the bank he shouted to us for help. In that whirlpool poor Brown battled for his life, till exhausted in the fight he sank. - R. B. Stanton in Serfbner's.

Paris and Balzac.

As Dr. Johnson could not live away from Fleet street, so Balzac was ever returning to the beloved mud and dust, the rain and flickering lights, the crowds on the boulevards, and the loneliness of those dismal cutthroat streets which he has shown as in a stereoscope at the beginning of the 'Histoire des Treize." "Oh, Paris!" he exclaims with enthusiasm, "he that has not admired thy somber landscapes, thy broken jets of light, thy deep and silent alleys without issue; he that has not listened to thy murmurs between midnight and two hours after, knows was an heir to the Lawrence-Townley nothing of the true poetry which is in thee, or of thy large and curlous contrasts."

And he proceeds to sketch the Rue Soly in colors at once ignoble and overpowering. Ignoble! It is the proper word for Balzac's subject matter, though unjust if applied to the man. He displays too vast an energy, too extensive a knowledge of human nature, to be thrust outside the temple of fame on the score of his ill manners. But the sculptor is more than the anatomist, and the question of realism must be decided by contrasting the Venus of Milo with Balzac's supreme creation, osity he secured a hammer, and assistthe Venus of the Pere la Chaise .-Quarterly Review.

Coal from Peat.

A St. Petersburg journal states that a Russian civil engineer, M. de Nicaloff, has succeeded in producing a fuel from peat greatly resembling anthracite coal. The inventor has obtained a patent for his process, which is said to be accomplished by the aid of certain chemicals, and lately an imperial commission has been engaged in experimenting with the fuel, the result having been very favorable. The peat was found to give a little less heat than ordinary coal, but more than fir or birch wood, which is largely used on railways and steamers and in factories in Russia. In other respects, however, the peat is superior to coal, being cheaper, containing but a small percentage of sulphur and being much smaller in bulk. and emits no smell, while burning with

Pay of Swiss School Teachers. The pay of Swiss teachers, looked at

from an American standpoint, is insignifleant. It averages less than \$100 then house rent and fuel are free, the term of service is almost for life and promotions for merit are constant. Here, as in all matters of public benebune complains that he took a foreign fit in Switzerland, the man best fitted prescription to a druggist in Chicago and trained for his place keeps it. who declined to return the paper after There is no turning competent men out putting up the medicine. The writer simply "to give some other fellow a

No Danger.

Jamser-What are you doing nowa-

Spacer-I am writing the lives of great men for a biographical diction-Jamser-Aren't you afraid to under-

take work of that sort? Spacer.-Oh, no! The men I am writing about are all dead. - Puck.

"I'm trying to get up a good pen name. What do you suggest?" "Don't ask me. I've as much as I can manage to make a name for my-

self."-Munsey's Wookly. A Stock Phrase Watered. She-He talks like a book, doesn't

He-Yes: an unpublished one-Harper's Bazan.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A Fraudulent Balt at Which Americans Are Too Often Prone to Bite.

It would seem, after all the publicity given to the scheme in the papers throughout the country, that few persons would indulge in the chimera of obtaining a part or a whole of the estates said to be held unclaimed in the courts of England. Circulars to the effect that more than half a billion of doffars in unclaimed estates are await-Ing the rightful beirs in England, Scotland. Wales and Ireland continue to be scattered broadcast through this country, and there is an agency in this city employing men to promote just such schemes.

There is something alluring in this little paragraph: "Thousands of heirs have never seen these advertisements. If your ancestors on your father's or mother's side came from any of the above named countries do not fall to send the ancestral name and ascertain if you are an heir. Your deceased ancestors' rights are yours by British law. We have information of every estate and deceased person whose heirs have been advertised for in 125 years. Send postal note for twenty-five cents to insure information. If you are an helr we will recover the estate for you. No recovery, no fee."

It must have been this circular which caused Miss C. H. Clopton, of Columbia, Tenn., to address the agency in this city for information concerning a supposed Drake estate in England, to which she believed she was an heir. In reply she was told that Mrs. S. M. Redfield, of Edwards, Miss., and Mrs. L. V. Donelson, of Lexington, Homes county, Miss., bad filed claims to the estate, and then the ingeniously worded letter suggested to her that she might be permitted to enter the lists with the others' consent. Continuing, it said: "Our terms are the same to each, namely, 1 per cent. of the amount gained. If we gain nothing we get nothing. And if we have to assume the costs. \$10 of our fee in advance as a small guarantee of good faith."

The meat of the nut is in the last sentence. The circular distinctly states: "No recovery, no fee."

Miss Clopton replied to this letter in effect that her Uncle Elijah knew nothing about Mrs. Redfield or Mrs. Donelson. In a letter of the date of Oct. 20 she received this brief communication: "In replying to your favor of Oct. 14 we beg to say that Mrs. Redfield has accepted our terms, and suit is now

pending in her behalf." For the benefit of Miss Clopton and others who fancy that they are within one step of wealth the letter of the secretary of the United States legation in London, bearing the date of April 19, 1887, and addressed to a person inquiring about the Sands estate, may be of some benefit: "I beg to inform you that there is no such 'estate' as the one you mention. Vast numbers of people in our country are deceived and defrauded by designing persons, who represent that great estates are awaiting American claimants here, whereas there

are none such." Again, Sept. 18, 1887, a deluded person in Massachusetts, who thought be estate, received a letter of caution, this time the advice coming from Min-Ister Phelps, in which he said: "A worse fraud was never attempted. There is not a pretense of foundation for it in fact. It is simply a device for obtaining money by false pretenses from the credulous."-New York Times.

An Editor's Curious Find. When the editor of The Athens Banner was living it St. James Goose Creek parish, near Charleston, S. C., he once found a large iron box in an old field, badly eaten with rust. Through curied by two negroes broke a hole into it, but some charred human bones and a small key that unlocked the chest were all that rewarded his pains. It was afterward learned that in the early settlement of Carolina an old bachelor left in his will \$10,000 to any one who would place his bones in an iron box

and burn over it 100 cords of pine wood. One key was to be placed in a bottle filled with lead, and dropped into a hole in Cooper river, where bottom was never found, and the other left in the coffin. A poor young man complied with the will, and was paid \$10,000. The rest of the old man's money he buried, and no one ever found it. He believed that if a person's body was burned in this world he would escape fire in the next. The iron chest is doubtless still where it was left .- Atlanta Constitution.

The Prodical Son.

The teacher of a Sunday school class of colored children expounded to them the parable of the prodigal son. She described in as graphic a manner as she could the young man eating husks while the swine fed on the corn. In the midst of her description one attentive boy held up his hand and said: "Missus, I think that white boy was a fool," "Why do you think so?" if I had been him I would 'a' stole one o' dem hogs an' had a good dinner."-Christian Advocate.

Chalkerley-Say, what sort of a chap is that young Cutadash, who referred to you when he opened an account with me?

Gudepelgh-I have always regarded him as a promising young man. Chalkerley - So have I! Always promising, but never pays.-Clothier and Furnisher.

The Bule. Miss De Culture-Mother, I dreamed last night that we were living in a log

cabin. Mrs. De Culture-Well, my dear, you know dreams, like weather predictions,

go by contraries.-Good News. In one year 0,000,000 dozens of eggs were sold in the egg markets, 72,000,000 eggs all told. But that is nothing. Hundreds of grocers get their eggs direct from the country, so that it would probably be safe to say that New York and its vicinity consume 100,000,000

eggs overy year.