TO A PIANIST IMPROVISING.

Play me again that unwalk melody
The silvery wave as the expiring note
That with the Eden breed from mellow throat
Of expressed nightingale outflowed. Untie,
With thy fleet finger tips the airy fry
Of pensive impromptu ether wave to float
Or sport astride a sunbeam, till remote
The far vast dawn crimsons the leaden sky
And finds the merry crew. Then slowly play
Your dirge-like funeral strains of ocean might
Perhaps evoke meditation, such alone
Fitting to hear. Thence if the way
Be given, bid me up the unskyed height,
Until, alas, we have dull earth outgrown.
—Philip Revere Goetz in Boston Transcript.

TOMMY'S TOMBSTONE.

Tommy McGuffy was growing old. The skin of his attenuated face was so shrunk and so stretched from wrinkle to wrinkle that it seemed narrowly to escape breaking. About the pointed chin and the cheek bones it had the color of faded linen.

Old Tommy had become so thin that he dared not venture to the top of the hill above his native village of Rearward upon a windy day.

His knees bent comically when he walked.

For some years the villagers had been counting the nephews and nieces to whom the savings of the old retired dealer in dry goods would eventually descend.

Ten thousand dollars and a house and lot constituted a heritage worth anticipating in Rearward.

The innocent old man was not upon terms of intimacy with his prospective heirs. Having remained unmarried, his only close associates were two who had been his companions in that remote period which had been his boyhood. One of these, Jerry Hurley, was a childless widower, a very estimable and highly respected man who owned two farms. The other, like himself a bachelor, was Billy Skidmore, the sexton of the church and therefore the regulator of the town clock upon the steeple.

There came a great shock to old Tommy one day. As old Mrs. Sparks and Jerry Hurley "all suddent like just took a notion and died."

The wealth and standing of Jerry Hurley cleared him an imposing funeral. They laid his body beside that which had once been his wife's in Rearwood cemetery. His heirs possessed his farm and time went on—slowly, as it always does at Rearwood.

Tommy went frequently to Hurley's grave and wondered when his heirs would erect a monument to his memory. It is necessary that your grave be marked with a monument if you would stand high in that still society that holds eternal assembly beneath the pines and willows where only the breezes speak, and they in subdued voices.

Years passed, and the grave of Tommy's old friend Jerry remained unmarked. Jerry's relatives had postponed the duty so long that they had grown callous to public opinion. Besides, they had other purposes to which to apply Jerry's money. It was easy enough to avoid reproach; they had only to refrain from visiting the graveyard.

"Jerry never deserved such treatment," Tommy would say to Billy the sexton, as the two met to talk it over every sunny afternoon.

"It's an outrage, that's what it is!" Billy would reply for the hundredth time.

It was, in their eyes, an omission almost equal to that of baptism or the funeral service.

One day as Tommy was ailing himself along the main street of Rearward by means of a hickory stick, a frightful thought came to him. He turned cold.

What if his own heirs should neglect to mark his own grave?

"I'll hurry home and put the money for it aside in a stocking foot at once," thought Tommy, and his knees bent more than usual as he accelerated his pace.

But as he tied a knot in the stocking came the fear that even this money might be misapplied; even his will might be ignored through repeated postponement and the law's indifference.

Who, save old Billy Skidmore, would care whether old Tommy McGuffy's last resting place were designated or not? Once let the worms begin operations upon this antique morsel, what would it matter to Rearward folks where the interment was taking place?

Tommy now underwent a second attack of horror, from which he came victorious, a gleeful smile momentarily lifting the dimness from his excessively lachrymal eyes.

"I'll fix 'em," he said to himself. "I'll go today to Ricketts, the marble cutter, and order my own tomstone."

Three months thereafter Ricketts, the marble cutter, untied the knot in the stocking that had been Tommy's and deposited the contents in the local savings bank.

In the cemetery stood a new monument, very lofty and elaborate. Around it was an iron fence. Within the inclosure there was no grave as yet.

"Here," said the monument in deep-cut letters but bad English, "lies all that remains of Thomas McGuffy, born in Rearwood, Nov. 11, 1820, died ——. Gone whither the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

This supplementary information was framed in the words of Tommy's favorite passage in his favorite hymn. His liking for this was mainly on account of its tune.

He had left the date of his death to be inserted by the marble cutter after its occurrence.

Rearward folks were amused at sight of the monument, and they ascribed the placing of it there to the eccentricity of a bachelor old man.

Tommy seemed to derive much pleasure from visiting his tombstone upon mild days. He spent many hours contemplating it. He would enter the iron inclosure, lock the gate after him and sit upon the ground that was intended some day to cover his body.

He was a familiar sight to people riding or walking past the graveyard—this lean old man leaning upon his cane, contentedly pondering over the inscription upon his own tombstone.

He unquestionably found much innocent pleasure in this.

One afternoon, as he was so engaged, he was assailed by a new apprehension.

Suppose that Ricketts, the marble cutter, should fail to inscribe the date of his death in the space left vacant for it!

There was almost no likelihood of such an omission, but there was at least a possibility of it.

He glanced across the cemetery toward Jerry Hurley's unmarked mound and sandhead.

Then he thought laboriously.

When he left the cemetery in such haste as to avoid a delay of his evening meal and a consequent outburst of anger on the part of his old housekeeper, he had taken a resolution.

"Three score years and ten, says the Bible," he muttered to himself as he walked homeward. "The scriptural lifetime 'll do for me."

A week thereafter old Tommy gazed proudly upon the finished inscription.

"Died—Nov. 11, 1890," was the newest bit of biography there engraved.

"But it's two years and more till Nov. 11, 1890," said a voice at his side.

Tommy merely cast an indifferent look upon the speaker and walked off without a word.

The whole village now thought that Tommy had become a monomaniac upon the subject of his tombstone. Perhaps he had.

No one has been able to learn from his friend, Billy Skidmore, what thoughts he may have communicated to the latter upon the matter.

Tommy now lived for no other apparent purpose than to visit his tombstone daily. He no longer confined his walks thither to the pleasant days. He went in weather the most perilous to so old and frail a man.

One of his prospective heirs took sufficient interest in him to advise more care of his health.

"I can easily keep alive till the time comes," returned the antique. "There's only a year left."

Rapidly his hold upon life relaxed. A week before Nov. 11, 1890, he went to bed and staid there. People began to speculate as to whether his unique prediction—or, I should say his decree—would be fulfilled to the very day.

Upon the fifth day of his illness Death threatened to come before the time that had been set for receiving him.

"Isn't this the 10th?" the old man mumbled.

"No," said his housekeeper, who, with one of his nieces, the doctor, and Billy Skidmore, attended the ill man. "It's only the 9th."

"Then I must fight for two days more. The tombstone must not lie."

And he rallied so well that it seemed as if the tombstone would lie, nevertheless, for old Tommy was still alive at 11:30 on the night of Nov. 11. Moreover, he had been in his senses when last awake, and there was every likelihood that he would look at the clock when ever his eyes should next open.

"He can't live till morning, that's sure," said the doctor.

"But, good Lord! you don't mean to say he'll hold out till after 12 o'clock," said Billy Skidmore, whose anxiety only had sustained him in his grief at the approaching dissolution of his friend.

"Quite probably," replied the doctor.

"Good heavens! Tommy won't rest easy in his grave if he doesn't die on the 11th. The monument would be wrong."

"Oh, that won't matter," said the niece.

Billy looked at her in amazement. Was his old friend's sacred wish to miscarry thus?

"Yes, it will matter," he said in a loud whisper. "And if time won't wait for Tommy of its own accord, we'll make it. When did he last see the clock?"

"Half past 9," said the housekeeper.

"Then we'll turn it back to 10," said Skidmore, acting as he spoke.

"But he may hear the town clock strike."

Billy said never a word, but plunged into his overcoat, threw on his hat and hurried out into the cold night.

"Ten minutes to midnight," he said, as he looked up at the town clock upon the church steeple. "Can I skin up them ladders in time?"

* * * * * * *

Tommy awoke once before the last slumber. Billy was by his bedside, as were the doctor, the housekeeper and the niece. The old man's eyes sought the clock.

"Eleven," he murmured. Then he was silent, for the town clock had begun to clang. He counted the strokes—eleven. Then he smiled and tried to speak again.

"Almost——live out——birthday——seventy——tomstone——all right."

He closed his eyes, and, inasmuch as the town clock furnishes the official time for Rearward, the published report of Tommy McGuffy's going records that he passed at twenty-five minutes after 11 p. m., Nov. 11, 1890.

Very few people knew that time turned back one hour and a half in order that the reputation of Tommy McGuffy's tombstone for veracity might be spotless in the eyes of future generations.

Billy Skidmore, the sexton, arranged to have Rearward time ready for the sun when it rose upon the following morning.—R. N. Stephens in Philadelphia Press.

Injurious Eating.

There are many people who prefer "gamy" or "high" meats, or, in other words, meats that are a little over the line of decomposition. Nor are they ready to accept the fact, long ago established, that such meats are not only unfit food, but are in a high degree harmful.

When decomposition occurs poisons are developed. Healthy adults are able to resist these poisons to a trifling extent. Just where this resistance lies, no one knows, but it is generally accepted that it is in the liver. This theory is supported by the fact that those who are inclined to be bilious and have sluggish and otherwise deranged livers are always upset, if not made really ill, by meats or fish that have become in the slightest degree tainted.—Boston Herald.

How High Was the Tower of Babel?

The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the Tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of merest conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,300 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers, raised one above another, each seventy-five feet in height; but whether this ruin was the remains of the Tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these 75-foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about twelve miles. In Ceylonese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.—St. Louis Republic.

A HEROES' MONUMENT.

PHILADELPHIA TO HAVE THE LARGEST STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The Order of the Cincinnati Will Commemorate Its First President General. Something of the Society, Its Present Chief Officer and the Statue.

The largest statue of George Washington ever made has just been completed in Berlin by Dr. Rudolph Siemering, the eminent German sculptor. It will be erected at the Green street entrance to Fairmount park, Philadelphia, by the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati. Washington was the first president of the general order, and his successors, but eight in number, have all been men who are known honorably in American history. The second president general was Alexander Hamilton, and he was followed by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Thomas Pinckney, Aaron Ogden, Morgan Lewis, William Popham and A. Seammell Dearborn in the order named. These were all military men. In 1854 Hon. Hamilton Fish was elected ninth president general of the Order of the Cincinnati and has held the office ever since.

PRESIDENT GENERAL HAMILTON FISH.

Mr. Fish's career is familiar to all Americans. He was born in New York city Aug. 3, 1808; graduated from Columbia college in 1828; admitted to the bar in 1830; elected to congress in 1842; became governor of New York in 1847, and United States senator in 1851. When General Grant became president in 1869, Mr. Fish was appointed secretary of state and remained in his cabinet until his retirement from office in 1877. Mr. Fish's name was suggested as a compromise candidate for president at the Republican national convention in 1880. The venerable statesman lives quietly in New York city. He is several times a millionaire and is said to spend $50,000 a year. He is a widower and has five children, one of whom, Hamilton Fish, Jr., has earned a reputation as a shrewd political leader.

The Order of the Cincinnati is perhaps the most exclusive in the United States. The original members were officers who participated in the Revolutionary war on the side of the Americans. Membership descends "to the oldest lineal male descendant if judged worthy, and, in failure of direct male descent, to male descendants through intervening female descendants." There are now but seven state societies, those of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and South Carolina, besides one in France.

The statue of Washington which the Pennsylvania branch of the order will erect in Philadelphia is nearly 30 feet high, including base and pedestal. The base is octagonal and a little more than 20 feet in diameter. The pedestal is ovoid, of ornate design and embellished with characteristic American designs in bas-relief. At the top of the steps of the base is an upper platform, about which are several emblematic figures in easy attitudes. Two of the most beautiful of these are an Indian hunter and an Indian maiden. They are both reclining, and the latter is engaged in repairing her fishing nets.

Each of these figures is about 15 feet in length, and the perfection of the pose, no less than the beauty of the lines, has elicited unstinted praise from the Berlin art critics. The fisher maiden is entirely nude, and the brave wears nothing but a breech-cloth of feathers. At each corner of the pedestal are similar figures in bronze. Below are beautifully executed statues of buffaloes and deer, and other animals emblematic of America are artistically distributed about the base.

Columbia has "a place in the picture" and is represented as a beautiful woman reclining against the pedestal holding in her hand a horn of plenty. Another substitute is of America. This is one of the best things about Siemering's work. It is said to be perfect and would make a creditable statue of itself. It shows most of the famous officers of the Revolution offering America the laurels of her victories. Beneath this the American eagle perches on a shield. The effect is particularly striking from a patriotic viewpoint.

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The statue itself is a fine specimen of equestrian sculpture. Washington is represented in his continental uniform and is supposedly riding at the head of his troops. The head is thrown back and a little to one side. The face wears a determined but half expectant look. The right hand rests lightly at the side, while the left gracefully holds the reins which keep in check the fiery stallion which the figure bestrides with the naturalness of life. Washington's cloak appears to have been blown back by the wind. The statue is considered the masterwork of Sculptor Siemering.

A Luxurious Silver Bedstead.

Some of the East Indian princes have very sharply defined ideas as to what constitutes luxury, and as most of them have the means to put their ideas into practice they probably get as much pleasure out of life as anybody can. A bed made in Paris for one of these princes was constructed partly of silver, with large female figures at each corner, each holding a delicate looking fan. The weight of the sleeper's body sets certain machinery in motion, which causes the figures to keep the fans gently moving—a luxury in a hot climate. By touching a spring a large music box is made to give forth soft music as a further incentive to slumber.

GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS MEN.

Eight Cavalrymen Showed Their Love by Dying With Their Leader.

Poor Custer! I followed him through a great part of the war of the rebellion as a private soldier. I followed him afterward in various capacities during his wars on the frontier. Yes, and today, if I should see the general astride his Kentucky thoroughbred, seated as no man ever sat horse before or since, should I catch the gleam of the sun on the mighty sweep of that saber of his and see the yellow hair flying straight as he dashed along, I could not resist the temptation to seize a policeman's hatchet or an ax handle, jump across that old mare of mine and follow him for better or for worse.

And no soldier of Custer's ever did more than follow him. He was a leader of his men—not a driver—a cavalier general who asked no man to go where he dare not take the lead, and as the danger became greater Custer was sure to be just as much farther in front of his column. Tacticians have censured him for that, and perhaps he should have been slain ere today had he abandoned it. But he was a dashing soldier and would rather charge upon an enemy outnumbering him 10 to 1 than seek vantage ground or lay siege. He believed it to be his purpose to fight, and he let but few opportunities go by, provided he thought the enemy worth the battle of his troopers.

Custer had the most unbounded faith in the rank and file of his regiment, but never reposed the least confidence in his subsidiary officers. He gave his personal attention to the minutest details of his command, saw that every trooper had his full allowance of rations and clothing, and saw, too, that the men attended just as carefully to the physical wants of their horses. He would never take the word of captains or lieutenants on such matters. For that reason the subordinates remembered officers hated him just as heartily as the men loved him. He insisted always on being absolute in his command.

But how the boys loved that man! Their devotion was strikingly demonstrated in an incident in the general's last battle on the Little Big Horn. The 250 troopers of the Seventh cavalry knew they were hopelessly outnumbered by an enemy better armed than themselves. Eight cavalrymen broke through the Indian lines and gained a neighboring bluff. They were practically out of danger, for the fine horses with which the seventh were then equipped could laugh at the best Indian ponies. But they halted on the bluff, and looking back saw their leader hemmed in on all sides by the savage enemy. One said "Boys, we can't do this!" and alighting placed his carbine against his horse's head and shot him dead.

Then he quietly released his revolvers from the saddle, and thrusting them into his belt started down the slope. The remaining seven followed suit, and the little band was annihilated in an attempt to gain their leader's side on foot. All but one were killed, and he being a half breed, the second son of Theophile Brugnier of this county by his first wife, the daughter of War Eagle, escaped slaughter, the infuriated Sioux paying no attention to any but palefaces. Brugnier and I were friends, and he told me the incident the second day after the fight.—Sioux City Journal.

Cut Rate on Postage Stamps.

Postage stamps are a commodity. There are dealers in Chicago who sell them just as a grocer sells eggs. They are delivered neatly inclosed in envelopes, each of which contains 100 stamps. The greatest care is taken by the dealer in counting, because he wishes to annoy his customers as little as possible. The scale of prices has a well marked range of fluctuation. Today perhaps a dollar's worth of stamps sells at 99 cents, and tomorrow the price drops to 98. If the supply in the dealer's hands becomes large, the price is decreased. The dealer must make a handsome profit in order to pay for the expense of counting and delivery. Ordinarily he can buy in bulk at about 97 to 98 cents on the dollar.

His commission, as he calls it, varies therefore from 1 to 1½ per cent. Most of the stamps come from eastern publishers of weekly papers. Another source is found in the manufacturers of patented articles and patents. The advertisers find it impossible to use all the stamps which they receive. When the accumulations have become very great some dealer offers them 97 cents on the dollar for the lot, and the sale is promptly closed.—Chicago News-Record.

When Were Steel Pens Invented?

All standard works of reference say, "At about the opening of the present century pens were first made of metal," or words to that effect. In the "Autobiography of Roger North" I find something which makes me think that there is something wrong in the history of the steel pen as there is to nearly everything else. Writing to Mrs. Foley from London, on March 8, 1700, he says: "You will hardly tell by what you see that I write with a steel pen. It is a device but recently from France. When they get the knack of making them exactly, I do not doubt but that the use of the goose quill will end, for none that can have these will use others."

Here is a clear mention of a useful device a hundred years before so called "history" finds out that such a thing exists.—St. Louis Republic.

The Original Thirteen Club.

The most famous of all the unique clubs is the Thirteen club, the original one of the world, founded in this city 11 years ago and on the 13th day. It was organized to combat superstition of all injurious kinds, and more particularly those superstitions connected with 13 persons sitting at table and Friday, sixth day of the week, called "hangman's day." It started with 13 members, who sat together at dinner every month for three years before one of them died. The oldest living member of the original 13 is over 90 years of age, and hale and hearty. The club now numbers 1,200 members, and they dine 13 at each table five times each year, the annual dinner being held on the 13th day of January, the anniversary of the founding of the club.—New York Times.

When Napoleon Was Happy.

Here is, briefly, what Napoleon said in response to the question what or when had been the very happiest moment of his life:

It was not when he had attained to the consulship, nor was it when he was proclaimed emperor and crowned with the most brilliant and imposing ceremonies and the most gratifying honors ever bestowed upon a sovereign. Nor was it at either of his marriages, nor at the birth of his son, the king of Rome, the long desired heir to his throne and the supposed perpetuation of his dynasty. It was earlier in his life than any of these events had occurred. It was when, at the age of twenty-five, as the victorious commander of the army in Italy, he heard the shout of joy from the people in praise and honor of him their liberator.

Napoleon's highest happiness was in the joy he experienced in bringing happiness to others—and before the gall of selfishness had embittered his future career of greatness.—Detroit Free Press.

An Ample Stock.

It is perhaps not generally known that all the princes of the house of Hohenzollern are baptized in water brought from the River Jordan. This it appears, however, from a letter written by Mr. Dryander, court preacher at Berlin, in reply to an inquiry addressed to him by the editor of a German paper. Of course, this custom was observed in the case of the last born son of William II. We may add that, by way of providing for emergencies, the emperor, as a man of precaution, always keeps in the cellars of his palace a whole cask full of Jordan water.—Le Patriote.

THE SUMMER OF 1816.

EXTRAORDINARY WEATHER FOR JUNE AND JULY.

Ten Inches of Snow In June When People Froze to Death—Overcoats and Mittens All Summer Long—Suicides Through Fear That the Sun Was Cooling Off.

"I haven't heard much else but talk about the weather since I came to New York," said Commissioner James Wickersham of Vermont, who is visiting his daughter in this city, "and you have had a pretty smug winter for here, I suppose, but I remember the year that was winter from one end of it until the other, and when the weather was severe in June that a terrible snowstorm prevailed on the 17th of that month, and people were frozen to death in the march of roses. I don't think there are many people who have as vivid a recollection of the year without a summer as I have, for various reasons, one being that there are few surviving who were as old as I was in that year, and another is because a near relative of mine was frozen to death in Vermont on June 17 of that year, which was the year 1816.

"I was 14 years old then, and lived in Vermont, where I have always lived, and where that memorable season was at its very worst, as in the other New England states in June snow fell but 5 inches deep, and in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey it was nowhere deeper than 3 inches. In Vermont it was 10 inches on the level. I mean the great snow of June 6. Snow fell several times during that month, and ice froze every day in the month. In fact, there were snow and ice in every month of 1816.

"That snowstorm of June 17 was one of the severest ones I ever saw, even in the depth of winter in that locality of severe snows. An uncle of mine had some sheep in a back pasture lot. To get to that lot he had to go through a piece of woods for nearly a mile. The weather had been very cold all through June. The big storm of the 6th began along about noon, and my uncle started after dinner to go to the sheep pasture to fix up a shelter of some kind for the sheep. No one had any idea, cold and eccentric as the season had been up to that time, that we could have a fall of snow that would amount to anything at that time of year. I was at my uncle's when he left home to go to the sheep lot, and as he went out of the door he said to his wife in a jocular way:

"'If I'm not back in an hour, call the neighbors and start them after me. June is a bad month to get buried in the snow, especially when it gets to be so near the month of July.'

"Nothing more was thought of the matter. The snow increased in fury, and by night it had drifted so that the roads were almost impassable, but even then, and when it grew dark, none of us felt uneasy about uncle. The weather had become bitter cold. When night set in in earnest, and there was no sign of my uncle's return, his wife sent me and my cousin, who was two years younger than me, to alarm the neighbors and tell them that we believed uncle had been lost in the snow and had perished.

"We had a hard time getting to the nearest neighbor's, less than a mile away, and there gave the alarm, but could go no further. The neighbor summoned others, and, in spite of the severity of the night they searched the woods until morning, but no sign of the missing man could be found. The search was taken up by others the following day and all of the next night, without any trace of him being discovered, except that he reached the pasture and built a shelter of boughs in one corner of the lot, under which the sheep were huddled. On the forenoon of the third day the searchers found my uncle buried in the snow a mile from the pasture, in almost an opposite direction from home. He was frozen stiff.

"He had evidently become bewildered in the blinding storm and had wandered about until he succumbed to fatigue and cold. It seems a most improbable thing that a person ever fell a victim to a snowstorm in the middle of June in this latitude, but I have this sorrowful knowledge of one instance, at least, where such a thing was only too true.

"The wind during June, July and August of 1816 was continuously from the north, and it blew fiercely and cold. Farmers wore heavy overcoats and mittens while about their work every day during those months. There was but little use of planting anything, nothing grew to speak of, but they did plant corn as usual, and planted with mittens on.

"There was very little rain during the entire season. The great piles of firewood that always accumulated during the summer months at the farmhouse back doors in readiness for winter didn't accumulate in 1816. They were needed for current use. July was colder even than June, and August was colder than July. Ice half an inch thick formed in July, but in August it froze an inch and more. There was a heavy snowstorm on Aug. 20. The whole summer was as bleak and dreary as November. There was not a green thing to be seen anywhere. The first two weeks in September brought the first real warm weather there had been during the year. The thermometer went up to 70 degrees, which was 25 degrees warmer than it had been since May.

"The general opinion had been that the cause of the cold summer was a sudden and rapid cooling of the sun by some violent disturbance, and many believed that the end of all things was at hand. The appearance of the warm spell in September, though, dispelled that fear for a time, but on the 20th of the month the cold weather returned suddenly, and the calamity believers were once more made miserable by their old fear. One old man, James Gooding by name, was so hopeless over the prospect that he killed all his cattle and then hanged himself, after vainly trying to induce his wife to make away with herself also, to escape the terrible and gradual death by freezing and starvation, which he believed was to be the common doom.

"Cold increased from the middle of September until winter returned, and it may truly be said that, in Vermont at least, the year 1816 had neither spring, summer nor autumn. There wasn't grain enough grown that year to seed the next year, and those who were lucky enough to have more of the crop of 1815 on hand than they wanted for their own use had no difficulty in selling it for $5 and more a bushel."—New York Sun.

Woman's Variable Moods.

Woman is a perplexity to man, and she is disappointed because he cannot keep up with her. There is a grave in almost every woman's heart. Something is buried out of sight, and the inscription over it is, "He Did Not Understand." At the supreme moment of her aesthetic life man has failed to "catch on," so to speak. If a thing is good today, a man cannot see why an exact repetition of it tomorrow will not be agreeable, while woman might change her point of view. Man moves in a straight line to a given point, while she makes a hundred circling evolutions.—Fetter's Southern Magazine.

Fortunate Passengers.

Old Mr. Bentley (reading the paper)—I see that in a recent storm at sea a ship loaded with passengers went ashore.

Old Mrs. Bentley (placidly)—How fortunate! I can imagine how glad those passengers were to get on dry land.—Exchange.

Where the Hero May Be Found.

Not only in public life and under the gaze of the multitude do we find the true hero. In the home and in the schoolroom, in the office and the workshop, in the crowded street and open field, he may be discovered by those who can appreciate what heroism really is.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A STREAK OF LUCK.

Three Deer Killed by Three Successive Shots from a Sharp Rifle.

Once again the venison had disappeared from the cabin, and the usual clamor arose from the kitchen, and although but three cartridges were found in the belt, and the sun was within an hour of setting, once more the old Sharp was shouldered and the old uncle turned his moccasined toes toward a timbered ridge to the southward of the cabin, in the hope that a deer might be found before dark. Express balls were in each cartridge, with a full shell of 120 grains of powder behind each.

The ridge was covered with scattering trees of large timber, and the intervals grew up with brush and small pines. Very little open ground is to be found.

Strolling slowly along up the ridge, following a cattle trail which enabled me to proceed silently, I reached a point about a mile distant from the house, when feeling one of my occasions becoming loose I sat down upon a log to adjust the lining.

Suddenly the least snort of a frightened deer a few rods to the left notified a squirrel of the success of his recent trick of intermediating, and as the deer dashed away I ran forward a few yards to some rising ground in an opening, in the hope of getting a flying shot. Nothing was to be seen, as they managed to keep well under cover, and after waiting a long time, in the vain hope of still shooting up, I slowly journeyed on, muttering anathemas at the little meddling wretches who have so often on similar occasions contrived to rob me of success at the very instant of culmination.

The sun had set and night was coming fast. Reaching at length the crest of the ridge, where it breaks steeply down into the valley of the Colville river, I paused upon its summit and took a long and careful survey of all the hillside, far as an opening appeared among the trees and rocks. At length something was noticed about 250 yards distant down the hillside, which in shape looked near enough like a deer to cause me to watch it intently, after a long interval of scrutiny a slight movement of its head satisfied me, and taking as careful aim as possible in the waning light, I let drive.

Away went the deer with its flag bravely flying, and was soon lost to view among the trees, yet just the last jump made while yet in sight appeared to be a staggering one. Hurrying carefully and silently down the hill toward it, I had gone about fifty yards when another deer was seen to stop in its run along the hillside and stand about 100 yards distant, looking nervously about from side to side in search of the hidden enemy. I did not want more than one deer, but I was not at all sure yet that I had got one, and taking a quick aim fired again.

The same result exactly followed. After a short run with uplifted flag it disappeared, and its last jump seemed awkward. Reloading, I started in pursuit, when I saw still another deer running up the hill from below toward the one last seen, and when within about the same distance from me as was the last one shot at, it stopped. With my last cartridge in the gun I fired again, and he fell in his tracks.

Hurrying down I found both the others, each within fifty feet of the spot where last seen. While rejoicing at this unexpected streak of pure "luck," I regretted the unnecessary killing, yet of course felt bound to shoot until I felt sure of meat. And let no sportsman bewail any supposed waste of good meat. Not a pound of it was wasted, our neighbors gladly assisting us in disposing of it.—Forest and Stream.

Pearl Fisheries.

The most important marine pearl fishery in America is carried on in the Gulf of California, where the true pearl oysters are plentifully found. Recently the fisheries have been let by franchise from the Mexican government to a company in San Francisco. The beds were first discovered 300 years ago by Hernando Cortez when he discovered Lower California. He took possession of them and sent a number of fine pearls to the king of Spain. Divers gather the oysters and a strict police system is maintained to guard against theft.

After the bivalves have been opened and any precious contents removed the shells themselves are cleaned and sent to Liverpool, London and Hamburg, where they sell at from ten to twenty cents a pound. The pearls from this fishery at one time brought from $150,000 to $200,000 a year, but the beds have been so overworked that their value has been much diminished. An enormous pearl, the pride of the Spanish regalia, weighing 400 grains, was secured there, as well as hundreds of other beauties of great value.—Washington Star.

Incised Crosses on English Churches.

The twelve small incised crosses, sometimes filled with brass, which were placed at the dedication of the building, and anointed by the bishop when it was consecrated, are curious. In this country these dedication crosses are found on the exterior of the buildings, though on the continent they are generally seen on the interior. They may be seen at Cannington church, in Somersetshire, as well as at Moorlinch. Salisbury cathedral has examples, as has, likewise, Edendon church in the same county. Brent Pelham church, Herts, also possesses these relics, and one of the piers in New Shoreham church, Sussex, is enriched in this manner. These crosses are not to be confused with the five small crosses often seen incised on altar slabs, which slabs are occasionally to be noticed turned to account as paving stones on the floors, as at St. Mary Magdalen's, Wiggenhall.—Gentleman's Magazine.

How Flowers Last in Utah.

An instance of the wonderful climate of the City of the Plains is seen in the flowers in the great Mormon tabernacle. Its acoustic properties are now so perfect that a pin dropped from an upper gallery sounds with absolute distinctness as it falls upon the stone far beneath. When first built, however, they were defective, and to better them the lofty ceiling, in lieu of being strung with wires, as is sometimes done in similar instances, was incrusted with flowers and ropes and wreaths of greens. These have been up fourteen years and still retain a remarkable degree of preservation. They have become dried without losing shape, and, though the colors are somewhat faded, they are by no means blotted out.—New York Times.

Andrew Lang's Advice About Reading.

Mr. Andrew Lang makes the following general answer to many inquiring admirers: "One good thing, if no more, these memories may accomplish. Young men, especially in America, write to me and ask me to recommend 'a course of reading.' Distrust a course of reading! People who really care for books read all of them. There is no other course. Let this be a reply. No other answer shall they get from me, the inquiring young men."—Scribner's.

The Size of Raindrops.

Variations in the size of raindrops are dependent upon the differences in the height from which they have fallen and to the amount of atmospheric disturbance present at the time. If they fall from a great height the drops suffer gradual division into smaller and smaller parts, until they are at last converted into mists. In calm weather, with the clouds near the earth's surface, the drops are apt to be large and heavy.—St. Louis Republic.

A Natural Firecracker.

The seed vessel of the Sandbox Tree is known as Jack-in-the-box, Monkey's Dinner Bell, etc. It is from the noise caused by the bursting of the fruit that the plant gets its curious names. It is used both as a pounce box and a letter weight.—Chambers' Journal.

HEALTH AND EATING.

WISE WORDS OF NOTABLE MEN ON AN IMPORTANT TOPIC.

The Gospel of Good Eating—How One Should Proceed in Order to Take Proper Care of His Body—How New York Middlemen Supply Food.

Since eating is the only subject on earth, or in the heavens above the earth, or in the waters under the earth, which engages the thought of every human being, daily at least, it is not surprising that wise men have said many notable things about it. Robert B. Roosevelt, ex-minister to the Hague, who is known as the successor of Sam Ward, the most famous bon vivant of America, is perhaps as notable an example as can be cited today of the quickening, generous impulses which good living gives to a broad nature. He has said:

"More divorces are due to an ill regulated kitchen, when the trouble arises with the man, than from an ill regulated morality. No husband ever deserted or abused a wife who always gave him a perfect dinner, unless driven to it by dire force. Good cooking is at the foundation of all happiness, for there can be none without it, and it should be taught in our public schools before even the 'three Rs.'"

Dr. Alexander B. Mott, in one of his invaluable kitchen articles, speaks of "wickedly ignorant cooks."

Jay Gould says, "I do not myself believe that any man can stand the strain of a large business unless he lives on the simplest food he can get." But Richard A. McCurdy, the president of the Mutual Life Insurance company, declares emphatically in favor of French cookery, and says: "An American salad to a person just home from the other side looks absolutely naked. It is almost indecent."

E. H. Harper says, "The gospel of good living is the most important of all things earthly."

Dr. Talmage says, "No man can be a Christian if his stomach is out of order." And again, "One great cause of evil in this world is irregularity of meals."

Henry Ward Beecher before he had dyspepsia himself spoke in a similar strain denouncing sickness as criminal.

EMINENT TESTIMONY.

Dr. Robert Collyer said: "I think the American people, take them all in all, are the best livers of any people in the world. I was only too glad when I got to a land where I could live twice as well as I could in my native country."

Charles A. Dana is seventy-two years old. When he was asked some time ago how he preserved his youthful vigor as marvelously as he has done, he said: "I live well and take rational exercise. I have no hobbies about plain and simple food, but eat everything I can get that is good and that I know by experience agrees with me. Theories about eating are all nonsense. Experience must govern every sensible man's selection of his food."

Such sayings could be quoted by columns and would only emphasize the importance which every intelligent man appreciates, if he stops to think of it, of care and discrimination in the use of food. It was for almost a century a standing reproach to this nation that its people, richer in food than any other people on earth, were almost the worst cooks and altogether the most foolish feeders in the world. It is to the infinite credit of the present generation that such a thing can no longer be justly said.

Manifestly, the first duty of him who would live properly, is to select his food nicely, the second is to see that it is well prepared. An "ocean greyhound" might as well be expected to cross the ocean with nothing but peat and kindling wood in his bunkers as a man can be expected to make the voyage of life on such food as many men use.

New York has occasion for just pride in the matter of her food supply, but the system of distribution in vogue is so wretchedly poor that not one housekeeper in a score, and not one person in a thousand who is not a housekeeper, has anything like an adequate notion of what may be had in the market. There are food centers. The enormous trade necessary to supply 2,000,000 of people with their daily rations must, of course, be concentrated in certain places. These centers or markets, however, are so placed that it would be a physical impossibility for all the family buyers to procure their supplies excepting through middlemen.

LIVING IN THE METROPOLIS.

The consequence of this is not only that the cost of living is enhanced, but that the people are unable, without special effort, to learn what there is available for food. It would be easy to make up a list of thousands of varieties of fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruits and excellent food preparations, all of which are available to any housekeeper in New York. But what housekeeper has a knowledge of one-half or one-quarter of such a list? The butchers and grocers who supply families are ready enough to furnish any item that may be desired, but few retail dealers can keep enough variety in stock to give their customers even an approximate idea of what a range of choice they really have.

Yet no item in the long list is neglected. Among the 2,000,000 there will be enough people who do know of it and who appreciate it to consume the supply. So it happens, as it did in the case of the famous boarding house keeper, who was such an excellent provider that she knew exactly how much to cook. There was never a morsel left over at her table. Fortunately, different people require different foods. Men are not as pigeons, that they should all thrive best on a diet of corn only. For the New Yorker the vision of St. Peter is daily an accomplished fact. The great sheet comes down from heaven with all manner of food in front of him.

What he has to do is to arise, choose and eat, for the slaying has been done for him.—New York World.

Buying Lumber.

One of our selectmen was once commissioned to buy the lumber for a new bridge. His ideas of measurement were murky, but he did his best. When the lumber, cut after his schedule, was on the ground the carpenters pointed out to him in emphatic language that certain of the beams were far too long to bridge the stream and others as much too short. The selectman pensively scratched his head, then he brightened up and said, "Hut, brethren, don't ye think they'll everige almost right?"—Cor. Boston Commonwealth.

Remedies for Insect Bites.

For bites of insects, attended with itching, the best remedy is mentiool in alcohol, one dram of the former to one ounce of the latter. This speedily allays the irritation, and a few applications only are needed to effect a complete cure, but it should not be used where the skin has been broken, as by scratching. The remedy then is the oxide of zinc ointment, in an ounce of which the apothecary should rub up ten grains of carbolic acid.—Exchange.

Decoys Often Useful.

Theatrical Manager (out duck hunting)—No luck at all; not a duck in sight. Boy! Where are those wooden decoy ducks I ordered?

Boy—In the boat, sir.

Theatrical Manager—Bring 'em here and set 'em out. I see we'll have to paper the house.—New York Weekly.

Always Excepted.

Citizen—That last murder is the talk of the town. Everybody seems excited.

Reporter—Everybody?

Citizen—Of course I mean everybody except the police.—Good News.