WHEN THOUGHTS TURN BACKWARD.

INDIANAMINATE SE VANDANTANTANTANTANTA

BY I. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER IX-Continued.

he, 'no harm at all-none at all,' and strange feeling of being alone, and forwent away."

I could not but regret this very much. It was, therefore, with some anxiety days.

place except himself and the watchman. I went, however, with the sternest courage I could summon.

I cannot describe the laboratory, for I clearly saw only Steinhardt, red as a Mephistopheles; all else was a jumble of retorts, taps, tubs of raw color and what not. He was very civil.

Miss Lacroix is not for you; you have week or two passed before I saw him me to keep it locked up in yourself." been seeing her at times and places when you should not." He paused and on, "Miss Lacroix is not a girl to be the wife of a clergyman who has his way to make; she is heartful I know to make of your own—I know where I can, and wished me away. you must go away tomorrow. There is a cheque I have written for your quarter's salary."

"I am sorry, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "I cannot go away tomorrow; and I cannot promise to leave the neighborhood.

"Oh; you cannot. Think again: if

family.' "My mind is quite made up," said I "It is? Very well." He rose, as if to end the interview, and I rose also. You had better take the cheque," said

most due, and I shall not want to see in the neighboring large town; but you again." tarily I glanced about for any vat or gust. My time was up in Timperley, vessel which I could think of as that but I still retained my lodgings there which had figured in Dick's confession.

He seemed to notice my curious I held them like an outwork advanced glances. "You have never been in here beteresting place"-pointing to a small which, for the time, he certainly had

door-"would you like to look in? I the best of it. call it the Experiment Bath."

wildly. "You must let me tie up your mouth and nose then," he said, taking some

kind of muffler from a drawer. I wondered whether this were the had seen Frank with, and from her I

he was quite unconscious of my suspicion. I determined to go through with another week, not having recieved any it. I was muffled, and he muffled him- reply to a note I had written to Louise, self. He opened the door; and I saw I confess I was tempted with weak red vapor, in which a gas jet burned dully, and with an unwonted tint. "Enter," said he.

I entered, and he followed.

"This," said he, raising a lid by some arrangement, "is my experi-

vessel, whose outlines I could not dis- into an unmanly prostration of disapcould not help it. I recled; I felt his desperately in love (I suppose a clergylent effort I recovered myself and for aught I knew; that I was sojournon the wall behind him of that shadow, the affair upon which I had staked my with head and hands outstretched, success in love had not advanced an which Dick's delirious figure had east, only vaguer, because of the vapor!

"What! Again!" I involuntarily cried, and dashed from the chamber. I had to sit down to recover myself; I trembled violently. I thought, when he undid his muffler, he looked paler. and more open-eyed. Did he suspect

"It is very risky, you see," he said, calmly enough, but with a very keen look, that longed, no doubt, to read "very risky to enter my bath!" I said not a word, but after a moment or two rose with a "Good-night," and

wnet out into the air. Had he intended to suffocate me? Thinking calmly of the adventure now I do not think so. I think the danger I escaped was altogether owing to my

own rashness and folly.

CHAPTER X.

day I received a hurried note from poor old gentleman). have to seek legal advice outside their louise. They were all going away at "Now I've come," he continued, "to limits, as they have not a single attoronce, she said—all except Mr. Stein- ha' a bit of serious talk with you, my ney of their own. Louise. They were all going away at

SALANAWAWAY SE WANNAWANING hardt. He had come home late, and have trod-eh? Come now, lad, let's told them they must pack that night, "Oh." said she in a terrified voice, to be ready to set off in the morning-"Mr. Steinbardt looked terrible! He to the seaside somewhere-where she asked me if I had written telling some did not know yet, but she would write sort o' harmless luney." one to ask such questions. I answered to me as soon as she had an address to at once, 'No; but Mr. Unwin has.' I give, so that I might send her any wish I had not said that; for he said at once, 'Oh; Unwin; I'll make short note! It was the first bit of writing I work of him.' So, please! do be care- had had from her; and I read it again ful! I could see in his eyes how cruel and again that day, and for many days, he might be. I said, 'Surely there is and tried to conjure a hidden meaning, no harm in trying to find out what has a lurking touch of tenderness or conbecome of my poor father?' 'Oh,' said cern out of its ordinary words. A

saken, seized me-a foolish feeling,

which I could not shake off for some

that I received and accepted an invita- I looked in upon old Jacques, as tion to an interview-I had almost usual. He had been recovering himsaid, a collision-with Steinhardt that self since I had seen him first; at evening at seven o'clock in the labora- least, regaining a consciousness of his ing mystified, "but talking on at a tory of the Chemical Works. I had own existence, and of the existence of venture, according to his wont, "you never yet been within the mysterious, things about him. I thought that day tainted precincts, and it was with something of a shudder that I asked myself in the twitching of his mouth, which gether. Well, I daresay—" why he should have invited me to call told that he missed the presence of his upon him there, and at an hour when niece. He gazed at me long and keenprobably there would be no one in the ly, till I felt rather disconcerted, looked pulse siezed me to take him into my down at his hands (the fingers of the right hand trembled a little), and uttered some guttural sounds, as if in an little, though I was not sure he could and, by knowing them at that juncture effort to articulate. I talked to him a hear me; or, hearing, could understand; I told him his niece had gone he might give me a useful hint. "Perhaps," said I, "you will think me mad away to the seaside; I hoped it would do her good, for she had been in a very It is not, as you imaigne, that I am in "I asked you to come and see me here, anxious state of mind since her father's love with your ward, or with the Mr. Unwin," he began, "because I am loss. It gave myself some relief to ground she has walked on; I don't deny watching an experiment which I cannot leave, and I wanted to see you at once.

You have not taken my word for it that

My time was taken up with attempts

way to make; she is beautiful, I know, the season of the year, and such a juncbut she has no money-nothing to ture in my affairs, to spend a holiday speak of. Your time here will be up among my friends; but I was now conin another week or so; you have been vinced the mystery I was pledged to trying to get a place near here, but you clear up was in Timperley, and I was cannot; it will not do to stay about in resolved to sit down and besiege it this neighborhood. I will help you to there-the more obstinately resolved, get a good place in the south—a living since I knew Steinhardt so heartily

I wrote letters; I made journeys to this vicar and that rector in the neighboyhood, who then needed, or soon would need, a curate, with the same result in all cases. I would not do; 1 was not just the kind of man they opinions were quite as they would wish a moment doubt that my suspicions you do not go, I must send away my opinions were quite as they would wish pointed to the truth; he adopted them became plain to me that I was to be "boycotted:" the word had been passed round, apparently-and by whom, if

not by Steinhardt? Again and again I tried, though with he, pushing it toward me; "it is al- little hope now, to find a curacy even nothing came of my efforts except dis-I took it, and was going. Involun- appointment, and weariness, and dis-(they were cheap and comfortable); against the enemy's position. The situation was, indeed, becoming like a fore," said he. "That is the most in- duel between Steinhardt and me, in

My anxiety was not lessened by the I said I would; and my heart beat fact that in the three weeks which had passed I had not heard a word from Louise, and did not know what had happened to her, or even where she was. I finally went to the girl whom I

place, and whether he was going to found out that he had written from an show it me out of bravado, or whether address (which she gave me) in Douglas in the Isle of Man. At the end of a small chamber, filled with purplish- thoughts of giving the whole matter up, of surrendering my position to Steinhardt, and going away. I was earning no money, and my quarter's stipend of 22 pounds 10 shillings was

rapidly disappearing. What could I do, when it was all gone, but surrender? I am not ashamed to confess Vapor rose more densely from the that, oftener than once, I was betrayed I felt stifled; I gasped for pointment-of despair, I may even say breath. I tugged at the muffler; I -and grief. But remember that I was hand on me-whether to snatch or to man may be as desperately in love as push me I cannot now say-but I another man) with a young lady, who thought then the former; with a vio- might be dead, or diyng, or ma ried, turned at once to look at him, and saw ing, so to say, in a strange land, whose -great heavens!-the very counterpart chief was bitterly hostile to me; that

> weeks. I do verily believe that, in spite of the conviction which usually sustained me of the final revealation of the truth -in spite, too, of the obstinacy of my nature, and the high reward of success which I had hoped to gain, I would, indeed, have soon beat a retreat, if it had not been for a visit I had from my old friend Birley, and the results that

inch during those long and lonely

immediately followed upon that. One evening I heard a loud, cheery voice there was no mistaking ask my landlady, "Is th' parson at whoam, Betty"-a question which I answered myself by calling, "Come upstairs." "Well," said he, "you haven't come

to see me since I've come back" (he had been ill, and absent from home for some weeks) "so I ha' looked you up. I said I was very pleased indeed to see him (he looked much older and I was scarcely surprised when next greyer than when I had seen him last,

friend. You know I wish you well, lad, and that I'd do all for you that a broken old chap can do; but there's no

course, naturally, hang about her; but, Give deuce take it, lad, what do you expect to get by hanging about the place when she's miles and miles away? Is it that the ground whereon her gentle feet Give them the laurels they talk the thing out; we cant' ha' the Cover the hearts that have beaten so highfolk about here that used to think so much of you getting to look at you as a

"There is at least one person in the village," said I, somewhat nettled, "that does not believe me harmless, whether he thinks me a lunatic or

knows altogether what I keep staying

"Ah, well, of course," said he, look-

him, "I am a monomaniac." The impulse siezed me to take him into my Cover them over, these brothers of ours. Cover them all with beautiful flowers. cheer me to talk to him about the matters that occupied my thought so much; he must know them sooner or later, if I tell you what really keeps me here. that I am in that condition-but it is not that keeps me here. I wish to tell You have not taken my word for it that down, and watched me to the door. A you what it is, but you must promise "Nay, lad, if it's some very private

affair of your own, do not tell me." "But," said I, "it is no private affair looked at me, as if expecting me to eay to provide a post for myself against the something. I was silent, and he went day when I should leave that at Timleast quite as much as me; and I think,

> I then related my story, point by point, not even omitting mention of Louise's repeated dream, or of my own recent adventure in the chemical works. The effect my story had on him caused me great anxiety. Being, by nature, more of a talker than a listener, he could not refrain, at first, from breaking in now and the be sure," a "Just so," or an "Ah, yes -there you are:" but as the point of the story took hold of him, his talking instinct took vent in occasional grunts, while he became paler and paler, and more and more moved. He did not for at once, and was enraged that he had not formed them for himself before.

"Stupid old idiot," he exclaimed "that I was, not to ha' guessed afore get Paul eaten completely up! And Paul was a hot temper, and, if he had words wi' 'Manuel, there would be th' devil to settle! And, of course, 'Paul was likely to come home unexpected, to catch 'Manuel on th' hop, so to say, wi' that confounded patent again! Lord, Lord! if I had only thought of all that a year ago, it might ha' been easier to clean it up! Well, now, what

can we do-eh? what can we do?' I answered that I had been striving for weeks to discover what next to dobut I had not yet discovered it. I was anxious, too, ncw, I said, about Louise. "Oh," said he, "I expect she's all right with my sister, in th' Isle of

"I think," said I, "it's rash ever to expect that anything is altogether right that Steinhardt is concerned in.

"True for you, lad," said he. "Besides," I continued, "she prom ised to write to me, and she has not written: a week or more ago, when I found out the Douglas address, I wrote and asked her to send me only a line to allay my anxiety-but I have had

He looked very grave.

(To be continued.) For Her Special Benefit.

Lady Butler is probably the only English artist for whose sole benefit a cavalry charge was ordered. When she was painting her stirring picture, "Scotland Forever," she one day ex- jected on account of deafness. pressed a regret that she had never seen a body of cavalry in the act of chance now 'nd get my money back," he charging, with the result that a general in whose hearing she had spoken, arranged that a charge should take place for her special benefit .- Cassell's Magazine.

Men who ride hobbies would not be want all the road to themselves .- Town poor." and Country. Canada has a group of young sculptors of whom much is expected. One of them, Hamilton Mc-Carthy, of Ottawa, is making the bronze statue which the government of Nova Scotia will erect in Halifax to commemorate the services of Nova Scotians in the South African war.

Chickens' Tails Twelve Feet Long.

A new breed of chickens just received in New York from China have tails 12 feet long. They are kept in cages, and when they are taken out for exercise an coat about him and started off. attendant goes along to hold up the feathers. The hens lay 30 eggs a year, which are hatched by other hens.

Lawverless Counties in Texas.

There are 40 counties in Texas which use to be." have to seek legal advice outside their

COVER THEM OVER WITH FLOWERS.

sense, tha knows, and no policy in sticking here wi' nought to do—not Deck them with garlands, these brothers ours, even courting. You love a lass, and, of Lying so silent by night and by day.

Sleeping the years of their manhood away

Then in her bosom they found them

whether he thinks me a lunstic or not."

"Well," said he, "you munns be offended at my saying that."

"No, certainly," said I. "If there is one man who could never offend me, it is you, Mr. Birley. But, when I think of it, I am not surprised that people should begin to look upon me as a maniac, since nobody but myself knows altogether what I keep staying

When the long years have rolled slowly way, E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day; When at the angels' loud trumpet and tread Rise up the faces and forms of the dead; When the great world its last judgment

awalts,
Then the blue sky shall fling open its gates
And the long columns march solemnly
through;
Blessings for garlands shall cover them

## <del>\*</del> Mark's Substitute.

I'M drafted, Kit."
"Oh, Mark!" And with the exclamation pretty Mrs. Weidman fell into her husband's

arms, shivering with terror. "There, I've blurted it out in the worst way, after all this last hour spent in thinking how I could break it the easi-

"But it will kill me, Mark. What shall do; what can I do? I can't stand it,

know what you are saying; you must try and be patient and submissive. There'll be some way provided, though I don't see how I can save you just now in the beginning of winter." Poor Kit wept until completely ex-

hausted, entirely deaf to her husband's weak attempts at consolation, It was a sad home, but not the only e in the land that dread November of

The fatal "draft" put out the light for ever on many a hearthstone. "So yer drafted, be ye, Neil?" remarked the postmaster at The Forks, eyeing the stalwart young man addressed with a

look which plainly said, "and I'm glad "I s'pose I am."

"Goin'?" "No, sir! When Neil Weidman gets ready to work for Uncle Sam he'll let that 'Manuel would stick at nothing to him know by enlisting; until then he'd have his Majesty know he ain't a-goin'." "Not very patriotic!" sueered a bystander. "Now, I'd a been thar long ago if't hadn't a been fer this here game leg o' mine."

"Small loss to the country," growled "S'pose Mark'll not go, neither?" interposed the postmaster.

Neil turned a face suddenly grown eager and white. "He ain't on the draft?"

"But he be." "Yes, and told me he'd have to go." added the bystander. Without another word the young man turned on his heel, involuntarily loosening the scarf about his neck that he might breathe more easily. Swiftly he passed out into the dull November day,

looking neither to right nor left. On, on he walked, like a man in a terrible hurry, until three miles lay between himself and the garrulous little group at The Forks. He was turning in at his own gateway, but, changing his mind, he passed on, still at the high rate of speed. Two more miles were paced off in this mad fashion: then he wheeled about and

faced toward home again. When once more he found himself there he felt weak and spent. Slowly then he passed in and up the rude stairs into the little loft denominated "Neil's room.

"What's up now?" his sister remarked 'Ain't that draft business all settled?" "I s'pose it's all right; he sent on the money," returned her husband, who had vainly tried to enlist, but had been re-"I bet if I was him I'd enlist first

continued "Everybody ain't so fond of a dollar nor so itchen fer a fight as you be," re sponded his wife, in the shrill treble she

always used in addressing him. "I ain't no coward, none of the Moselys be," he retorted. "Neither be the Weidmans, Dick Mose ly, but they've got sense enough to loo

nearly so objectionable if they did not out fer number one. They ain't dirt Neil, lying at full length on his couch in the loft, smiled grimly at their alter-

cation. "Dick ain't fit to manage here, but don't care," he muttered; then turning his face to the wall, he slept through spared from home at this time o' year; sheer mental and physical fatigue. When he awoke it was growing dusk and Mollie was calling to know if he

were sick, or why he did not go out to attend to his part of the "chores" usual. No sooner was breakfast over the following morning than he buttoned his

"Some way, Neil acts awful queer," shrieked Mollie to her husband. "Does he?" "Does he?" she muttered, turning away in disgust. "How stupid men are, anyway. Mark ain't, though, and Neil didn't

It had been a terrible night at Mark Weidman's. Kit's mother had been summoned, but November day.

vainly she tried to think of something comforting to say. The outlook was dark.

Kit might, in fact would have to stay there in their little cabin home with her little ones. There was no room for her at her father's, for already a widowed aughter had come back there with four

A younger brother would have to come and stay with her-it was the only way. She might go and stay at Mollie'sonly-there was Neil. It was about 10 o'clock when Neil

Weidman rapped at his brother's door.

Mark's face showed something of what ne was suffering when he opened it. "Neil! Come in."

"Can't; I'm in a hurry. I was on the draft, but had the cash all ready, so sent it in yesterday. I hear you are on, too."
"I am; and heaven knows how I can if he dies! I never can stand it." be spared, but I could not raise fifty Before the sun went down that day he tures.

voice broke a little. "Well, I came to tell you I will go your place. Good-by."

Mark sprang forward, grasping hi brother by the arm and fairly dragging

him inside. "There, don't make any fuss about it," muttered the young man. You can't be spared-I can. It will make no difference to any one whether I live or die."

Mark had bowed his head on his hand and was shaking with emotion. Kit's voice from the other room called feebly to know what the matter was. Mrs. Bell, her mother, had gone home for a few hours, taking the little boys with her. Springing up again, Mark opened wide the middle door, saying: "It is Neil, Kittie, and he offers to be my substitute

Come in here, brother, do.' "Haven't time this morning, Mark. Give my respects to Mrs. Weidman, may be in again before leaving." His

hand was on the latch. "Please, Neil, come here." It was Kit's pleading tones, and before he realized what he was doing the young man stood by the bedside looking down into the face of the one woman he had loved. It was five years since she had told him she was going to marry Mark, and in all that time they had never spoken-had rarely met.

"Oh, Neil, you are too good-you cannot mean it." "I mean it," he said, coldly.

Through it all he had never suffered as he did now, to see how willing she was to have him sacrifice himself for Mark. It was a moment of supreme bitterness yet in spite of himself he lingered to gaze for perhaps the last time into the sweet face.

Her eyes were full of tears, and catching his hand she passed it to her lips, obbing: "You are so good, so noble! If it were

not for the children we could not consent o your going. "If only we could raise the money, but re have little to sell and there is no one

to buy what we have." "I have made up my mind and should go anyway, now. There is nothing to keep me.

"But, Neil, this is too much," said Mark, who had now sufficiently recovered himself to comprehend the situation. "I cannot let you go, but if you could look after things here some and see that Kit did not suffer, I could go easier. There is only Joe to do anything."

"No use talking, Mark, I am going; and now, good-by all." He almost snatched his Kit's clasp, and was gone.

"Mollie, I am going to the war." "Goin' to the war, Neil? Why, thought you'd sent on the money." "Yes, so I did; but Mark was on the draft, too, 'nd we couldn't nohow raise another three hundred, 'nd he can't be

so I'm going in-"In his place?" interrupted Mollie, ex citedly. "Well, if I ever s'posed I'd live to se

you give your life for Mark, after he cut ou with "There, there, Mollie! things here on the place." "Why, I am sure I don't know; I s'pose

Dick and me can manage, though I shall have the most of it to do. If Dick is my husband, I must say as I've said before, the Moselys are mighty poor managers; but, Neil, I hate awfully to have you go."
They talked a long while, but Mollie never dreamed of the terrible battle her brother fought out with himself that dull

She never knew how tempted he had been to let his brother-the man who had robbed him of his life's happiness-look out for himself. The tempter whispered, "Let him go,

and if anything happens you are not to blame; then Kit will be a-" But, of course, he turned his back at this juncture each time; but the struggle had been a desperate one. He was with Grant in the Wilderness

and all through the disastrous overland campaign. He was with him until sent under Sheridan to Five Forks, where he was severely wounded, but to him there was never such another battle as the one fought with himself during that mad walk under the gray November skies. "Neil is wounded and I must go to

daughter Nellie good-by and was on his way to his brother's side. The meeting between them was affecting in the extreme, but Neil was by far

most composed of the two. "I've got to go, Mark, but it is no matter. I am so glad that it is not you." Before the end came, he seemed to realize that he was not unloved and that his heroic sacrifice had been appreciated. Toward the last the wounded soldier became delirious, and it was from his ravings that his brother learned of his great temptation and the mastery gained over self that eventful day. He talked,

too, of "Kit" until tears bathed the face of the agonized watcher. When all was over, Mark Weidman went back home with the remains of his 'substitute." and last Memorial Day, sit ing by the flower-decked mound with Kit-now an elderly woman-and Nellie -a lovely young matron-I heard this lit-

tle story. On the marble slab at the head is the nscription:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his

WHERE 129,838 SOLDIERS FELL The Greatest B. t lefetd in History I

Around Fredericksburg, Va.

The greatest and most historical bat tlefield spot in the world is that in and around Fredericksburg, Va. A compara tively small territory in this region would take in places where were fought the great battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court Couse, Laurel Hill, the Bloody Angle, Todd's Tavern and a half dozen smaller but hardly less bloody struggles. More than 500,000 troops were engaged in these battles. The total losses in killed and wounded at these battles were 129,838, besides an immense number of deaths from disease. In the official data collected by Col. Fred Phisterer, in his statistical record, the figures of the losses at Fredericksburg and other important battles in the vicinity are given as follows: Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862, Union loss, 12,353; Confederate loss, 4,-576; Chancellorsville, Union loss, 16,030; Confederate, 12,281; Wilderness, Union, 37.737; Confederate, 11,400; Spottsylvania Court House, including Laurel Hill, the Bloody Angle and Ny river, Union loss, 26,461; Confederate, 9,000. The general officers killed in these engagements were: Union, Maj. Gens. John Sedgwick, Hiram G. Berry and Amiel W. Whipple, Brevet Maj. Gens, James Wadsworth and Alexander Hays, Brig. Gens. George D. Bayard, Conrad F. Jackson, Edmund Kirby, James C. Rice and Thomas G. Stevenson; Confederate officers of prominence were Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, Brig. Gens. Thomas R. R. Cobb, Junius

Interesting to Ping-Pong Players. An enthusiastic ping-pong player has discovered an ingenious method of restoring damaged balls. The celluloid balls commonly used are often bulged in and then thrown away as useless. Instead of throwing them away they should be dipped into very hot water. when the bulge will immediately disappear and the ball can be returned to play as good as ever. It is not necessary to immerse the whole ball. It is sufficient if the bulged part be dipped, and this can be done without scalding the

Daniel, Abener Perrin, Maxey Gregg, E.

F. Paxton, J. M. Jones, Leroy A. Staf-

ford and Micah Jenkins.

CAMP LIFE.

The Forester Learns Many Things

While in the Woods. The forester has opportunities to see and to know the wild life of the forest better than most men, says Paul Griswold Huston in the Atlantic. He hears the whistle of the quail and the drumming of the partridge, and frequently he finds their nests and sees their broods of young: he learns the ways of the wild ducks, stumbles upon the curious nests of the ovenbird, and becomes acquainted with many rare, shy birds; he has the best of chances to observe the squirrels and deer, the two most graceful animals in the woods, in their native homes amid the trees, and he comes across saplings against which deer have scraped their horns when in the velvet, follows their trails to his work, surveys through their feeding grounds where they have browsed the tips of cedar, hemlock, ash and basswood, picks up their castoff antlers lying among the leaves, and finds their beds of matted grass and ferns where they have lain. And, then, too, few things are quite so palatable as game cooked to a crisp over a wood fire in the open air, and nothing tastes so good as pure, fresh, cold water drunk straight from a brook, without the intervening aid of cup or glass. These also are the forester's advantages. He may fry some brook trout or pickerel for breakfast, roast a piece of venison for lunch, and broil a rabbit or squirrel for supper. The writer has had bass, venison and partridge in one day, and all taken within a mile of camp. This, it is true, is not the ordinary camp fare; but a taste of game is not at all uncommon, and guns and rifles are almost a necessary part of an outfit.

PAINTING WITH SAND.



W. S. O'Brien, of McGregor, Iowa, has invented a new form of decoration, which he calls sand mixing or painting. In the vicinity are different colored sands, which he has collected and arranged in jars, forming neutral pic-

Some of the jars contain as many a four different tints, which are placed in layers, in curves and other forms, to represent rock formations, glaciers and landscapes. One of the jars has a border of three different colors, and in the center is a realistic view of a prairie. with a background of mountains, the tops of which are covered with snow.

The sand is placed in the jars in a lose, dry state, and the work of packing some of the jars occupied many hours of Mr. O'Brien's leisure. They are packed in quart and pint jars, and one of the photographs reproduced shows a series of borderings which comprises twenty-five different designs and a score of different colors.

His Rebuke.

Years ago at a great university in Massachusetts there was a distinguished professor whose looms did not correspond to the sweetness and power of his mind. His face was one of the sort that suggests nicknames, and his way of walking and talking were easily turned to carlcature.

One of his students was a clever mimic. He took off the drolleries of all members of the faculty to the delight of his fellow students, and this professor came in for his share of ridicule.

It happened that once when the mimic was amusing some of his classmates with imitations of Prof. ---, one of the audience was a tactless telltale, who boarded at the professor's house. Of course he told the good old gentleman that he had been the object of irreverent ridicule.

The next day the professor called his mimic to his desk after class, and said, quietly:

"Mr. Harrison, I understand that you have been having some fun at my expense. I realize that I lend myself to caricature, and I do not mind your amusing yourself and others by taking off my peculiarities. All I suggest is that in the future you be careful to choose for your audience men of tact and good sense."

Lobsters Which Have Names.

"Yes, sir," said a Philadelphia fish dealer to a pressman, "nearly every lobster has a name on him-his own name, I suppose." Then he proceeded to show the newspaper man what he meant. He took a live lobster from a heap on the marble slab. "This one's name is Joe," he said, after he had inspected one of the lobster's legs. "Now killed you can find it for yourself."

The customer took the lobster gingerly by the body, where it could not reach his hand with its nippers. Turning it on its back, so that the brown legs flopped backward, a smooth streak half an inch long and nearly as wide was disclosed. In this streak, like a mosaic, were short lines, as if some one had printed with indelible brown ink

the characters "JOE." "Some lobsters are named Jim," the dealer said, "and some Jack, others John, and I once clearly made out the

name Julia." A married man's idea of home comforts is a shirt that is not made at

home Many a man who is capable of giving good advice isn't capable of earn-