WINDING UP TIME,

A wee, brown maid on the deorstep sat,
Her small face hid 'neath a wide-brimmed hat.
A broken clock on her baby knee
She wound with an ancient, rus'y kev.
"What are you doing, my pretty one?
P aying with Time?" I asked in fun. Large and wise were the soft, dark eyes, Lifted to mine in a grave surprise. "I'se windin' him up, to make him go, For he's so d'efful pokey and slow."
Winding up Time! Ah. bely mine,
How crawl these lengthened moments of thine,
How sadly slow goes the staid old man,
But he has not changed, since the world began, He does not change, but in after years, When he ming es our cup of joy with tears; And duties are many, and pleasures fleet, And the way grows rough 'neath our tired feet, When the day is too short for its crowd of

cares, And night surprises us unawares, We do not wish to hurry his feet, But find his go ng all too fleet. Ah, baby mine, some future day, You will throw that rusted key away And to Phoebus' car will madly cline, As it where along, like a winged thing, And wond r how, years and years are You could ever love thought that Time

- Pennsis B. Gast, in The Correst. WOMER'S BETEROS.

CRAPPER I. By and Rath Mathord was drawing near. By was the most promising young man is the neighborhood of Gray Eagle church, Arkaneaw. He pessessed many good traits of character, yet he had not that steadiness of purpose necessary to the achievement of-well, people who knew him said that unless he cultivated tenneity he would never set the world afire.

Ruth was a quiet, even tempered girl. In the picturing of gentleness, she could have appropriately served as a model.

Saturday evening, Ned was to come and spend Sunday. Ruth stood at the farm gate, looking down the road. She saw Ned coming and she waved her bandkerchief at him. "He is the dearest man in the world," she mused. "I will spend my life in devotion to

"There she stands," Ned mused. "Good girl, the right kind of a girl to make a good wife but-heigho.

"Ned, I thought you never would come," she said advancing to meet "I thought that I was making good

time, Ruth.' Oh, you might have thought so for

it is much more wearisome to wait than it is to travel." "Yes, I suppose so. Is your father

well?" he asked as he opened the gate for her. "No, not very. His cough does not seem to get any better.'

"Sorry to hear it. Shall we go to the house or walk awhile?" "You have walked enough, Ned.

Why didn't you ride?" Well, I was out in the woods. thinking, when the time for me to set out arrived, so I thought that it would be saving time to walk rather than to after to morcow." go back to the house and catch a

horse." Mr. Hatford, with feeble tread, was cordially greeted the young man, for longer, and with a natural anxiety for day. the welfare of his daughter, he looked

upon Ned as he would have looked upon a son. How are you feeling, Mr. Hatford?" the young man asked as he seated himself in a large arm chair which Ruth had drawn out from an

adjoining room. "I am not at all well, Ned. To tell you the truth, I believe that my time

here is short. "Oh, don't say that, father," the girl implored.

"I cannot help but say it, Ruth, when I feel it so strongly. It should not make you sad, for it is much better to be dead than it is to suffer without the slightest hope of recovery. It is the pain of this world that makes us willing to try the fortunes of the world to come. There is one thing that I cannot help but regret: This farm is mortgaged for all it is worth. Being hard pressed, in consequence of inability to look after my affairs, compelled me to go in debt.

Ned made no reply. Buth looked at him with an expression of engerness. She longed to hear him told her father that it made no difference. "He is devising some neble plan," she mused, but Ned's face showed no signs of generous econtemplation.

"Work," said the old mann, "I man lie dossn. I am afraid of the phenenut afr out liese."

with the." Bed remarked when the nid wism bad, with drawn, "hat me weak out into see gamen.

They walled among the flowers which the girl had so emedially emitiperfune of reses.

'Ned, sermening seems to be weighing on your mind. "I are not way wail."

"I am so seery. Can I do may thinge for wou?"

"No, I'll be all right stone They was no in sale no. Red's nume per owae resides, and his tropical sighs did not escape the pit's misses

vation.
"Ned please test me what is use matter with your Sonsoning mant be

"Hath, Et us sit dasse lases" They sat on a rustie breach. Accept a few moments of predittelion Nodom-

marked: "I fear that you are deceived in me. I am-"Now please don't upbraid yourself.

You are the best, the noblest man in the world." He sighed wearily. "No, I have be-

gun to believe that there is nothing good about me. Rutil, I-''

"I cannot marry you now. My circumstances-

"Now, Ned, you know that makes no difference. "Let me get through. My circumstances are such that I cannot afford to marry—cannot in justice to you af-Another thing, I have lived here in the country all my life and have never seen anything of the world. It is all right with a woman, but a man who has never been around don't have never seen anything of the world.

It is all right with a woman, but a "Ail right, Ruth," Ned replied. "I man who has never been around don't am willing to leave everything to you amount to anything. I have thought, I little girl, noble and patient with a

definitely postpone that little affair o ours. I want to go out west. I want to see something.

The She had arisen. coming from behind a fleecy fragment of cloud, threw its light upon her colorless face.

"Then you-have-been deceiving me. You don't love me!" she said

with a soh. "Now here, Ruth, don't talk that are you going?"

"To the house." "I hope that I have not offended you

"Oh, uo," she replied in % tone of never offended anyone. Good bye." "Here, Ruth, just a minute." Sho did not turn around.

Now I have fixed it," ha mused. "I intended to brgal it gently, but failed. Well. I have simply done my duty. I would be miserable if I were to Marry and settle down hers. It is impresible for a man to explain himself to a woman. Hange it, she don't want to understood me. I on sorry for the old man-and sorry for the girl, of course. Well, for that matter, am sorry for myself. All over. Now I'll show the people that I can secomplish something.

Ruth did not tell her father. The next day when he asked why Ned did not stay all night, she replied that he had a business appointment which he later, the old man died. Just before a lesson that he will never forget. I passing away, he spoke in high praise know that he loves me and I hate him of Ned. The girl was almost heart for it. broken, but she spoke to no one of her greater grief. The flower of her love became the thorn of hate, and deep within herself, she burned with revengeful desire.

The farm was sold and Ruth went out west to live with her uncle. Several years passed, but she had never ceased to pray for revenge. Her time was coming.

One day, with a feeling of pleasure, a kind of bitter delight, she learned that Ned Bly lived in the country, that | he had begun the practice of law in a town not far away. She felt sure he would come to see her, for he had tried to see her before she left her old

"Ruth," said her uucle, upon returning from the town, "I met an old friend of yours to-day. His name is Ned Bly. You know him, don't you?'

"Oh, yes, I know him. "He said that he had known you a long time. I had some law business and I gave it to him. The people say that he is a fine lawyer.

"I am glad to hear it. When you see him again, give him my compliments.

"All right. I am going back day When Mr. Hatford returned from

his second visit he said to Ruth: "When I told Bly that you sent your walking up and down the porch. He compliments, he seemed to be surprised. He blushed, I thought. Ah, Ruth, whom he had a pronounced regard. he is a capital fellow, and, by the way. Believing that he could not live much he promised to call here next Sun-

> "I shall be delighted to meet him, Ruth replied.

She was delighted, but what a delight! The face of her father came up before her. "Now," she mused, my time is coming. I will win his love. Then I will teach him a better lesson. I despise him!"

When Bly came, she met him without the slightest betraval of emotion. He had not changed.'

"Miss Ruth, time has not in the least altered you," he said, as he fondly looked upon her.

"No. I am about the same, I think." "I was afraid that you would hate "Oh, I could never hate you, Ned-

or Mr. Bly, rather. "That's right, eall me Ned. Why shouldn't you? We are old friends.

"Yes, we grew up together." "Let me see. Six years have passed since we parted in the garden.

"Yes," she said, with a sigh. "Six years—the longest of my life. Two years ago, I went back to the old home. It was four years to a day since we parted. I went into the garden, which I was glad to see, had undergone but little change, and sat on the old bench. I plucked a rose, I buve its withered leaves-

Ob. Ned-"Ruth, I was a food, but, during, I loved you then. Now, though, I worwhip you. Be my wife." Yos, 'she whispered.

When he but gome, and white she sest in her room, glouting over the mour prespect of her rereage, the fone of her deed frether onme up before

head! I will walk out on the floor with you ned thee, in the presume of the compensy, I will demonstrate you. Threats God, there the time is coming.

Med was hapey. As he drove tobright promoiners which spected once be-"It in bustons to: it is less thempeles.

and I married here my power age, I would have settled down on the form. n mente bubenen, without a single prespeater. I was not reading to any bing better. I was not reading by the mothing. I felt it within me best something much comment of it. Now I as in a fair way, not only to become prosperous, but to become wealthy. have always loved buth. I have never thought that she was entirely lost to me. Noble girl, her mind never

conceives a wrong thought." The time for the marriage was appo nted. Ruth was happy in her de termination of being avenged. "I will teach you what it is to suffer," sho thought. "How can the fool be so blind? Egotist, he thinks that I love him. Men are such fools '

A large number of people were in vited. Sed wanted the affair to be quiet, but Ruth said. "No. we wish to advertise our happiness," Ned. We want the people to see what happiness the union of two devoted hearts can

for several days, that we'd better in forberance which the angels themselves could not teach, you do not know how I worship you. I have bought a nice little house and-well, I long for you to see it. I want you to see how devoted a man can be. You are thoughtful, Ruth.

"I am thinking, love, of our coming happiness.' She turned her face from him. She was afraid that her thoughts of vengeance might be outlined on her counway. You can find a better husband tenance. "I know that we shall be than I could possibly be. Ruth, where happy," she said. "When loving hearts come together, sunshine must

follow." "Ah, little tressure, you shall be doubly paid for every privation. I have never ceased to think of you. sarcasm, "the courteous Mr. Bly Ruth, would you not rather be the wife of a prosperous lawyer than the wife of an indifferent farmer?"

"It would make no difference to me, dear, so long as I am your wife.' "You are an angel, Ruth. I don't believe that you ever had a bitter thought.

"Not against you, precious," she replied scarcely able to conceal her

"Rath, during our long separation, while many people were engious to compliment me, I did not cease to lowingly think of the quiet little girl who had won my bogish love. I know now that fate is kind, that this old world has been slandered.

The day arrived. Ruth sat in her room, waiting for the coming of the roan who had darkened her life. "When I denounce him," she mused, "uncle and aunt will say that I acted was compelled to meet. Two days rightly. Oh, I will teach that wretch

> Ned arrived. Ruth heard his merry laugh, and she laughed bitterly. She wore a rose in her hair, a rose which she fancied came from the old garden. When she descended the stairs and caught a glimpse of the company assembled in the parlor, she smiled. She would give them a piece of acting. Without betraying her desperate intention, she stood beside Ned. The minister advanced. Now was her time. She trembled violently. The ceremony was pronounced. She had said "yes." She sat down when her friends had congratulated her. When the people were gone she threw her arms around her husband and exclaimed:

"Oh, Ned, I worship you. Yes, the time for her revenge had 30me. - Arkansas Traveler.

An Old-Time School-Master.

A hundred and fifty years ago. among the German settlers of Penn sylvania, there was a remarkable old school-master, whose name was Christopher Dock. For three days he taught school at a little place called Skippack, and then for the next three

days he taught at Salford.

Whenever one of his younger scholars succeeded in learning his A B C, he good Christopher Dock required the father of his pupil to give his son a penny, and also asked his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat in honor of his diligence. To poor children in a new country these were fine rewards. At various other points in is progress, an industrious one of Dock's schools received a penw from his father and two eggs cooked by his mother. All this time he was not counted a member of the school, but only as on probation. The day on which a boy or girl began to read was the great day. If the pupil had been diligent in spelling, the master, on the morning after the first reading day, would give a ticket carefully written or illuminated with his own hand. This read: "Industrious one penny." This showed that the scholar was now really received into

the school. There were no clocks or watches; he children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the Testament autil all were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse without mistake stopped reading, and came and sat at the writingtable to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called

a Lazy Scholar. The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made ao mistake in their lessons. He marked a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had trying to go home without rubbing out this O!- From a "School of Long Ago, by Edward Egyleston, in St. Nicholas for

A Broukly a Small Boy's Saperstition. "Will you please give me a bow?" politely requested a little Brooklys boy of a gestlemes on Gates aved am.

'A what?' nelsed the estenished padedrine, stopping chirt. like grand fine d's chock.
"I wave, sie, is bout," pleaded the

obay. "What leind cha bow?" "This leised, rain," much take heat, heats-bring his house lives a duois in much under-

5 bot be. What do you was bit bus?" "Ob. I'm gettings a confections and 6 mms Every times may be dy given more in hery I manife it downs a con program. Whose I goes take propose feel I'm goes up to heary in. These whose I digit on I'll first group-

wing pice is it. "Oh, that's it, oh? Well, here's year how," and the gentle man, giving the youth a salaam that would have made au Eastern prince's eyes bulge ouglike white knobs on a black wal nut bureau. New York Jourgal.

Conclusive Evidence.

Judge Robert Grindrod, the Little Rock Englishman who annually celebrates the birthday of the queen, was recently summoned as a witness to testify in a case of hog stealing. "The 'am of the 'og was sold to me.

your honor, and halterwards when

suspicion was excited. I noticed that a part of the 'air of the 'ug was left or the 'air and Then we get the 'ide of the ug and saw that the 'air on the 'am fitted into the 'ole in the 'ide. The cyldenes was so constante that the third was convicted drausus

BILL NYE IN BOSTON.

An Account of a Visit to His Birthplace in the State of Maine.

Last week I visited my birthplace in the state of Maine. I waited thirty years for the public to visit it, and as there didn't seem to be much of a rush this spring, I thought I would go and visit it myself. I was telling a friend the other day that the public did not seem to manifest the interest in my birthplace that I thought it ought to, and he said I ought not to mind that. "Just wait," said he, "till the people of the United States have an opporturaty to visit your tomb, and you will be surprised to see how they will run excursion trains up there to Moosehead lake, or wherever you plant yourself. It will be a perfect pienie. Your hold on the American people, William, is wonderful, but your death would seem to assure it, and kind of crystalize the affection now existing, but still in a nebulous and gummy state."

A man ought not to criticise his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not felt well enough, and did not want to know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think | arm, and at a nod from the clork he I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house! There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in late years into mutual re- in the elevator, put the point of the spect and esteem. It was there that what might be termed a casual meeting took place that has, under the alchemy of resistless years, turned to umbrella out by the handle. golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason I tope that I may be spared to my parents for many years to come.

Many old memories now cluster about that old home, as I have said. There is, also, other old bric-a-brac which has accumulated since I was evening. Joe tried to soothe him, born there. I took a small stone from the front vard as a kind of "memento" of the occasion and the place. I do not think it has been detected yet. There was another stone in the yard, so it may be weeks before anyone finds

out that I took one of them. How humble the home, and yet boots, saying, "Now, undress your-what a lesson it should teach the boys self and I will soon have you in bed of America! Here, amid the barren and you can sleep till morning. and the inhospitable waste of rocks Smith begged as a special favor that and cold, the last place in the world | Joe would go away and leave him. He that a man would naturally select to said he could undress himself easy be born in, began the life of one who, by his own unsided effort, is after left him. Joe went down the elevator, years rose to the proud height of and Smith went out of his room and postmaster at Laramie City, Wyom-walked down the stairs, and was ing, and, with an estimate of the fu-standing in the office with the umbrelture that was almost prophetic, resigned before he could be characterzed as an offensive partisan.

Here on the banks of the raging Piscataquis, where winter lingers in the lap of spring till it occasions a good deal of talk, there began a caeer which has been the wonder and admiration of every vigilance com-

mittee west of the turbulent Missouri. There on that spot, with no mheritince but a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred of rum, with no personal property but a vator to the room to see if Smith was misfit suspender and a stone-bruise, there; Smith hurried up the stairs and began a life history which has never | got into the room, and pulled off his ceased to be a warning to people who coat, and was just trying to get his Il groceries on credit.

It should teach the youth of this told to come in. He opened the door, young land what giorious possibilities | saw Smith and the umbrella, turned may lie concealed in the rough and tough bosom of the reluctant present. It shows how steady perseverance and a good appetite will always win in the end. It teaches us that wealth is not indispensable, and that if we live as | told Joe he could undress, and Joe went we should, draw out of politics at the proper time, and die a few days before the public absolutely demand it, the matter of our birthplace will not be considered.

Still, my birthplace is all right as a pirthplace. It was a good, quiet place who was trying to register. "Stand in which to be born. All the old neighbors said that Shirley was a very as he pushed the register to the strangquiet place up to the time I was born there, and when I took my parents by the hands and gently led them away in the spring of 43, saying: "Parents, this is no place for us," it became

quiet. It is the only birthplace I have, however, and I hope that all the readers of The Globe will feel perfectly free to go there any time and visit it, and carry their dinner, as I did. Extravageot cordiality and overflowing hospitality have always kept my birthplace back .- Boston Swutte Globe.

A Drunk Umbrella.

A most laughable scene was witness ed at the Plankington House one evening last week. A traveling man named Smith was the cause of it all. Smith has a new-tashioned umbrella. which is the result of the study of some gesius. The ribs of the umbrella have joints in the center, so that unless the umbrella is spread it looks like the worst wreck of an umbrelle in the world. The cloth lorgall around he handle, ribs that look as though they were broken stick in every direction, the umbrella is half Frong side out, and eny one who should see it is that be a simple turn of the wrist the tion, and look like a new umbralla right out of the store. Any man who should carry that umbrella along the street under his arm would at once though he might be a temperance apostle, a prohibitionist, or a preacher. The umbrella has a drunk look, when in repose. Sinith was showing his umbrella to some friends, and all had a laugh over it, when somebody soggested that they go to the hotel and tool the clerks and guests into the belief that Smith was drunk, solely on the strength of the umbodila. It was agreed that Smith should let them do anything with him that was suggested. He was simply to put his but on the? back of his head, muss his hair up. and let the underella and his friends do the rest. He was not to stagger, or show any evidence of drunkenness, except to insist that he did not want to go to bed yet. be they went into the office, and Smith, with the unbestla under his arm, hanging listicarly down to his knees, leaned against the counter, his silves on the marble, and his shin on his hand. The clerk book-ed at him, and the embredia. If there was ever a drunken man, the clark Press.

bed. The bell was rung, and Joe, the porter, was instructed to show the gentlemen to his room. Joe saw the umbrella and winked at the clerk, as much as to say he had dealt with a good many such guests in his time, and he took Smith by the arm and told him he had better come along quietly to bed, and he would feel better in the morning. Smith said he go to bed, but Joe took hold of his urged Smith along towards the elevator, the umbrella hanging all over, the ribs sticking against Joe, catching on the elevator door and running into the elevator man's coat. Smith sat down umbrella on the floor, when it turned wrong side out, and when they arrived at Smith's floor he dragged the started off in an opposite direction from his room, and Joe caught him, and led him the other way, Smith all the time saying he did not want to go to bed, he had an engagement to meet a man at 8:30, and it was an outrage to be dragged off to bed in a firstclass hotel in the shank of the and finally got him in his room, and Smith laid the umbrella on the bed and was going to sit down on it. when Joe grabbed it out from under him, told him the umbrella was demoralized enough without being sat on, and he egan to pull off Smith's enough, and finally Joe went out and standing in the office with the umbrella under his arm, talking with his friends apparently just as drunk as ever, when Joe came out of the elevator. Joe looked at Smith as though he was a ghost, and walked around him twice before he spoke, and then he walked up to Smith and said, "I thought I just put you to bed?" Smith looked at Joe in astonishment, and said, "I beg pardon, sir, but I believe I have never met you before." Joe looked again at the umbrella, and at Smith, and then he went up the eleboots off, when Joe wrapped, and was pale, asked if he could be of any help, and said there was a man down in the office that resembled him a good deal and was about as drunk, and had mashed his umbrella terrible. Smith out and Smith put on his coat and went down the stairs and when Joe came out of the elevatar Smith was looking over the register, with his umbrella hanging loose, one of the points in the overcoat pocket of a stranger back, please," said the clerk to Smith, er. Then turning to Joe the clerk said, "I thought I told you to put that drurken man to bed." Joe looked at Smith, and his eyes stuck out, and the perspiration came out on his face as he told the clerk that he had put the other drunken man to bed, that this was evidently his twin brother, as he had been up to the other one's room, and he was there all right. "Well, take this one to the pound, or the refrigotor, or somewhere," said the clerk. At this Sn8th's friends began to laugh, and Smith straightened his umbrella out and looked as sohor as anybody, and the clerk and the porter soon found that they had been fooled by a drunk and disorderly umbrella. The umbrella has been quite a curios ity at the hotel for several days, many respectable citizens trying to borrow it to take home to fool their wives with. One gentleman said if he should go home with that umbrella in that shape, his wife would procure a divorce. Joe said he had been fooled a good many times, but he never was so completely taken in as he was by Smith and the drunk umbrella .-Peck's Sun. "Treating" and Law.

thought, Smith was. The clerk turned

to one of Smith's friends and said,

friend said he was trying to get

Smith to go to bed, so the clerk

said to Smith, "Guess you better go to bed." Smith raised his head,

pulled the umbrella around and laid

it on the register, and said it was only

eight o'clock, and he didn't want to

go to bed. The clack looked at Smith

and the umbrella, which was collapsed

all over the counter, and thought it

was the saddest case he had seen.

People gathered around and looked at

the umbrella and Smith, and thought

he must have been out in a cyclone of

beer. One of the friends asked the

clerk to call a porter and put Smith to

"Your frend is pretty full."

The silure which is any unced of the "anti-treating" law in Nebraska was a foregone conclusion. No law could be framed for such a purpose which could not be evaded; and any law attempting to achieve such a got the reputation of being drunk, purpose was sure to be provocative of evasion. It was one of those invasions of natural right which man instinctively regards as a chalenge. It was safe to predict when the law passed that men who had never treated in their lives would try it once, for the mere purpose of showing their contempt for the law or asserting their independence. The result shows that the prediction would have been abundantly verified. The effort to find methods of evading the law has given a very decided impetus to the drink-

ing habit This is unquestionably a misfortune. The "treating" habit is undoubtedly a great evil. It lies at the root of a rest amount of intemperance. It responsible for fully lifty per cent. of the drinking that is done, and probably for much more. It is the cause more than anything size of that "drink ing between drinks." which has been described as the only drinking which produces drunkenness - furges Free Law and Lawyers.

It cannot be supposed that every one who appears in a court of justice possesses that amount of familiarity with his country's laws which would make him a fit or capable exponent of his own cause, although there are some chronic offenders who, by long experperience, have become as expert in cheating the gallows and the jail, as a regularly ordained counsellor at

Almos every person who attains years of maturity, sooner or later, has some cause which can be settled only at the bar of justice, as, for instance, when the matured person refuses to comply with his promise to commit matrimony, and refuses to meet his other obligations.

The duties of a lawyer are not such as can be discharged by one who is unfamiliar with their requirements, for the art of bullyragging witnesses and throwing dust in the optics of the jury is not as easy as might be supposed. It requires time to harden the cheek of the criminal lawyer to the requisite degree of toughness.

At all times the harvest of lawvers has been abundant, and there is no immediate reason for fearing that the supply will diminish, as the crop is not affected by late frost or drouth, or the seventeen year locusts.

Laws are formed to guide the good and restrain the evil, but they do neither the one nor the other, owing to the skill with which the laws are perverted by the lawyers, who get themselves elected to the legislature, where thay can mix up the laws so as to promote litigation. Its apostles and expounders should try above all others to see its majesty maintained. The fact that a man is a lawyer does not argue that he is wholly abandoned -that he has nothing in common with his fellow man. Their interests are identical with those of other citizens. They cannot harm others without sooner or later harming themselves. Let the lawyer vindicate truth and elevate his profession from the lab-

rynths of past darkness. The first duty of every citizen is to his county. Law is the only profession that reverses this maxim. The lawyer claims that his first and highest duty is to his client. He has no desire to see justice vindicated; usually that is pracisely what he tries to prevent. Since the days of Socrates this has been a legal maxim: "The advocate should keep probability in view, and say farewell to the truth." This is a little trying to tender susceptibilities, but it is true. It is rather a cruel statement of the case, but lawvers throughout the world's history have justified the remark. Few lawyers ever make a speech at the bar that is not full of fallacies. The most brilliant advocate and the most contemptible shyster make common cause to subvert the laws of their country .-Texas Siftings.

Traveling in 1700.

From an illustrated paper on "Social Life in the Colonies, by Edward Eggleston, in the July Century, we quote the following: "The Virginia planter of the richer sort, who was said to live with more show and luxury than a country gentleman in England on an estate of three or four thousand pounds a year, showed a strong liking for the stately six-horse coach, with postilions; but it was not until 1720 that wheeled carriages were recognized in the legal price-list of the Virginia ferries. In the other colonies, also the coach was valued as a sign of official or family dign ty, and some of the richer Carolinian, carried their luxury so far as to have carrages, horses, coachmen, and all, imported from England'; but in Carolina, and everywhere north of Virginia, the light open 'chair' or the covered chaise was generally preferred. These were better suited to the roughness and sinuosity of the roads than the coach. The chaise was a kind of two-wheeled gig, having a top, and drawn sometimes by one, and sometimes by two horses; the chair had two wheels, but no top; the sulky, which was much used, differ from the chair chiefly in having room for but one person. All these seem to have been hung on straps, or thorough-braces, instead of springs. Boston ladies in the middle of the eighteenth century took the air in chaises or chairs, with negro drivers. Boston gentlemen also affected negro attendants when they drove their chairs or rode on saddle-horses. But in rural regions, from Pennsylvania northward, ladies took delight in driving about alone in open chairs, to the amazement of European travelers, who deemed that a paradise in which women could travel without protection. Philadelphians were fond of a long, light, covered wagon, with benches, which would carry a dozen persons in an excursion to the country. Sedan-chairs were occasionally used in the cities. The Dutch introduced sleighs into New York at a very early date; but sleighs for pleasure, though known in Boston about 1700, only came into general use in the northern provinces at a somewhat later period. The first stage wagon in the colonies was run from Trenton to New Brunswick, twice a week, fluring the sommer of 1738. It was a link in the tedious land and water journey from Philadelphia to New York, and travelers were promised that it would be fitted up with benches, and covered

The Effect of Wind on Sait Crystals. Coarse salt is made in the West Indies by the solar evaporation of sea water. The places chosen for its production are selected on account of the extraordinary saline strength of the water there. The water is allowed to ron into shallow ponds direct from the eean, and when a proper depth has been obtained, generally two or three feet, the entrance to the pond is closed and the water is evaporated by the sun and winds, and a deposit of sait is left. It requires about four months to evaporate three feet of water. The salt is then gathered into plice ready for delivery. Its quality depends atmust entirely upon the caprices of nature. A dry and windy season will produce large and hard organic, the torist desirable characteristics of course sait. while if little wind blows the sait

is his grained and poor.

over, so that passengers may sit easy