HELEN LAKEMAN;

—OR,—

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

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"Excuse me," he said. There was a timid acceptance of the apology, and the slight form drew back in the dark part of the road for him to pass.

"It is so dark here!" said Warren.

"Very dark, Mr. Stuart," responded a voice, sweetly.

"I beg pardon, but is not this Helen?"

"It is, sir," was the timid response.

"Were you at church?"

"Yes sir."

"And are now on your way home alone?"

"Yes sir, but I don't mind it. I am not afraid and the walk is pleasant."

"But you shall not go alone, Helen; I will be your escort."

"Oh, if you please, sir, I am not afraid," the girl said, timidly. "The moon shines brightly, and I do not want to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Helen, it's no trouble to me," he said, laughing, and he took her arm as if she were some great lady.

They walked on and began to talk about the sermon. Warren could not but contrast the depth of Helen's conversation with the shallowness of Hallie Arnold. As the timidity left her she began to converse with a knowledge surprising in a hired girl. Where had she learned so much? was the question our hero asked himself. As they came out into a more open part of the road the moon fell upon her upturned face. Oh, how lovely it looked. The large blue eyes were dark and brilliant. The unconfined hair was ringlets of gold, and the form, neatly, but not grandly, attired, was beautiful.

They were just in the midst of an animated conversation upon the sermon when the moon's rays revealed the real loveliness of Helen Lakeman. Warren Arnold never has forgotten, and we are assured he never will forget, that moonlight walk. He may have had other happy moments in his life, but this, the first dawning of a pure love, was the happiest moment of his existence.

He asked Helen why she did not go to church in the forenoon, and she answered that having to get dinner she did not have time. She only got an opportunity to steal away and hear the word of God after she had done her day's work and put little Amos to bed.

"But why did you not go with mother and sister in the carriage?"

She made no answer to this and Warren bit his lip. There was room for the minister, his wife, and even Peddler Pete, but this poor girl, who was an angel on earth, after toiling all day Sunday, was compelled to walk a mile and a half to church. The neglect of his parents, however, had given him the blessed privilege of Helen's company, and he had discovered how precious she was to him

We will not attempt to record their conversation. It was not of love, but love itself. Both knew it, both felt, yet both struggled against it. The old farm-house was reached too soon, and he conducted Helen, much against her desire, to the sitting-room, where his parents and their visitors were.

Had a bomb-shell exploded in the room the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart could not have been greater. Warren was sure there was a frown of anger on the face of his father, and a look of pain spread over his mother's features.

CHAPTER IV.

PEDDLER PETE MAKES A REVELATION.

If Warren's parents felt any great vexation, they did not evince it by words. In an instant the look of surprise and pain had vanished from their features.

"Sit in here, Helen," said Mrs. Stuart, "we are going to have evening prayer."

Helen, who was quick to perceive the change in the features of her employers, knew they were displeased, and was in the act of going to the kitchen. Warren, knowing that he had done no wrong, sat down upon the old-fashioned sofa, his whole soul aroused to rebellion against his parents. He possessed a proud, sensitive nature, and the very fact that his parents had neglected Helen Lakeman, and allowed her to walk alone through the dark forest to church, vexed and annoyed him. But his mother spoke kindly to her, and he was somewhat mollified.

While Mr. Blaze was reading a chapter from the Bible, he watched the face of Helen, so beautiful, so sweet and earnest. There was a heavenly piety in it, which seemed to place a halo of holy light about those golden curls. She was opposite him, and as she knelt in prayer he could but observe her. The prayer of Mr. Blaze was earnest and warm, but Warren heard very little of it. When the amen was pronounced and all arose to their feet, Helen retired to her small room in the rear of the kitchen.

Warren could not sleep that night. Many others have been in a like condition. A person may find sleep with the toothache, with a broken limb or when suffering the most intense physical pain, but whoever went to sleep when harrassed and annoyed with the doubts, fear and hopes of love, until completely worn out. This new emotion had burst upon Warren so suddenly that he was almost overwhelmed. After tossing about upon his bed for sometime, in his vain effort to woo the drowsy god, he arose and crept softly down the stair-way. He went out into the moonlight, and his eyes involuntarily turned toward the rear kitchen where was the small apartment which was Helen's sleeping room. He walked down the wooded road, now so dear to him by the recent walk from church; he sat down beneath a large oak tree and strove to cool his heated brain. This was the weakest of follies, he knew; but then we are weak creatures.

"Why am I so agitated, so annoyed to-night?" he asked himself.

Had the question been asked Warren Stuart: "Are you in love with this hired girl?" he would undoubtedly have answered: "No," though he was willing to admit that she was beautiful, good as an angel, and possessed the most loveable qualities of any person he had ever met. Yet there was a certain pride in his nature, which revolted at the idea of his marrying a hired girl. This pride was not dead, and would have to be overcome before he could be induced to propose marriage to Helen; but it was numbed and might be worn down by any sudden torrent of feeling.

He returned to the house and crept softly up to his room. Though he slept but little that night, he was less restless than before he took his moonlight walk.

The next morning he was feeling dull and heavy. His brothers had long been up, and were feeding and currying their horses, while their breakfast was preparing. The minister and his wife were going to Newton that morning and Warren was the person selected to take them.

"I guess if yer goin' to town to-day I'll jist go 'long to take the train for Chicago," said Peddler Pete; "ye see my stock's runnin' low, an' I had better replenish jist a little."

The preacher and his wife sat on the rear seat. Pete, having asked pardon and got the permission to light his pipe, was enjoying a smoke during the morning ride.

The road to Newton was through a rich farming country. Sandy Fork was the most fertile portion of the State. On this delightful spring morning every thing seemed fresh and lovely. The whistle of the plow-boy and songs of the birds made the air melodious. The fields, lately plowed, were black in the richness of their soil, the winter wheat and oats made them look like green canvas paintings. No picture could express the loveliness of the morning, for here nearly all the senses were permitted to drink in the glories of nature's loveliness.

"This is a grand mornin'," said Pete, who possessed not a little poetry in his soul, yet without the ability to express it. "This is a lovely mornin'. Do ye know, Warren, what it 'minds me of?"

"No," said Warren, whose mind had been occupied ever since they started. The minister and his wife were talking and paying no attention to the men in the front seat. Pete noticed this, and leaning forward said, in a low tone: "A certain little gal what works in a gentleman's kitchen to get a livin' for herself an' a crippled brother." The shrewd peddler winked and fixed his eyes on Warren.

Warren's face turned red. Why had the peddler alluded to her? Did he observe the look of dismay upon the face of his parents when he returned from church with her the night before?

"I'll tell ye, Warren," said the peddler, in a low tone, "I don't blame ye one doggon bit—providen' yer in earnest; but lem me tell ye somethin'—if ye go to breakin' that gal's heart, yer meaner than a feller who peddles brass earings or pizen medicine. She's a good gal, Warren, with an 'all-wool' heart—there's no cotton chain or fillin' about her—she's no cheat an' as good as gold."

Pete had a habit of rating people as he did his merchandise. Having spent all his life in a certain trade it became a part of his language, and a part of himself.

Warren felt like a criminal; he asked himself in his own mind whether he was a villian or not. He knew that he could not get his parents' consent to his marriage with her, and he had not really obtained his own. Perhaps this feeling was only sympathy and interest in the poor girl.

"Pete," he said, "who was it that wronged this girl? who robbed her of her home, the Plumber place?"

"Why the man who owns it now—old Jim Arnold."

"How was it done?"

"Done, it was one o' them steals which is done in court. Ye see, when Mr. Lakeman died, he was but little known. There was a security debt of five hundred dollars against him, an' old Jim Arnold he bought it. Well, ye see, Arnold got a thief named Smith administrator, a regular cheat, with 'cotton chain an' toe fillin';' then they went to lawin' this five-hundred-dollar claim, an' spent all the personal property doin' it. There warn't enough to pay funeral expenses an' doctor bill, 'though Mr. Lakeman were well fixed when he died. After that was settled a guardian was appointed for the two children, who, of course, were 'titled to a homestead. Well, the guardian was off the same piece o' cloth as the administrator. Here was five hundred dollars to pay, and a farm an' a piece o' raw land to pay it out of. The townmen Arnold, he has the homestead o' the children set off among the breaks an' hills, not worth ten cents an acre, an' a farm worth five thousand dollars sold. He bought it in at five hundred."

"Why, how could this be done?" Warren asked.

"Ye see, Arnold owned the lawyers in it, an' the probate judge, too."

"Why was it not appealed to a higher court?"

"It was, an' there they found the rottenest goods in the whole pack; the lower court might not a had any better sense, but the other judge he was—well he was bought jist like a piece o' calico, an' he's shoddy goods at that. He held it all to be regular, an' dismissed the appeal!' 'Nother lawyer tried to take it the Supreme Court, but ye see the administrator's lawyer an' the guardians' lawyer, who were shoddy goods, come in an' dismissed the whole thing."

"And those poor children were swindled?"

"Yes; worse swindled than they'd a been by a second-hand clothing Jew merchant in Chatham street, New York."

The remainder of the drive to town was made in silence, and Warren returned alone. His mind was busy. This girl then was not of low parentage, though her occupation was humble. Humble—was it not noble? He resolved to know more of Helen Lakeman.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. ARNOLD DOES HER DUTY.

Plain, unassuming, modest Helen Lakeman, to whom duty to her crippled brother was more than all things else, strove to crush out the image of Warren Stuart from her heart, and also to blot out the memory of that moonlight walk to church. We all know how hard it is to forget that which is pleasant to remember. In trying to reason with herself that she should forget Warren, she was constantly bringing his image before her mind. The pleasure of remembering *that pleasure* was always attended with pain. But Helen had an all-powerful panacea to mental troubles in ambitious work. There was enough to keep her mind and hands busy. Then all her hours of recreation were spent with her afflicted brother. If she found herself dreaming ambitious dreams in which Warren Stuart was her hero, she immediately banished them from her mind, and applied herself industriously to her household duties. Warren frequently of an evening came to the rear porch, with a book or paper, for he said it was the coolest place, being on the east side of the L, which formed the kitchen; but somehow Warren never read his book or paper, but spent his time in talking with Helen or amusing Amos. The little cripple grew quite fond of him, and used to call him frequently against the protests of his sister, who blushed profusely in spite of herself when Warren came.

The afternoons were usually employed by Helen in sewing for Mrs. Stuart, for she was "handy with the needle." Nearly every afternoon found Warren there also, unless his father and mother devised some plan to keep him away.

Poor Helen—she was blamed; although she did nothing to encourage the young physician.

Mr. Stuart said he thought when he sent Warren to college it would make him know more than ordinary mortals, but where a pretty face was concerned he was about as big a fool as any other boy.

Deluded man, did he suppose love could be educated out of the human heart, and did he suppose he could add one atom of wisdom to a love-sick youth?

Warren's parents did not forbid his frequent attentions to Helen in direct words; they were too wise for that; but they did every thing they could to discourage them, and tried to find something for him to do to keep him away from the kitchen. Mr. Stuart grew sullen, and even cross, to the little crippled boy whom he had fondled and petted before. Mrs. Stuart, good woman, was kind to both Helen and her little brother. She knew it was not the poor girl's fault.

Helen was quick to perceive that Warren's manner toward her was causing his parents uneasiness, and appreciated the fact that a hired girl for a daughter-in-law fell far below the ambition of the Stuarts. She kept away from church for two Sabbaths, and when she went on the third, Warren, who had set parental vigilance at defiance, overtook her and accompanied her to church against her protest. On the way home she sought to avoid conversation with him, but as they paused at the rear gate he caught her hand and said:

"Helen, I love you, I can't help it; I don't care if the whole world knows it. Do you love me in return?"

She cast a frightened, appealing glance in his face, full of mild entreaty, and said: "Oh do not talk so, it is—it is wicked," and bursting into tears broke away from him and ran to the kitchen.

"HELEN, I LOVE YOU!"

If Warren had the opposition of his parents, he had the sympathy of his sweet, though mischievous, sister Rose. She was quick to discern her brother's fondness for Helen, and already knowing her good qualities resolved in her way to help them. Every young fellow in love is almost sure to find a sympathetic friend in his sister.

There was another family in the Sandy Fork neighborhood as much annoyed as, if not more so, than the Stuarts, over the young doctor and the hired girl. It was the Arnolds. Why had he not visited their house more frequently since his return?

"I declare, he hasn't been to see Hallie but once since he came back," said Mrs. Arnold, raising her head high in order to look under her spectacles.

"He's taken up with that hired girl", said Hallie, spitefully, "and I guess I don't want him."

"Well, it's a strange thing to me," said Mrs. Arnold, holding a needle before her, and trying to thrust a sharp-pointed thread through it, "that Mrs. Stuart can't see what her son is doing. Mighty little use for them to send a boy through college if he's comin' back home to throw himself away on a dish-washer."

"Let him marry her if he wants to, nobody cares," said Hallie, who was doing some fine embroidery work.

"Well, now, Hallie, that's not the way to talk about these matters. If I had a son and he was about to throw himself away on some poor trash I'd thank anybody to come and tell me in time to prevent the ruin, and I don't know but what it's my duty to go at once and warn Mrs. Stuart. You see, our eyes are always blinded to the faults of our own children."

"He had her to church last Sunday," said Hallie; adding to herself: "I'd like to scratch her big blue eyes out."

"He didn't, did he?" cried Mrs. Arnold, looking in the air and holding one hand up in horror.

"Yes, he did."

"Oh, now, Hallie, you must be joking?"

"No, it's true; Jim Davis told me so."

"Then its a lie. Jim only told you that to aggravate you. Jim has been trying to come to our house for a long time, and he thinks if he could get Warren Stuart out of the way he could."

"But I heard it confirmed by others."

"Well, then, Mrs. Stuart don't know it; I know they know nothing about it. It's my duty to go and tell them."

"Yes, and have them say you are meddling with other people's business," said Hallie, tears of indignation rising in her eyes.

Hallie was in fact almost in despair. She had struggled so long to get the "best catch" in Sandy Fork in her net, and just as she thought she had succeeded, to have him triumphantly led away by a hired girl was too much.

"I don't care what they say," said Mrs. Arnold. "I'm going to do my duty—if people don't thank me for it I have a clear conscience."

Mrs. Arnold was sure that it was a mere matter of duty. She was not actuated by any selfish notions, but acted wholly from a sense of duty as a neighbor. She was satisfied that that hired girl was not as good as she ought to be, and that she was silently playing a deep game, though how she became satisfied on this point we do not know. That afternoon she arrayed herself in her dark-brown dress, changed her steel-bowed spectacles for her gold ones and put on her large, rounded bonnet which she wore to "meetin'." Mrs. Stuart met her at the door, shook hands with her and asked her in.

"I have come to spend the afternoon," said Mrs. Arnold, with her head high in the air, as if she was trying to peep over or under her spectacles, "and I've brought my knitting, too."

"I HAVE COME TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON."

"Well, I'm glad you have," said Mrs. Stuart, bringing her to the sitting-room and offering her the best rocking chair.

Mrs. Arnold was the high-toned gossip of the neighborhood. She knew all about the "first weddings" that were to "come off" long before anybody else. She did not mix up much with scandal, leaving that for the mother Tantrums and Grundys to attend to, but she was authority on dress and rumor. It was no easy matter to broach the subject of her errand, and Mrs. Arnold found the evening half spent and it had not been alluded to. It must be done, and she began nerving herself for the task. Mrs. Arnold was a woman of no little courage, but how to speak to this quiet, self-possessed yet confiding Mrs. Stuart, so as to make her words effective, was a puzzle to her. At last she did it. It was after a long spell of trying to pick up a dropped stitch, when she laid her knitting in her lap and elevating her nose in the air so as to look under her spectacles, she started out:

"Do you know the talk that is goin' round about Warren?"

"No," answered Mrs. Stuart, in surprise. The two ladies were alone, and Mrs. Arnold moved her chair up a little nearer to her neighbor and said:

"People say he's going to marry."

"Marry—marry who?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"Your *hired girl*." There was just the least contempt in the answer.

"It's false; I don't believe it," said Mrs. Stuart, with indignation.

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STORIES OF GRANT AND LEE.

A Famous Relic—Gen. Lee's Supply Train—A Piece of Marble.

One of the most famous relics of the rebellion was, until recently, in the possession of Mrs. Ord, but it is now owned by Mr. Gunther, a wealthy confectioner of Chicago. This article was the identical table upon which Gens. Grant and Lee signed that famous paper surrendering Lee's entire army, and virtually ending the great civil war. It is a very ordinary piece of cabinet work, being made of the cheapest materials, but having a marble top. There can be no doubt but that this is the table used on that memorable occasion, as Mrs. Ord had in her possession a letter from Gen. U. S. Grant to that effect. Until recently Mrs. Ord refused all offers for its purchase, but finally sold it to Mr. Gunther for $1,000, one-third of the price originally asked.

"You cannot imagine how I regretted to part with the table," said Mrs. Ord, with considerable feeling. "Mrs. Grant wanted it, so did Col. Fred Grant and many others, but they would not pay the sum I asked. Gen. Ord thought a great deal of the relic, and was always pleased to talk about it. He was present when the surrender was signed at Appomattox Court House, and knowing that its future value would be great, set it aside. At the time of the surrender the distinguished party did not proceed to business until fully half an hour after they had met. They smoked their cigars and chatted about their families and other purely private matters. Finally the conversation turned to the war and the causes of Lee's surrender.

"During this conversation Lee remarked to Grant that he was unable to account for the disappearance of his supply train. Had he not have lost it Lee said that he would not be in the situation he then was. Sheridan, who stood at the back of the noted Confederate general's chair, was perfectly aware of what had become of the supply train, for he captured it. Turning to Gen. Ord, he gave a mischievous wink, that, could Lee have seen it, would have solved the conundrum as to the fate of his supplies.

"In one corner of the marble top of the table is a nick about an inch long and probably a quarter of an inch deep. This was caused by the hilt of Gen. Lee's sword striking the table when he rose after signing the paper. The marble chip fell off on the floor, but Gen. Sheridan picked it up and put it in his pocket. I do not know what became of it."

Continuing, the lady said that the table Mrs. Gen. Custer has, and which she claims was the one upon which Lee's surrender was signed, was not the table it purported to be, although it is one of great historic value. It is the one upon which Gen. Gibbon wrote the order that was afterward signed by Grant, announcing Lee's surrender. Gen. Custer was present at the time, and, after the other parties had left the room, seized the table and handed it out of the window, telling one of his men to take care of it for him.—San Diego Union.

Why the Soldiers Desert.

An ex-soldier was telling his experiences a few days ago. "Do you want to know," he asked, "why it is that so many solders desert from the army? Nearly one-third of the army deserts every year, and there are 12,000 courts martial every twelve months, and this, remember, in an army which doesn't consist of many more than 30,000 men when the ranks are pretty full. Well, the reason so many desert is that they are treated more like dogs than men—no, not like dogs, for I would rather be an officer's dog than a musket carrier—and never receive any consideration whatever. That's why a better class of men doesn't join the army. I don't kick on the pay the common soldier gets—$13 a month and clothes and grub is more than many a man with a family to support gets—but the things the private puts up with are too hard to bear, and it's a wonder that fifty officers ain't shot every year by their men.

"Of course the officers will deny that there is any brutality in the army, but it's there all the same, and the men would rather a good deal be sent to the military prison at Fort Leavenworth than serve in the ranks—that is a good many of them. Why, a private darsen't speak to his superior officer, a young cad just out of West Point, without permission. There's too much of the English snobbery in our army. Outside the English our army is the most exclusive aristocracy in the world. It's mostly made up of officers now, anyhow, there being an officer for every eight men or so. It's nearly as top heavy as the navy and about as useless. It supports a lot of lazy loafers, and that's about all it's good for. There's good men in the army, of course, but there's nothing for them to do but draw their pay. Perhaps you think I'm a little bitter, but then you must remember that I served five years in the ranks—which is worse than five years in Joliet any time."—Chicago Tribune.

His Certificate of Deposit.

As queer things happen sometimes at the banks as anywhere else. It was not long ago that a galootish looking fellow walked into the First National and asked for a certificate of deposit. He counted out his money and handed it through the window. The teller took it, counted it, and threw it into his box. Then taking his great canvas covered book, wherein are entered the signatures of the thousands of people who hold certificates of the First National, he threw it around and passed it through for the galoot to sign. The next instant, when the teller looked up, the depositor was half way down the big banking room with that great book under his arm and making for the door. There were the money boxes to look out for and the drawers to close, and the clerk could get out in pursuit only by running down and around 100 feet of counters. He didn't try to do all these things. He helloed to the nearest customer he saw outside to run and stop that fellow with the great canvas covered book. That was no difficult matter. The man was making his way painfully and dowly down Dearborn street, and came back cheerfully. He thought that that forty pound book, he said, was his certificate of deposit.—Chicago Herald.

Homing Pigeons at Key West.

Mr. O'Donnell, of the United States signal service, has gone to Key West, Fla., for the purpose of establishing communication by means of homing pigeons between that point and the West India Islands, for the benefit of the signal service. Mr. O'Donnell will commence his experiments with about fifty young birds. When properly trained he will give the birds to captains of vessels, who will take them out to sea and liberate them. At first he will take them out four or five miles, gradually increasing the distance, until the West Indies are reached. It will enable the signal service, if the birds can be successfully trained, to give quicker and more definite and reliable information in regard to the prevalence and character of storms and the condition of weather on the several islands.—Boston Budget.

Punishing a Dude.

In a Pittsburg theatre, the other night, a citizen arose in his seat and violently hurled a potato at a dude who was examining his (the citizen's) wife through an opera glass; and thereupon three or four hundred persons vigorously applauded the husband.—New York Sun.

AZTECS AND TOLTECS.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CITIES OF A BYGONE CIVILIZATION.

Ancient Ruins in Mexico and Central America—A People to Be Speculated Over by Archæologists and And Antiquarians—Discoveries of Travelers.

The light thrown on this ancient civilization of the Toltecs in Mexico and Central America by the recent discoveries in Arizona, is of value in establishing certain traditions which have long been known and upon which many theories have been based. Tradition has always said that the Toltecs, who probably arrived in the vale of Anahuac sometime in the Fourth century, came from the north, and this the present discoveries confirm. That they took their civilization with them instead of developing it in the valley of Mexico is also certain. Perhaps, too, the destruction of these cities of the Salt River valley may explain the more stable character of the Toltec ruins in Mexico and Yucatan, and some of the peculiarities in their construction.

The ruins in the vale of Anahuac and in Yucatan and Honduras are all characterized by the same general features, and it has been supposed that for the most part they were builded by the Toltecs, and that the Aztecs, who drove out the Toltecs from Mexico, and whose king, Montezuma, was conquered by Cortez, added but little to the Toltec civilization which they found and conquered. It is interesting to note in this connection that Dr. Daniel Wilson considers the mound builders of the Ohio valley and the United States the probable ancestors of the Aztecs, and that modern discovery seems to reveal many traits of the mound builders in the Aztecs. If such were the case it is evident that either great progress was made by the mound builders before they could develop the civilization which Cortez found in Mexico, or that that civilization was in large part the work of a race whom the Aztecs conquered and whose civilization they added to their own. From the earth mounds of the Ohio valley it is quite a step to the stone palaces and temples and mounds banked with stone, with elaborately carved facades, which are found in Mexico and Yucatan.

RUINS OF YUCATAN.

The ruins of Yucatan are of particular interest. So early as 1839 and 1841 Stevens and Catherwood visited these ruins and made fine drawings of many of them. Other explorers have followed, and though our knowledge of them is still very incomplete, yet enough is known to make it sure that at one me a wonderful civilization existed amid ae tropical forests of Yucatan. Today vast pyramidal mounds or terraces are found, not terminating in a point, as did the Egyptian, but having on their summits platforms that support ponderous structures of hewn stone, which were unquestionably erected for purposes of a sacred character. Many of these teocalli were of earth, but the greater part were built of brick or stone. Palaces were also constructed on these mounds. At Palenque, in Chiapas, the most southern province of Mexico, are ruins of a palace on the top of a vast mound, whose base was 310 by 260 feet, and height 40 feet, and the palace on the summit 228 by 180 feet, and 25 feet high. The palace is one story, with fourteen doorways in front and rear, and eleven at each end. The walls are decorated with what Catherwood pronounces admirable stuccos, and the water colors on the cement are much the same as the frescoes of ancient Italy.

In Honduras, the ruins of Copan, the city of idols, are of interest. Great monolithic statues of deities abound, the most remarkable being twelve feet high and four feet square and carved elaborately with what are supposed to be Toltec hieroglyphics, an abbreviated and more complex form of the Indian picture writing. The city is located on the banks of a river and was surrounded by vast walls, portions of which, from sixty to ninety feet in height, remain standing.

At Uxmal, in Yucatan, vast ruins also exist. Catherwood says that "in vast extent, variety, and preservation they impressed him at first glance with the same feelings of wonder and admiration as did the ruins of Thebes." The Casa de los Monjos or House Nuns, is a rectangular building 300 feet square and incloses a large court. Each side presents different designs, and no less than sixteen different facades, all richly decorated and painted, existed at the time of Catherwood's investigation. The Teocallis, at Uxmal, is on a vast pyramid 100 feet above the level of the plain, and its front is most elaborately carved.—"Max" in Cleveland Leader.

Cigarette Smoking.

Cigarette smoking is one of the worst of habits, physically, that a boy can form. It injures the heart and the digestion, and it tends to check the growth. It gives a lad false and silly notions, and it does not bring him into good company. The parent's duty is a simple one. Let him point out the injuriousness of the habit; let him laugh at it, and if this is not enough, as it should be with any right feeling boy, then let him forbid it with penalties, and do seasonably what is to be done. I am not of those who think that severe measures are often necessary in the management of children that receive a careful and affectionate training. But if in some cases nothing else will do it is well to consider that a switch in time saves nine.—Dr. Coan in Harper's Young People.

Congressmen's Biographies.

The biographies furnished by members are sometimes deliciously funny. One man wrote a voluminous sketch of himself, mentioned that he was separated from his wife, but it was all her fault, and gave a circumstantial account of his domestic infecilities, asking his fellow members to take his word for it all. He was surprised and disgusted that it didn't come out. Other members in their first term get furious with the compiler of the directory for not cutting out portions they have written in all confidence, because they see the screaming absurdity of it as soon as it is contrasted with the modest biographies furnished by the leading men in congress.—Washington Cor. Boston Transcript.

Rules for the Husband.

Never find fault with your wife before others.

Per contra, remember the counsel of the good book: "Her husband shall praise her in the gates." That is, before folks.

Bear all her burdens for her; even then she'll bear more than you do, in spite of you.

If you want her to submit to your judgment, never ask her to submit to your selfishness.

A woman's life is made up of little things. Make her life happy by little courtesies.

Love is a wife's only wages. Don't scrimp in your pay.

A New Tanning Agent.

A new tanning agent, called pyrofuscine, has been extracted from coal dust by means of caustic soda. The tanning process is somewhat complicated, but it is claimed to be 50 per cent. cheaper than the bark process, and 20 to 30 per cent. cheaper than the alum process.—Arkansaw Traveler.