A LEGACY.

Friend of my many years!
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,
Let me not leave to pain and sadden thee
A memory of tears,

But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense;

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
And heals without a sign;

Yea, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.

—*John G. Whittier, in Independent.*

IN THE LIBRARY.

They were in the library, He and She—or Paul and Virginia, if you prefer to know them by their Christian names. They were engaged. Their wedding day was not appointed, but some day in the spring had been chosen. They thought it was better not to fix any certain date for that blissful event. It seemed more blissful on account of this same uncertainty. They had nothing in particular to do—this afternoon in the library—yet in spite of their want of occupation the time passed so quickly that they found when they reached home that they hadn't said half the things they intended to say when they left the house. This, however, was not a new experience with them. Nor was it with you, when you were young and frivolous, and happy, I fancy, unless you were the one exception, to the great majority of foolish young people.

Having nothing better to do, they fell to looking over the corpulent file of newspapers which hung on one of the racks in the very corner of the library where they were sitting.

"What is this?" exclaimed Paul, glancing at an item stuck in one corner of the page.

"What's what?" replied Virginia. "Read it dear."

"It's a dispatch from a town in Texas."

"Read it, dear."

"All right, if you insist:"

This community was thrown into a furore of excitement over the arrest to-day of Ralph Williams for the murder of his young and beautiful bride of a few weeks, and George Miller as accessory after the fact. The murder was committed November 8, 1886, and has been a profound mystery ever since, although suspicion has been centered on Williams from the first. A reward of $1,000 was offered by citizens for the arrest and conviction of the perpetrator, and detectives have been at work on the case for more than a year and have finally succeeded in obtaining sufficient evidence to have Williams and Miller arrested. The affidavit upon which the warrant was issued was made out by John Cross, father-in-law to Williams. The excitement is intense. Williams belongs to one of the best families in the county.

"Do you think he ever loved her, Paul?" asked Virginia, as her hand crept between his arm and his coat, and clung very closely to the former.

"Not as I love you, dear," was his reply. "Here is another dispatch. Shall I read it?"

"Yes, dearie."

"It's not as bad as the other:"

The culmination of a romance occurred last night in an Ohio town by the marriage of Mr. R. M. Plaskett and Miss Mattie Seeds at the residence of the bride's stepfather, John Hall, on Hall avenue. The home of the groom is at Joleon, Cal., where he has amassed a fortune in the business of polishing sea shells. A year ago through a business matter a correspondence sprung up between the couple, which was followed by an exchange of photographs and an engagement of marriage. The couple decided to have the ceremony performed last evening, and the arrangements were completed by letter. Mr. Plaskett arrived in the city yesterday and the couple met for the first time a few hours before the wedding. Rev. J. A. Snodgrass officiated, the guests including the near friends of the bride.

"How foolish to fall in love that way," observed Virginia. "Do you think you ever could have loved me had you met me that way?"

"It would have made no difference to me how I met you, dear. I should have loved you just the same. Don't you know that?"

"Yes, dear—but it was foolish."

"Here is another story:"

George Anderson, a butcher who kept a shop on State and Fortieth streets, Chicago, is anxiously sought for by several men, to whom he is indebted, and by a pretty Hebrew maiden—a Miss Francis—to whom he was to be married. Anderson went into the butcher business with a partner at Fortieth and State streets several months ago, and prospered. So good was his business that he was compelled to secure the services of Miss Francis as cashier. To his pretty cashier he made love, and as a result they were engaged to be married. Anderson secured his wedding suit, and it fitted him perfectly. He went out to pay a small bill and failed to return. An investigation was made and it revealed the fact that Anderson had gone to parts unknown, taking with him his clothes and all his belongings, and leaving numerous unpaid debts. In the meantime the pretty cashier mourns the loss of her lover.

"He didn't love her."

"No, dear," replied Paul, "I don't think he did; at least not as I love you."

The reply to this was a closer pressure on the part of the hand.

"Is there anything else, dear, that you see?"

"Yes, here is a story from a Georgia town:"

A young countryman who had loved a girl who lived a mile or two from him, was nearly in despair about winning her hand, and was on the eve of selling out and leaving the country, as the girl had refused him three times, and it was out that she was engaged to another fellow. Our hero had noticed that his rival and the girl would walk in an old meadow field nearly every afternoon, and he grew madly jealous. In his cattle he had a young bull that was always mad with everything but his master, because he was an especial pet. Now Dave, as he called the bull, was to be the object with which to satiate his revenge. He would turn him into the meadow, hide himself and see his rival tossed like a football. So, one afternoon, calling Dave, who would follow him like a dog, he repaired to the meadow, let the fence down and turned the bull in. He then strolled off, and walked around as miserable as a man could be who was committing an evil deed. An hour or so later he heard the deep mutterings of the bull, and, hastening to the meadow fence he saw Dave about twenty yards from the couple, pawing dirt and shaking his head. The man was trying to get the girl to run, but she was so terrified that she could not move. The bull made a dash and the fellow ran shrieking for the fence. The bull dashed on after the flying fellow, while our disconsolate young man, having jumped the fence, rushed to the girl and the bull dashed on after the fugitive rival, and catching her in his arms, told her that such a coward was unworthy of her. As Dave saw his young master he left off pursuing the other man, returned and went to licking his hand, while the in lignant girl vowed she would never more speak to a man that was afraid of a cow. Shesoon after married Dave's boss.

"So she didn't marry the coward."

"How could you expect her to?" was Paul's reply.

"Of course not, but it was a funny idea, his turning the bull on them, wasn't it, dear?"

"All's fair in love or war," replied Paul, mentally pleased that he did not have to resort to any such artifice to secure his prize. "Shall I read more?"

"Yes, dear."

"This is from a town in this State:"

John G. Maniere, a wealthy, middle aged banker at Oakland, Cal., and ten years ago cashier of a Wall street bank in New York city, and Miss Mary West, a pretty young lady, were married at the bride's home in Walworth to-day. Miss West was riding on the cars on her way home from Albany early last June. While the cars were standing at Syracuse she found that she had lost her purse and railroad ticket. The conductor was about to put her off the train. She sobbed and Mr. Maniere, who was in the same car, paid her fare. He held a short conversation with her and went home to California. A few days later he received a letter from Miss West, inclosing a remittance for her fare. Some correspondence followed and at the end of three months the Californian proposed marriage. After the young lady had been assured by her friends on the Pacific coast as to Maniere's splendid social standing and genuine proposal, she accepted. To-day the happy couple started for a short visit among the groom's friends in New York, after which they will go to Maniere's home at Oakland. Among the floral gifts at the wedding was a beautiful and ingenious floral design of the exterior of a passenger railroad car, on one side of which was the word "Syracuse" in blue immortelles. It was presented by several New York brokers to the bride.

"You see, dear, all love affairs do not turn out badly."

"I know of one that will not," was Paul's answer.

"But here is another story," he continued. "This one is from Arkansas:"

News to-day from Conway brings particulars of a tragedy as follows: Two young men, named John Hardy and Thomas Willard, who live in Muddy Bayou township, about five miles from the line of White County, have for the past year been rivals for the favors of a certain Miss Lillie Rector, who lives near a country church. Last Sunday Hardy called on Miss Rector, and in the evening accompanied her to a singing. Young Willard was there, and during the exercises of the evening managed to secure a seat by Miss Rector. He persuaded her to let him accompany her home instead of Hardy. When the singing closed, Willard gave the young lady his arm and started to pass out of the church. Hardy had noticed all this and his soul swelled with jealousy and rage. At the door he stepped up and asked Miss Rector if he was not going home with her. Willard answered him before the young lady had time to reply, and stated that he would take care of Miss Rector.

The couple passed out and started down the road toward Miss Rector's home. Hardy followed and overtook them about a quarter of a mile from the church. He told Willard to hold on he wanted to see him. Willard appeared to pay no attention to Hardy and walked on. This only enraged the jilted lover more, and, stepping in front of the couple he ran his hand in his pocket and exclaimed:

"Willard, I am going to kill you!"

At this Willard made a dive for his knife, but before he could open it Hardy had caught him with one hand and was cutting him with the other. Willard finally got his knife open and cut Hardy several times, but Hardy had done the work for him and he fell down seriously wounded.

"How terrible," and Virginia shuddered. "He must have cared very, very much for her. Would—do you think—no, of course, there will be no occasion for you to fight that way for me, dear."

"Of course not," and the elbow crooked again until the joint fairly creaked.

"Listen to this. It is from Washington:"

For some time past there has been a report current to the effect that a handsome young lady of this city was actually contemplating in all seriousness the foolhardy act of allying herself in marriage to a member of the Chinese legation. At first little credence was placed in the report, for similar ones have been set afloat so frequently during the past year or so that the public, wary of falling into the trap of a practical joke, have learned to disregard all such, save as illustrative of the susceptibility of almond-eyed celestials. The story as now told is to the effect that the infatuated girl has been in the habit for months past of strolling past the legation every afternoon on which the weather was propitious for a stroll with the attache.

Those interested in the progress of this little affair aver that "Sister Ann," seated high in her watch tower on the lookout for the rescuing horseman, was not more lynx-eyed than the Chinaman, who rapturously bolted forth from the doors of the legation simultaneously with the appearance of the aforesaid young woman, who possesses charms of face and figure which have completely subjugated the Asiatic heart. Ever mindful of the happy stroll in the gloaming, the romantic swain never neglected to provide himself with a beautiful bouquet, which he presented to the object of his adoration each afternoon. Of late this peripatetic style of courtship has been abadoned for the more practical and satisfactory one which finds expression in taking the beloved to the theatre and sitting beside her with that appropriate air which proclaims so plainly to onlookers that it is a case of "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

"Do you think that she will ever be happy with him? I shouldn't be."

"Of course you wouldn't," answered Paul. Perhaps she may be, though."

"She never saw you."

Here looks of such absurdly foolish affection were exchanged that the file actually blushed for them."

"I have only one more, and then we'll drop this file and go out. It is about a poor German:"

The shoemaker Friedrich, at Goerlitz, Prussia, had for years supported himself and his bed-ridden wife by working hard at his trade. At the same time he attended to the household and the sick woman. The other day the doctor told him that his wife was nearing her end, and that by next morning's dawn she would have breathed her last. Friedrich stood thunderstruck. He battled against the feverish excitement of his blood and brains without success. His wife did not know what to make of him. Toward midnight he fastened a rope to a hook on the wall and in the sight of his wife, who could only call to him and beg of him to desist, but was unable to rise from her bed, he hanged himself. In the morning the neighbors found two corpses.

They had left the library possibly half an hour when Paul asked:

"Aren't you afraid to be married after hearing all these stories?"

"Do I look afraid?"

It was dark, and they were on a side street in a neighborhood little traveled. They stopped under a gas lamp and Paul took Virginia's face between his hands to better observe her look of fear. From the report which followed it is extremely likely that the statement was not entirely credited.—*Mail and Express.*

The Walled Lakes of Iowa.

Along the water sheds of Northern Iowa there are a great many small lakes, varying from one half a mile to one mile in diameter. One of these in Wright county, and another in Sac County, have each received the name of "Walled Lake" on account of embankments that completely surround them. It has been generally supposed that these embankments were thrown up by the ancient inhabitants of the country. They are from two to ten feet high, and from five to thirty feet in width. Some who have examined these, however, declare them to be the result of natural causes only, and ascribe them to the periodic action of ice, aided to some extent, by the force of the waves. The lakes are very shallow, and in winter they often freeze to the very bottom. The ice freezes fast to the earth below, and as in its expansion it acts in all directions, from centre to circumference, a certain part of alluvial deposit is forced to the shore, and this going on from year to year, and from century to century, has created the natural embankment.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

All She Asked—What They Stole—Dogs That Chum—Narrow Escape—Not Inquisitive—One Notch Better, Etc.

"It cannot be otherwise," he muttered hoarsely, "you must be mine. You and I could not avoid it if we would, and let us thank the fates that our union will be cemented by love. You could never have been another man's wife. There is a destiny hanging over you,"—

"Oh, George," she gasped convulsively: "Brush it away, please do."—*Merchant Traveler.*

What They Stole.

"Darringer, I hear that some robbers broke into your house last night. What did they steal?"

"Nothing, Bromley. They didn't get farther than the vestibule. My son came home at midnight and they ran. Well, yes, they did steal several things."

"What?"

"The house dog, a spring gun I had set for them, and the burglar alarm."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Dogs That Chum.

"Is that your dog?" asked a passenger of the elevator boy.

"No, sir. It's my dog's chum."

"How is that? Do dogs have their particular friends."

"Oh, yes, sir, dogs chum just like people. This is a black-and-tan, but my dog is a pug. When he was sick this one came to see him every day. They'll eat off the same bone," he added proudly as he stopped at the fourth floor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Narrow Escape.

"Speaking of mushroons and toadstools, gentlemen," chimed in Dumley, "a friend of mine not long ago gathered a quantity of what he supposed were mushrooms, and took 'em home. His wife cooked 'em, and the whole family ate heartily of 'em."

"And did they all die?" inquired the crowd, very much shocked.

"No, they happened to be mushrooms, you see," replied Dumley, with a far-away look in his eyes, "but it was a narrow escape."—*New York Sun.*

One Notch Better.

As a train was ready to leave the Central Depot the other day, a drummer, who occupied two seats, or had prepared to, left the car to say good-bye to some one. When he returned he found his luggage on the wood-box and a strange man in possession of the seats.

"What does this—this 'er—mean?" he demanded as he drew himself up and took in the situation.

"Drummer, ain't you?" queried the other.

"Yes, sir."

"Drummer on twelve hundred a year?"

"That's my salary, sir, but what has that got to do with this case?"

"A great deal, sir. I'm a lightning-rod man on fifteen hundred!"

And he calmly crossed his feet and unfolded his newspaper, while the drummer gathered up his things and went into the next car.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not Inquisitive.

A gentleman once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so that the farmer changed his tactics.

"Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice with counterfeited friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something."

"Not yet," replied the recipient, "little boys like me don't need to know everything."—*Siftings.*

Sherman Saved Joe Jefferson's Life.

Two plainly dressed men stood at the clerk's desk in the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night. Everybody recognized them, for the names and faces are familiar everywhere. The one was tall and erect, with grizzled beard, old derby hat, and carelessly arranged necktie; the other was smoothed-faced, with regular features, merry sparkling eyes, and jet black hair combed to points that project over his ears. They were William Tecumseh Sherman and Joe Jefferson, the actor. They were chatting gaily and evidently enjoying themselves. The famous soldier and osculator was telling stories. Turning to a third party in the group he said: "One of the most valiant achievements of my life, which I look back to with unalloyed pleasure, was the saving of Joe's life. It occurred last summer. We were both in the parlor upstairs talking to some ladies. Joe had to leave early, and excused himself. After he went out I noticed a bundle of manuscript on the floor. I thought at first it belonged to me, but finding mine safe I hurried out to the elevator after Joe. But he had gone down by way of the stairs. I halloed "Joe, Joe," but he didn't hear me. I ran down after him two steps at a time. I finally caught up with him, and, handing him the manuscript, said: 'Here, Joe, you've forgotten something.' "A serious expression spread over his face as he took it and said in tremulously solemn and impressive voice: 'My heavens, you've saved my life!'

"It was his autobiography, which he was engaged upon at the time."—*New York Sun.*

A Fiendish Proposal.

"Be mine, dearest Angelina," exclaimed Roland De Vere, the handsome young dry-goods clerk, as he dropped on his knees at the feet of Angelina St. Clair, "be mine, and make me the happiest man the world contains."

"Are you sure you love me?" murmured Angelina, as she gently swayed her ninety-nine cent fan, and glanced half bashfully, half coquettishly at the ardent youth prone at her feet.

"Love you? Angelina I would do anything for you. Be mine and I will do your shopping for you, match your ribbons, your sewing silk ——"

"Sir," exclaimed Angelina, drawing herself up haughtily and fixing upon him a stony glare, "this is the proof of your love, is it! This is what you would do for me? Ha! Do my shopping! Match my ribbons, my sewing silk!" and she laughed a low, demoniacal laugh that made his flesh creep. "Do my shopping! Deprive me of one of the greatest pleasures of my life, nay the greatest—the solace, the joy of a woman's existence. Fiend!" she hissed, looking majestic in her wrath, while the eyes erst brimful of tenderness emitted flashes of indignant flame, "fiend, wretch, demon, begone?"

And Roland De Vere retired with such precipitation that he overturned a "what-not," and smashed to smithereens a crooked-necked bust of Shakespeare, the man who, it will be remembered, was so long supposed to be the author of the plays of Bacon.

Roland De Vere will in future beware of arousing a woman's wrath by such a fiendish proposal as to do her shopping for her.—*Boston Courier.*

Hunting in Idaho.

George Riebald, a pioneer of Idaho, since 1868 the owner of the Little Giant gold mine at Warren and long a skilled hunter in the Sawtooth Mountains, is in Iowa. Mr. Riebald was for many years a contemporary of George Weiser, the famed trapper and hunter after whom the busy young metropolis of Weiser City was named, and he was associated with him at times on some of the most perilous tramps. "Weiser was the Daniel Boone of that section," said Mr. Riebald yesterday, "but the naming of the Territory was done by Joaquin Miller. The word 'Idaho' is pure Bannock, and signifies 'the gem of the mountains.' As to game up there now, we've got plenty, and good game too, but not a buffalo. There were uncounted thousands but a short time ago, but the Northern Pacific road, and the hunting that ensued from it, drove what remained into British Columbia, where isolated bands may occasionally yet be found. There is an abundance of elk and bear and myriads of mule deer. On all the earth probably there is not another place where there are more deer. They weigh from 80 to 300 pounds each, dressed, and any hunter with any skill at all can easily get all he wants. The wildest and most exhilarating sport in Idaho is that indulged in by the Sheep-Eaters, a branch of the Bannock tribe. They are known by this name because they subsist largely on the huge mountain sheep. When the sheep are heavy they drive them far up on the cliffs, and then with their dogs make them jump down, where they are found dead at the bottom and made away with by these fellows. These Indians are first-class shots, too, and of course kill many of these sheep and other game that way. We've got an animal up there called the antelope goat. Did you ever hear of them?" They grow very large. A bull antelope goat will weigh as much as 300 or 400 pounds. They remain in the very highest mountains—that is, above the snow line—at an attitude of from 700 to 1,200 feet. They stay there summer and winter. They have jet-black horns, five to thirteen inches long, sharp as a pencil, and depend altogether on fighting when attacked by wolves or dogs. They sit down just like a dog. I have seen them sit down on a rock and watch. They can't run much, and they can't jump more than six or seven feet. They are indigenous only to that country, and scientists don't know anything about them. I tried to get one of these queer antelope goats for the Smithsonian Institution the last time I was out, but didn't succeed. The bald-headed grizzly bear is the only animal the Indians won't disturb. They ain't afraid of the others. I have myself driven an ordinary she grizzly away from her cub, and she didn't attack me, being thus less dangerous than a sow. A sow wouldn't permit that. But these bald-headed grizzlies are large and extremely vicious. The silver-tip grizzlies are also very cross.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

National Capital "Signboards."

Frank G. Carpenter, in one of his interesting letters from Washington, says of one of the "signboards" of the national capital:

Another remarkable character here is a man who is always ready to take a drink, and who lives around Washington's hotels trying to squeeze one out of every new comer. There are a number of this class, and I recall the remark of one of them, who was once minister to Boliva. Eads's ship railway project was being discussed in the house, and the question had arisen as to the climate of the ishmus of Panama and of the region about De Lessep's canal. I knew the ex-Minister was acquainted with the country, and sitting down beside him, I introduced myself, and asked him how he liked his life in South America.

He replied: "Very well; but indeed, I am not a hard man to please. I could live happily on tallow candles with the Esquimaux, and I could exist comfortably upon the jerked beef of the Patagonian hunters. I like the meals of Delmonico's; I have dined very well at the Grand Hotel de Paris. I am a man of all times, all climates and all things. But there is one thing I like above all others, and that I am always ready for."

Here he looked me straight in the eye and, as he put one hand caressingly upon my knee, he concluded:

"I always like to take a drink!"

I returned his gaze without flinching, and, after a full minute had passed, in a sore tone, he said:

"Ah, my young friend, but you don't drink!"

"No said I coolly; "my doctor has forbidden it."

This same ex-Minister subsists largely off of free-lunch counters, and boards wherever they will keep him longest. How he continues to live on, year after year, is one of the things which God only knows.

Bloodiest Battle of the War.

Twenty-three years ago, says the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*, the bloodiest battle of the war between the States was fought. At 3 o'clock on that day the Confederates, under the command of General Hood, attacked the Federals, under Major-General Schofield, at Franklin, Tenn. The Federals were intrenched at Franklin, on the Harpeth River, and were attacked by General Hood, with 15,000 infantry. The Confederates were unable to use any artillery, but the Federals utilized theirs to advantage from behind their intrenchments and from across the Harpeth. Until night the battle was fiercely waged, the field being literally strewn with Confederate dead. But the boys in gray finally conquered the foe, and the Federals were pursued eighteen miles to Nashville.

While the Confederates were successful in this battle, adds the *Chronicle*, it resulted in the complete disorganization of the Army of Tennessee. Five brigadiers were killed and eight wounded. Among those Generals killed were: The gallant Irish Confederate, General Pat Cleburne, the "Stonewall" Jackson, of the Army of Tennessee; General States Rights Gist, of South Carolina; John Adams, of Mississippi; Schoup, of Indiana, and General Palmer, of Burke County, Ga. The whole battle was fought in the space of one-quarter of a mile, and was without doubt the very bloodiest of the Civil War. The Confederate loss was 6,000 killed and wounded, being over one-third of the forces engaged.

War on Carrier Pigeons.

The Russian Government has been trying experiments in the capture of carrier pigeons by falcons, and they have proved as successful as the Minister of War expected. The falcon sees the pigeon at a distance, goes for it, and captures it promptly. The idea is to utilize the birds in time of war to intercept messages sent from the enemy, and falconry stations are to be established at the different fortifications in Russia.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Tired Ones.

So tired;
Such weary mothers, love inspired
But worn with love's demands
Until the trembling hands
Falter above their tasks, and stay
While white lips pray.
So spent, undone;
On guard above each little one
As though each dying day
Carried no tired mothers far away
From their fond world, and so
They fain would go
Bent to love's least behest—
A child clasped to the breast.

So weary; stooping low
Above sweet, sleeping faces when the glow
Of twilight fades, but not so tired as they
Who have no care all day
For loved ones, young or old; no cheeks
To touch
With kisses, as they sleep, or such
Dear riches as love brings—
Dearer than diadem of kings.
The weariest hand
Is empty, having no command
Of loving lips, no care of age or youth;
No lips to call for it, in truth,
From purple dawn till night—no wealth
To hold
Dearer than fretted gold.

—*George Klingle.*

An Appropriate Name.

A woman lately returned from Europe brought a reception gown that must have 200 little brown birds fastening a rose-colored crepe upon a skirt of white silk. A circlet of these little feathered creatures is for the head.

"I believe it would be a good dress for a character to wear at a costume ball," said its owner; "only I wouldn't know what to call it. What would you say for a name?"

"Cruelty to animals," replied the friend.

Marriage Customs.

Among the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate but communicating compartments. At a given signal, so soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them. As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree top, the Korak bride is invariably captured however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Teaching a Bird to Stand on Your Finger.

Set the cage on the table near where you wish it to sit; after a little conference with the bird, introduce a finger between the wires near the favorite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently as it shows no disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he pecks it to ascertain its quality; maybe he fights it. That is well; he no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird food; put him away. Next day try him further. He may go farther and light on it, or he may be several days getting thus familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the program by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it any point or angle. Then try the door, at first thrusting the finger under it; next time fasten it open, blockading egress with the rest of the hand as one finger extends within. When he perches on it, draw him forth a little. Next time tempt him to the perch outside a little, and so on. In a short time you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger, and he is sure to fly for it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch. Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there are those who will be two to four weeks.

An Eye for Color.

A gentleman who was invited out to dine lately observed that the chandelier over the dining room table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red and some blue. "What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess. "Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner of tea, one must invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now, last Tuesday I gave a supper and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to invite them or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute that they sat down. The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were quite taken aback and awfully glum at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh and began talking to a real homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby-colored light. Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So, you see, that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under the blue lights. It kills everything."

The gentleman looked up. He was under the blue light.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Mrs. Cleveland's Notes.

It is a rule rarely if ever broken in any of the departments and bureaus of the Government at Washington as well as in the Executive Mansion that all letters received which do not in themselves violate the rule of courtesy shall be answered in some manner, even if only to acknowledge the fact that they were received, says *Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Cleveland, on whom no official obligations rest, voluntarily follows this rule of replying to all the letters she receives so far as is possible. She is very prompt, too, in writing her answers to letters whenever practicable, and has remarkable facility in expressing herself in a few words, while seeming to say all that is necessary. Her handwriting, while as stylish in appearance as that of the ultra fashionable quill pen affecting scrawlers, is still (unlike that of the ladies of that class) perfectly legible. She does not lay herself open to the charge a bright man recently preferred against the fashionable women whose writing no one can easily read, if at all, to wit, that, "not knowing how to spell, they purposely write so that their features in orthography cannot be readily detected."

A gentleman who was taken through the White House by Mrs. Cleveland last winter saw her private desk piled high with letters she had received, and said to her:

"Surely you don't expect to answer all of these?"

"Indeed I do," she responded. "All these persons have written to me in good faith, and are doubtless excellent people, who will appreciate a reply directly from me. I wouldn't hurt their feelings or disapoint them for the world."

The official note paper used in the President's offices has "Executive Mansion, Washington," printed in small blue letters at the head of the paper, and on the upper left hand corner of the envelope, beneath "Executive Mansion," in the same characters as on the note paper, is the word "Official." The paper used is smooth, some thick, some thin, but all tough.

Fashion Notes.

The large *pouf* at the back, so long disfiguring draperies, is now pronouncedly bad style.

A wide front-panel, or one at each side is newer and better style than the single one that has become chronic.

The merry-thought, and peacock's feathers in diamonds and emoralds, are among new designs for broches.

In front draperies, a go-as you-please centre, with some pleats, either hand, is the correct thing for silk or woolen.

A new bangle is elastic—opening for the hand, then springing to the arm—yet warranted not to get ont of order.

Smart looking fur capes are either plastrons across the chest or in shape of a habit-skirt with epaulets and loops of cord passementeries.

Hats are segregating themselves into two distinct species—low, with wide brims, and steeple-like, with a bare suspicion of projection.

Red riding habits are the latest elegant economy of Parisian equestriennes, who must otherwise sport the color of the entertainer of the hour.

We are promised in the near future new gloves of the favorite tan and gray, wholly without stitching, and in thought of them take heart of grace.

Mask veils of all colors show vines and flowers upon the thinnest net, while for wear with cloth suits come fine tissures exactly matching their shades.

The feather fur is a trimming which is bound to become very popular, not only because it is very pretty and novel, but because it takes the place of real fur.

The only beautiful silken fabric which has the charm of novelty this season, excepting always the brocaded moires, is the plush and velvet striped skirting.

A bonnet of mouse green is bordered with a close row of small green wings, above which soars a vulture's plume, and the effect must be strikingly rapacious.

Angora sheep furnish the fluffiest of boas and muffs. The white, fleecy, fringe-like fur is also used in trimming evening wraps with very quaint effect.

A rather bizarre fashion is that of having one side of the corsage of one color and the other side of another provided of course that two colors are used in the toilet.

Lower skirts are plain and straight, without foot pleating, and often bordered with a deep band of velvet or brocade, above which appears braid or passementerie.

Mature women wear wide bonnet strings folded narrow, and tied in long loops that are pulled out to the ear and pinned with jeweled pins, leaving ends conspicuously absent.

Tulle bonnets are again seen for reception occasions. White, pink, blue and corn color are most fashionable and they are covered with tinsel figures giving perhaps rather a gaudy effect.

Pearls, which have been sacred to young and pretty women from the day of the Montespan or Anne of Austria, are higher than ever in favor. Rosebuds wear a single row, with bangle to match.

A brillant effect is produced and a stylish one, by using chenille fringe, which comes half a yard long in rows on the tablier of bright colored silk. The fringe is finished by cut jet beads.

The color most depended on for evening effects are the different shades in tender greens—the linden and moss shades particularly, as these combine very artistically with the pinks and lilacs so very fashionable.

The pretty fashion of making lace gowns over a color is a fashion which still holds its popularity and is destined to for some time to come. Green is the most popular color for the slips to wear under such gowns.

Great Age of Fishes.

It is not generally known that there is nardly any limit of the age of a fish. The late Professor Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, is the authority for the statement that there is authentic evidence to show that carp have maintained an age of 200 years.

There is a tradition that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century.

There are gold-fish in Washington that have belonged to one family over fifty years. They do not appear much larger than when they were originally placed in the aquarium, and are every bit as lively as when young.

The Russian Minister says that in the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been in them 140 years. Some of them are, he says, over five times as large as they were when first captured, while some have not grown an inch.

An attache of the Chinese legation says that there are sacred fish kept in some of the palaces in China that are older than any of those in Russia.

The Shortest and Longest Railroads.

The longest railroad, including all divisions and branches, is the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, whose total length of lines operated Dec. 31, 1886, was 5,297.74 miles, though its main line is only 420 miles in length. But the longest single line of road operated by one company is the line of the Northern Pacific from Duluth, Minn., to Wallula Junction, Washington Tesritory, at stretch of 1,651 miles.

The smallest regularly incorporated railroad in this country is said to be the New York Central, Hudson River and Fort Orange Railroad, built for the purpose of carrying freight to and from the Fort Orange Paper Company's works. The main track is but 3,168 feet in length, and the rolling stock consists of a locomotive and one passenger coach. The road, however has a full set of officers and board of directors, and issues a yearly official report. The gross earnings of the road amount to nearly $3,000 a year, but all of this, except about $60 or so, is consumed in paying the expenses of the road.

Story of a Carrier Pigeon.

A remarkable instance of intelligence in a homing pigeon occurred recently at Shelby, N. C. The bird was of A. Perry Baldwin's strain of Newark. He is a magnificent pigeon, and known to the National Federation by the name of "General Kearney." Like all of Mr. Baldwin's long-distance flyers, he was marked in big red letters, "A pilgrim from Newark, New Jersey; feed and liberate," on the feathers of one wing, and "An honest man is the noblest work of God" on the other wing. The bird was returning from an 806-mile fly to Newark, when he became exhausted and alighted on the little Post Office at Shelby, N. C. Mr. B. F. Logan, the Postmaster, caught him, fed and watered him, and then the bird again perched on the roof. That afternoon he took a two-hours' fly, but returned. The next morning, after being again fed, he took a three-hours' fly, but again returned. In the afternoon he made his third fly, but, after being gone four hours, came back. The following day he made to more attempts to come north, but each time, not feeling strong enough, he returned to hospitable Shelby.

The next day, however, after receiving his food, he circled over Postmaster Logan's head and then darted northward. Mr. Logan sent a postal card to Newark describing the bird and its marks, but before the card was received by Mr. Baldwin the General was back safe and sound in his loft. Mr. Baldwin says he made the little flies at Shelby to guage his strength; that the bird knew he would be cared for while he stayed there, and would not attempt to leave there for Newark until he was positive he was strong enough to make the journey.—*New York Sun.*

Brave Boys.

There is something grand in the operations of the Royal Humane Society of London. It casts a glance over the vast extent of the British Empire, noting every instance in which a human life is saved by generous bravery. It investigates the circumstances and bestows upon each hero the honor of its recognition, which is the more precious because it is not vulgarized by any kind of material reward.

The last list of persons thus distinguished contains thirty-seven names, and among them are, as usual, those of several brave boys. One of these was Stanley Dawson Smith, aged twelve years, who, in August last, rescued from drowning his two sisters, aged seventeen and thirteen. The elder girl was teaching the younger to swim, when the retiring tide carried both beyond their depth. The gallant boy, who was bathing near them, swam to their assistance and happily succeeded in helping both to regain their footing. To him the Society awarded its bronze medal.

In the same month a Hindu lad of eighteen, named Talladhur Dharsee, saved from drowning, at far-off Bombay, another Hindu boy, who had fallen into a well. To him also a medal was awarded. Besides medals, the society gives testimonals on vellum or on parchment for gallantry in attempting to save life, even when the attempt is not successful.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Colony of Lunatics.

The strange colony of lunatics at Gheel, in the Belgian Campine, has long engaged the attention of specialists, and so satisfactory has been its working that a duplicate of it has lately been formally established. In these colonies the lunatics are boarded out with the inhabitants, live as members of the family, assist in their work and have liberty to move about at will. The regularity and healthiness of the life led by the afflicted inhabitants of Gheel restores a considerable proportion of them to their right mind. Gheel, however, is in the Flemish-speaking portion of Belgium, and it has of late years been found that patients from the Walloon country who speak only French, or the Walloon *patois*, were awkwardly placed and their recovery retarded by the absence of ready means of communication with those about them. The experiment was therefore made of establishing a French-speaking colony at Lieurneux, in the Walloon country, near Spa; and it has been so successful that it has now been placed upon a permanent basis. The cost of pauper lunatics to their communes does not exceed a franc a day. Neither at Gheel nor at Lieurneux has it been found that constant intercourse with lunatics has increased the tendency toward insanity among the natives.—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Quiet Game in Chinatown.

The Chinese are what we call inveterate gamblers. The few thousands of them who live in New York work hard, mostly at laundering, but have absolutely no distractions, save smoking opium, going to Sunday-school to learn English, and playing games of chance. Mott street, of which several blocks are entirely given up to Chinese stores, restaurants, laundries, and more or less masked gambling-rooms, affords abundant facilities for this latter amusement. The horrible dens of highbinders and desperadoes, sometimes pictured by the diurnal sensationalist, do not exist; or, if they do, no Caucasian has ever had an opportunity to study and describe them. Fan-tan and other games, however, abound; and the occasional raids made by the police necessitate a certain amount of secrecy, as well as provision for spiriting away the entire "layout" at a moment's warning. The brass coins are used merely as counters in the game, which consists in betting upon the remnant of a heap of pieces, after removing them by fours until not more than four remain. The holes in the center enable the croupier to rake or poke them about on the table with his magic wand. The oblong bits of pasteboard are playing-cards.—*Frank Leslie's.*

Killing an Ox to Save the Diamonds.

A story from the diamond fields. A Kaffir was suspected of being in possession of uncut diamonds, and was pursued by the officers of the law. When they came up with him he had just shot one of his oxen. Then they proceeded to search him. They ransacked his scanty clothing, they combed his woolly head, they tried all the usual processes, but never a diamond did they find, and finally they had to retire discomfited. Then the Kaffir proceeded to pick out from the dead ox's carcass all the diamonds with which his gun had been loaded, and which he had fired into the unfortunate beast when he saw the officers approaching.

Mexican hogs, which are a cross between the spanish and the wild hog of the Mexican mountains, are raised with profit in Mexico, but not in any considerable numbers. They average 175 pounds in weight, and are killed chiefly for their lard, which is worth twenty cents a pound. Fresh pork is worth twelve and one-half cents a pound, but is eaten very little, for most persons can't afford it. It is said that Monterey, which has 50,000 people, eats only about five hogs a day.