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PERSONAL.

Reuben R. Thrall of Rutland, Vt., is probably the oldest practicing lawyer in the world. He recently celebrated his 90th birthday, and has several cases now on the docket.

When Adelaide Neilson died she had in her possession a copy of every photograph of herself which had been published, and the total of these, cartes, cabinets, panels, etc., was 609.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach is a very nice looking gentleman, handsome, with small features, black hair parted down the middle, black beard and moustache, and a very pleasant expression of face. A young-looking man, too, in his forties.

Mr. Parnell is a bachelor and lives the simplest sort of life—in lodgings, as a rule, taking his dinner at a hotel. His habits are so quiet that he and his sister Anna were guests at the same hotel for weeks without knowing that they were under one roof.

Mr. Gladstone is, as is well known, fond of using postal cards for his communications. Although the law is that nothing must be written on the address side of the card save the name and address, he invariably puts either his name or his initials there. Thus the recipient is subjected to one penny extra postage.

Great is the Commander of the Faithful Recently he took a notion to have an artificial lake made in the Yildiz Kiosk park, that he might take his favorite sultana sailing in a steam launch. So he had the huge basin prepared and the whole water supply of Constantinople turned in, and all the city had to go dry for a day until the lake was full.

"Diamond Joe" Reynolds is one of the millionaire curiosities of Chicago. He invariably wears a plain grey suit without an overcoat, a hat several seasons behind, prunella gaiters that have been out of style for years, and always has in his shirt front a first-water diamond as large as a filbert and as bright as a dewdrop. He owns more grain elevators than any man in the country and ships more grain than any two men on the Chicago Board of Trade.

George Tiptos was a farmer in Madison county, Kentucky, about twenty years ago. He became financially involved and went to the West Indies. He secured control of a small island of the Bahama group which proved to be rich in phosphates, from which he amassed great wealth. He ruled autocratically, and no women or intoxicating liquors were permitted upon the island. The ruler of this Eveless and prohibited Eden is now on a visit to his native State, and is expected to take back with him a Blue Grass widow and a full supply of Kentucky bourbon.

It is pretty clear now that General Prendergast made no arrangement for maintaining order at Mandalay after the surrender of Thebaw, that a sanguinary riot occurred, that the mob had possession of the town all night, that statements to this effect were calmly disbelieved by the British commander three miles off, and that the Times correspondent was sent back to Rangoon simply because he had telegraphed home a description of this discreditable bungling. Yet it may be taken for granted that Gen. Prendergast will not be repremanded, and that correspondent will be frowned upon by the whole of officialdom, both in India and Pall Mall

At the informal opening of Parliament when the Queen was not present in the House of Lords amongst the members of the House of Commons who assembled on the floor of the throne was Sir William Harcourt, who took the liberty of resting his arm upon the railing in front of the royal seat. For this offence—for it is an offence, it seems, when the throne is uncovered—he was promptly reproved by an official, who with equal promptitude was reported by the right hon. gentleman to the yeoman usher Sad to say, the ex home secretary was ruled to have been out of order; for when the throne is denuded of its brown holland covering, the Queen is supposed to be present in spirit, if not in person, and that being the case the royal railings must not be leant upon—not even by such a descendant of royalty as Sir William Harcourt.

According to the *Jewish Chronicle*, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild is not the first Hebrew who has been admitted into the French Academy of Fine Arts The late Achille Fould, the celebrated finance minister to Napoleon III., was elected a free member of the Academy in 1854. The illustrious composer, Halevy, also had a seat in the body as a titular member. The election of Baron Rothschild raises the number of Jewish members of the Institute of France to eight, his colleagues being MM. Breal, Joseph Derenbourg, Henri Weil, and Oppert of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres; Adolph Franck, whose election dates back to 1844, of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; Loewy and Maurice Levy of the Academy of Sciences. The most famous section of the Institute, viz., the Academy Francaise, is the only one which has not yet given a fauteuil to a Jew.

Murdered by a Madman.

A Victoria, B. C., despatch says: A horrible tragedy is reported to have occurred on the road between New Westminster and Port Moody. A man named Walker has squatted on some land and the other day he took L. Robson, his partner Smith, and another man named Jones to the place, wishing to dispose of his right. They arrived at the ranch late in the afternoon, and after dark Walker picked up a double-barrelled shot gun and said he was going to shoot a crow. One of the men remarked that it was rather late to go shooting, when Walker said he might as well tell them his intention, that he was going to cook their goose for them. He then shot Robson through the breast, killing him instantly. Jones attempted to take the gun away from the murderer, but he received the contents of the second barrel in the leg, shattering his knee. Walker then made for Smith with a knife, but the latter succeeded in getting out of the cabin and escaped. Walker then lashed Jones to the body of Robson and fled. The wounded and dead men were found by constables, who arrived a few hours later. The dead body of Walker was soon afterwards found. He is supposed to have killed himself.

THE MURDERED MAN.

D. L. Robson, murdered by a squatter in British Columbia, is a Kingstonian, and a step-brother of Mrs. Black, wife of the Montreal City Treasurer. He was in Montreal last winter, and only a week before the murder he wrote a letter to a nephew here, saying that as soon as he purchased the claim of a squatter he would start for Kingston again. He was wealthy, and was probably murdered for his money.

The Latest Tramp Dodge.

Right in the midst of the late January blizzard, a forlorn-looking tramp was blown to the front door of a cottage, and when the woman came out at his knock, he handed her a little note-book, with the request: "Please write my name in this 'ere leedle book."

"Certainly I will. What name, please?'

"My name is Jim Barto, but I want yer to write it so that people will take me for Sam Soadger. I don't want my real name to become known in this town."

"Does anybody in this town know you?'

"No, ma'am."

"Then what difference does it make what name you call yourself?"

"Well, you see, ma'am, I hev a dear old mether livin' in this County, and, as I'm dyin' of starvation, I want ter hide my real name, so that when your neighbors find a dead man on the street, with nothin' in his stomach but a whist of cat straw, my poor old mother will never know it was her poor, wayward son."

That Christian lady stuffed his worthless hide so full of well-cooked grub that it is not likely he'll take to eating cat straw for several days.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TERRORS OF THE MOUNTAIN TOMBS.

As he spoke the scorpion eater pointed to a vast fissure that at that point perforated the side of the mountain, but which was almost hidden by a luxuriant growth of creeping plants bearing great waxen-looking flowers.

"Have no fear, they are very tame," was the now thoroughly cowed scorpion eater's answer, and the next minute the entire party had plunged into the profound darkness of the mountain tomb. Nellie, to her no small terror, for the pitchy blackness was well calculated to inspire that feeling.

As for Pat Monaghan, he was a man of few words, or, when they could be conveniently spared, of no words at all; but this may not have prevented him from thinking a great deal, and it would have been wonderful, indeed, if under the circumstances his thoughts had been pleasant.

These mountains had, indeed, more than once been pointed out to him from the ramparts that surrounded the Citadel of Cairo as the haunt of the Djins or Evil Genii and the Spirits or Giant Devils, who, with their powerful breaths, blow up the desert sands until they overtake and bury travelers beneath them, and who are, furthermore, the guardians of buried treasure. So remembering these tales just when he would have most liked to have forgotten them, Pat Monaghan was not quite so comfortable in his own mind as when he had ridden back to encounter with his single arm the three camel and dromedary riders.

Great was his relief therefore when, after they had ridden a little way through the subterranean, trusting entirely to their horses to follow the one that led, he heard a muttered "Halt!" come back from what he knew to be his master's lips, and then the unmistakable snapping sound of flint and steel.

A second later there was a star of light which suddenly leapt into a flame as some kind of a torch was suddenly kindled, and then all three fugitives looked around them in an amazement that was mingled with admiration, for they were in the centre of a vast hall whose walls and even ceilings were covered with paintings, both of animate and inanimte nature, with the color as brightas if they had been laid on yesterday, yet which Frank Donelly and Nellie Trezarr, at all events, knew must have been antique works of art even in those to us ancient days when the Red Sea waves parted to permit of the goming of the Israelites and rushed together again for the drowning of Pharaoh and his host.

This was not a time, however, for the studying of ancient art, for the Bedouins, did they but imagine that they had taken refuge there, might enter the tomb in turn and bestow on them the honor of making it their own.

Frank Donelly therefore sternly bade their guide lead on, not before, however, he had remarked that this was the recluse's usual abode, for there were sufficient evidences of the fact in the few necessaries that it contained, consisting of a mat, a pitcher and a wooden bowl, but even the ordinary Egyptian peasant has nothing more.

Holding the torch (which seemed to be composed of a bundle of sugarcanes bound tightly together and coated thick with a kind of gum) aloft in one hand, the santon strode on again, his beard still grasped by his captor, who could now watch the movements of the scorpions as they continued to wander all about his person, apparently at their own sweet will, and which, whenever one of them approached too near unto his hand, the young officer dislodged and sent clattering to the ground with the point of his sword. For well he knew that the sting of these hideous vermin is as fatal to a European as a serpant bite.

And now they enter the great painted hall, in the centre of which a vast tomb had evidently once stood, for a wide passage whose walls (where they were not painted) were covered with millions of hieroglyphics, somewhat like those which we see on Cleopatra's Needle and the Obelisk of Luxor, yet differing from them in many essential respects.

They had got down this high and wide passage very far, when they met a lynx and jackal walking quite amiably side by side, though the two animals are as a rule the most bitter enemies conceivable.

"If these are two of your infernal pets and you dare to set them on us your life shall pay the forfeit, remember," said Donelly, fiercely, and at the words the dull red glare that had come into the santon's eyes died out of them again, leaving them the same dull fishy gray as they had been before.

He spoke half a dozen words in shrill tones to the two beasts, at the same time wagging his left arm about with a gesture of menace; and evidently understanding him, their tails dropped and they slunk away into a narrow side passage, from whose pitch dark depths their eyes presently gleamed like live coals.

Nellie, whose heart had palpitated painfully at sight of the savage beasts, drew her breath more freely when they were gone, but one hour seemed to crowd fast upon the heels of another, for as they presently peered into a second and narrower passage a loud rushing noise greeted their ears, like a flapping of ghostly wings, so that Pat began to patter a Pater Noster, making sure that the Afrits, or Giant Devils, were upon them, while Nellie uttered a little scream, and even Frank became utterly disconcerted.

Had he noticed the sly and exultant expression of the scorpion eater he might have been better prepared for what was to come and how to avoid its consequences, for, lo, the uncanny noises rapidly increased in volume, the semi-darkness became all at once full of fluttering wings, hideous little horned heads, and shrill squeaks, and then all in an instant the torch was extinguished and the three fugitives felt themselves beset about their faces by quickly flapping, skinny leather substances, whilst an intolerable stench assailed their nostrils, so that it is little wonder that in the sudden darkness, terror and confusion Frank's hand for an instant relaxed the tightness of its grip on the santon's beard or that he, taking advantage of the opporunity, with a wrench and a bound released himself altogether therefrom, and laughing shrilly and exultantly, rushed away with the certainty that he would not again be caught.

In another minute they could hear him shouting in the distance:

"Yallah! Yallah! By the nine'y-nine names of Allah and the hundred and fourteen chapters of the Koran. By the fig and the olive and the soul of Khaled the blessed, you shall all die in the bowels of the mountains without ever seeing the daylight or the moonshine now. Yes, you shall so die and my lynx and jackal shall pick your bones, whilst your souls shall fizzle and fry forever and forever in the fiery pit of Borhut. You have cast dirt upon my beard and set my turban awry, you dogs, for is it not written that "he who lendeth succor to the oppressor or the unbeliever shall ere long strike his knees in vain?" Wherefore by every hair of the dogs that begot thee, Abou Seif the santon will take bitter vengeance for the indignities that ye have cast upon him."

And having thus spat out his venom, as it were, they could hear his rapidly receding footsteps, mingled with fresh peals of chuckling laughter.

"I wish I'd spitted the old baste on me spear, which sure an' I'd have done if it hadn't been for the winged devils, an' the darkness, an' the not thinking ov it until too late, at all at all," grunted Pat Monaghan.

"Just pass the spear over to me, Pat, to feel the way well in advance with, for I judge 'tis safer now to go on than to turn back, for that old rascal has gone to bring the Bedouins after us, and knowing all the ins and outs of this place we'd have no chance of overtaking him, even on horseback," said Frank Donelly.

"Lord preserve us from him and the likes of him," muttered Pat, as he passed the lance over Nellie's head, whom, as he took it, Frank comforted with the words:

"I feel sure that this passage will eventually lead to freedom, my darling, and the creatures that put out the lights and startled us so much were but bats. I saw them distinctly. Now that the accustomed darkness that they delight in has returned again they trouble us no longer, you see, so let us get on once more."

He waited for no reply, but urged on his horse as he spoke, feeling the way with the long lance so that the animal should not knock its head against anything or plunge headlong down into some hole or pit.

It was, in fact, that kind of darkness that writers say "may be felt," or "may be cut with a knife," and so on, so that it was anything but pleasant traveling when it was impossible to know what possible dangers might not be in the way.

More than once Nellie Trezarr felt convinced that she heard the pattering feet of the jackal and of the still more fearful lynx coming after them, whilst Pat Monaghan's fears were still chiefly of the supernatural, so that every instant he expected that Djin or giant devil would spring upon him and bear him away, where or for what purpose he did not even dare to conjecture.

But imagination was soon destined to give way to reality, for when they had proceeded in this slow and cautious manner for about ten minutes, the path appearing to trend gradually downward the while, they heard the unmistakable sound of other hoofs in their rear and coming on at a much faster pace than their own.

Then, far behind them, there suddenly flashed a glow of ruddy light, and looking round they beheld the hideous scorpion eater coming down the subterranean at a speed that was wonderful for his years, holding aloft a torch in either hand and closely followed by a dozen or so of mounted Bedouins, whose bright lance points twinkled like stars above their scarlet shawl turbans.

"Lost, lost! We shall be sat upon and slain in this horrible subterranean," gasped Nellie, dropping her reins and clasping her hands together in an agony of terror.

"Bedad, but any how I'll kill some of them first, just for company, retorted Pat Monaghan cheerily, who looked upon the Bedouins (even with the scorpion eater thrown in) as a great improvement on Djins and giant devils.

Frank Donelly, however, had better words of consolation than Pat's, for he suddenly exclaimed:

"If there's a red light behind there's a white one ahead, Nellie, darling, and unless I'm greatly mistaken we will be out in the moonlight again before those fellows can come up with us."

CHAPTER XXX.

A COMBAT OF TWO TO TWELVE—AGAIN ON THE DESERT.

Frank Donelly's words proved prophetic ones, for every minute now the light became brighter in their front, enabling them to push forward every whit as rapidly as they were pursued, so that presently they squeezed their horses one by one through a narrow fissure that was hardly large enough to admit of their passage; indeed, Pat went so far as to declare that it was very like a "rich man struggling to get through the eye of a needle," he should think.

"An sure, yer Honor," he quickly added, "I don't see why we should let the spalpeens as are afther us come any further at all at all, for sure we might defend this narrow opening agin long odds from now till the crack of doom, if need be, like those old Greeks and Romans used to do we read of in the poethry and the story books."

"Another fine idea of yours, Pat; and by St. Patrick, your namesake, we'll put it in practice. Is your revolver charged in every chamber?"

"Aye, I've reloaded it since I settled the camels and the drumbledollies."

"Good; mine is in the same condition. We will dismount, sling our bridle over our arms, and take up our positions one on each side of the opening, sheltered by the rocks, and, by George we'll give those rascals pepper as they come up. Nellie, ride on a little way, my dear. We will overtake you presently."

"Oh, Frank! don't rush into any needless danger," pleaded the fair girl.

"No, darling; that we will leave our enemies to do. They come on unasked, and so they must take the consequences. Do as I ask you, Nellie."

She made no further opposition or observation, but rode on a little way and then drew rein.

Frank Donelly motioned to her, however, to move a trifle more to the right, fearing that she was somewhat in the Bedouin line of fire.

When she had obeyed his mute sign he gave all his attention to the latter gentry.

They were by this time near enough to require it, pounding along through the subterranean at the heels of the onward rushing santon under the full impression, no doubt, that instead of awaiting them just outside, the fugitives were hurrying down the mountain as fast as ever they could urge their horses.

They were soon undeceived on this point, however, for at the same instant "crack! crack! crack! crack! crack! crack!" went Captain Donelly's and Pat Monagnan's revolvers, the rapid reports going rumbling and roaring into the innermost recesses of the vast subterraneans and awakening a score and more of echoes, which were quickly succeeded by those of the shrieks, howls, groans and execrations of the wounded and the dying as they fell clattering from their high deml-pique saddles to the resounding floor of the passage, whilst those who survived spurred forward over their writhing bodies with shriller cries still, intent on taking vengeance on the slaughterers of their brethren before they could reload.

But Captain Donelly and Pat Monaghan had six charges yet remaining in their revolvers, and now, stepping suddenly forward into view, they discharged them full in the faces and breasts of their swarthy foes, when so near that their tossing and straining horses' heads were almost within arm's length of their muzzles.

Each bullet found its billet on this occasion, and down went the shrieking Bedouins, one over the other, and amongst them the santon, with a hole in his throat, out through which the blood gushed like a fountain.

As he went crashing down his weight burst open the basket at his back, and the great flesh-colored serpents, gliding forth, sprang upon the fallen men, and the plunging, rearing horses, hissing fiercely and burying their poison fangs in their prey.

As for the Bedouins who still remained mounted and apparently uninjured, and in number they were but three, they wheeled their horses round and galloped back into the darkness of the tomb, whilst giving utterance to loud cries of horror and dismay.

Ere they had disappeared altogether from view Captain Donelly and Pat were in their saddles and riding calmly forward to rejoin Nellie.

"Thanks to Pat's suggestion, we have got wholly rid of the rascals, for the three who still survive will let us depart in peace, I imagine," said Frank, and then he added, as a puzzled expression came over his fine countenance: "I wish that we knew how to recross the mountain, for we are now on the side of the great desert, which stretches for hundreds of leagues toward the very centre of Africa."

"No, Frank, it cannot be," replied Nellie, "for I feel certain that that is Cairo which I see over away yonder. And there, there are the Pyramids, too, and I feel equally sure that I can just make out a train steaming in that direction, the direction of the North Star, which must be Alexandria-ward, I take it."

"By all that's glorious, you are right, Nellie. Why, we must have come out on the same side of the mountain as that at which we entered. We have described the half of a half, or more likely of an oval, within the subterranean. I dared not have hoped for such good fortune. It saves no end of time."

"Be the saints, yer honor, an' it's a good down that we are into the bargain. It's just meself that knows this blessed plum tree, be the bit branch that I tore off in plucking some of the fruit, an' there it lies in the middle of the track to witness to the truth ov me words," observed Pat.

All was as clear now as the sun at noonday, and all that they seemingly had to do was to re-cross the desert till they struck the railway at the little village of Et-Tarraneh, where there was a station at which they would be able to take train for Alexandria, for the train, which they could still perceive, or to be more correct, the steam from her engine, was proof that the line between the capital and the great seaport had not yet been ripped up.

"After all, we may be aboard a British ship before dawn, darling," said Frank Donelly, "for I dare say they'll be running trains from Cairo as often as circumstances will allow during the night, so cheer up."

Nellie was quite willing to do so, for 'tis much pleasanter to encourage hope than despair in the heart. As for Pat, he didn't require any encouragement at all, as it was not his nature to look at the dark side of anything.

So they made they made their way down the steep mountain side with ease and circumspection, and directly that they had reached the desert plain steered straight across it as nearly as possible in the direction of Et Tarraneh.

If Captain Donelly really thought that all their dangers were over he calculated sadly without his host, for at least eighteen miles of desert lay between them and the railway station, towards which they were steering, and from all directions troops, regular and irregular, were concentrating towards the capital to swell the forces of the War Minister.

The fugitives proceeded slowly at first, for their horses wanted breathing space, but the once more fresh bracing air of the desert was not long in at all events partially restoring their strength and spirits when they progressed more rapidly, and then it was that Captain Donelly very shortly discovered that the desert in this direction was for the once not the desert at all.

For across it small bands of Bedouins seemed to be perpetually streaming, doubtless on their way to make up the sixty thousand irregular cavalry that Arabi Pasha had boasted he could have enrolled underneath his banner in less than a week, for well he knew that these mounted robbers would swarm like vultures to a feast, for quite as respectable as Turkish Bashi-Bazouks the Bedouin delights in slaughter and plunder quite as much as, according to Dr. Watts, dogs delight to bark and bite.

"Oh, if the moon were not quite so bright," thought the young officer to himself, for the grand luminary of night shed as clear and white a radiance over the sandy plain as a number of electric lights would diffuse over a boulevard or a street, and there were no shadows to take advantage of.

When Frank Donnelly had read of this desert ruse years previously he had never imagined that the time would come when he would be glad to avail himself of it himself.

It was quite effectual, however, for within the next hour they would certainly have been sighted and pursued had they been rash enough to have continued on their way; whilst owing to their precaution large parties of Bedouins passed quite near by without perceiving them.

Then, at last, the danger of discovery seemed to grow less and less, and their part of the desert to be getting empty again, so that they thought of once more remounting and continuing their journey, when, on suddenly looking round, Pat Monaghan beheld yet another party of Bedouins coming towards them, but following a course which betokened that they would pass much nearer by than any of the preceding bodies of the savage horsemen had done.

"Bedad, an' it's as straight as a bede line that the varmints are coming and if we would save our lives we'd better be up and away, yer honor."

"By Jove, I believe you're right, Pat. Up and away be it, then," rejoined his master, and the next instant he was undoing his horses leashings.

When they had seen to their own steeds and turned to perform the same office by Nellie's, lo, the deft and spirited girl had not only released the animal and got him on his legs, but had also mounted him and was quite ready for flight.

Before long, indeed, Donelly felt that they were like three poor fawns trying to cross a chesboard, with the rival knights, bishops, rooks and queen all bent on rendering the attempt a matter of sheer impossibility.

As yet they were evidently unseen, but as he could hardly hope that they would continue so for long, he was presently fain to yield to the inevitable and adopt a ruse.

He called a halt, told Nellie that there was nothing much to be alarmed at, but that nevertheless it was better to be cautious, and then held a brief consulation with Pat Monaghan, the result of which was that all three dismounted, forced their horses to lie down, gagged them so that they could neither neigh nor whinny, tied their legs so that for them to rise was an equal impossibility, and then in the course of a very few minutes raised a circular barrier of sand high enough to conceal both their steeds and themselves as they crouched down.

Her prompt action had saved a couple of minutes at the least, and that brief space of time might be of the utmost value under the circumstances.

Frank gave her a word or two of ardent praise and flung himself into his own saddle even whilst speaking them, nor was Pat slow in imitating his example, and just as they were perceived and the Moslem war cry of "Allah ackbar! Allah, Allah! hu!" rent the air in their rear, accompanied by a great brandishing of scimitars and lances, the three fugitives were off at full speed again, Pat muttering something to the effect that "the devil might take the hindmost," yet for all that himself keeping in the rear, as he considered himself in duty bound to do, and answering the Bedouin defiance by twirling his own lance round and round above his head as though it were a shillelah, whilst he howled out a genuine Irish hullabaloo.

"Keep your breath to cool your porridge, Pat," exclaimed his master, somewhat annoyed. "This is no child's play, I would have you remember, so just postpone all vaporing until we are tearing along at the tail of the iron horse instead of on the backs of our own, my good fellow."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

How a Mistake in Filling a Prescription Led to a Marriage.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Catson, putting aside a newspaper and turning to her husband, "a pair of earrings caused the Burmese war, I never heard of anything so strange."

"Oh," said Mr. Catson, "I have heard of stranger things."

"Nonsense."

"Well, I have, and I'll give you an example. One night in Boston a young man, meeting an acquaintance, said: 'Come, let's have a drink.' I never was in Boston, but that remark brought about our marriage."

"Why, George," exclaimed Mrs. Catson "you are foolish. Neither of us were ever in Boston. You must be losing your mind."

"Tell you what I'll do; I promised to get you a new cloak, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, now I'll bet you the cloak that I can prove my assertion."

"All right."

"If I succeed, you don't get the cloak."

"I understand."

"Well, one night in Boston about ten years ago, a young man, meeting a friend, asked him to come out and have a drink. The friend, a drug clerk, did so. He took several drinks and got drunk. That settled it."

"Settled what?"

"The fact of our marriage."

"How can you be so foolish?"

"Never mind, I'll explain. The drug clerk got drunk and went to the store. Shortly afterward a servant girl entered and handed him a prescription. In putting it up he used morphine instead of quinine. The girl went away, and delivered the medicine to Mrs. Potter who took it and died."

"Oh, what's the use of prolonging this foolishness?"

"Hold on. The death of that woman drew you and me closer together than we ever were before."

"We were not acquainted with each other ten years ago."

"That is very true, but wait. Mr. Potter, the lady's husband, was almost crazed by grief. He could stay in New York no longer, so he came down to Kentucky and, after awhile, went into business. Don't see any light yet, do you?"

"Oh, hush."

"Wait a minute. He had not been in business long until I met him. He took a fancy to me and gave me employment. After I had been with him several years, he sent me to Arkansaw. I had been in this State but a short time until I met you. Summary: If the friend had not asked the drug clerk to drink on one certain occasion he would not have got drunk. If he hadn't been drunk he would not have made a mistake in filling the prescription, and had he not made a mistake, Mrs. Potter would not have been killed, and had she not died, Potter would not have left New York, and had he not left that city I should not have met him, and had I not gone into business with him—"

"Oh, for goodness sake, hush. You are enough to drive anybody crazy."

She arose and left the room. Her husband mused: "I'll make her another bet. I'll bet she doesn't get that cloak. I have always thought that the logic of events failed to meet with proper appreciation in this country."

Magnified Incidents.

The dwellers in lonely regions are forced to seize on the most trivial events and wring excitement from them, if they would find relief from the stagnations of their daily life. A traveller among the San Francisco mountains tells, in *Outing*, his own experience in finding a trivial circumstance dignified into matter for discussion. He says:

Once at Ash Forks, a collection of a dozen shanties, the coatless ruffian who served a mockery of a dinner brought me a glass of milk. It had turned a little sour and no wonder; for in that desert place the sun beats down with a tropical heat.

Quite conscious of possible unpleasant consequences, I objected to my milk. The bearded waiter arms akimbo, stared defiantly, then slouched to the door, where sat the bulky landlord, and made known my complaint.

No less than four idlers followed that landlord to my table. The unfortunate glass of milk was passed in silence down the line. I felt the situation to be serious.

"Hanged if it ain't sour!" spoke at last the portly host, and every loafer echoed, "Hanged if it ain't!"

"Hanged if we don't make that ranchman drink the milk!" was the further verdict, supplemented by the chorus, "Hanged if we don't!"

"An' if he kicks, we'll hang him!"

"Shoot us if we won't!"

That deranged milk was the event of the day for six men. It furnished them with material for thought and speech.

Autograph hunters are said to deluge Mr. Harris of the *Atlanta Constitution* with requests for his signature. A friend of his says he always drops such letters in the waste basket, but that when he goes to dinner the elevator boy amuses himself by filling out the blank cards and placing them in the return envelopes addressed "Joel Chandler Harris, Atlanta, Ga."

THE FARM.

Forcing Rhubarb and Asparagus.

A method which we have frequently practiced is to dig up, in the fall, or at any time during winter when the ground is not frozen, a number of clumps with as many roots attached as possible, and place them close together in a cold frame, sprinkle fine soil between and over them, water copiously with lukewarm water, level again with soil, cover all with a few inches of dry leaves and put on the sashes. The subsequent care is the same as required for ordinary cold-frames, giving air on mild days, and secure covering in cold weather. Water is rarely needed, as the leaves prevent rapid evaporation When cold-frames are not available, the roots may be taken into a warm cellar, under a window if possible, and covered with soil and leaves, or straw. Plants in a cellar need more water than in a frame, and the water given should be lukewarm.

Another, and very easy way to forward Rhubarb, is to turn a one-headed barrel over a strong plant, and bank fresh horse-manure all round and over it. The bottom of the barrel should have several holes bored through it to facilitate the escape of superabundant heat and gases, else the stalks are apt to grow up sickly and decay.

Timely Suggestions

Keep no unprofitable cows over winter. The present is the time to cull the herd, if it has not been done already. Ten chances to one you are keeping one or more cows that do not pay for the feed they eat. You can easily ascertain which cows are profitable for cream by setting a little milk from each cow in a tumbler, or better in a cream gauge. There will be a difference in the thickness of the cream, and that very marked, unless your cows are all of the same breed, and even then the difference in the cream may be noticeable.

A good condition powder may be cheaply prepared on the farm. A mixture of one pound penugreek, one pound of gentian, one pound salt, one pound sulphate of soda, an ounce of sulphur, pound of phosphate of soda, half a pound of chloride of iron, and half a pound of black antimony, given in tablespoonful doses twice a day, will greatly assist the appetite and promote the condition of the animals.

A farmer's scrap-book should be kept on every well-regulated farm. There are thousands of recipes for the curing of sick animals which may be of great value if referred to at the proper time. Useful hints regarding special crops may be forgotten unless preserved in this manner, convenient for reference. Plans for farm buildings or their interior management may be preserved until wanted. Gates, fences, ditches, and the numerous other things which make up the business of the farm, require frequent repairs or entire construction, and the hints and helps which may be afforded if the scrap-book has been well kept are of immense value.

The necessity of keeping horses away from quagmires in the public roads is shown by the manner in which one of my horses is affected since it became stalled in one not long ago. Since the occurrence, whenever the horse touches a soft place in the road it trembles all over with fear, every muscle in its body seeming to shake, and it has to be led away from the spot, refusing to be driven.

Crumbly Butter.

Winter-made butter carries its own certificate of quality. It is usually white and tallowy, and crumbles into small fragments. It is always deficient in the oily part of the fat. Fat consists of three acids—stearic, margaric, and oleic, combined with glycerine. Stearic acid, or stoerine, is hard, white, and friable; oleic acid, or oleine, is yellow, soft, and oily, and dilutes the whiter and harder stearine and margarine. In the winter the oleine of the butter is in much less proportion, being used up in making fat to keep the animal warm. And unless food that is rich in oil is provided for the cows, the butter made in the winter will always be hard and crumbly, and white in color. This fact applies also to some cows, which consume the oleine of the food, and consequently make white, hard butter at all times; but much more so in winter than in summer, while other's make rich, yellow, and oily butter. The rich butter of the Jersey cows is associated with a lean carcass, while some other cows are always fat and sleek, but their butter is white and of poor flavor.

Much however, may be done in the way of feeding to secure an excellent quality of butter, even in winter. Some of those who have made winter dairying a special business are much troubled by the poor quality of the butter, and farmers generally, who make butter this season, complain almost universally of the same difficulty. While some part of it lies in the cows, beyond doubt, yet the greater part of the difficulty is in the feeding, and dairymen must provide an abundance of food that is rich in oily matter, to supply both the want of the cow for herself to sustain the vital warmth and to leave an abundant surplus for the butter. A caution may be given against depending on the so-called oilmeals for this purpose. By the new processes in use in the mills every particle of oil in cottonseed and linseed is taken out, by means of benzine, or naphtha, as it is sometimes called, which dissolves the oil and leaves the meal entirely free of it. Formerly those meals contained from 10 to 18 per cent. of oil, and they were then most valuable food for fattening and the butter dairy. Now they are of no use for making fat, excepting so far as their protein elements may be converted into it by a roundabout transformation; but it is known that fat, given in the food, is formed into an emulsion by the process of mastication and digestion, and is assimilated directly and taken into the blood by the way of the lacteal vessels and the portal vein. If we want to get rich milk we must feed food rich in oil; and the best food of this kind we can use is hay or fodder, so that it is thoroughly masticated and made to yield up its oil to the action of the saliva.

Flea and Mosquito.

Fleas abound in southern Europe, and mosquitoes flourish in America. A Spanish or Italian lady would no more blush to be seen with a flea on her person than would an American girl to be bitten by a mosquito. But the American thinks that the presence of fleas indicates uncleanliness, and this fact lies at the bottom of the amusing anecdote told by the *Argonaut* of San Francisco:

Some days ago a young lady was walking with a gentleman rather older than herself. Suddenly he saw upon her satin neck a black object. It moved—It was an insect—genus pulex.

Taking the advantage to which men with gray hair are so prone,—a younger man would have been more timid,—he at once removed the insect with his finger and thumb. The young lady turned at the touch inquiringly.

"Pardon me," said her companion, "but you had a flea on your neck."

The young lady showed mock displeasure.

"Should I not have removed it?" asked he anxiously.

"Ye-e-es," she replied, hesitatingly, "but you might have called it a mosquito."

THE WORLD OVER.

A farmer in New Hampshire has been fined for cruelty in not providing shelter for his cattle during the late cold weather. He was the richest man in the neighborhood.

Nearly 80,000 acres of lands under water along the Connecticut shore have been sold by the State to oyster growers, and last year's taxes on this area (one-fifth of which is in use) yielded $8,000.

A milkman slipped and fell in New London the other day in such a way that he went head foremost into a can from which he had removed the cover, and, as it was a tight fit, a tinsmith's services were required to extricate him.

Few monarchs can boast of progeny so illustrious as King Christian IX. of Denmark. Five out of his six children are married and have families. The eldest sons of each of these families are the prospective monarchs of Denmark, Greece, the British empire, Russia, and Hanover.

Two men called up the telegraph operator at East Weymouth, Mass., recently, and got him to go to the depot at midnight in order to send a telegram. As he entered the station the men drew revolvers and demanded the money in the safe, knowing it temporarily contained a large amount. Quick as a flash the operator whipped out a pistol and "got the drop upon the would be robbers, who fled in terror.

The purified fat of sheep's wool, which has been introduced into the drug market under the name of lanolin, is said to possess remarkable susceptibility to absorption by the skin. When one thousand parts of it are mixed with one part of a soluble metallic substance and applied to the scalp, a metallic taste is noticed in the mouth within a few minutes. It is thought the substance will be of great value for ointments.

According to the *British Medical Journal* the most flagrant dietetic errors on the part of poor people arise from ignorance of the nutritive value of foods. When they cannot buy meats, whose importance they recognize, they do not put proper articles in the place of it. They do not correctly estimate the high value of milk and eggs; and when obliged to use a largely vegetable diet they make no distinction between nunutritious vegetables and those which, like peas and beans, are rich in nitrogen and well calculated to supply the place of animal food.

Nearly three years have elapsed since Gambetta's remains were consigned to the grave at Nice, but nothing has yet been done to give even a decent appearance to his last resting place. An old friend of the departed statesman, who visited the cemetery on the anniversary of his death in order to strew flowers on his tomb, gives a melancholy account of the state of neglect into which it has been allowed to fall. He says it is only a temporary scaffolding, a pyramid of wood covered with wreaths and offerings. The barrier which surrounds it is all rotten. The great tribune, apparently, is forgotten already.

A member of the Geological Survey says that Salt Lake will be of great value in the near future, not only on account of the common salt it will produce, but also for the sodium sulphate it contains. The latter is separated in a flocculent precipitate by the cold weather of wild winter, and annually thrown up on the shore in enormous quantities. There are many other lakes in the far West whence an inexhaustible supply of commercial alkalies may be obtained at small cost. Mono Lake, Cal., alone being estimated to hold over 78,000,000 tons of sodium carbonate.

The peasant Indians of Central America hold some curious superstitions, of which the following are examples: When a child is ill the mother takes a drake, singes its tail feathers, and, muttering certain words, passes it over the patient. A woman feeds a parrot with a few pieces of tortilla and gives the child the crumbs which fall from the beak, as they will make it talk! Colic is due to the evil eye; in order to get rid of the disturbing influence the woman breaks four duck's eggs into a basin, and, having mixed them with rue, places the whole under the child's bed; if the compound be curdled in the morning the spirit has departed.

MERRY RIPPLES.

The Onondaga Indians worship a white dog. Their deity must be a holy terrier.

It doan meck no diffunce how big er liar er pusson is, he hates er pusson dat won't tell de truth.

When you see your neighbor in his back yard engaged in splitting wood you may at any moment send a cold chill down his spine by sharply shouting at him, "Look out for that clothes line!"

Troubles never come singly, sure enough. Immediately following the death of Wm. H. Vanderbilt alleged portraits of his sons appeared in scores of daily newspapers. Some persons seem to take a fiendish delight in multiplying grief.

A San Francisco family recently engaged a young girl from the East who advertised that she had been "four years in her last place." The family subsequently learned that she would have remained longer than four years in her last place if the Governor had not pardoned her when he did.

It's mighty seldom dat yer ken tell er pusson 'zactly how yer wants er thing done, an' nine times outen ten it is better for er pusson to do it hisself, fur eben ef it ain' done so well, he is better pleased wid de job. When yer itches 'twixt de shoulders it's er mighty hard matter ter tell er pusson whar to scratch.

"There!" said Mrs. Gummidge, putting aside her paper. "Good for Lillie Deveroux Blake." "What has she done, my dear?" "She says that Shakespeare was a brute, and that the play 'The Taming of the Shrew' does woman gross injustice." "Well, I think myself that it would have been truer to nature if he hadn't a-tamed her."

Fesseden, who recently purchased an alarm clock, says the thing is a confounded humbug. "I set the alarm," he explained, "before going to bed, after taking the precaution to stop the clock, so that its ticking shouldn't keep me awake. And would you believe it, I overslept next morning a whole hour later than usual!"

"Want your sidewalk cleaned off?" he asked of a citizen. "Just got a man." "Have any badges on?" "I believe he has five or six." "Then let him keep the job. I'm a tramp and hard up, but them roller-skating champions has got to earn a living somehow, and I'm not the man to stand in their way. They are entitled to public sympathy and assistance."

It was a New York capitalist who flung $1,000 at one of his sons a year ago and said: "There it is, and it is the last dollar you'll get from me. You don't know enough to pound salt. Speculation! Why you haven't sense enough to buy and ship eggs. The other day the old man went down to