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Select Poetry.

THE SAND-MAN.

He peeps in through the key-hole,
And he bobs up at the pane,
When scarlet firelight dances
On wall and floor again.
Hush! here he comes,—the Sand-man,
With his dream-cap he is crowned,
And grains of sleep he scatters,
Going round and round and round—
While the little ones are nodding, going round.

He whispers quaintest fancies:
With a tiny silver thread
He sews up silken eyelids
That ought to be in bed.
Each wee head nods acquaintance,
He's known wherever found:
All stay-up-lates he catches,
Going round and round and round—
With a pack of dreams forever, going round.

I see two eyes the brightest:
But I'll not tell whose they are!
They shut up like a lily—
That Sand-man can't be far!
Somebody grows so quiet—
Who comes, without a sound?
He lends one more to dream-land,
Going round and round and round!
And a good night to the Sand-man, going round.

Select Story.

"THE FELLOW'S" LOVE STORY.

"No, I don't care so much for staying in Germany now," said my friend Lyndsay Roundell to me the other day, as we sat after dinner, we two alone, in the window of a little hotel overlooking the Thames. We had not met for some years; and having now chanced to meet in London, he on returning from the Italian port where he had been British consul, and I having just come back from the United States, we celebrated our reunion by a quiet dinner together. When we used to meet more often, and were a little younger, we were both passionate lovers of German literature, music, philosophy, scenery, and wines. Naturally, therefore, we had been talking of Germany.

"No," he repeated, "I don't care much about staying in Germany any more. I always hurry through. I know all about United Germany, and its greatness, and its victories, and that sort of thing, and it's splendid, of course. I am glad of it, you know; but it's a little like a fellow who is glad that some girl he loved when he was a boy has grown a grand lady and married an earl. Delighted, of course, and all that; but she isn't *our* Lisette any more. I spent a night or two in Berlin lately, and went to an evening party—had to. It was given by a friend, a modest professor. I tell you there was as much show and sham, as much jewelry and rustling silks, and bare shoulders and footmen, and airs and tomfoolery, as if it was in Paris under the empire.

"I fear—I fear that years are telling on you, Roundell. You are becoming an old fogy."

"I suppose so. But these people used to be so simple, sweet, and homely when I used to visit Berlin first. Tell you what, I used to like the little courts of the tiny princes. It's a shame, I suppose but I used to like them. Say what you will, these little courts had a flavor of antique chivalry and old romance about them."

"Had they? I confess I never could see it. I thought them ridiculous little humbugs."

"Well, and you are right enough, from the point of view taken by the journalist and the practical politician. But why don't you take a look at them from the romancist's standpoint?"

"Because I can't imagine any romance clinging around such formal, dry, and dusty old pedantries. Did you ever hear of the romance of a Master of the Ceremonies? Can you imagine Gold Stick in Waiting the hero of a thrilling love story?"

Roundell only sent a column of smoke up over his head into the blue ether, and was silent. After a silence of a moment or two he said "Did you see in the papers the death of the Grand Duchess of Libesheim?"

"No, I didn't observe. The old Grand Duchess?"

"Oh, no, the young one—the wife of the Grand Duke—I mean the fellow who was Grand Duke until Bismarck sponged him off the slate."

"I don't see. Where did she die?"

"In Florence. She was very young to die."

"Young to die—yes. But she was not exactly a chicken, you know. Let me see. When was it we saw her in Liebsheim at her marriage festivals? In '52, wasn't it? Well, you see, twenty years—"

"Yes, yes, of course; but I always think of her as young. How beautiful she looked then!"

"She did; she seemed a charming woman. I only saw her twice—the day when her husband brought her out into the balcony to bow to the crowd, and once at the court ball, for which some good-natured functionary—I forgot who it was—kindly got me a ticket."

"She is dead—so soon," my friend repeated, thoughtfully.

I did not quite understand his emotion. I was sorry the Grand Duchess should be dead, if she particularly wished to live; but one must be a great devotee of royalty to feel profound grief at the death of a princess whom he saw twice, in a crowd and at a distance, twenty years ago. It surprised me too to find my friend so deeply concerned for the extinction of any royalty, seeing that he used to be rather of the stern republican school. To be sure since he and I were in Germany together he had received a consulship from the government of her Majesty Queen Victoria. "They said her husband was a worthless scamp," said I for want of any thing else or better to say.

"They did; I believe it was only too true," replied Roundell, rather gloomily.

"She didn't care about him, I suppose?" I asked.

"No. How could she? He was a brute, and the marriage was a mere political arrangement."

"I suppose these royal or semi-royal marriages always are."

He didn't answer directly. But he sent up another pillar of smoke, and murmured, "Dead!—so young and so beautiful!"

"You grow quite sentimental about the Grand Duchess. Did you know her?"

"I never saw her, as you have said, for twenty years."

"Then why are you so greatly concerned about her death?"

"Well, you see, her memory belongs to the old time, when we were young; and I can see her face now before me, sad and beautiful. I know she was very unhappy. I remember hearing a story—I don't know whether it's worth telling, though."

"By all means. Go ahead. I shall be delighted to hear it."

I said this because Roundell spoke in that half-eager and half-apologetic tone which shows that a man wants to tell you something but is afraid you will not care to listen to it.

"It isn't much. There was a fellow I knew at the time we were in Liebesheim—an English fellow. I don't think you knew him. He was studying something or other there, and he liked to read in the mornings.

He used to get up with the lark and stroll out into the park. You remember the park—pretty, wasn't it? And he found out a quiet place where hardly any people ever went even in the day, and he used to read there. I remember the spot, every stone and leaf of it—he showed it to me—and I used to lounge there sometimes after he had gone. It was a little bit of a clearing in rather a thick part of the wood, and there was a little stream there. I used to spout Goethe's poem to the Bachlein there."

"*You* used to spout, or the fellow you are telling me of?"

"Oh, I used to—when he had gone, you know. Perhaps he used to spout it too: it doesn't matter. There were a couple of statues there, a nymph and a faun—that sort of thing—all grown over with moss. Well, Sir, one lovely summer morning, when this fellow was reading there, declaiming out loud—he had a great fashion for doing that—"

"So had you, I remember."

"Had I really? Oh no, I think not; anyhow, he had. Well, he was declaiming something from Schiller, when suddenly he heard an unmistakable laugh—a very pleasant, musical laugh—and looking up, he saw—"

"A girl, of course."

"Wrong, for once. He saw two girls."

"All the same. I knew we should get to some girl or girls before long."

"Nice girls, too, and very beautiful; quietly dressed; citizens' daughters—that sort of thing. Got into talk with this fellow. Were as friendly and sweet and modest as dear little German girls only can be, or used to be in those days. The fellow talked a good deal too. They were interested in England and his studies, and so on. One of them had lovely eyes. Went away, of course. Fellow went there next morning."

"They came again."

"Wrong, Sir. They didn't. He was sorry. But they came the morning after."

"Oh, confound it! that all comes to the same thing. They came, anyhow."

"They did. Acquaintance grew and grew. They would sit on the grass and talk for an hour at a time—they three."

"Always three?"

"Always—at first."

"Thought so."

"Like a good fellow, let me go on in my way. Or you tell me the story, if you know all about it."

"Well, I almost think I could. The regular sort of thing, I suppose—the fellow you knew fell in love with the girl who had the eyes, and, for some reason or other, she couldn't marry him, and they were miserable, or she did marry him, and they were happy. Can't be anything else. Did marry or didn't marry, there's the only difference."

Roundell laughed rather a gloomy sort of laugh. "In this case it was didn't marry," he said; "but we may as well go regularly through with the story, as we have begun it. It's not quite so commonplace as you suppose. Well, these girls came very regularly in the mornings, and sometimes they even arranged to meet the fellow of evenings—on rare occasions, though. Once there was a sort of saturnalial masquerade in the open air in the gardens of the old Schloss, and the girls gave the fellow a hint that they were to be there, and how they were to be dressed, and he found them out. She was dressed like a Swiss peasant girl—bodice and sleeves, short skirts, you know."

"Yes—silver spoon in the hair, liberal display of ankles. Go on."

My friend looked grim at my levity, and I felt bound to excuse myself by saying that as I didn't personally know the fellow who was the hero of this romance, I might be forgiven if I spoke too lightly of his idol's ankles.

Roundell went on: "It was the queerest sort of thing, the meetings of these three—the three always, until just the end. There really wasn't any love-making in particular, although the fellow grew at last to be madly in love with the girl with the eyes. She called herself Dorthea; the other was Meta. They were cousins, they said, daughters of worthy trades-people who supplied things to the Schloss. They used to talk about books. The girls were particularly interested in English novels and poetry and art, and I don't know what all. The poor fellow was confoundedly happy. And, do you know, I think studious and poetic young fellows of that age are wonderfully pure. This fellow wasn't any better than any of the rest of us, but, by Jove! his love for her was as pure as the love of a woman."

"Did she fall in love with him?"

"Well, it came out in this sort of way. He was rather a good-looking young fellow then, though perhaps you wouldn't think so now—fellows change so—and he was full of poetry and passion, and that sort of stuff, just at the age when a man would be delighted to give his life for a woman. Well, sir, one morning she had a little flower in her hand; and as they were parting, she held it in an uncertain sort of way, as if she were going to offer it to him. He extended his hand; the flower dropped; he reached down for it; she reached down for it; their hands touched one moment, one single little moment—by Jove! as short as this puff of smoke; and when she looked up her face was all crimson; and then she turned away; and she knew as well as Heaven does that the fellow was in love with her, and he knew that she loved him."

Roundell paused in his story. The evening was deepening down, the skies were purpling, and the Thames was assuming a sad and melancholy hue. The faint ripple of the water was heard more and more clearly. My friend looked out of the window, and seemed to enjoy the quiet beauty of the scene.

"Well, but the rest of the story, Roundell," I said.

"The rest of the story? I don't know that it isn't all over."

"Oh, come now, there must be a little more."

"Yes, a little; but I think it might have been better, somehow, if it had ended there."

"Anyhow, it didn't; so go on."

"Well, the fellow didn't see either of the girls next day, or the next. But the third day they came; and Dorothea was very sweet and melancholy, and the other one, Meta, was rather distant in manner, the fellow thought, and seemed frightened somehow. They didn't stay long; Meta seemed wild to get away; but when they were going, Dorothea gave her hand to—to the fellow, you know, and put into it a tiny scrap of paper."

"Ah!"

"Yes, a tiny scrap of paper. It had a few words written on it. Of course he didn't read it until he was safe out of the range of every body's eyes. Then he read it. It only asked him to meet her after dusk, in the old place, that evening. Of course he went. He waited a long time, wondering, and in agony lest some confounded stroller should come that way. The place was as free and open to any one who pleased as that bank of the Thames there, but it was just out of the regular track of promenaders and loungers, and, thanks to the routine tendencies of the human mind, not a creature ever did come there but the poor fellow and these girls. So he waited for an hour, and at last she came. She was almost out of breath, and frightened; said she had great difficulty in getting away, but that she was resolved, come what would, to see him alone—for the last time."

"For the last time?"

"Those were her words, and her firm, sad face showed that she meant it. She told him that she and her companion had been doing a very foolish thing, and running a terrible risk, and that they trusted to his honor as an English gentleman to help them out of the fix by just keeping their secret, and forgetting all about them. She was awfully in earnest; no affectation, no coquetry; brave and firm, but with the flash of a tear now and then in her beautiful eyes. She told the fellow that she was the cousin and companion of the princess, who was to marry the young Grand Duke of Liebesheim."

"Meta?"

"Metá, she told him, was the future Grand Duchess. She was brought to Liebesheim to marry the Grand Duke. She was the daughter of a mediatized prince, and put under the care of his hard and formal old mother. Of course Dorothea told the fellow that the princess could not love her future husband. How could she? Every one knew that he was a selfish young cub. Dorothea's eyes filled with tears when she spoke of the miserable fate of her friend. 'I may tell you,' she said to the fellow, 'that she loves one whom she will always remember and can never see again.'"

"But how about herself?"

"Yes, I am afraid that concerned the fellow a good deal more than the troubles of the Grand Duchess that was to be. 'Dorothea,' said—said the fellow, you know, 'this mustn't affect us; we must not part; nothing must separate us; I love you,' and all that kind of thing. He would have talked to her like a madman, and he caught her hand and kissed it, and begged of her to be his wife, although the poor devil—God help him!—had a very small allowance to live on, and was good for nothing, so far as money-making goes, and he was only two-and-twenty years old; but she stood there firm and patient and suffering. Ah, by Jove! I know she was. It was in her eyes, for—for the fellow told me so. She said: 'My friend we must not see each other any more—ever again. We must part.' Then she told the fellow that the young princess and herself had taken a freak of going out for morning walks dressed like city girls and that they meant no harm; and that one day they heard the fellow declaiming from Schiller and they listened, and then they got into talk with him, and they rather liked the fellow; and so on, you know. Now the princess's marriage was approaching, and there must be no more cakes and ale! 'But you will not be sorry to learn,' said Dorothea, 'that your friendship and our pleasant talks sometimes gladdened the poor princess, and that she will remember you always as a friend.'"

"But what had all this to do with herself?" I asked a little impatiently.

"That was what the fellow put to her; but she said that her fate was bound up with that of the princess, and she too hinted of some confounded marriage engagement. Oh, he talked, did the fellow, I can tell you. His eloquence fairly astonished himself. But it was all to no purpose. She firmly declared that they must never meet any more. Then he began to accuse her of playing with his love; but she looked at him with such a grieved and imploring face that he soon dropped that game. He begged of her even to give him the comfort of telling him that she loved him, that if things had been different, and all that. She only said, 'my friend, some day you and I will both be glad that I speak no foolish words now. You will look back on my memory with all the better feeling.' It was growing late: the woods were darkening—all this, though it seems long, didn't take a quarter of an hour—she had to go away. She wouldn't even give him a lock of her hair—no, by jove! nor the flower in her bosom. 'Not *now*,' she said; 'we have both gone too far. Adieu; I won't ask you to forget me,' and she held out her hand. He caught it and kissed it. There was a ring upon her finger, which came almost loose in his hand. He almost thought of pulling it off, and keeping it as a relic; but he didn't. He pressed it on her slender little darling of a finger again, and in half a moment she was gone, and the fellow was alone."

"Poor fellow! What did he do?"

"Do? He mooned about the wood for an hour or two with his hands in his pockets, thinking of nothing, in an odd, dazed sort of way. At last he went home to his lodgings, and I think he wished that he were a woman for once."

"Why that?"

"Don't you see? Because if he were a woman, he could have a good cry, and ease his mind a little. But he could only smoke, and when the fellows he knew made jokes, he had to try and make jokes too. He went with them to the beer gardens and the dancing places, and I don't suppose that any of them ever knew the poor devil was wretched."

"Did he keep up visiting the old place in the mornings?"

"He did; but she never came again. *She* was gone."

"Then did he never see her again?"

"Oh yes; he saw her once. It was on the day of the Grand Duke's marriage. He posted himself in the crowd, poor fellow, to see the procession which passed through the city from the church when that confounded brute and cad, the Grand Duke, took his newly made wife round to show her to his people. The fellow thought, you know, that he would be sure to see Dorothea somewhere in the court carriages, and he longed to see her again as much as if the sight could do him any possible good. There he stood, and he saw her."

Roundell brought his clenched fist heavily down on the table as he spoke.

"In one of the court carriages of course?"

"In the carriage of the Grand Duke, and seated by his side. She was now his wife."

"Dorothea?"

"Dorothea herself." Roundell rose up from his seat in the window, and strode across the room, looked or affected to look at the clock over the chimney-piece, returned to the table, stood there a moment in silence, then poured himself out a glass of claret and drank it. "Yes," he went on, "Dorothea was the Grand Duchess. Meta was only the cousin and companion. It was a pious fraud she had tried to practice on the poor fellow, who loved her, and whom—well, perhaps she might have loved if he hadn't been a poor devil without family or fortune, and she a German princess."

"Did she see him?"

"No, she was looking away when he first saw her, and then he drew out of the crowd. He spared her *that*. Meta saw him, and turned pale. She was in the third or fourth carriage. He made her a formal bow, as many others did, and she returned it. But he saw by something in her eye as she glanced toward him that she knew the secret was safe. Then the fellow went home, and he left Liebesheim the next morning."

I remembered now how very suddenly Roundell himself had left Liebesheim that time, and how he was not at the court ball for which I got the tickets, and where, as I have already said I saw the Grand Duchess.

"What became of the fellow?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. He lives. He promised to remember her, and I believe he has kept his word."

"Did he ever marry?"

"Oh no; he was not a marrying man, nor particularly fond of women's company. I believe he never cared for any but that one women, and she married a brute of a Grand Duke, and now she's dead. That's all the story."

"I am glad to have heard it," I answered, "although it's a sad story enough. It is all the sadder to me, Roundell, now, because I find I know the fellow."

He looked at me with kindly eyes, and nodded his head.

"Life has a good deal of that sort of thing, I suppose," he said, "if people only knew it. The fellow wasn't any worse off than many other fellows. But I don't much care about staying long in Germany now."

Educating the Horse.

The man who undertakes to educate a horse labors under some disadvantages that do not arise in the education of a child. A tutor is commonly supposed to be the superior of his pupil physically, mentally and morally, and generally has the immense advantage of using a language common to both. The teacher of the horse knows nothing of his language, if he has one, while he has to deal with an animal far surpassing him in physical power and whose special senses are all more efficient than his own. The ear of a horse catches sounds too faint or too distant to be heard by a man; his eye enables him to gallop on a track that his rider could hardly see on his hands and knees, or to travel safely in the darkness of night. His taste and smell direct him unerringly in the choice of herbage or in the rejection of water from a contaminated vessel, while his sensitive muscle is the oracle he appeals to as superior to all his other powerful senses in deciding upon the danger or safety of any suspected object.

Hidden Streams.

The list of subterranean rivers of importance is being constantly added to, and what used to be a very limited list has now become quite an extended one. It was only a few days ago that the dispatches gave an account of the discovery of one of these streams in one of the Eastern States, and its exploration for miles in a canoe by the two adventurous discoverers. According to the published accounts, this stream is even more remarkable than that found in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. This latter flows a distance of 300 feet beneath the earth's surface, between banks about thirty feet apart, and is a volume of water forty feet deep. Rolling on for about a quarter of mile, it disappears in a bank of fine sand, veiled in both its coming and its going as the mystery of life itself. Less known, or rather less written of, is the river Lys, which, on its entrance into Belgium, dashes abruptly over a precipice and is lost to sight for nearly a mile. The Meuse also has a subterranean course extending to a distance of six miles, while the river Dromme, in Normandy, on nearing the sea, plunges into a hole thirty nine feet wide, known as the Pit of Soucy, from which it never reappears, except in the form of new springs, which are supposed to arise from the lost waters. In Derbyshire, England, there are two small streams called the Hamp and the Manifold. Formed by the union of several small springs, they flow in the open for a short distance and then turn in close together under the face of a hill range. Here they have made for themselves a passage through the solid earth, and for miles they flow underground, each maintaining its own complete individuality, until at length they re-emerge to the light by apertures only fifteen yards apart. That their waters never intermingle is proved by this experiment—that any floating body thrown in where the rivers enter the underground passage again reappears in the separate river into which it has been thrown, when the strange streams of water issue into the light of day.

A somewhat similar condition of affairs is said to exist about a little Cornish lake called Doz-mere, or Dosmary pool, supposed to be that mere into which the good sword Excalibar was thrown. It has neither visible outlet nor inlet, but it is said that articles thrown into the lake will reappear in Falmouth harbor, which is at least sixty miles away.

Sometimes the conditions are reversed and the river instead of disappearing before it reaches the sea, comes from the sea and disappears in the land. In the article in *Nature* of January, 1886, entitled "Curious Phenomenon in Cephalonia," the writer says: "The sea runs into the land in a strong stream, turning a water-wheel on the way, and disappears in the earth about 100 yards from the entrance. I imagine," says the contributor, "that the water must be converted into steam, which comes out either at Naples or Cephalonia."

This is by no means the only sea-fed river, it appears, for very soon after the publication of the above statement it was followed by another from a New York gentleman, who said that such were common in Mexico, where they were known as "zanates." "While passing through Yucatan in 1870," he writes, "I saw a large river running with torrential speed within a natural tunnel, not far from the seashore, and probably not over one hundred feet below the surface of the ocean. Its shaft-like entrance was adorned by a picturesque old Spanish well-curb of stone, furnished with standards of fancifully wrought ironwork. Nothing on the surface indicated the existence of the vast cavern under the monotonous and flat lowlands of the peninsula of Yucatan; and though not a breath of air stirred, the deafening roar of the torrent under our feet could not be perceived until we were fully inside the cavern. A rapid descent brought us to the level of the pumps used for irrigating a very extensive ixtl plantation, and from here we could see by the light of our torches the yellow foam of the waters upon the undefined background of the chasm below. Descending still further, the full stream could be seen through a wide fissure in the limestone of the cave. It had the rounded appearance of a stream flowing horizontally under great pressure, ten or twelve feet in diameter, and looking like a gigantic black icicle lying on its side. The large volume of water plunged with great swiftness into an unexplored and dark chamber with a terrific roar, producing noises which resembled the hollow echoes of heavy explosions heard now and then above the perpetual rumbling of the rushing water. The mouth or entrance of the zanate was only twenty-eight feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, and as my barometer indicated a descent of 140 feet it meant that the river was flowing 112 feet below the level of the sea. The manager of the plantation near which was found the subterranean stream informed the writer that there were many other such zanates along the coast, and that they were looked upon by the natives with almost superstitious reverence, and spoken of as great miracles which have always been as they are now."

The phenomenon of a stream flowing merrily down from a mountain and then disappearing is, in the West, a very common one, says a writer in an early number of *Science*. In following down the Rio Grande on an enlarged map we find many streams entering into it in its upper course. In going down a little farther, reaching the San Luis Valley, they are found to suddenly give out on the northern side, and, a few miles farther down, on the southern side also. The principal streams of the valley, the Rio Grande excepted, come in full force down the mountain, flow freely on, and terminate in a marsh or a small lake on the sand. The beds of those which should empty into the Rio Grande are there, but there is no water in them. Similar streams are common all over the southwest, and the various streams show all the different stages, from those which really go somewhere all the time, and those which, alive and full of water above, always fail to reach the stream to which they are headed below.

There is one remarkable case in New Mexico, where the lost tributaries are plentiful, but the main stream does not exist at all. This is in a valley which lies between the Rio Grande and the Pecos Rivers. The valley begins near the Sandia Mountains and is shut in by broken mountain ranges. It is a well-defined valley not very broad, but having a length of perhaps 300 miles. Flowing into it, especially on the western side near the upper end, and on the eastern toward the lower, are numerous lost tributaries, while the primary stream has so completely disappeared that its very bed can only be found at intervals.

The Crookedest Road in All Creation.

The most wonderful piece of railroad engineering I have seen, writes a correspondent, is on the line of the Piedmont Air Line in Western North Carolina. The railway leaves Asheville, that noted sanitarium, and proceeds as best it can to get over the Blue Ridge Mountains. First there is the Swannanoa tunnel, which is about a third of a mile long. After that there are six other tunnels somewhat shorter. Then from the top of the mountain the railway undertakes to wind its way down into the valley of the Catawba River, or Mill Creek. The road here is probably the crookedest in all creation. It winds and rewinds, and twists and goes over and under itself in such a way that it is perfectly bewildering to the traveler who wishes to know in what particular part of the mountain he is. From little St. Bernard, a peak that is above the Round Knolb Valley, the railway can be seen in seventeen places, working up and down the mountain, and no two sections of the track are on the same elevation. The train runs down this crooked iron pathway with all steam shut off and the brakes turned on. It is a scary experience for a traveler, but the road bed is perfect and has all been rock ballasted and laid with heaviest steel rails, and no accident has ever yet taken place on that portion of the line, so the chances are that, startling as the ride is to a traveler accustomed to level railways, that portion of the track is safer than many other lines that have less grades and crooks upon them. But anyway it is worth risking something, if it is any risk, to enjoy the wonderful ride winding round the mountains and descending into the valley of the Catawba.

There is no immediate danger of the United States becoming overcrowded, for Joseph Nimmo, Jr., shows in Frank Leslie's paper that since independence was achieved the United States government has been the largest owner of arable land on the earth. The total area of the "public domain," sold and unsold, amounts to 1,849,072,587 acres and constitutes 72 per cent of the total area of the United States, including Alaska. About 700,000,000 acres of land have been sold and donated, about 1,150,000,000 acres remain unsold. As the area of Alaska is 369,530,000 acres, the area unsold exclusive of that territory is about 780,000,000 acres.

Feed well, but waste no forage.

Ages of Congressmen.

Since the death of Judge Kelley there has been more or less talk that men of his age ought to retire from active part in affairs of the Government and allow the younger men a chance, says a Washington letter to the Pittsburg *Press*.

In looking over the old Senators, I thought that their soft, easy life, lack of worry about re-election gives them longer life and more usefulness, even if many of them are past the three-score and ten limit of the prophet. So I looked up their ages.

Of the older members in both Houses, Pugh, of Alabama, is exactly 70, as is Hearst, of California. Beck, of Kentucky, and Wilson of Maryland, are 68 and 69 respectively, while John Sherman is 67. Dawes and Banks, of Massachusetts, are both 74. Payne, of Ohio, at 80, is the oldest man in the Senate. Wade Hampton is 72, as is Evarts, of New York; Bates and Harris the two Tennessee Senators, are both over 70, but they decline giving their ages for publication. Morrill, of Maine, is 80, and Reagan, of Texas, has such strong, swarthy features that he does not show the 72 years to which he owns up. Philetus Sawyer is 74. Congressman Van Dever, of California, is 73, and is the only remaining member of the memorable Congress which met in 1861, at President Lincoln's call. Buckalew of Pennsylvania, is 69, and Father Kelley was 76.

The majority of men in the new Congress are under 55.

Invention of the Clock.

The invention of the clock is generally ascribed to the monk Gerbert, who was afterward raised to the tiara, under the name of Pope Sylvester II. The first clocks were cumbrous things, calculated only to be hung to the wall, and worked with cords and weights. For a long time they were only used in convents and monasteries, where they helped to make miserable the lives of the inmates. Calmet quotes from a book describing the customs of the Cistercian monks in 1120, passages alluding to the striking of the clock and the regulating of it to awaken the monks at the proper time.

Others say that the invention of the clock was due to the Saracens: however, it was invented and for a long time was made in such a large and cumbrous form that no one thought of reducing it to pocket size. Some time in the fourteenth century the escapement was introduced in what is known as De Wyck's clock. This allowed of reduction in size, but it seems to have taken 100 years more for the idea to have gotten into men's minds that the clock might be made small enough to carry in the pocket, or to hang as an ornament upon the person.

The Drink Evil in Russia.

Archbishop Nicaun, of Odessa, has created a sensation in Russia by a sermon in which he denounced the intemperate habits of the people. Here is a specimen of his philippic against the drink evil: "What is it that causes the widespread impoverishment of the Russian people? The sale of intoxicating liquors all over the empire is supported principally by Russians and by very few foreigners. For the sake of drink, which the orthodox Russian takes to with an avidity beyond all control, he sacrifices fortune, character and morals. Foreigners are ashamed of being intoxicated, foul mouthed and disorderly, but Russians never. The consequence is that the Russian is everywhere the hired servant of the foreigners. Honest work is no disgrace, but in our present social state the Russian willingly lends himself out to the Jew and the German while the German would consider himself lowered if he labored for a Russian, and the Jews, if they worked at all among Russians, are nearly always in some capacity of superintendence."

French Cabbage: Boil the cabbage in salt water twenty minutes; then substitute milk, and allow to boil ten or fifteen minutes longer; then drain in a colander; place it on a chopping board, sprinkle well with flour, and chop quite fine; put a large spoonful of butter into a saucepan, and, as it melts, add the cabbage, stir it, and let it heat up thoroughly for five minutes, and serve with a slice of lemon on top.

Every lost, broken or worn-out screw or bolt should be replaced with a new one before spring, so that each implement will be ready for work when spring comes.

The undertaker is the final overtaker of us all.

Be punctual in caring for stock.

Volcanic Islands Sinking.

Letters received from the British ship Egeria, which has been engaged for a considerable time in sounding operations in the South Pacific, state that she has just completed a survey of the Union group of Islands, and a line of soundings has been carried from those islands to Figi, and thence to Tonga, for the purpose of cable-laying, should a cable at any future time be deemed necessary.

On the 1st of October the Egeria left Tonga for the Falcon Islands, one of the Tonga group, which was thrown up five years ago by a volcanic eruption, and was then stated to be five miles long by three wide; but, to the surprise of the scientific officers on board, they now found it to be only about half its original size.

The place proved to be composed entirely of volcanic cinders, with small, hot sulphurous springs here and there, and in some places the ground was so hot as to render walking exceedingly uncomfortable and in other places actually dangerous.

Lieutenant Marescaux and a party of men were employed in putting up mark flags for surveying purposes, and had placed a mark on the highest point of land on the island, about 250 feet from the level of the sea and about twenty yards from the extremity of the cliff. Soon after this work had been completed those on board saw a large mass of ground fall away into the sea, and this was followed by a white vapor which rose from the water.

In less than three days from the hoisting of the mark the flagstaff erected by Lieutentant Marescaux and his party had completely disappeared, with the whole of the intervening ground between it and the sea.

Many pieces of the cinders which cover this volcanic head have been taken on board the Egeria, and, although very much resembling ordinary coke, when placed in the fire they run off in a liquid form.

It is considered that should there be no further volcanic upheaval this island will be entirely submerged in a few years.

Formation of the Ear.

Have you ever tried to discover a person's character by studying the formation of his ear? Phrenologists will tell you about the traits of character marked by the bumps on your head; manicure experts will tell you whether you are mild or bad tempered by glancing at your finger nails; opticians will profess to give you an accurate description of your disposition by looking into your eyes; fortune tellers and clairvoyants will predict the future for you by reading the lines on your outstretched palm, but little notice is commonly taken of the outward form of our organ of hearing, and even artists do not give it much consideration as a rule. They seldom go into minute detail over it. They seem content with a general outline and rough touch here and there, showing the principle points. And yet a well formed ear will many times harmonize otherwise irregular features, and to many who are thus blessed it is at once "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Sculptors are more careful in their study of an ear than painters, and it is rarely that one finds a good piece of statuary that has not this organ correctly modeled.

No two ears are alike, but as a general rule they have points and lines that are similar. They vary greatly in form and size, and the peculiarities of shape they assume sometimes gives an index to the character of the individual. Women, it may be said in passing, have much better ears than men; they are usually smaller and closer to the head. Beginning with the outer fold or ridge, called the helix, which forms the outline, the ear is composed of thin cartilage and integument. The next prominent ridge is the antihelix, which some people have very largely developed, but in a well formed ear projects very little beyond the helix. The little knob that projects from the foot of the antihelix is called the antitragus, and the corresponding knob on the other side the tragus. The deep well in the centre of the ear is the concha, and, last of all, the fleshy part below is called the lobe or lobule. The concha, so termed from its shell-like form, plays the most important part in reflecting the vibrations into the ear; in fact, all these projections and depressions are of importance to our hearing, and play their own parts in conveying the undulations of sound to the drum of the ear.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, and worn only on state occasions, is worth $600,000, metal gems and decorations included.

To remove coffee stains, put stick glycerine on the wrong side of the article and wash out in lukewarm water.

Three or four varieties of grapes are better than a large number.

Give animals pure water daily.

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