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Select Poetry.

"IF WE MIGHT."

If we might, O if we might
Turn back the wheels of time, my friend, to-night.
If to the vale of childhood we could go
And climb again from those warm depths below
To this steep hillside; live from day to day,
The past, just as we lived it once, O say
Would you be glad to tread the pathway o'er
The same old steps again, no less, no more?

If we might, yes, if we might
Turn back the whirling wheels, my friend, to-night,
And slowly wind from youth to middle age,
The tangled road; if every blotted page
We could omit and let the good remain;
In life's brief book skip all the grief and pain;
Would you be willing then to live them o'er,
The backward years that can return no more?

"If I might, O if I might,
Perhaps I would perhaps I should to-night;
I am not wise. Old friendships were so true,
Old loves so sweet, and even if I knew,
I must have all the sorrow, all the pain,
For love's dear sake I might go back again,
The thorny pathway to my willing feet
Would not be hard, I think it would be sweet,"

But if the spring, ah! if the spring
Lead on to summer; if the autumn bring
The winter snowflakes: if the joyous chime
Of wintry bells ring in the blossom time,
Why would you live again the same old year,
Knowing another spring will soon be here?
The dead May violets rather should you kiss,
And say, "Next year they will be sweet as this."

And if the life, ah, if the life
We live on earth, so full of restless strife,
So full of joyful life, or blessed peace
Is beautiful, why should you wish to cease
The onward journey? Do not wish again
To live life o'er, even without the pain,
For O, my friend, when life's last sun is set
The bright next day is Heaven, do not forget,
—Julia H. May, in Boston Journal.

Select Story.

HOUSE TO LET.

"We have got to move!" sighed Selina Spencer. The wind rustled in the leafless poplar trees, the muslin curtains flapped in the draft. Old Dorcas, the colored servant, went on sprinkling the pillow cases on the pine table in the corner.

"I've seen it coming this long time," said Selina. "The landlord has been as good and considerate as possible"——

"De lan'lord's an old harpy!" said Dorcas. "Lan'lords allays is!"

"No, he's not," persisted Selina. "We owe him eight months' rent already, and I do not know how he is ever to get his money. I would offer him the piano and the carved rosewood parlor set, if I thought they would possess any value in his eyes—in part payment I mean."

Dorcas rolled up the coffee colored whites of her eyes.

"Dat piano as was Miss Adelaide's when first she came from Baltimo' boarding schoool!" said she. "Dat lubly funichure as was made to order in Annap'lis! No, Miss Lina—not wiv dis chile's consent!"

And she rolled a thin old damask table cloth very tight and packed it into the basket with emphasis.

"Mamma must know nothing of this, Dorcas," said Selina sadly.

"Dunno how you'se gwine to keep it from her, Miss Lina."

"It can be done, Dorcas. I've thought it all out," said the girl. "She must be made to suppose that she's going to spend a few days with my employers at Newport"——

"Has dey done asked her, Miss?"

"No, you goose! I don't suppose that they even know that I've got a mother. I am only a typewriter and stenographer in their eyes, and render my services at so much a day. Mrs. Plinlimmon is known all through New York as a female philanthropist, but while she's helping poor immigrants out of the slums and rectifying the slopshop question, she don't appreciate that a well dressed southern lady may be in sore straits. But she'll make as good a figurehead as any other."

"Miss Lina," said Dorcas, after a brief silence, during which she rolled and sprinkled, patted and folded with unceasing vigilance.

"Well?"

"I knows whar I could git four dollars a week for laundress, or five for cook. T'ink o' dat, Miss Lina."

"Do you want to leave us, Dorcas?"

The old woman uttered a subdued groan. "Lord knows it ain't dat, Miss Lina! Lord knows it's honor enough to work for de old Spencers! But it's money we uns wants—an ebery cent o' de ole woman's wages, dey'll come back to ole missus and Miss Lina."

The long lashes dropped over Selina Spencer's lovely hazel eyes. "It's of no use, Dorcas," said she. "We've got to bend before the storm. Hush! Do you hear that tapping?"

"Somebody knocking at de do'!" cried Dorcas. "Why on arf don't dey ring de bell?"

"No," said Selina, detaining her as she was about to answer the summons. "It's the agent putting up the 'To Let.' But whatever happens, Dorcas, don't let mamma know!"

She rose, and taking up her hat and gloves, went up the wide, gloomy old staircase. Dorcas looked after her and shook her turbaned head.

"Meks b'lieve she's pow'ful brave!" muttered she. "T'inks ole Dorcas dunno she's cryin dis berry minute! Why didn't she marry Mars George Berkeley when he axed her an sabe herse'f all this trouble?"

Up in the dimly lighted sitting room Mrs. Spencer sat, a faded belle of the olden days. The piano was open, the window was full of carefully tended plants; a pink shaded lamp burned on the table, and Mrs. Spencer herself was engaged in crewel work with slow, languid fingers.

"You are later than usual to-night, Selina," said she fretfully. "Perhaps your idea of a dutiful daughter is different from mine, but I think any amount of Shakespeare and drawing classes oughtn't to take so much of your time away from your mother."

"I stopped to Give Dorcas orders in the kitchen, mamma," Selina cheerfully answered. "But I'm all ready now. What shall I read to you until the tea comes up?"

"Well," said the poor lady feebly, "I'd like a few chapters of the 'Scottish Chiefs.' It was the first novel my dear papa ever allowed me to read—and in my opinion your 'Ouidas' and 'Braddons' don't come near it."

And while Selina read out the trials of Helen Mar and Bruce the brave, she wondered how on earth she should manage about showing the house to the eager sightseers who would be sure to be attracted by the legend "To Let" on the morrow.

"Can't go in dat ar room!" said Dorcas, interposing her stout figure between a hard featured house hunter and the door of Mrs. Spencer's boudoir. "Dat's private, dat ar is!"

"Anything wrong in the room?" sharply questioned the woman.

"No'm," stolidly responded Dorcas.

"Ceilings cracked? Water pipes burst?"

"No'm."

"Then why can't I see it?" with a sudden push in that direction.

She might as well have attempted to charge a battery of artillery. Old Dorcas stood immovable.

"Lady ain't well, mum," said she. "Can't nobody go in dat room?" Tole you so afore!"

"Anything contagious?"

"No'm."

"Sure?"

"Yes'm, sartin shuah!"

"Very well," said the house hunter, with a forward jerk of her chin; "I shall take no house that I can't see every inch of!" and she flounced out.

All day long Dorcas fought the army of investigators valiantly, and at night, as she herself observed, "she was jes' as tired as if she'd done a double day's wash." Stout ladies peered into the sub cellar and denounced the drainage; lean ladies poked their parasols into the kitchen sink and tore off strips of the hall paper. Deep voiced men parleyed as to the monthly rental; fat old gentlemen asked questions in husky accents.

"I shall go crazy," said Dorcas.

The next morning, however, dove-winged Peace once more settled down on the field of action. The agent came up and removed the bill.

"The house is taken," said he.

"Who's took it?" demanded Dorcas, who chanced just then to be scouring the brasses. But the agent either did not know or would not tell. Dorcas heaved a deep sigh. "Den," says she, "we've got to cla' out."

The landlord sent Selina a polite note in a day or two. He had concluded, he wrote, to accept her offer of the furniture and belongings as an equivalent for a certain portion of the unpaid rent.

"Now," said Dorcas, "what are we to do?"

Poor Mrs. Spencer was all in a flutter. The Newport scheme delighted her, and she was very busy looking over her wardrobe with reference to the coming visit. Selina had written to the aunt of an old schoolmate of hers, who kept a boarding house in the fair seaside city, asking her lowest price for a comfortable room. Dorcas was to go with Mrs. Spencer as attendant and maid, and Selina had resolved to hire a room in New York and board herself as well as she could.

"But this has been a dear old home," she murmured. "I wonder who will sleep in my room; I wonder whose hands will strike the yellow keys of mamma's old piano and dust my flowing blue china and arrange the old fiddle backed chairs."

The purple sunlight shone softly in; the scent of a stalk of hyacinths in a glass on the mantel brought back reminiscences of the old southern flower gardens, and all of a sudden a voice which she had last heard in those very gardens struck on her ear.

"Selina—have I startled you?"

"Mr. Berkeley!"

He extended a cordial hand.

"Perhaps you fancied that I could not trace you out?" said he. "But I am better at hide and seek than you thought."

She courtesied haughtily. His handsome countenance fell. Evidently he was deeply disappointed.

"Are you not glad to see me, Selina?" he exclaimed. "Oh, Selina! I had counted so much on this interview! I had planned to renew my suit—to ask you once more to be my wife."

She drew her slight figure up.

"You are presuming too much on my very evident poverty, Mr. Berkeley," said she. "I refused you when I was Miss Spencer, of Spencer Vale. What sort of a woman should I be if I were now to accept you—simply as a protection against adversity?"

"But, Selina"——

"Pray excuse me from any further discussion on the question," said Selina.

"May I not hope to see your mother?" he persisted.

"I should prefer not."

"Do you know, Selina," he said, after a brief silence, "that this is a very bitter mortification to me?"

"Is it? Then what must it be to me?" she retorted, almost fiercely, looking up at him.

He stood a second or two gazing sadly at her. Stung by the scrutiny, she swept from the room like an angered princess.

Half a minute later she came hurrying back, full of sweet, strange misgivings. But he was gone.

"I have let another opportunity slip by!" she murmered. "Oh, heavens! where is my life drifting?"

At that moment Aunt Dorcas ushered in the landlord, a fussy, bald headed old gentlemen with a fur collar to his coat.

"Good evening, Miss Spencer," said he. "I expected to meet the new party here."

"The—I beg your pardon," said Selina.

"The gentleman who has purchased this house and furniture," explained Mr. Beasley, "and settled it on yourself and your mother. A friend of yours, I suppose—Mr. Berkeley."

Standing sadly in the shadow of the rustling poplar boughs outside George Berkeley felt the magnetic influence of another presence. A soft voice stirred the twilight air, like the far off music of forgotten days.

"Mr. Berkeley," it said—"George!—please will you forgive me?"

A dead silence ensued.

"Won't you, George?" with a little sob in the voice. "I—I didn't mean to speak so harshly to you. I didn't know then what I know now of your noble generosity."

Silence—only silence still.

"If I accept it for dear mamma's sake, you surely will not misinterpret me. Oh, George! how can you be so cruel? Why don't you answer me? What are you waiting for me to say?"

And still no word broke that haunting silence.

"George," in a low voice, "I've changed my mind. I will be your wife?"

He took her in his arms.

"Dear sweetheart!" he murmured. "Dear little melting snow wreath. I knew that love would conquer you at last!"

When Mrs. Spencer heard of the engagement she said quietly:

"I always thought they cared for each other, but since your master died, Dorcas, my poor head has scarcely been itself; but make haste and finish the packing. We are going to Newport, are we not?"

And so the wedding trip was to Newport.

Infringing on an Ancient Idea.

"There is no new thing under the sun." Messes. Roberson, of Long Acre, in the course of their business of supplying artists with pigments, become possessed from time to time of remains of the great Egyptians, to be in due course ground up by them and sold in tubes as "mummy" paint. The firm recently lent a piece of the beautifully woven and preserved linen bandages in which a high priest and keeper of the baths had been preserved to be shown at some conversazione or lecture in the Midlands.

The texture and quality excited great admiration among the audience, which culminated in something like astonishment upon the declaration of a manufacturer that this fabric, woven perhaps by a contemporary of Moses, contained the same disposition of threads which he had, independently, invented and patented only one year ago.

A great steel railroad bridge is to be erected over the Columbia river at Vancouver, Wash. It is to be 6,000 feet long and double decked, with roadways on top for teams. The draw pier will give an opening of 200 feet for vessels to pass. In order to get a foundation for the pneumatic piers it will be necessary, on account of the sandy soil, to go down eighty feet below low water.

A TALE OF OLD VIENNA.

M. de Lepman in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Of all the gay Viennese who passed us on the crowded "Graben" there was none to me as fair as my pretty country woman, Maud Wemyss, of Baltimore, whom I had the pleasure of escorting. I had made her acquaintance over the leaden sarcophagus of a defunct emperor in the vault of the Augustine convent, where the bones of Austria's rulers are on exhibition. Nobody could blame me for falling in love with her, because she really is the sweetest girl on earth.

So we were walking toward St. Stephen's cathedral in charge of a paid cicerone. He was a little old man with a wrinkled face and a nose that had, like his shabby genteel clothes, seen better days. Now it was by no means an ornament, unless considered from the purely coloristic standpoint. He knew nearly everything about the brilliant city by the "Blue Danube," and where his knowledge was inadequate his imagination tided him over.

Suddenly Miss Wemyss halted before a strange object, and with a little feminine exclamation of surprise she asked: "Why, what is this thing for? It seems to be the stump of a tree all covered with nails." And so it was. So closely together had the nails been driven that not a piece of the wood as large as a pin head even was visible on the entire surface.

Our guide at once assumed the customary attitudes of his guild in action, which closely resemble the gyrations accompanying the spread eagle finish of a stump speaker's oration.

And this is the story he told of the nail studded tree:

Several hundred years ago there lived a blacksmith on this spot which is occupied by a stock broker's office now. In those times a blacksmith understood the working of iron in all its branches, and it was as easy for him to hammer the metal into graceful curves and flowers for altar railings as it was to forge a horseshoe or the point of a hunting spear.

Our blacksmith had a beautiful daughter, whose hand was sought after by all the young men for miles around, for she was as good and pure and gentle as her eyes were blue. Her hair was golden and her cheeks were like the glacier snow upon which the morning sun had cast his virgin rays.

Her father guarded her as jealously as the dragon of old ever did guard fair lady, and many were the silent tears poor Kathi wept in the solitude of her "Kemenate" where she had been locked up. Her only joy was the bunch of fragrant flowers which she was always sure to find upon the outer sill of the only window in her room. No matter how early she awoke, these sweet messengers of kindly thought were sure to be in their usual place.

Often and often did she arise with the sun, hoping to catch a glimpse of her unknown friend, but she was invariably disappointed.

At last, one morning, she failed to find the flowers. She dressed hurriedly and concealed herself behind the window curtain. She watched for the person whose gift she felt certain to receive yet. And her expectation was not futile.

But what was her surprise and disappointment when, instead of the fine young fellow which her fancy had pictured, she beheld a poor, deformed creature, with a large hump on his back.

Her first feeling of horror found vent in a little exclamation, but there was something so sad and pleading in his eyes that were uplifted to hers, that, in her profound pity for him, she felt sincerely ashamed to have exhibited any sign of annoyance.

"Was it you who brought me all those lovely flowers?" she asked in a kindly voice, as he was trying to conceal a nosegay he held in his hand.

In answer he blushed like a school girl and nodded.

"I thank you for them very much," she continued; "they have been the only pleasure in my monotonous life. But how did you know that I was locked up in here?"

"I have heard you sing occasionally," he answered, "and from the sound of your voice I knew you were young and beautiful, and, alack-a-day, unhappy withal, and because I—I because—I felt—sorry—for you, I brought you some flowers from my mother's garden. But please don't tell master about it, for he would surely"—

Just then a handsome young fellow, lithe as a doe and graceful as a young cherry tree, appeared on the scene, and greeting the hunchback affectionately, he exclaimed:

"Brother, I have been looking for you this last hour; mother is full sorely vexed about your absence," then, looking up, he noticed the young girl at the window just as she withdrew her blushing face.

He bowed to her with courtly grace and raised his family red cap, and she, of course could not but return the courtesy.

Every morning after this incident there were two nosegays on the window sill instead of one.

In time the old blacksmith yielded to the importunities of his wife and her friends, and agreed to look around for a husband for his daughter.

According to the customs of the time his son-in-law would have to be also a blacksmith. In order to make sure that Kathi's future liege lord was a master of his trade the old man constructed an ingenious lock, which he put on the door of his daughter's chamber.

Whoever had attempted in vain to open the door had to drive an iron nail into a certain tree, but the prize of the successful man was to be the hand of the fair Kathi.

But if none should succeed in unlocking the door then the maiden was to enter a convent as soon as the tree was covered to a man's height.

Full many a swain whose heart had been filled with hope, left sorely disappointed after an unsuccessful attempt, and the tree was rapidly being studded with nails.

Kathi was sadly pining away in her solitary prison, partly because she could not go out into the greenwood and down to the rippling river, but mostly because she loved the hunchback's brother, whom she saw sometimes from her window at daybreak.

The poor hunchback loved her with the ardor that hopelessness alone can give to love, and he worked day and night on a key to open the intricate lock; when he saw how rapidly the day drew near when Kathi would either be the bride of another or go into a nunnery, he worked with redoubled vigor.

After a year and a day the tree had been covered to man's height and there was only room for one more nail.

So the dwarf presented himself before the blacksmith and asked for permission to try his art. The request was granted, though reluctantly, and the old man wished he had extended the limit by two or three feet, because he saw now no alternative but that of having his daughter married to a deformed man or losing her forever. But he was a man of his word and never took water.

The entire family went in procession to Kathi's door to watch the fateful trial. Naturally the little hunchback felt somewhat nervous, and his hands trembled, partly from excitement, party from joyful anticipation, for he was almost, if not quite, sure of success.

He inserted the key into the lock and twisted it slightly; a slight snap as of a spring relaxing answered him. A second twist and a second snap, and a third and a fourth, and then a sudden pull. The dwarf took a deep and long breath, and paused for a moment to wipe the perspiration off his brow.

Then he turned the knob. It yielded, and the door opened slowly. The dwarf hastened into the room.

It was empty.

Suspecting a trick, he turned around with flashing eyes, but the expression of genuine surprise and alarm in the faces of the others convinced him that no deceit had been practiced upon him.

The blacksmith was the first to regain his presence of mind. After hurriedly looking about him, he espied the open window. Fastened to it was a rope ladder made of bits of bedclothes. The old man looked out. At first he could not discern a trace of the fugitive. After some minutes he could distinguish his own spotted horse galloping at full speed toward the distant woods.

On its back was the fair Kathi and the hunchback's brother.

Need it be told that the father forgave them, only too delighted to regain his daughter without seeing her married to the dwarf? The latter swallowed his disappointment like a man, and consoled himself with the thought that Kathi remained at least in the family.

The two young people lived like turtle doves, and delighted in telling how "love laughs at locksmiths."

One of the old landmarks of St. Louis is the fine stone mansion on Chonteau avenue that was once the home of Thomas Hart Benton. A fact of singular interest in connection with the old house is that it became in war times the headquarters of General Fremont, the unwelcomed suitor, who, against Senator Benton's wishes courted and won his daughter, now Jessie Benton Fremont.

The Cherokee Alphabet.

One of the most remarkable achievements of the uncultivated human mind was the invention of a syllable alphabet for the use of his people by Sequoah, alias George Guess, a halfbreed Cherokee Indian. Sequoah was born in Georgia, probably about the year 1770, though some authorities fix his birth seven years earlier. He never knew his father, grew up a perfect savage and distinguished himself in war and the chase, until a swelling knee rendered him incapable of active pursuits and confined him to his cabin. He knew no language except Cherokee, and, of course, was wholly illiterate, says the Louisville *"Courier Journal."*

Sequoah's attention seems to have been first attracted to literary matters by a circumstance which occurred while a warrior. His tribe captured a letter from the whites and made repeated efforts to decipher it, but, of course, were not successful. Some discussion arose about the "talking leaf," as the Indians called any specimen of writing, and the question was whether it was an invention of man or the gift of God. All the Indians, except Sequoah, maintained the latter position, while he espoused the former. He was, however, unable to convince them that he was right. They believed that the "talking leaf" was a gift from the Great Spirit to the white man alone and cited as proof a legend that had long been current in their tribe.

According to this legend the Great Spirit created We-Ka-Ye, the Indian, and gave him a book. Afterward he made Yo-We-Na-Go, the white man, and presented him with a bow and arrow. The elder brother was not prompt in devoting himself to the book, but seems rather to have treated it as books are treated by dull schoolboys of all races, and so negligently did he keep it that his younger brother found means of stealing it from him. The Indian was then compelled to content himself with the bow and arrow and to gain his living by the chase. From this the Cherokees argued that the Indian had forever forfeited the use of letters.

This reasoning did not convince Sequoah. He denounced his fellow Cherokees as fools, and stoutly maintained that he himself could write, and tried to prove it by scrawling characters upon a rock. His claims were treated with derision. Nothing daunted he set to work to invent characters for all the sounds in the Cherokee language. At the beginning he made the mistake of attempting to invent a character for each word, and it is no small tribute to his perseverance that he invented and recorded over 5,000 characters. It gradually became evident to him that this system would not work, owing to the great number of characters required, and upon much reflection he hit upon the idea of dividing words into syllables and inventing a character for each syllable.

In the prosecution of this work Sequoah found himself embarrassed by the want of an accurate ear. To remedy this he engaged his daughter in the work and from her derived very valuable assistance. He availed himself of many ingenious methods to make complete his collection of the sounds of the language. He went to hear speeches by members of his tribe, and whenever a sound occurred for which he had no character he at once supplied the deficiency.

An English spelling book having fallen accidentally into his hands he used the English letters as they would go, to denote the Cherokee syllables. The other characters he invented himself. About the year 1821, or as others say, 1826, he had his system complete. His characters numbered eighty-six. Having completed his alphabet his next task was to get it adopted by his tribe. This was a work of much difficulty. He sent his daughter out of hearing, wrote down a passage and read it to the braves, then called the girl back and had her read it to them again. They wondered, but doubted still. Then he persuaded the tribe to select some of the brightest of their boys to learn the new art, and to this they at last agreed.

When the time for examination arrived the pupils passed the ordeal in triumph, and the Cherokees were at last convinced that the "talking leaf" is not the exclusive property of the white man. Sequoah then became the principal of the Indian schools and was held in great honor until his death, which occurred in Mexico in August, 1843. This alphabet was cast into a font of type and is still in use. When we consider that the art of writing has usually been attributed to the gods, as being something beyond the reach of finite intelligence, we cannot but admit that the life work of Sequoah was a most extraordinary one.

It is true he had the first suggestion from his knowledge that the "talking leaf" existed among the whites, but his methods were his own, and he wrought out great problems without other assistance than that obtained from his daughter. While his invention had long been anticipated his work must stand as a monument of the capability of the human intellect when united with unbending resolution and tireless perserverance.

Photographing a Bubble.

After running horses, jumping athletes, flying cannon balls, flashes of lightning and the shifting spectral lines of revolving double stars have been successfully photographed, the airy soap bubble has furnished a stumbling block that the scientific photographer has had great difficulty in surmounting. Lord Rayleigh, in a lecture before the Royal Institution of London, said that for some time it had been his ambition to photograph a soap bubble in the act of breaking.

He anticipated great difficulty because he knew the time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be but a small fraction of a second.

Whoever has watched a brilliant soap bubble burst knows how instantaneously it vanishes. Lord Rayleigh thought it might take one-twentieth of a second, but by repeated experiments he found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film was not more than one three-hundredth of a second.

To catch the picture of a vanishing film between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction proved a difficult undertaking, but it was accomplished.

Some persons may think that it would be equally difficult to photograph a lightning flash, but it must be recollected that lightning makes an intensely vivid impression, while the soft reflection of a soap bubble is evanescent, even in the bright glare of an electric spark.

From printing the image of the flying edge of a broken bubble in the three-hundreth of a second to disclosing the existence of great nebulæ in the heavens by the cumulative effect of several hours of continuous exposure, the modern photographic plate is performing many wonders in behalf of science, and proving itself one of the most powerful means at man's disposal to unlock the secrets of nature.

Shields and Armor.

It appears that military people are talking about going back four hundred years to shields and body armor for soldiers.

In ancient times, before gunpowder came into use as a destroying agent in war, opposing armies, carrying swords, spears, axes and clubs, and fighting at close quarters, found it necessary to protect themselves with shields and metallic coverings for the body. When, however, missiles propelled by gunpowder came into warfare, it was found that plate and chain armor were worthless against musket balls, while the shield was a great impediment to a soldier who needed both hands for the management of a gun.

But the introduction of far reaching rifles, of rapid fire guns like the mitrailleuse and smokeless gunpowder have placed at a great disadvantage soldiers who fight in the open field against those under cover. Before a line of battle could move 1000 yards under fire it would be decimated by modern weapons. It then becomes necessary to abandon all close order marching under fire and to adopt an open order or skirmish style of advance. But the inquiry is being made as to whether it may be available to resort again to shields and body armor. It should seem that the causes which led to the abandonment of shields and armor in the past must operate quite as imperatively as ever.

The celebrated Macedonian phalanx of Alexander the Great, wherein the troops marched in column in close order with their shields covering front, flank and rear, and sheltering the mass from missiles thrown from above, would soon be annihilated by cannon and Gatling fire. The only way of meeting the improvement in the use of military projectiles is to quicken the movement of troops and to take the field in open order. Shields and coats of mail seem to be justly obsolete. The strategy of Alexander and Cæsar may be good for all times, but their field tactics and military methods are out of place in this age of powerful explosives and rifled guns.

Siberia has 868,552 people.

New Articles of Food.

The Department of Agriculture is constantly on the lookout for some new food products, and the lotos bulbs are not the only good things they promise to put on the tables of the citizens of this great country. They have a gooseberry from Java that grows upon a tree, and is as big as an egg, and northern Wisconsin has just furnished them with a large and luscious blackberry that grows upon a thornless vine.

Georgia has come forward with a pecan nut twice as big as the ordinary specimens. It has a paper shell and is entirely free from the acrid principle that makes the usual pecan so disagreeable. Tennessee, not to be outdone, sends the shellbark hickory nuts that are as large as a man's doubled up fist. California will send custard apples and sapodillas that will bear transportation, and to these Florida will add pomegranates, sour sops and alligator pears.

All of these tropical fruits are almost entire strangers to the Northern palate and to many even their names are unknown, as up to the present time they have even been regarded as so perishable that it was useless to try to ship them, but by judicious grafting and cultivation they have been so improved that they will soon be on every fruit stand.

Not to be forgotten in all this Connecticut has taken to growing oysters on trees. Not imitation oysters, either, but the real genuine thing, shells and all. Uncle Jerry Rusk will have little interest in these from a professional point of view, for submarine farming is hardly in his line, but to the oyster dealer and the oyster eater the new bivalve will be very dear.

These oysters are grown in the Sound harbors between New Haven and the Connecticut River, Clinton, the pretty little summer resort being the headquarters for them. The young oysters are placed, with the shells to which they adhere, in the crotches of small trees that have had their branches trimmed off. Then these poles are stuck into the sandy bottom of the harbor and are inspected every few days. They are taken up and carefully cleaned, and, when necessary, are fed with bran-water. To this food any particular flavor desired can be added.

Small Fortunes for Flowers.

The most expensive dinner decoration I ever had charge of was on the occasion of a banquet given to General Cutting, at Delmonico's. The whole outlay for flowers alone was $3,000. But even this does not approach the lavish extravagance of the Roman Emperor Nero, who gave a feast where $100,000 was spent in roses alone.

For a dinner of twelve people it is an ordinary thing to spend from $50 to $500 upon flowers. For a banquet $1,000 to $3,000 is usually laid out. But these latter outlays are seldom made, because of the infrequency of large dinners. One hundred and fifty dollars is an expenditure of every day occurrence. In the large cities like New York it is a common thing for wealthy people to spend from $100 to $500 a week in flowers, exclusively for home use. Where do they put all these flowers, you ask? You are wrong if you think there is a large quantity of flowers. Whenever I have been asked to decorate a house or furnish flowers for daily use I have selected quality rather than quantity.

Among wealthy people, the choicest flowers for the dinner table are orchids. These flowers exhibit a remarkable variation; in fact, it is difficult in some species to find two flowers exactly alike in size and color. A boutonniere for the gentlemen should be made of a "Philanopsis," and about three "Catalyas" tied with a cluster of narrow ribbons to match, for the ladies. This is the most beautiful manner of table decoration, if well arranged and properly carried out. But it is also the most expensive.—C. E. Klunder, in Ladies, Home Journal.

That the hair is a sort of vegetable appendix to the body is shown in the fact that it continues to grow as long as it has a soft cell forming matrix at its root, and there seems to be no improbability, in many cases reported, where the hair has grown after death. The color of the hair at the time of death is said to be retained in such cases.

Take all the sleep you can get, but remember that the necessary amount varies greatly for different persons. Some must sleep at least nine hours, while others thrive under six. Only don't rob yourself of what you really need. The "midnight oil" is a terribly expensive illuminant to burn either for purposes of labor or study.

For the Sentinel.

A TRIP TO OHIO.

Denning's Carroll County, Md. —Mr. Editor: After making a trip to Ohio, my wife accompanying me, I thought a short sketch might be of some interest to my many friends and relatives. While in Ohio I made my headquarters with my two sisters, one living dear Minerva and the other in Oneida, both in Carroll county, Ohio, in the Sandy Valley, a very grand and fertile region. I found them in good health and doing well. I found and visited many distant relatives, mostly named Haines. I also visited some distant relatives in Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio. Amongst many other distant relatives I had the pleasure of visiting was Ex-Senator A. R. Haines, who lives on a beautiful farm in the Sandy Valley, between Malvern and Oneida. Two railroads run through his farm. His residence is large, fine and of modern style, well furnished and finely located. It stands on a high elevation surrounded by large lawns, groves, and drives. Within his residence he has a cabinet of relics—implements and tools of early days, and also of minerals, &c., gathered from many parts of the world—among them ancient flax hackles, flails, dutch scythes, wooden forks and shovels, pack-saddles, sickles, wool cards, spinning wheels, reels, straw bee scaps, and bread baskets, with an innumerable amount of other ancient articles. Also specimens of gold and silver from the Rocky Mountain range, with other precious metals gathered there, and from other parts of the world. Also a collection of old books, Indian relics, mounted birds, &c. He has many relics handed down by his ancestors of the Haines family. I found Senator Haines to be a great-grandson of Jacob Haines, my great uncle, who died July 2nd, 1820, and was buried in the Lutheran New Windsor burial ground in our county. The Senator has a short sketch of his life, and the genealogy of the Haines family in pamphlet form as taken from the history of his own county—Carroll—a copy of which I brought with me. Any of the Haines family who desire can see it. He says he could now get one generation further back as he has learned much since writing it. I will say to any of the Haineses who may visit Carroll county, Ohio, if they stop with the Senator they will find the latch string out. They will be well treated by himself and family. They have traveled through every part of this country and Canada. The Senator himself has crossed the Atlantic and traveled through Ireland, England, France, Italy and Scotland. He is well posted and a good talker.

The country has improved much since my last visit some years ago. Manufacturing has sprung up in most of the towns and villages. I noticed much push and enterprise among the people generally. The crops this season were abundant, except a shortage of the fruit crop. There was quite a drouth in that section of the country in the latter part of the season. The streams were low.

On Tuesday, the 22nd of September, we left home to make the above trip. We started for home on Wednesday, 14th of October, reaching home October 16th. We came over the mountains by daylight, and had the pleasure of viewing some grand scenery, stopping over at Johnstown and Altoona for a short time.

Another of the War's Strange Stories.

The suit of Joseph Troop brings out a most remarkable story. Thirty-one years ago Troop was married to Miss Elizabeth Carter in Ohio. Four weeks after the wedding Joseph went to the front as a soldier. He fought for four years, and finally was hit by a Confederate bullet and was left for dead on the field. News of his supposed death reached his Ohio home.

Nevertheless, he recovered after several months' suffering in a hospital, and in 1866 he returned to Ohio to claim his bride. But she had left and could not be found. He hunted for her for months and years, but finally heard that she was dead. Meanwhile he had met a charming young lady and the two were finally married. For twenty-three years they have lived together, and in addition to accumulating a handsome fortune they have been blessed with several sons and daughters, one now of age.

A week ago, while at the state reunion of soldiers at Grand island, Troop was introduced to a widow by the same name. A few minutes conversation revealed the fact that the gray haired lady was his bride of over thirty years ago. The old soldier was dumfounded, and hurried to his Lincoln home to bear the tidings to the mother of his children. He assured her that nothing but death could part her from him, and sent word to his long lost wife that he would have to sue for a divorce from her.

It is stated that in 50 per cent. of the cases which go through the Bankruptcy court in England no dividend is ever paid at all. A grocer and provision dealer failed in Glasgow. His liabilities were $1,570, while his assets amounted to one-sixth of a penny per pound.

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