meet. Dear me! to think that Emily

The next morning, Alexia, who had

the news that Mrs. Parker's new boar-

"That is genius," cried the delighted

spiration was upon her. Oh, Lex, how

"I watched her for a long time," said

"No !" said Miss Poyntz, with author-

Alexia, "but I don't think she saw me.

She's decidedly eccentric, I wager."

should have liked to see her!"

der was out walking on the beach.

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bum !"

herself."

her," said Alexia.

heart of hearts!"

to their voices.

inspired one. "I'd like to go, too!"

said she, a little abruptly.

asked Imogen.

see my dominions!"

"Get out of this!" said the young per-

"She is insane!" cried Alexia.

"Eh?" said the poetess.

Look to the End. "There will be plenty of chances," ob- nate Miss Poyntz by the shoulder, she served Imogen. "She must be here for endeavored to fling her over into the Will it come in the morning or at night, the benefit of the sea-air, and she'll walk sea. Hidden in darkness or seen in light ? a deal on the beach. You and I will go Will it come with might of driving storm, Or soft on the air of a new love song? natural thing in the world that we should

Ah : tell us, ye whispering summer leaves, Or ye summer flowers, blossoming out, Tell us, ye flower-perfumed breeze.

What is our angel of fate about? Hush! Lo, God's voice is heard afar, Under the glow of the evening star; His voice is heard in infinite space, speaking with inconceivable grace;

In the mighty ocean's ebb and flow, In the flowers that wake to bud and blow. From the mountain tops and from the hills. And anon in purling brooks' soft rills,

Every pulsing throb in nature's tune Teeming with promise of sweet commune, Where that which is born of grief and tears, Lies buried with all the banished years-

A smouldered fire burned away, His promise clear as a new-born day, Makes strong in faith perfect rest to reap For "He giveth his beloved sleep,"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It was dreadfully dull at Elderbush Farm. Mr. Poyntz had hired the farm for six months.

"If my girls are so bewitched after the seaside," said he, "and the country, I'll try and give 'em enough of it !"

Elderbush Farm was in the real estate market at a low rate, and Mr. Povntz engaged it, ready-furnished, with a gard- ready at once, Alexia. I do so long to don't come down until next week." ener, a cow, and the pony phaeton, with look into her deep, intellectual eyes." a blind pony thrown in.

Mrs. Poyntz and the girls, howeversuch is the perversity of human nature -did not seem pleased when they heard of the bargain which had been driven.

"But, pa," said Miss Imogen, "we didn't mean a one-storied house in a swamp of salt marshes! We meant Cape May, or Atlantic City, or else that dear, picturesque Delaware Water Gap!"

"There's no society here," sobbed Alexia, the second daughter, a blooming girl just out of boarding-school.

"Nothing going on," said Mrs. Povntz, a stout matron, who did a great deal of parish work, and belonged to at least a rael, wistfully. "Tve always wanted to dozen "leagues," "societies" and "com- | see a live authoress!" munities," in the city.

"You can make butter and cheese," ity. "We are better by ourselves." And said Mr. Poyntz, who had discovered the then as, Israel went dejectedly back to the remains of an ancient barrel-churn in the woodpile, she added: "That fellow is cellar. "And there is the ocean view, so intrusive!" and the pony, and the new row of boarding-houses just around the Point."

"It's all very well for papa," said Imo- on the beach. And they've been offered gen. "He can go up to town every day. ten thousand dollars for it by the Salt But we shall be bored to death down in | Sea Park Association!"

this wilderness!" Unfortunately, however, there was no | as they pulled out into deep water. "Oh, appeal from the paternal dictum, and Lex! there she is, pacing thoughtfully the Misses Poyntz took to drawing in along, her eyes fixed on the shining water-colors, walking, and boating in a sands! Perhaps, even now, some poem venerable skiff which they found at the is forming itself within her brain. Oh, back of the barn, while their mother en- what a thing it is to be an authoress!" deavored to modernize the house with home-made lambrequins.

One day. Israel, the hired man, came speaking!"

"Heard the news?" said Israel, who was one of those free-and-equal sons of umbrella. the republic who never dream of the wide social gulf that exists between employer and employee.

"No," said Miss Alexia, who was reduced by circumstances to be glad even of a gossip with a "hired man." "What news?" I didn't know they ever had any news in this benighted region."

"Once in awhile," said Israel, with a ter. chuckle. "Mis' Parker's got a new boarder-a poetess, from Philadelfy. P'raps | she, making haste to draw her boat up you've heard of her-Miss Emily Eglan- alongside the sandy beach. Alexia and Imogen clasped their hands | clumsily, it must be owned, for one who

enthusiastically. They were both inclined to be literary.

"Heard of her?" cried they. "Why, we know all her delicious poems by an effort at conversation. heart. We've read them in the Transcendental Weekly ever since we can remember. Miss Eglantine! It has been the dream of our lifetimes to see her." Israel chewed a straw, reflectively.

"I read some pretty verses once that Poyntz. "Every syllable of 'Eglantine the writ," said he. "I do suppose, now, Spray' is impressed upon my memory." it's quite an art to sling rhymes together. I never could do it, I know."

"But what is she like?" impatiently ing favorably. cried Alexia. "Tall, slender and willowy, with-"

"I only seen her trunks," said Israel -"two on 'em-marked 'E. E.'-with added, aloud: "I hope you like the councanvas covers on; big enough for smoke- try here?" houses. I guess Mis' Parker had a jolly old time, gettin' 'em up the crooked intent upon something else-she was staircase. Pete Hawley, the express- trying to take the oar from her interman, he told me about it."

And he went out to harness the old pony, to bring Mr. Poyntz from the sta-

Imogen and Alexia looked at each

"How shall we contrive to get acquainted with her?" said they. "We mustn't seem pushing," sugges-

"Of course," said Imogen. "Wherever she goes, she is tormented to death

with people, begging introductions." "No," said Alexia; "the matter must be quite spontaneous. An acquaintance of this sort must be formed accidentally, or not at all."

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., APRIL 28, 1881.

"I'm a deposed queen," said she; "but boating, Lex, and so it will be the most I will be obeyed!" Imogen, dropping her own oar with a

next-door neighbor! How I should de- boat upset, and all three of the women light to have her autograph in my al- were in the sea. Not one of them could swim; but,

fortunately, rescue from the shore was matutinal soul delighted, returned, with | stout Israel Peck was not far behind.

"Well," said Mr. Parker, scratching his head, when he had got the stout "What is she like?" cried eager Imo- young female, now all wet and dripping, into his boat, and saw that Israel had been "Short and stout," Alexia answered, in | equally fortunate with the two Misses accents which denoted a slight degree Poyntz, "it's a good thing she hadn't of disappointment. "And she wears a killed 'er. She's as mad as a March poke-bonnet, and thick boots, and hare, poor dear! It's my wife's sister. stamps up and down the sands, with an As we thought, sea air and plenty of umbrella under her arm, and talks to fresh milk would be better for her than the asylum fare. But if these are the capers you are going to cut up, Adeliza Imogen. "I dare say the mood of in- Mary, you'll have to go back again. And so peaceable as she's been of late,

> "I-I thought it was Miss Eglantine, the poetess," said poor Imogen, with blue lips and chattering teeth.

"So are all talented people," said "Bless you, miss, no," said Mr. Parker. "The trunks are here, but she Imogen. "Tell Israel to get the boat

While Alexia, sitting under the same "I think you'll be disappointed in rug with Israel Peck, had not a word to home to hot tea, bottles of boiling water and make it their maxim to go early to ing in a happy family on one tree. It encounter took place under the very "I never can be disappointed in the sacred fires of genius," said Imogen, and well-warmed blankets.

Adeliza Mary Stubbs went back to with enthusiasm. "Emily Eglantine! Why the very name is a pass-key to my the asylum. Miss Eglantine came down the next week, an elderly lady, in blue spectacles and a cap, whom Imogen And she went to put on her prettiest Povntz pronounced "decidedly stupid," boating-suit of dark blue serge, with white silk anchors embroidered on the and Alexia became engaged to Israel.

"He saved my life," said she, "when we were out in that horrid little boat "Come, Lex," said she, to her sister. "I shall want you to pull the strokewith the crazy woman. And he's so good and substantial-worth a dozen "I'd admire to go along too," said Is- city dandies, according to my taste."

And Imogen's enthusiasm about authors and authoresses is considerably

Silk Waste.

Is was quite by accident that Lister conceived the idea of utilizing silk waste. Going one day into a London ware-"I think he's very nice," said Alexia, house, he came upon a pile of rubbish "And his father owns the largest farm which strongly attracted his attention. "Opinions differ," said Imogen, drily, that astonished the London warehousemen. It was neither agreeable to the "Hush!" whispered Alexia. "She is Eastlake chintzes, muslin draperies and looking this way. Pull a little nearer feel, the smell, nor the touch; but simto shore, Imogen. Oh, do listen! She's ply a mass of knotty, dirty, impure stuff, force they were wont to. Few things several rifles went off at the same time, full of bits of stick and dead mulberry leaves. In the end Mr. Lister made the "Good-morning!" said the stout young offer of a halfpenny a pound for the woman, with the poke-bonnet and the "rubbish," and the sale was then and there concluded, the vendor being espec-"Good-morning!" the two sisters anially pleased to get rid of it on such adswered, in chorus, infusing an accent of vantageous terms. When Mr. Lister got the tenderest respect and admiration inthis "rubbish" down to Manningham, he spent a good deal of time in analyzing "Going out sailing?" demanded the and dissecting it, and he came to the conclusion that there was something to Imogen cast a glance of scarcely-re be done with it. He found silk waste pressed delight and triumph at her siswas treated all the world over as he had seen it treated in the London warehouse "We should only be too proud," said -as "rubbish." He built new machinery and imported skilled workmen, and The young person stepped in, rather he spent nearly two millions of dollars was supposed to be ephemeral as air, and facture of silk waste before he ever made a single shilling by it. Now, Alexia pulled off, and Imogen made thanks to his perseverance, everything that enters within the gates of the Man-"I am one of your unknown admirers," ningham Mills is utilized in some shape or other, a surprising variety of articles being produced from silk waste. The "I am so delighted for an opportunity following may be enumerated by way of of knowing you personally," added Miss example: Silk velvets, velvets with a silk pile and a cotton back, silk carpets, plush, velvet ribbons, imitation seal-The stout young woman stared. Imoskin, corded ribbons, sewing silks, gen perceived that she was not progress-Japanese silks, poplins, silk cleaningcloths for machinery, bath-towels, floor-"Perhaps," she thought, "she's a little cloths, dish-cloths, and so forth. And shy and sensitive about her own producall these from the once despised silk tions. I'll try another topic." And she waste! The consequence has been that silks have been greatly cheapened, and that a material which was regarded as But the stout young person seemed worthless has come to have a value in the

> Not a Very Great Loss. "Would you like to row?" sweetly The Cleveland Sentinel relates this incident: A young lady went to a drugstore recently, and had a prescription son, with a brisk blow of her umbrellafilled. "How much," inquired the lady. handle, aimed at Imogen's head. "Come, "Fifty cents," said the clerk. "But I jump! both of you! I am the Queen of the have only forty-five cents with me," re-Alaska Islands, and I am going up to plied the customer, "can't you let me have it for that?" "No, ma'am," said Alexia and Imogen looked at each the clerk. "but you can pay me five other in blank dismay, as the warded off the brisk play of the umbrella-han-"No more than you are yourself!" immediately the smiling clerk gathered with the fingers. It is the speediest poke-bonnet; and, seizing the unfortu- face, that he had been misunderstood, face and eyes in warm water,

Heat and Light.

The best temperature at which to keep tel-piece. Less than this is far more Gould to a New York reporter, "the counagreeable to many, and a greater degree try is dotted over with orange groves of scream, hastened to the rescue, and a of heat is unwholesome, to say nothing from twenty to twenty-five acres in ex-Englantine should be as good as our struggle ensued, during which the frail of the danger of catching a chill on go tent. It takes about five years for an ing out from a room so heated. Elderly orange grove to mature so as to produce unaired overcoat before going out-of- new groves are constantly planted, and doors in winter; it takes but a few mo- are looked to as a sure source of revenue. been abroad early, to secure fresh eggs nigh at hand. Mr. Parker pulled out ments to warm, so there is no need to When an orange grove begins to bear for the omelettes, in which her father's in his flat-bottomed fishing-boat, and run any risk. It does no harm, either, fruit it apparently never wears out. I going out; then, if a brisk walk be from six to eight thousand oranges, taken, there is little fear of any sudden or dangerous lowering of the animal heat. Walking can be done with greater ease and comfort if the clothes be light; vary in extent from twenty to twentyand it is a very easy thing to have them five acres, and are worth from \$50,000 and warm. The chest in people ad- percentage. For instance, Mr. Hart, back requires protection from the cold as much if not more than the breast, and yet protectors are nearly always worn on the chest only-a mistake that is fatal to in the next five years Florida ought to dials, generally of a vinous nature, to the United States for oranges. I believe coat and buried it to the hilt in the keep up the animal heat, is a very bad that the sweet orange is not a native of bosom of his rival, who fell, mortally one. Never take a cordial of any kind if you can really do without it. If one | tree which bears the sour orange. On be very weakly in constitution, he one tree you sometimes see oranges,

> subject, and do exactly as he advises. bed, and be astir with the dawn. We human beings, however, must have artificial light of some kind, though we should never forget that candles, lamps, and gas all consume our precious oxygen, and produce poisonous carbonic acid gas; and the larger the burner, the greater the amount of oxygen consumed, and the more the need for perfect ventilation. Even four per cent. of carbonic acid gas in a bedroom is injurious to munerative?" health and dangerous to life; therefore For many reasons, too numerous here to make it into boots in England." specify, sleeping in the dark is more refreshing than in a glare of light, wheth-

Everybody should wear some kind of flannel under-clothing all the year round; though, if I must make an exception, let me advise them that flannel be worn in winter and silk in summer; He had never seen anything like it be- and this I mean to refer also to a change, fore. He inquired what it was, and was | in hot weather, from stockings or socks told that it was silk waste. "What do of wool to those made of the softer and you do with it?" he asked. "Sell it for thinner but none the less comfortable inch jaws of some of them are not atrubbish, that is all," was the answer; "it material, silk. Those who suffer from tractive. My son killed one which ed, irritate and inflame and may become is impossible to do anything else with cold feet should wear two pairs of light resembled a whale on four legs. Our it." Mr. Lister felt it, poked his nose soft socks. Old people should always party killed over thirty of them. Whethinto it, and pulled it about in a manner have their feet thus clothed, for their er I killed any or not myself is a diffishould protect both, not forgetting that the spring and winter months are par-

ticularly fatal to those advanced in life. The aged ought to wear a flannel rather than a cotton night dress; it should be of sufficient length, too, to cover the limbs, and bed-socks should also be worn; these should be of the lightest, softest wool that can be procured. They should have a sufficient quantity of bedclothes, and no more, each blanket being light and soft; but heavy counterpanes should never be in the end conquered his difficulty. But slept under, for the weight of them makes sleep fatiguing, instead of rein perfecting machinery for the manu- freshing, as it ought to be .- Harper's

Eyesight.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia. Multitudes of men or women have made their eyes weak for life by too free use of the eyesight, reading small print, and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the uses of the eyes: Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never begin to read or write or sew for in front of the light or window or door. above, obliquely over the left shoulder. window. Too much light creates a miserable by being fretful at home. glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease and take a walk or ride. As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint. The moment you are cents when you come in again." "But prompted to rub the eyes, that moment suppose I were to die," said the lady, cease using them. If the eyelids are jocularly. "Well, it wouldn't be a great glued together on waking up, do not loss," was the smiling response. And forcibly open them, but apply the saliva

Florida Oranges and Alligators.

"For three hundred miles south from a room, for health's sake, is about sixty- Jacksonville, along the St. John's River. nine or seventy degrees, above the man- and still further north and east," said Jay in high life." For some time past the people should never put on a cold and fruit for the market, but nevertheless to warm both fingers and toes before heard of one tree which bears annually but that is above the average."

"What is the cost of an orange grove? "As I said," replied Mr. Gould, "they made of materials that are both light to \$100,000. But they yield a handsome vanced in years needs all the protection | who lives just above me here, owns a you can give it; and here I tell you grove of about twenty-five acres, and he something worth remembering: the informs me that it yields him a net income of from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

"Is this interest growing?" "Decidedly so, and I think that withthousands. The custom of taking cor- be able to supply the entire demand of stiletto from the breast pocket of his Florida, but has to be grafted upon the should consult a medical man on the lemons and limes growing together. Of fired, as it were, at the point of death, There is no light like the light of day; ted; but it is interesting and peculiar the spot. Five minutes later the artist say upon the subject. And they all went the lower animals seem to know this, to a Northerner to see these fruits grow- also breathed his last. This horrible suggests a horticultural paradise."

"Is orange growing the chief industry of Florida?"

forget the alligator," said Mr. Gould, tic asylum near Naples.-London Telesmiling and evidently thinking of his graph. alleged "alligator farm."

"But is the alligator a sufficiently valuable animal to make his cultivation re-

"No; his hide is the valuable por-I warn my readers against the too com- tion of him, and even that is worth common habit of burning lights all night. paratively little, though I believe they specially susceptible to disturbing influ-"But does Florida cultivate these rep-

river country is filled with them."

"And are they dangerous?" "Well," said Mr. Gould, "it is as well former to the latter. not to get in the way of their tails. I think they strike their victims chiefly with their tails. Nevertheless, the elevenhearts are not so strong as they were in cult question for me to answer. I saw by gone days, and can not pump the some live ones just before I fired, and warm blood to the extremities with the some dead ones just afterward; but as are more destructive to, or rather, I I cannot assume that it was my gun that should say, few things tend more to killed an alligator. But alligator shootwaste, the animal heat than cold feet ing was not what interested me in the and cold hands. The old among us South; the blossoms, our wedding blossoms of the North, you know, were on the trees, and yet the ripe, golden fruit was there too."

Fretful Words. Why be so severe in dealing with the

faults of those at home while we excuse anything friends or acquaintances may do? The laws of politeness should be binding at home as well as abroad. We enjoy seeing our husbands and wives polite to our neighbors, only let us be sure to practice our good manners at home. There are husbands who would hasten to assure a neighbor's wife, who had, in her haste, burned her biscuits, that they "greatly enjoyed them when they were so nice and brown," who would never think their own wives needed the same consideration. No man can be a gentleman, though ever so genial abroad, who is a tyrant or habitual fault-finder at home; and no woman is a real lady who is not a lady at home in her morning wrapper, as well as in silk in her neighbor's parlor. One member of a family who begins the day with fretful words and harsh tones, is generally enough to spoil the happiness and several minutes after coming from dark- temper of the whole for the day. Not ness to a bright light. Never read by all who hear the impatient word give twilight or moonlight, or on a very the angry answer, for many choose to cloudy day. Never read or sew directly suffer in silence; but every such word makes somebody's heart ache; and, as a It is best to have the light fall from rule, it is somebody whom we love and would do anything for, except to keep Never sleep so that on the first waking back the unkind, sarcastic word. Then the eyes shall open on the light of a do not let us make ourselves and others

The Course of the Earth. If the earth could be suddenly stopped | which shall "order him up." in her orbit, and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun, under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the central fire in about four months. But such is the compass of her orbit that, to make its circuit in shricked the young woman with the from the indignant flush on the lady's diluent in the world. Then wash your from perfect straightness by less than from one house to another and inter- of the brothels of which they constitute one-eighth of an inch.

A Terrible Double Tragedy.

Neapolitan society has lately been much exercised by a terrible "tragedy Countess del Cigno, a lady of extraordinary beauty, had been notoriously at odds with her husband, a gentleman to whom she had, at the urgent instance of her family, most unwillingly given her hand, her heart having been already bestowed upon a young Austrian artist, who quitted Europe for America on the day of her marriage, only returning thence to Naples a few weeks ago. He became, it would appear, a frequent guest at the Countess' evening receptions-a fact which reached the ears of Count del Cigno at his club, where he spent the greater part of his time, by tures on various topics. night as well as by day. One evening, just as the painter was issuing from the doorway of the Palazzo del Cigno, the Count drove up to the chief entrance, and while alighting from his carriage, noticed his wife on the first floor balcony, waving her hand in farewell to her old lover as he descended the stone steps leading to the street. Without a moment's hesitation the Count drew a wounded, to the ground. As Del Cigno was getting into his carriage, however, a bullet from the Austrian's revolver, course the several fruits have been graf- passed through his head, killing him on eyes of the Countess, upon whom the spectacle of her husband's and lover's violent death inflicted so overwhelming "By no means. Not to speak of cotton a shock that she became a raving maniand live oak and the like, you must not | ac, and is now under restraint in a luna-

The Ear.

The internal ear, says the Youth's Companion, is an exceedingly delicate and complicated organ, and is therefore and numerously. The whole swamp and | wax. The close connection of the ear with the brain very often results in an extension of an inflammation from the

Ear troubles begin early. The child is inclined to put small things into itsuch as beans, coffee-kernels, pebbles, etc. These, if they have been unnoticsources of most serious mischief. Older persons are hardly wiser who pick their

The ear should be let alone-except in cases when removed by an expert physician. It is needed where it is, to prevent the ingress of small insects and dust. It commonly takes care of itself.

The bather too often does himself serious mischief by allowing water to enter the ear. Thousands of bad cases occur yearly from this cause. The trouble is increased if the water is salt, as its absorption leaves hard, irritating crystals behind. One should never dive; and the onset of the surf should be received at the back.

In winter, the steady blowing of a strong current of air upon the ear is dangerous. The cold air penetrates to the blood-warm interior, congesting and well, when likely to be exposed, to wear in the external ear a pledget of cotton. pain and permanent harm.

An Unique Comparison. Man's life is a game of cards. First it is "cribbage." Next he tries to "go it alone" at a sort of "cut, shufile and deal" pace. Then he "raises" the "deuce" when his mother "takes a hand in," and contrary to Hoyle, "beats the little joker with her five." Then with hearts." Tired of "playing a lone hand," he expresses a desire to "assist" his fair "partner," "throws out his cards," and of him on "a pair." She "orders him up" to build fires. Like a "knave" he joins the "clubs," where he often gets and he is "raked in" by a "spade." waits the summons of Gabriel's "trump,"

Not Agreeable. As a rule, the plain, unvarnished truth is not agreeable. Speaking it is not always a virtue. Concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when a year, she has to move nearly nineteen duty calls upon you to reveal the truth miles a second, or more than fifty times that it is commendable. A tale-teller faster than the swiftest rifle ball; and, may be a truth-teller, but every one dismoving twenty miles, her path deviates likes the character of a person who goes communicates all he sees or hears.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Homely women look the best in big hats. We state this in the hope of seeing only small hats at the theatres.

The value of real estate in California is shown by the census returns to be \$466,273,585, personal property \$118,-

The Connecticut House defeated a proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Mrs. Florence Williams, an adopted daughter of the novelist, G. P. R. James, has returned from a long sojourn in Australia, and is delighting the ladies of San Francisco with a series of lec-

A corporation has been recently organized in Boston with a capital of \$1,000,-000, to finish the bottoms of boots and shoes by a new invention. It is claimed that by the aid of the machine 600 to 800 boots can be finished by one operator in one day, where 150 to 200 are now done by hand.

Queen Victoria's gold and silver plate, which is kept at Windsor, is said to be worth \$15,000,000. When the Queen entertained the late Czar shortly after the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of Edinburgh, gold plate to the value of \$10,000,000 was used. The custodianship of the gold-pantry at Windsor is considered an office of great trust.

Some time since a letter was received in New Orleans directed "to the Biggest Fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the youngest clerks in the office informed him of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so I opened the letter myself?" "And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man!""

The Hottest Place on Earth.

A singular phenomenon is reported ences. Hence ear-aches; abscesses of from Aden. A heavy shower of rain has the ear; thickening of the drum, ren- actually fallen there, and the Arabs and dering one hard of hearing; bursting of other inhabitants feel at a loss to ac-"That is not necessary. The alligator | the drum, causing deafness; and gather- | count for it. Such was the effect of the cultivates himself and produces quickly ings within the ear of solid plugs of down-pourthat the air afterward became so cool that Europeans could tolerate a light overcoat, and Arabs and Abyssinians their cotton cloth, without feeling in the least discommoded. This is truly a wonderful state of matters for Aden, which is the only station the British possess on the coast of Arabia. It has the unenviable reputation of being the hottest place in the world. Situated at the southern bend of the Red Sea, not far from that celebrated Bab-el-Mandeb, or Gate of Tears, which the Arabian and Indian navigators at one time never entered without believing that in all probability they would never survive either the shoals or the calm, stifling heat of the Red Sea. Aden is built at the foot of a bare volcanic rock, and is not much oftener visited by a refreshing breeze than it is by rain. British soldiers, whose lot has cast them upor that bleak spot of earth tell wiel d stories about it. One is that the European residents are, in the absence of shady trees on the barren peninsula, accustomed to cluster under the lean flagstaff that stands on Aden Point, in the hope that they may share the grateful shadow that it casts upon the ground. In the vicinity of Aden there are enormous masonry tanks which the Arabs inflaming it. It is not always easy to assert to have been built by Moses. avoid such a current, and it would be These tanks-three in number-are situated in a corner formed by the junction of high volcanic rocks, and are A little care may save from excruciating connected by gradually descending flights of Titanic steps. They have never been even half filled within the memory of man, and this has made certain philosophers opine that the seasons in the Red Sea must have changed within the last two thousand years, as Moses would never have been so foolish as to build colossal stone reservoirs if he knew there never would be rain enough to fill them. Previous to the construchis "diamonds" he wins the "queen of | tion of the Suez Canal, Aden used to be visited by light showers about once every three years; but within the last twelve years these showers have become the clergyman takes a ten dollar bill out | more and more frequent, and now they appear to have culminated in the downpour which has caused so much surprise. Old navigators of the Red Sea are con-"high," which is "low," too. If he keeps | fident that this seasonal change is due "straight" he is oftentimes "flush." He to the Suez Canal, and perhaps their grows old and "bluff," sees a "deal" of theory is correct that the new water trouble, when at last he "shuffles" off connection between the Mediterranean his mortal coil and "passes in his checks," and the ancient Erythrean causes rainclouds to travel from Eastern Europe Life's fitful "game" is ended, and he until they are broken by the heights of Aden and descend in the form of rain.

A Bad Showing for Chicago.

The Chicago Tribune says: "There four hundred saloons in this city which are merely the vestibules of dens of iufamy-rooms where prostitutes of the lowest grade ply every visitor with solicitations too vile for description and publication. In these saloons men are made drunk and robbed, and handed over to the tender mercies of the inmates