The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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So Long Ago.

They stood upon the vessel's deck
To catch one faceful look and look,
The girlish figure fair and frail
Hovering against a great white sail
Like spirit shapes in dazzling air,
I seem to see them standing there,
Always together, always so—
'Twas long ago, O, long ago!

The east was bright with yellow moon
The flying vessel vanished soon
Flashes of jubilant white spray
Beckoned and pointed her the way.
A lessening speck she outward sped.
Sadly we turned, but still we said
"They will come back again we know" —
'Twas long ago, so long ago!

Those faces sweet, those happy eyes
Looked never more on Western skies;
Where the hot sunbeams weave their not
For cedar-crowned, sad Olivet,
They who had shared their lives, shared death,
Entering at once the first strange breath
Of those quick suns for souls that flow
So long ago, so long ago!

In vain we pierce to our eyes
The convent grate, the still blue skies,
The mountain with its bordering wood
Still as they stand as then they stood,
Hovering like spirits fair and frail
Against the dazzle of the sail,
The red lips part, the faces glow,
As long ago, so long ago!

[Susan Coolidge, in Ind pendent.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

"How do you like her, Julie?"

Young Doctor Galbraithe looked up at his cousin a second before answering.

"If she were worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow, she is a girl who, ten years from now, will do honor even to a Galbraithe."

Alice was silent, and outside the open door, in the hall, Carmie had come all unheard in her slippered feet, but not unhearing, and stood silent also. She was not vain, so felt a strange delight in this man's words, cruel and heartless as they were; but she was proud and sensitive and her eyes flashed, and something of the superb power that Julian Galbraithe prophesied for ten years hence thrilled her as she stood there; then, nothing but a girl, she shivered as she thought how easily she could have been won by this handsome, careless man had she been wealthy—rich, but not loved; and she crept silently away, wondering if she could be anything to be proud of—anything but a poor, paid governess.

* * * *

"Thirty to-day! Once I should have considered myself old at this age, with the best of my life passed, and little before me to enjoy; but now I am very happy, thankful, and content."

Carmie Brownell was looking across the blue sea waters, her hands resting upon the railing of the balcony, her calm, sweet face grave and thoughtful.

The climbing ivy and the rose threw fluttering leaf shadows and sunshine upon her tall, little form; and people on the beach below turned to look on the unconscious figure for a second time.

"Who is she, Leicester?"

"Miss Brownell."

"Is that all there is to say of her?"

"No; I might take a day or two of her, and you would be as little acquainted."

"You are unusually reticent. She must have incurred your lordship's displeasure, and you punish by ignoring her."

"We are good friends, but I know that your questions were prompted by idle curiosity, and thought I would wait until you met her. She has won a fair fame and considerable wealth, I believe, by untiring patience and labor. She has triumphed over every obstacle, met treachery and disappointment that would have crushed a woman less brave, and now, from all she brings, instead of a cynical, selfish nature, one so thoroughly pure that men are made better for her living."

"She is wealthy, famous, but still unmarried?"

"Yes; even an old maid, if you like. But no one ever thinks of that."

Philip Leicester frowned, and there was a ring of displeasure in his sweet, strong voice. It angered him to hear this cool questioning, even from a friend.

Doctor Galbraithe, at his side, handsome, fascinating, worldly-wise, and a trifle worldly-wild, turned again to look at the white-robed figure.

They sauntered back an hour later, just as Miss Brownell tightened the reins over her high-stepping blacks.

"Those are magnificent animals, by Jove!" exclaimed Galbraithe.

"Yes; she handles them perfectly, too."

And Philip's dark eyes flashed, and a wonderful light swept over his face, with the smile and bow he gave Carmie Brownell; while she gave a glance at both, but a smile to only one, as she dashed by.

And the second time that day the fastidious Julian Galbraithe turned to look at a woman.

He had quite forgotten her, however, until he saw her that evening in a little crowd in the large drawing room.

Philip Leicester was one of the crowd, and Galbraithe made his way towards them to be introduced.

She rose, smiling, gracious, thoroughly a lady, with no pretence to girlishness. There were valley lilies at her belt, valley lilies in the soft lace at her throat, and valley lilies in the loose, low-coiled hair.

Her eyes were clear, brave, tender; her face one that changed with every thought, but was ever pure and true.

The summer passed, as all summers have a way of doing, and one night, when the season was almost ended, Carmie Brownell stood upon the terrace in the moonlight, listening to the roar and moan of the waters.

Julian Galbraithe found her there, looking like some still, restful picture; but she turned with her old smile as he asked, "Did you come to escape the crowds?"

"Not; for had the crowd been here I should have stayed, I love the sea so much. I never dance, you know, and shall not be missed."

"I missed you, and searched until I found you—dreaming.

"Perhaps I am given to dreaming; but to-night I was thinking of my past life."

"Your past, like your present, is good to remember."

He spoke with a shade of bitterness, for what did hers make his own careless, world-worn appear?

"I was only thinking of the starting point. Shall we return?"

"Not unless you wish it, for I have wanted to see you alone, but have not been able to do so. You must know what it is I have to tell, for no man can be with you without learning to love and respect you. My life is not worthy to offer, but you can make me what you will. Oh, Carmie, I love you. I love you! Will you say that you love me and will be my wife?"

His face was pale with the great passion that thrilled his soul, his eyes were burning and bright as they searched her face for one tender look, and his hands closed upon hers with a nervous, dominating grasp; but she was looking away from his face, beyond the line of harbor lights and the very sea itself, as she answered slowly, "Is it myself or my hundred thousand that you would marry?"

All the scorn and subdued feelings of those twelve years rang out in the clear, proud voice.

"Yourself. What do I care for your wealth? Come to me penniless; but for your love, I will work for both; only tell me I can do so."

"Wait until I repeat your words of twelve years ago. Let me show you how well I remember. You said of Carmie Brownell, a poor, girl friendless—life, 'Were she worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow.' I am worth it now, and you are saying that you love me. Had you this then, the girl Carmie would have believed with faith the world has not. I laughed you didn't say this then, even if you cared for me; you did me a greater service, for after hearing your opinion of me I crept away, and after the Mississippi outbreak I determined to make my life worth living, even if it might not be a Galbraithe; and the words that wounded so cruelly at first proved the incentive and watchword to something better than I had ever dreamed. Years ago I should have considered your offer some thought the best of all, and would have thought myself avenged, but now I am only sorry that any one should suffer through me."

The sweet, earnest voice was silent; the waves moaned and sobbed on the sands below like some doomed, hopeless soul, and the music floated out to them wild and sweet—dying in a crash and wail of anguish.

"Is there no hope, if you have forgiven my foolish, mercenary words? Oh, Carmie, let me live for you, and prove my love by that?"

She turned with a face as white as his in the moonlight, and a look of pain in her grave eyes; then, very softly, with a world of saddened tenderness in her voice, "I am engaged to marry Philip Leicester; we have cared for each other a long time."

And then Leicester's tall form came upon the terrace. He took Carmie's hand upon his arm, and drew her soft shawl around her with a proud air of possession; while Carmie, ever thoughtful for this strong man's passion and the sorrow that had settled like darkness upon him, led Philip down the steps and away under the great calm stars and the moonlight to walk in the glory of perfect love together.

A Good Feature.

Sardonicus, Jr., (who is lovingly caressing the down on his upper lip)—"What do you think of my mustache, pa?"

Sardonicus, Sr.—"There is one particularly good feature about it."

"And what is that, its color?"

"No, it is that you can neglect shaving for a month, and none but a close observer would notice it!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Bobby's Little Tongue.

"And don't you know why, Bobby?" said the minister, who was dining with the family, "your mamma doesn't want you to eat a second piece of pie?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby. "She said that if you didn't take any there would be enough left over for to-morrow."—[New York Sun.

Demons and Devils.

Moncure D. Conway, the only modern writer who has attempted anything like a history of devils, says that demons are older than the devil. The word demon (daemon) signified a divinity originally and has been degraded, even as the characters of demons and devils have degenerated. Thus in heathen countries there sprang up demons of fire, hunger, thirst, cold, fever, darkness, etc.; ghouls, which fed upon the dead, and vampyres, returning from the dead to feed upon the living. The demons of evil became so much more numerous than the good spirits that the word at last came to signify only what was bad.

The serpent is the most commonly accepted type of a devil in both Christian and heathen countries. There are, however, scarcely any living animals, birds or fishes, whose characteristics are well known, to which some tribe or people has not attributed at some time or other a demoniacal nature. The Caucasians paint the devil black; the African negroes paint him white, and in the Mozambique language his name signifies "The Wicked White Man." Doubtless, the slave trade has something to do with the origin of this term.

The number and multiplicity of devils, demons, dragons, hydras, Titans and monsters of every sort that have existed, from the earliest times down to our own, is astonishing. Each country has its devil or devils still, and if one prince of darkness presides over all, ancient and modern alike, one would think he would have his hands full, and no time to meddle in the affairs of this world. There are devil worshipers, devil charmers and magicians, whom devils aid in their feats in the world today, as they have always been. Savages believe every death to be caused by demons or their influences.

"Let Mississippi Out."

In one of the fiercest battles fought by the Army of the West, a celebrated Tennessee regiment, which had seen renown on many bloody fields, and never recoiled except from a fire which the stanchest veterans would consider a valid excuse for such conduct, found itself in a situation which fully justified, in the opinion of officers and men, a "retrograde movement."

Suddenly, while driving a Yankee back for it, it came upon a half-dozen but-ries which opened at short range with grape, while three or more regiments came on the flanks, and "made things hum."

The Tennesseans found it best, under the circumstances, to fall back to a ridge some two hundred yards in the rear, and, leaving nearly two-thirds of their number dead and wounded on the ground, they sought this friendly shelter to reform.

At this juncture a Mississippi regiment of equal celebrity arrived. Its gallant Colonel, anxious for the fray, and not altogether apprised of the nature of the situation, shouted to the Tennesseans, "Make way there, and let Mississippi in."

Way was promptly made, and the brave boys from "Old Jeff's" state rushed unhesitatingly at the fort. But when they reached the same point where the Tennesseans had received the destructive "blizzard," a similar greeting was given them. Earth and air seemed fighted with the fires and resonant with the roar of the infernal regions, and they retired back as their predecessors had done.

Seeing them return, the Tennesseans rose and yelled, "Make way here, and let Mississippi out!"—[Chicago Ledger.

The Origin of Bluebeard.

The well-known and oft-told tale of Bluebeard is not wholly a fairy tale, but has, like other stories of that class, some foundation on fact. In an old French magazine published in the beginning of the present century, is an account of which the following is a translation:

"The peasants in the department of the Loire Inferieure, point out the ruins of the Chateau de la Ventore, on the Erdre as the castle of Barbe Bleu of whom our children might delight to hear. This terrible man was in reality Gilles de Retz, whose life was passed in the reign of Charles VII. He was attached to John V. Duke de Bretagne. He was tried by court at Nantes, on suspicion of having slain a number of children, who were seen to enter the chateau and were never heard of afterward. The bodies of many of these little children were afterward found. The monster had slain them that he might make use of their blood in the writing of charms and plotting incantations to raise up infernal spirits, by whose assistance he might, as he believed, discover the hiding place of buried treasures. When his trial took place, Gilles de Retz confessed the most terrifying acts of atrocity, and was condemned to be burnt at the stake. The execution took place at Nantes, December 25, in the year 1440, and the account may be still found in the archives of the town preserved in manuscript."—[The Earth.

The Noise He Heard.

Irate old gentleman—Mary, what was that noise I heard in the kitchen?

Mary—Faith! an' little ot know, unless yez heard Mike's countenance dhrop wan of reproof him a kiss at partin'.—[Texas Siftings.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Fair Weather.

Young Master Robin Early Bird
And Miss Scarlet Feather,
Whenever the day was warm and fair,
Would take a walk together;

He took along his poodle small,
And she her three black kittens,—
They were not those three naughty ones
That used to wash their mittens.

"I can not quite persuade myself,"
Said young Miss Scarlet Feather,
"That kittens should remain indoors
And miss this charming weather."

—M. D. Feuset, in St. Nicholas

How to Jump Fences.

A story is told of Dr. Thomas Young, an English scientist who was well known fifty years ago, which describes his first attempt at clearing a fence on horseback.

Not being an experienced equestrian, the doctor fell off his horse. Without saying a word he remounted, and went at the fence again. He was again unseated, but escaped a fall by clinging to the horse's neck. Still he was not satisfied, and at a third trial he succeeded in clearing the fence in first-rate style.

"Do as I have done," said George Stephenson, the inventor of railroads, "persevere!" Every one has a good many fences to get over in the course of his life, and it is well not to tumble over them, but to arrive on the other side cool, collected and ready for further progress. Perseverance will show how this can be done.

A Sensitive Monkey.

Dogs and other pets are often keenly alive to praise and blame, and seem to know almost intuitively whether they are being well or ill spoken of. The extremest case of which we ever read was that of a canary which died from grief at being harshly addressed by its mistress. Here is an anecdote which shows that monkeys are not wanting in sensibility of the same interesting and amiable sort. It is quoted from Mr. Bates's "Naturalist on the Amazons." He calls the creature "most ridiculously tame" and adds:

"It was an old female, which accompanied its owner, a trader on the river, in all his voyages. By way of giving me a specimen of its intelligence and feeling, its master set to and rated it soundly, calling it scamp, heathen, thief, and so forth, all through the copious Portuguese vocabulary of vituperation.

"The poor monkey, quietly seated on the ground, seemed to be in sore trouble at this display of anger. It began by looking earnestly at him then it whined and lastly rocked its body to and fro with emotion, crying piteously, and passing its long gaunt arms continually over its forehead, for this was its habit when excited.

At length its master altered his tone.

"It's all a lie, my old woman, you're an angel, all over, a good, affectionate old creature."

Immediately the poor monkey ceased its wailing and soon after came over to where the man sat."

A Good Excuse.

George and Sam thought it great fun to run away to the mill and watch the buzzing saws tear their way through the dry bolts, and although they were ready to obey generally, they would steal away from mamma and run to the mill every chance they could get.

"Boys," said papa one morning, "if you don't stay away from that mill, something 'll get you sure." But as soon as papa went to his work, and mamma went upstairs, they ran after him as fast as they could.

Sure enough, just as they come to the great shingle mill at the foot of the hill something ran out at them. They didn't know it was papa with the gray wolf skin robe over his head.

"There 'tis, Sam! Papa said 'twould come!" yelled George as he turned and ran—oh, how he did run!

"I'm going to find out what it is," said brave Sam, standing quite still till it was within ten feet. But the awful object was too much for even sturdy Sam, and he bounded up the hill after George, shouting at the top of his voice—

"Run, Georgie, run! Let's go and take care of mamma. She'll be scared. Women always are. Run, Georgie, run!"

They never visited the mill again without permission.—Youth's Companion.

Solving the Mystery.

The "range" or "snow-fed" beef of Colorado has the reputation of being rather tough at certain seasons. A newcomer in that country was greatly puzzled at first by this strange peculiarity of the beef.

He found was enlightened, to his own satisfaction, when he took the brand for the state of the creature's birth. He was a tender foot, and was riding out with a friend, when they chanced to come upon a bunch of cattle.

The young man's attention seemed to be attracted, and as the idea dawned upon him he faced his companion, and pointing to an animal which bore the brand, "B. C. 45," savagely exclaimed, "Look there! How can you expect those miserable wretches to be anything but tough! Why don't you kill your cattle before they get two or three times as old as Methuselah?"

TWO AT ONCE.

The Strange Story Told by a Federal Corporal.

A Gun That Was Discharged by Falling Kills Two Men in Ambush.

On the night before Gen. Blunt attacked Marmaduke at Cane Hill, Ark., and after a day's march of twenty-seven miles, the company in which I was then a private, says "Corporal Jackson," in the Detroit Free Press, was placed on outpost duty. We were within three or four miles of Cane Hill and as far as we knew had not yet been discovered by the enemy. Marmaduke had a strong body of cavalry under him, and his force was in advance of a body of 20,000 infantry under Gen. Hindman. Hindman was yet two days away when we came up, it being Blunt's plan to fall upon Marmaduke before he could receive supports.

When we come to be stationed for the night two men were allowed on each outpost, and a spot where a comrade and myself were stationed was alongside the highway leading to Cane Hill, and from half to three-quarters of a mile from our camp. There was a heavy reserve picket a quarter of a mile behind us, but as soon as we had been left alone and night had settled down we discovered that we had a very lonely position. It was at a bend of the road, and just here was a creek and a morass, while the forest about us was dense and gloomy. It seemed as if every living thing known to night had come to give us serenade. A big owl took position in the tree above our heads and kept up his dismal hoots for an hour, while whippoorwills, frogs and various insects added their notes.

My comrade was a big big German, having little sentiment and no fear about him, and being tired of the long march he soon began to drowse. I pitched into him tooth and toenail when I caught him asleep, for nothing was more than the knowledge that Marmaduke would send scouts and spies along our front and into our camp if he knew of our presence. The man roused up for awhile, but by and by sleep overcame him again, and he sat down with his back to a tree and made no further attempt to keep awake. When I found that no argument of mine would keep his eyes open my only recourse was to keep double watch, and so made sure that the relief did not find him a sleeper when it came up. I was so thoroughly tired out that I could not have slept even in camp.

After the first hour had passed away and I had become accustomed to the noises and the loneliness, there was nothing so very disagreeable in the situation. My comrade had gradually fallen over, until at last he was flat on the ground, I sat with my back to the tree, facing the bend in the road and the bridge, and, though the night was without a moon, I could have easily detected anyone seeking to cross the stream by the highway. An hour and a half had passed when the silence was broken by a stifled cry. It acted on me like an electric shock, and I sprang up, with my heart in my mouth. I could not tell from which direction it came, and as it had been only one cry, I soon made myself believe that it had been uttered by some bird or animal. Nevertheless, my nerves were all on edge, and the loneliness grew so oppressive that I determined to arouse my comrade. As I moved over to him for this purpose my foot struck his musket, which was leaning against the tree, and it fell down and was discharged. The sharp report was followed by an "Oh! oh!" close at hand, and the sleeper at my feet was awake and on his feet in a seconds. We stood there, looking this way and that, and listening as only men can when peril menaces, until the Corporal's guard came tooting up to ascertain the cause of the firing.

Then what do you suppose we discovered? Not ever twenty feet from the tree, in the woods by the roadside, lay the bodies of two of the toughest looking bushwhackers one ever saw. One was right behind the other, and the ounce ball from the musket I had knocked down had passed through both their bodies just below the breast bone. Each had a bowie-knife, and each knife was stained with fresh blood, and when we investigated further we found that both men on the outpost to our right had been assassinated—each being stabbed in three or four places. You may call it Providence, accident, or whatever you will, I am only giving you the facts in the case, and facts that can be substantiated by scores of men still living.

Moonstruck.

The new moon at fault: "How lovely the new moon is to-night, Mr. Simpson," she said; "it looks like a crevice in the sky!"

"Yes," he replied, tremulously, "and I first saw it over my right shoulder. Perhaps there is some great good fortune in store for me!"

A little later he asked her to marry him, and she compromised on the "Bibles a sister to you boys, and what little superstition Mr. Simpson had in him was knocked out.—[Troy Times.

Almost a Death-Mask.

The honor of having one's features preserved to posterity in enduring bronze is sometimes offset by the danger to life attending the preliminaries to the compliment. The Boston Budget tells the story of how Thomas Jefferson was placed in a very serious predicament when on one occasion Mr. Brower, a New York sculptor, attempted to take a positive cast of his head.

The family of the ex-president were opposed to it, but he finally consented, saying that he could not find it in his heart to refuse a man so willing a favor who had come so far. He was placed on his back in a chair, one of his hands grasping a chair which stood in front.

His family could no bear to see him with the plaster over his face, and therefore were not present; and the faithful Burwell, his colored body servant, was the only person, besides the artist, in the room.

The process began, but there was some delay in the arrangement made to protect his breathing, and Mr. Jefferson came near suffocating. He was too weak to rise or to relieve himself, and his feeble struggles were quietly interpreted by his Parthenon.

To suffer cheerfully between fright lest the chair on which he lived wrecked. He raised himself half up, and strike it on the floor. Burwell became conscious of his situation and sprang furiously forward. He never hesitated his cast immediately.

The history now involved the room and Brower looked as though he thought their arrival too opportune, for the old Burwell was upholding his master in his arms, the fierce glare of the African eye looked dangerous. Brower was permitted to pack up his fragments of plaster and carry them off, but whether he ever put them together to represent to mortal conceived with age and debility on a writhing or inferior on, is not known.

Naming the Professor.

General R. Nelson, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, relates that it is a custom in most of Yale's classes to nickname their professors. One peculiarity of the professor was that he was very nervous and rather a nervous person. He was very fond of talking to lecture, shaking it and [illegible] "[illegible]" in lecture. After we had been a couple of months we fell in with a [illegible] and when we knew that nothing would please him so much as to receive some name from the students of the character of his parent. The Indians certainly were impressed by him but on the way he expected and desired. One day a number of our party came to the professor and said, "Professor Marsh, [illegible] name." Marsh looked up and, with a good deal of suppressed anger, asked what it was, expecting to hear some thing like the "White Chief of the Big Medicine Bear Man," or perhaps to be flattered by some such "[illegible] with your yesterday and noticed the way you mounted your horse, and can see now a great deal like Indian as the 'Hump Winged Man.'" The Professor said not a word, but all throughout the day [illegible] and glowing [illegible], and to the day [illegible] was [illegible] calling him the "Hump Winged Man."

The Skin of One's Teeth.

It may be interesting to note that this expression, which for many years carried no clear idea, has now the high classical authority of the Iliad. It is Jupiter, [illegible] "I escaped with the skin of my teeth." Some commentators, [illegible] "I escaped with [illegible] to the dry land." "Perhaps on the [illegible] waters." The last form is [illegible] the little [illegible] are supposed to be in the Bible, [illegible] the expression of escaping or being saved by the "skin of their teeth," know the authority for its use.

The Most Northerly Railway

There is now in course of construction a railway which, when completed, will run from the port of Ludes, in Sweden, to the Fiord of Ofoten, in Norway. Already forty miles of road northward from Ludes have been laid, so that this person is now entitled to be regarded as the most northerly railway in the world. This can well, however, be no more fully established when the whole line is finished, for Ofoten lies considerably to the north of the Arctic Circle.

A Parisian's Appetite.

The quantity eaten and drunk by a Parisian during one year, according to the report of the chief of the police, is as nearly as possible 192 quarts of wine, 163 pounds of meat, 18 pounds of fish, 22 pounds of game, 6 pounds of butter, 24 1-2 pounds of cheese and 158 eggs. In the reports of previous years, it seems that the average Parisian's appetite has become gradually less each year.

Joy and Sorrow.

Joy is young,
And a voice like the chime of silver bells;
And sweet are the tones its melody tells,
Capturing all hearts in its hallowed wells
Of joys and song.

Sorrow is old—
With a voice like the autumn wind it moans,
And sobs with tales in its wailing tones
Which freeze the full hearts of toiling ones
Cold and cold.

Joy, all truth,
Comes to the child clad with a lily crown,
Looking for the world and its toilsome frown
Which fades for a moment and leaves brown
Crushed truth.

Sorrow, all sin,
With hopeless eyes walks the way of gloom,
Silently [illegible] with [illegible] and tears,
And follows a bearer like following doom
Through earthly years.

Joy can sing
In the shade I pass—or seem I may,
Yet find the good in life in a flower,
And sleep like a bird on a rose-tree bower,
A peaceful sleep.

Harriet Sumner in the Current.

HUMOROUS.

The growing party. The Fairy.

The most efficient broker, the devil—Pawn.

To feel with a toothache with a stinging sensation.

Hanging a close crowd for a painting that nobody cares for.

All the difference in the world—The difference between the North and South Poles.

Ella Wheeler—Poetic world has lost its passion. Wait for the next Presidential election, Ella.

Atlas was the only man that ever lived who didn't want the earth, even after it was thrown in.

A man worth $10,000,000 is not happier than a man worth $9,999,999. Money does not always cause happiness.

Let a woman read all the advertisements and poetry in a newspaper and she doesn't care what they put in the news column.

A sanitary officer of Paris says there are fifty [illegible] rats in that city. Still American tourists are not afraid to go to the Paris hospital.

"No, sir," he said emphatically, "I have traveled for forty years on the road, and I never yet went through an accident." "How do you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I think it's because I never happened to get on a train that was wrecked."

The Life of Iron.

The wrought iron Tay bridge at the time of its building was said that it was pronounced "perhaps the most remarkable structure in the world." Engineers, a British magazine, speaking of its test, when five engines, weighing 350 tons, were placed on a single span, said: "There cannot be the establishment of this fact too important to the public that the bridge is resting out of all proportion to its possible resistances. The load which the structure is calculated to carry is six times greater than that to which it was subjected."

And yet this great bridge, which cost $1,750,000, collapsed within a few months after it was finished, the accident being the only one in all railroad history in which no survivor lived to tell the tale.

The theory of crystallization, now accepted as accounting for many railroad accidents, seems peculiarly applicable to the fall of the Tay bridge. Vibrations and human blows would seem to have crystallized some portion of the structure and prepared it for a fall when at last the "rock" of a gusher had been exhausted, and it broke beneath the engine's thundering driving wheels.—[Philadelphia Record.

A Precocious Financier.

Little Nellie was paid by her mother one cent a dozen for pins picked up from the carpet to keep the baby from getting them. "Nancy," said Nellie as her stock of pennies increased, "do you know what I am going to do when I have a cent?" "No," answered nurse. "I am going to buy a piece of pins and scatter them over the floor, and then pick them up," answered the young financier, who was barely five years old.

"Assisted" by Her Pa.

Possibly—Did you call on Miss Bigby last night?

De Twiggs (gloomily)—So I did. Had a nice time, except toward the close of the evening.

"Was it cold to you?"

"Oh, no; very warm; but her father came down stairs as I was leaving, and assisted me to a cheave.—[Philadelphia Call.

Great Drinkers.

"The base ball clubs must be composed of great drinkers," remarked Lighthead.

"How do you make that out?" asked Robinson.

"Why, they never go on the field without having two or three pitchers among them."—N. Y. Sun.

Flattery.

He—What are you thinking of?

She—Nothing.

He, (absent-mindedly)—You flatter.—[Bird-Bits.