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The Mirage.
The tale us that when weary travelers
The view through quivering heat across
Great roads for shadow in a weary land,
And restless pains, and fairer yet, the gleam
Whose smiles in light to laugh in sound the strain
This is a work of tame enchanter's wand,
But that reflected here true visions stand
Of that which those who close beside them
See, with life's hot march, when near at hand
A larger world we see upon us beam,
Whose death and parting need not be our theme,
None here to toll foregone, by grief unnam'd,
Prophecy of science, hush your stern command,
(What is not to hold it all a dream.
—The Spectator.

RED AND WHITE.

BY E. A. CUSTER.

"How's Northwestern this morning, Uncle Zek?" asked Dick Spriggs across the restaurant table.
"Stumped off six points, blame it!" growling viciously over his paper at the desk brought by the waiter.
"Lick Spriggs laid down his paper, and picking up his fork, stuck it into the meat. As he withdrew it and saw the rich, red juices ooze out, his face brightened. Spriggs was somewhat of a picture.
"Six point's a pretty big drop," said Dick, possessing himself of the paper and alternating between it and his breakfast, "how'd y's come out?"
"But Spriggs was busily engaged in tearing off huge pieces of steak and chewing them with much the same expression that a chicken exhibits when taking a drink of water. Business was business, but breakfast was breakfast just the same, and while Dick chattered and read extracts, Spriggs turned his eyes to the ceiling at every bite and gave himself up to soulful enjoyment of what was before him. Dick skimmed lightly over the news, took a cursory glance at the editorials and paused at the lower end of the page, then he read aloud:
"Possibly the reason why, when a red-headed girl appears on the street, a white horse soon loses its appearance, will have to be sought for in history. Away back in the early Greek and Egyptian days, red-headed girls were justly prized above all."
"Ward that!" interrupted Spriggs. Spriggs was a bachelor and though rich was not especially addicted to the fair sex.
Dick leaned thoughtfully back in his chair. "It's a dodged funny thing, Uncle Zek, but it's a fact, never knew the full force of a string, too."
"Well, what is it?"
"Why, don't you see, the saying is that where ever you see a red-headed girl there is always a white horse in sight. I believe it now—didn't at first. Why only last Sunday night I went to church with Miss Auntie—you ought to see her, Uncle Zek—Dick paused with a piece of steak half-way to his mouth and gazed yearningly at the bank wall.
"Well, as I was saying, I went to church; coming out I saw directly in front of us a girl with hair just about as red as you find it. One of the rules of the game is that you must always go somewhere that is accessible to the horse after seeing the red hair, so I made an excuse about a short cut and dragged Mabel out the side door. I thought I had the white horse sequence dead in this time, but just as we came out the door, sure enough the inevitable white horse came trotting round the corner. There wasn't another red-headed animal in sight and I didn't see any the whole way home. I've tried it every chance and never knew it to fail."
Spriggs granted an inaudible response and rose from the table. By noon he had forgotten all about it but the sight of a red-headed girl brought the subject to his mind. In spite of its evident absurdity there was something odd and uneasy about the notion and Spriggs almost unconsciously began to scan the passers-by. Turning the corner he came plump against another mail with fiery hair and sure enough there, hitched to a post, was a rather scrawny but unmistakable white horse. This was the beginning of his down all for there and then he determined to see exactly what was in the saying. Now Spriggs was nothing if not methodical. A long life of business and business training had made him so, and he entered into the investigation in somewhat the same manner as he would some great business question.
The major part of the next day was spent in keeping tally of the horses that passed in an extended hunt of red-headed girls without regard to their social accomplishments. The result was that while one horse in every fifteen was white, only one female in thirty-one had red hair. A series of afternoon sittings at his club window brought out the remarkable fact that for every seven women that passed, two horses were in sight. This was to be the basis of the test. Spriggs reasoned that the chance against the sequence were about two to one, for according to his observations,

in the ordinary day's run, there were twice as many red-haired girls as white horses. This of course did not allow for unusual occurrences or for night travel, when there were fewer horses on the street. At the end of the first week the result was: failures, one; verifications, forty-eight. Spriggs did not quite believe in the thing yet, but the next week was even more convincing. The record stood: failures, none; success, seventy-four times. By this time it had become not a definite test to prove the truth of the saying, but a wild hunt after an instance where a failure could be recorded. Night after night Spriggs prowled around the streets peering into the faces of the pedestrians and frequenting localities where there would be little likelihood of finding quadrupeds. The fever had grown to such an extent that he was forced to admit to himself that there must be something in it while he professed to believe that the truth needed further investigation.
One day Dick dropped in and taking Spriggs aside, with much hesitation and stammering, confided the fact that he was engaged to be married. "It's Mabel Austin, Uncle Zek, a beautiful girl—"
"Light or dark?" asked Spriggs with a quick look of interest.
"Well, I guess you'll call her a brunette, for she has the loveliest black hair in the world; but I have promised to bring you to see her tonight. Say you'll go, Uncle Zek—I'll call for you at 8, shall I?"
It had been many years since Spriggs had gone out calling and he was loth to begin now, when he needed all his time for his investigations; however, he promised and sent his nephew away rejoicing.
Spriggs found Mabel all that Dick had claimed for her, and was well pleased with his boy's choice; yet the evening dragged somewhat, and his dress suit made Uncle Zek overly conscious of his society shortcomings.
He was standing near the window for a moment alone, when he heard his name called. Turning quickly, he saw Dick approaching with a vision of loveliness on his arm.
One look was enough, and the next instant Spriggs had wheeled about and jerked aside the hangings. Trotting slowly past, and directly under the street lamp, was the inevitable white horse.
Then he remembered that Dick possibly wanted to present him, and, dropping the curtain in great haste, he confronted the pair.
When Spriggs went home he sat down and went over the events of the evening. The vision was certainly handsome and could talk as few women were able, but he shuddered at the thought of her hair. It was an unmistakable red. Nevertheless, he had asked permission to call and it had been graciously granted. Spriggs called and then called again. In a short time his five or six hours were about evenly divided between his investigations and the vision. Spriggs was struck hard, so hard, indeed, that when in her delightful presence he almost forgot his hobby. He invariably hired a white horse, however, when he took her out driving. Once he had the temerity to try a bay horse, but he never repeated the experiment. He was uneasy the whole time, for while his heart and soul were with his companion his mind and eyes sadly missed the familiar sequence.
One evening as matters were approaching a crisis, Spriggs found himself seated in close proximity to his inamorata. He had fully made up his mind to settle the matter at once and had done with it. There was just enough of manly conceit about him to make him feel assured that his suit would not be unsuccessful, but it was with considerable trepidation that he approached the subject. The conversation had drifted, as lover's talk invariably will, to the personal, and Spriggs was expatiating on early struggles and amibitions.
"I had a hard time when I was young," he was saying. "My nature was not one to make friends readily, and female friends were exceedingly rare. Indeed, my mother was the only woman with whom I felt really at ease. Then, as my business grew, I had so much to attend to that social pleasures were almost unknown."
There was silence for a moment; both intuitively felt that the time was almost at hand. The vision was seated facing the deep bay window with her head just touching the curtains, while Spriggs sat so that his back was towards the street. He generally sat that way when in her company, to avoid the temptation of looking out when he heard a horse passing.
Then Spriggs meditatively resumed: "Until lately I thought that I should always move along in the rut I had

fallen into, but now I am bold enough to hope for something infinitely better."
As Spriggs in his earnestness leaned forward his quick ear heard the distant pit-a-pat of a trotting horse. His first impulse was to turn and look out, but with a mighty effort he restrained himself, and, leaning still further, he crooked blindly, excitedly for her hand. Nearer and nearer came the horse, but Spriggs now had a firm grasp on her hand.
"I do hope for something infinitely better, and—and—"
"Well," softly breathed the vision, while her glorious eyes gazed dreamily past him into the deepening night.
"And—and now it all rests on a single word. Can you—will you—dear Miss Lucy—is that a white horse?"
Dick Spriggs said the other day that if he did not read the papers for himself every morning he would imagine from Uncle Zek's appearance that Northwestern had slumped off about 600 points. —[Detroit Free Press.

A Man Attacked by Squirrels.
Col. J. L. Culbertson of Edwardsport, Ind., tells this story of his experience in 1854 or thereabouts, the time of the great migration of squirrels from the east to the west. The Evansville Courier, which publishes the story, says that the colonel is a gentleman of "unquestioned truth and honesty." He was a young man then, and one day took his rifle and went about a mile from town to hunt. He was going through the woods when he met the army of squirrels. They became so thick around him and seemed so fearless that he stood in amazement. Finally he struck one with a stick. The squirrel uttered a sharp squeak and instantly myriads of squirrels from all directions rushed to the defense of their associate and attacked Mr. Culbertson, who kicked them off and clubbed at them with his gun. They climbed up his legs, jumped upon his back, and on top of his head. He fought desperately, but the more he succeeded in hurting the louder the chattering and screaming around him became, which only brought greater numbers of the infuriated little animals to the attack. They bit his legs and arms and gashed his face and neck and lacerated his hands, fairly scrambling over each other in their fierce assault. He dropped his gun and retreated as fast as he could, fighting desperately as he went. Blood streamed down his face and neck and hands. They bit him through the ears, and held on until they actually tore their hold loose. He got out of the woods, and still sorely followed him and clung to him until they were pulled off by the clerk and others in a store into which young Culbertson rushed for assistance. Some of the friends who helped to pull off the squirrels, and who saw him come into town literally beset with them, still reside at Edwardsport. His friends washed his wounds and stayed the flow of blood which trickled down his legs and back and gushed from his face and neck, and, with good care and attention, he slowly recovered.

The American Mule.
No monument has yet been erected to honor the memory of the American mule. He is not a bad subject for treatment in bronze. His colossal ears, huge frame and expressive countenance would make up extremely well for—let us say—a pedestal in front of the War Dept.; nay, why should not at least one coin of the Republic bear his image and superscription, as was suggested in the following eloquent passage from the Fourth of July oration of Mr. George W. Peck, delivered at La Crosse, Wisconsin, in 1878:
"The bird that should have been selected as the emblem of our country: the bird of patience, forbearance, and perseverance, and the bird of terror when accused, is the mule. There is no bird that combines more virtues to the square foot than the mule. With the mule emblazoned on our banners, we should be a terror to the foe. We are a nation of uncompromising hard workers. We mean to do the fair thing by everybody. We plod along, doing as we would be done by. So does the mule. We, as a nation, are slow to anger. So is the mule. As a nation, we can occasionally stick our ears forward and fan flies off our forehead. So does the mule. We allow parties to get on and ride as long as they behave themselves. So does the mule. But when any nation sticks spears into our flanks and tickles our heels with a straw, we come down stiff-legged in front, our ears look to the beautiful beyond, our voices cut loose and still for war, our subsequent heels play the snare drum on anything within reach and strike terror to the hearts of all tyrants. So does the mule!"

A Curious Fact About San Francisco.
A curious fact about San Francisco is that it is about half way along a line running from the easternmost point of land to the westernmost point of the United States. By drawing a line from the western end of the Aleutian Islands to the eastern end of Maine, it will be found that the Golden Gate on the Pacific is in about the middle of it.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
That's Baby.
One little row of ten little toes,
To go along with a bran new nose,
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs,
That are just as good as sugar plums—
That's baby.
One little pair of round new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so old and wise,
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south—
That's baby.
Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands, so in his way,
A brand new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand new wig—
That's baby.
Dear little row of ten little toes,
How much we love them nobody knows;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin,
What a shame he wasn't a twin—
That's baby.

Hungry Hawks.
The passengers on the coast accommodation of the Louisville and Nashville road have doubtless noticed how the hawks follow the afternoon train as it speeds through the grasses of the Louisiana swamp lands. Every afternoon these hawks meet the train perches a little beyond Lee station, and, flying low, bear it company to the Rigolles. Watch the birds closely and you will discover the reason for their attendance. It is supper time, and the train as it rushes on frightens the little birds that have hidden among the rushes and they fall an easy prey to these hungry hawks. —[New Orleans Picayune.

Hares at the Battle of Wagram.
A singular incident of the battle of Wagram, between the French and Austrians, is related by Captain Baze, of the French Imperial guard. He says that beside being a great contest of arms the day was a great hare hunt. There were four hundred thousand hunters, half were Austrians and half French. The plain was simply covered with hares, which the long advance of the two armies had gathered into the narrow space. At every ten steps there started up one of these animals. Frightened by the guns they ran for their lives, and continued to run until they reached the Austrian lines. There they were none the less terrified, and came rushing back. The soldiers were gravely amused by the frantic movements of the hares, and could hardly be restrained from making after them. Finally there was a great Austrian cavalry charge, which of course took no account of the hares. The horses plunged in amongst them. Other soldiers, not immediately pressed by the onset of the enemy, caught up the trembling animals in their hands. They believed that both the great armies had come there expressly to hunt them—the hares—instead of to hunt each other.

False and True.
Two young girls were graduated last year from the same school; both the children of refined, Christian people; both intelligent, gentle and well-meaning. But there was one difference between them that marked every word and action.
Celia hung about her teachers incessantly, professing affection for them; but she never obeyed a rule, or learned a lesson thoroughly.
Mary made no professions, but she never obeyed a rule, or learned a lesson thoroughly.

Each of the girls lost her mother while in school. Celia draped herself in crape from head to foot; black jewelry dangled from her ears and neck, her veil was the thickest and longest that money could buy. But, after talking for a few days of her mother with sobs and tears, she forgot her, and was as gay and careless as before.
Mary's mourning was unobtrusive, and she never mentioned her loss. But she did not for a moment forget her mother; she tried to shape her life by the teaching and the words and prayers which were now so dear, until her very voice grew gentle and her face shone with kindness like hers who was gone.
Each of the girls on leaving school became a member of the church. Celia plunged vehemently into Sunday-school work, undertook to teach classes, to form guilds, to raise money by bazaars and fairs. Mary's work was quietly done, and her prayers were heard only by God. But her religion showed itself in the love and truth and helpfulness of her words and daily life.

In a word, one will be a sham woman, and the other a real one. —[Youth's Companion.

The Reason For His Attention.
Some European ladies passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question, through the interpreter: "Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?" "Because you have a larger mouth," was the straightforward reply.

OCEAN OIL WELLS.
Where Oil Abounds Under the Waters of the Pacific.
Some Submarine Springs That Have Been Encountered.
With the pilot chart for November last there was issued a statement relative to the possible existence of submarine oil springs—as indicated by various reports received from shipmasters on the Atlantic and in the Gulf of Mexico—which, in view of the possibility of their commercial value, made the matter of general interest. Mention was made in this connection also of a well known spot near Sabine pass, on the Gulf coast, called the "oil pond," where small vessels run in and anchor during heavy weather, the water there being comparatively smooth owing to a quantity of oil or oily mud, which rises to the surface. It was also said that no such reports had been received from the Pacific coast. Since then, however, as a result of the interest elicited by the announcement, several reports have been received which are incorporated in the monthly report of the hydrographic office for February, briefly as follows:
The attention of the hydrographers was first called to a letter from Thomas K. Griffin, of San Francisco, published in the New York Maritime Register, in which he states that submarine oil springs exist on the Pacific coast. The most pronounced is off what is known as "Coal Oil Point," about one and a quarter miles west of Goleta and ten miles west of Santa Barbara. Mr. Griffin supplied information from several masters of vessels who have cruised in those waters, and their reports are so clear and consistent as to leave little room for doubt of the existence of such submarine oil springs off that coast.
Captain V. S. Helmer, of the American steamship Los Angeles, says that when a vessel passes through the region of this spring the smell of oil is so strong as frequently to cause nausea among the passengers and crew, and in certain spots the oil can be distinctly seen bubbling up on the surface.
Captain Wallace, of the American steamship City of Chester, Captain Ingalls, of the American steamship Santa Rosa, and Captain Alexander, of the American steamship Queen of the Pacific, testify that there are other similar springs on the Pacific coast, though not so pronounced as the former. Captain Wallace locates the large spring about eight or ten miles west of Santa Barbara, Cal., and states that the surface of the ocean is frequently covered for miles with the oil. He has also seen oil floating on the water to the north of Cape Mendocino, from three to five miles off shore, and thinks there is another spring there. Captain Plumber, of the American steamship Gypsy, who has sailed seventeen years in these waters, confirms the above statements, and says the belt of oil above Santa Barbara can be seen the darkest night when sailing through it.
A very full and interesting statement has also been received from Captain Goodall of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, who refers to the fact that Goleta Point is known to masters of steamships as "Coal Oil Point" on account of the oil breast of it rising from the bottom of the sea. On a calm day the water is covered for miles with oil, bubbles of which can be seen rising to the surface and spreading over it. Although it does not seem to smooth the water like animal oil, yet, on a windy day, you can see a slick of oil on the surface. This spot is so well known by shipmasters that the smell of the oil is used as a guide in foggy weather, the petroleum smell being so strong that a captain can never mistake his position when off that point. Captain Goodall says also that he has noticed a small flow of oil from the bottom of the sea off Cojo Point near Point Conception, but there the amount of oil is very small. It cannot be seen bubbling up from the bottom, but is often visible on the surface, the odor being very perceptible.
Bitumen is known to be generally distributed through the coast ranges to the southward of San Francisco, and petroleum wells and tar springs have been found at places. It seems probable, therefore, that the oil-bearing strata crops out here and there at the bottom of the sea off the coast, or else that the oil escapes through the crevices in the overlying strata and rises to the surface. Such submarine oil springs are known to exist at certain other places, the bay of Cumana, Venezuela, for example, where petroleum rises and spreads upon the surface; and it is said that, off the island of Trinidad, West Indies, there are submarine volcanoes, which occasionally boil up and discharge a quantity of petroleum. —[Commercial Advertiser.

An Old Weather Record.
Mr. J. D. Whitson gives the Chicago Journal these memoranda:
1853, dry summer; following winter very cold; ice 24 inches.
1854, very hot summer; winter coldest ever known.
1855, average summer; winter intensely cold.
1856, average summer; winter very cold.
1859, dry summer; winter intensely cold.
1860, average summer; mild fall; winter cold; six weeks' sleighing to March 1.
1861, hot summer; winter cold; sleighing from December 15 to April 1.
1863, mild and dry summer; winter cold; thermometer 34° below zero, and cold to February 15.
1866, hot and dry summer; very cold January and February.
1867, dry summer and mild fall; winter set in December 33, and cold till March 1.
1868, summer hot; severe winter from November 20 to January 10.
1869, summer very dry; winter from December 1, steady and cold.
1871, very dry fall; winter set in December 8, cold to spring.
1874, dry and mild fall and pleasant; winter set in November 20, and cold to April 20.
1876, summer hot and dry; winter very cold, ice 28 inches.
1880, dry summer; severe winter, December 29 extremely cold, and 5° below zero in Texas.
1881, average summer; winter very cold, November 29, ice ten inches, and snow from Maine to Virginia.
1882, dry summer; winter cold, December 8, 18° below, severe winter.
1883, dry and hot summer; severe winter, February 1, 14° below.
1884, average summer; cold winter, December 17, 2° below; January 19, 25 to 35° below.
1885, average summer; severe winter, December 20° below.
1886, dry summer; cold winter, December, ice 10 inches, January 20° below.
1887, dry summer; winter cold from December 20, ice 23 inches and colder weather predicted.

A New International Language.
A common language for the whole civilized world has been for several centuries one of the dreams of poets, philosophers and religionists. It has been one of those ideas that would not down, but which in spite of failure after failure has continued to recur at intervals with new claims for interest as nations of the world have been knit closer and closer together. Leibnitz tried the task of formulating such a language in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but gave it up in despair. Bishop Wilkins, Abbe Sicard, Bachmeier and Mezziant have at intervals continued to rekindle the world's interest in the scheme. Leibnitz, Bachmeier, and Mezziant all hailed from Germany, and from the same philological nation comes the latest apostle, the inventor of Volapuk.
Volapuk (pronounced folpik) is an attempt to invent an international language drawn in part from all civilized tongues. Its grammar is almost nothing, consisting in a few simple rules which have no exceptions or irregularities and which, when printed, makes a small four-page leaflet. The vocabulary embraces now only a few thousand words, those of most common use, but is steadily growing. Interest in this country has hardly been awakened as yet, but in Italy, there are already seven Volapuk societies and others in Spain, France, Germany, Austria and lower Russia, numbering 120 in all. Pamphlet has followed pamphlet, lecture has succeeded lecture, and nine periodicals are published in Volapuk exclusively. The inventor is a humble Catholic priest, Johann M. Schleyer, living at Constance, Germany, on a pension of \$250 a year, who has taken advantage of his retirement to study more or less thoroughly sixty languages and dialects. —[Voice.

The Little Grave on the Hill.
There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where in summer the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rushing elm tree's shade,
A moss covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.
In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid beneath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in 'springtime, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.
And every year there's a red-rose comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm trees' branches high;
With her melody sweet by the hour she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled;
Perhaps—who knows? 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.
Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,
Somebody's mother is weeping in vain,
For, though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again.
Yet blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and undefiled;
Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through
That grave of a little child.

HUMOROUS.
The public will surely sour on the vinegar trust.
Old flames frequently get together and make a parlor match.
The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.
Don't judge by appearances. A brand new coat may paralyze a wire dummy.
It reads a trifling paradox to see a cargo of salt cod noticed under the head of fresh arrivals.
The sign "Beware of the Dog" is not hung up "that he who runs may read," but "that he who reads may run."
It is a notable fact that however cleanly seamers may be on the water they have a decided dislike to being washed ashore.
At the club—Jones—Look at Brown over there in the corner. Smith—Yes; buried in thought. Jones—Mighty shallow grave, ain't it?
Perhaps some of the people who are looking for nice, fat jobs could be accommodated if they would apply at a lad rendering establishment.
"Papa, where's Atoms?" "Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably." "No, I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to."
"There is something about you, Mr. Secondshell, which tells me that you must have had a heart-history!" and she gazed upon him with intense, soulful eyes. "No, m'm," he said; "I ain't just right there, but it's only cigar-ettes."

The Story of a Rare Plant.
Years ago Dr. Asa Gray was studying in Paris, and in a herbarium there came across a small, broken and imperfect specimen marked simply "From America," which interested him much. From the fragments before him he reconstructed the whole plant. His work was approved by the botanists about him, and he named the little plant "Shortia Galacifolia" in honor of Dr. Charles W. Short, the distinguished botanist. But no live specimens of the plant could be found. Years passed on and it had never been seen. At last a botanist at work in Japan found and named a plant which seemed to be of a genus closely allied to the Shortia. Dr. Gray corresponded with the botanist, and it was concluded that the doctor had been in error and had mistaken a specimen of the Japanese genus. So the Shortia was generally left out of the list of plants by systematic botanists. But twenty years after this, as Dr. Goodale and Professor Watson were one day in the library of the University, they heard a shout of triumph from the herbarium and rushed in to find Dr. Gray waving a small plant about in the wildest enthusiasm. "Look at it! What is it?" he cried. The two botanists examined it as directed and recognized the characteristics of the much-discussed plant. "It is the Shortia," they exclaimed. The specimen had been sent by a house in the South which made a business of putting up medicinal herbs. It had been brought in from some hitherto unexplored nook in the mountains by one of their collectors, and sent to the professor for identification. It proved indeed to be the Shortia, which was therefore once more reinstated in the floral family, greatly to Dr. Gray's delight. Dr. Gray afterward visited the locality in which the plant was found, and procured a living specimen for the botanical garden. —[New York Tribune.

A Unkind Cut.
"I hear that you are engaged, Mamee?"
"It is true."
"Then mother was right."
"What about?"
"She said you would be engaged before leap year was over." —[Boston Courier.

A Fine Dinner.
The New York Graphic tells about a fine dinner for thirteen persons, at which "the center of the table was filled by a large, low glass receptacle some eight feet long, which was imbedded in moss and ferns, and in which swam gold fish and terrapin. In the middle rose a fountain whose spray reached almost to the chandelier. At each lady's plate was a uniquely beautiful bouquet—a palm fern forming the background for a splendid bunch of La France roses. Each place was designated as belonging to a guest by an ivory tablet, on which the name was embossed in silver. The table was ornamented with many rare treasures of silver and china. Each salt-cellar was a silver swan, and in each was an 'apostle spoon,' Mrs. — being the fortunate possessor of a set of those beautiful examples of the skill of silversmiths of the middle ages. Tanker's three or four hundred years old ornamented the occasion, and a Nuremberg drinking-horn of a very curious workmanship appended to a more highly thirteenth century gem at New York dinner parties are in the habit of exhibiting."