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Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
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BEHIND TIME.

In '52 there wasn't a likelier fellow on the line than George Kirke. He was the son of a poor man and his mother was dead. His father was a confirmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and George played the dutiful son to him in a way that would astonish the young men of to-day.

Somehow, nobody knows exactly how, George managed to pick up a good education, and he had polished it off by a two years' course at a commercial college.

Kirke began on the Sanday Hill railroad when he was about twenty-one or two years of age. First he was a brakeman. This railroad business is a regular succession, and, generally speaking, a man has to work his way up. It ain't often that he gets right up to the dignity of conductor at one step, with a chance to pocket stray ten cent script, and the privilege of helping all the good looking and well dressed ladies out of the cars, and letting the homely ones, with babies and bandboxes in their arms, stumble out, as best they may, while he is engaged in 'talking to a man."

George did his duty so well that he was soon promoted to fireman, and after he had learned the working of the machine he was made engineer and given an engine.

This engine was one of the newest and best on the line, and was called the Flyaway, and George was very proud of it, you may well believe.

I tell you now, sir, your true engineer, one that is out-and-out for the business, and feels his responsibility, takes as much pride in his engine as the jockey does in his favorite race horse, and would sit up nights, or neglect his sweetheart, to keep the brasses and filagrees of his machine so's you could see your face in 'em.

There was another man wanted George's chance. There's generally more than one after a paying job.

Jack Haliday had been waiting for some time to be engineer of the Flyaway, and when he lost it he was mad enough to pull his hair. He was a brakeman, likewise, and had been on the road full two years longer than Kirke, and it would seem that the chance would really belong to him, but he was a quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, with independence enough to have set an emperor up in business and then have some left.

When Jack realized that George had got the inside track of him, his anger was at a white heat. He cursed Kirke and cursed the company, and old Whately, the superintendent, and things generally, until it seemed to be a pity that there was not something else to curse, he was in such a fine cursing order.

There was more than one thing which made Jack Haliday down on George Kirke. George had been his rival in many respects, and particularly where the fairer part of creation was concerned. George was a great favorite with the girls, for he was handsome, generous and good natured, and Jack was sarcastic, and always on the contrary side, and the girls avoided him, as they always should such a man.

Well, all expected that ill would come to George from Jack's bad blood against him, and we warned him more than once, but he always laughed, and reminded us of the old saying that "barking dogs never bite," which is true in the main.

And as the time went on until two, three, four months had passed since Kirke's promotion, and nothing had occurred, we forgot all about our apprehensions of danger, and if we thought of the matter at all, we concluded we had wronged Haliday by our suspicions.

It was a dark night in November, with considerable fog in the air, and strong appearance of rain.

I was at Golosha, the northern terminus of our road, looking after some repairs on a defective boiler, and I was coming down to New York on the 7:50 train—Kirke's train.

About seven there came a telegram from old Whately, whose summer residence was nearly midway between Golosha and new York, and the old heathen had not yet forsaken it for the city. The telegraph operator came into the engine house where Kirke was at work, and read it to him. Kirke made a note of it in his pocket book.

"Pay train on the line, will meet you just west of Leeds, at 10:15. Spurt on the siding at Deering's cut, and all's well."

WHATELY.

Kirke's watch hung on a nail beside the clock. It was a fancy of his always to hang it there when he was off a train, so that he would make no mistake in the time.

He glanced at the clock and from it to his watch. Both indicated the same hour, 7:15.

"7:15," said Kirke, meditatively, "and we leave at 7:50, and the pay train meets us at Deering's cut at 10:15. Scant time to make the run in this thick weather, but it must be managed."

And he turned away to give some orders to his fireman.

Jack Haliday was there; he had been strolling in and out of the room for the past half hour, smoking a cigar and swearing at the bad weather.

We all went to the door and took a look at the weather, and unanimously voted it deuced bad, and then we walked up and down the platform, and smoked our after-supper cigars, and by the time we were through it was time for the train hands to be getting to their places. Both the watch and the clock in the engine room indicated 7:40.

Kirke was putting his watch in his pocket as he said:

"Garth, are you going with me on the Flyaway?"

"No, thank ye," said I, "I get enough of that sort of thing in my every day life; I am to do a little swell business to-night and take passage in a palace car. Want to rest my back. Good night to ye, and hold her in well around Rock Bottom curve. The road is a little shaky."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded Kirke, and he swung himself into position on the Flyaway.

The bell rang; I scrambled into my compartment of the Pullman, and felt horribly out of place among the silks and broadcloths and the smell of musk; but I was in for a first-class ride, and made the best of it so effectually that five minutes after Gibson, who now fancies he owns all creation because he wears a siver coffin plate on his breast, with conductor on it, had shouted "all aboard!" I was sound asleep.

What occurred in other quarters to affect the fate of Kirke's train I learned afterward.

Old Whately, the superintendent of the road, as I guess I have already said, had a country residence in Leeds on a mountain spur, which commanded a view of the surrounding country for more than a score of miles. The line of the railway could be distinctly seen in each direction for fifteen miles, and Whately was wont to say that his lookout was worth more to the safety of trains than all the telegraph wires on the road.

Whately was a rich old duffer, kind enough in his way, but sharp as a ferret in looking after the road hands, and determined that every man should do his duty.

He had but one child, a daughter, and Floss Whately was the belle of the country. She was brave, beautiful, and spirited, and more than once when her father had been away had she assumed the responsibility of directing the trains, and she had always acquitted herself with credit.

Old Whately was very proud of her as he had a right be, and kept the young fellows at a distance, until it was said that he intended keeping her single till the Czar of all the Russians came on to marry her.

This night in November old Whately and Floss were out on the piazza of their country home, peering through the gloom and fog, for the signal lights of the Golosha train, which was nearly due.

"It's devilish strange it doesn't come in sight!" said Whately, laying down his night-glass in disgust. "It's hard on to ten now! They ought to show their light round Spruce Pond by this time."

"You telegraphed them, father? You let them know the pay train was on the road?" asked Floss.

"To be sure. And, good heavens! there is the light on the pay train now! See! not ten miles away, and running like the devil as it always does!"

He pointed with trembling finger down to the valley forge, where, far away, a mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a bright light, scarcely moving, it seemed, but those watchers knew it was approaching at lightning speed.

Father and daughter looked at each other.

The truth was evident. The train from Golosha was ten minutes behind time, and it would not reach the siding at Deerings Cut until the pay train had passed beyond on the sigle track. And then? Why, there would be another item for the morning papers under the head of "Appalling Railway Disaster!" and a few more homes would be made to mourn.

Father and daughter looked at each other in dismay.

"Selim can do it," said Floss quickly. "If I can reach Leeds five minutes before the train—yes, two minutes—all will be well. Do not stop me, father," as he laid his hand on her arm.

"But you must not go! It is dark and dismally lonely. No Floss!"

"Shall I go, father? Selim knows only me and you could not ride him. I have ridden darker nights. And he is the only horse in the stable. Don't you remember? The others were all sent to town yesterday."

Before old Whately could stop her she had ordered the hostler to saddle Selim, and she was already buttoning on her riding habit with rapid, nervous fingers.

The horse came pawing to the door, Floss sprang into the saddle, and leaned down and kissed her father's forehead.

"Pray heaven to spare me!" she cried hoarsely, and touching her horse with her whip, he bounded swiftly down the steep declivity.

It was raining steadily now and the gloom was intense, but Selim was used to the road, and the rider was courageous. She urged him on at the top of his speed, up hill and down through Pine Valley, over Pulpit Hill, and there she struck upon the smooth road which stretched away to Leeds, some two miles, and straight as an arrow.

She could see the headlight on the pay train far down in the valley distinctly now, and to her excited fancy it seemed but a stone's throw away. She even thought for a moment that she heard the grind of the wheels on the track, but it was only the sighing of the wind in the pines.

On, and still on she went; Selim seemed to fly. One might have fancied that he knew his mistress was on an errand of life or death. The lights of the station were in view—nay, she even saw the station-master's white lantern as he rolled up and down the platform—the white lantern which was to signal the approaching train to tell them to go on; for all was well! on to their doom!

She dashed across the track, flung the bridle reins to an amazed bystander, and, striking the white lantern from the hand of the astonished official, she seized the ominous red lantern from its hook, and springing upon the track, waved it in the very teeth of the coming train.

Two sharp, short whistles told her that her signal was seen, and a moment later the train came to a stop, and officers rushed forward to confer with the train from Golosha, which had not yet been telegraphed from the next station beyond.

The man waited fifteen minutes before Kirke's train slid on the siding, and it was then known that but for the decision of the young girl, the two trains must have collided four miles beyond Deering's Cut.

When told the whole story, Kirke looked at his watch.

The man at the station looked at his.

Kirke was ten minutes behind time.

You want to know how it happened?

Certainly you could have guessed Haliday did it. A man was found the next day who confessed to having seen Jack tampering with the time-piece in the engine house that night, but had not thought of it, he said.

Jack? Oh, he left town, and was heard of in Australia. His game was not a success.

And Kirke married Floss Whately, else this story would not have been told, because what would a story be worth that did not end in a wedding?

A PROFLIGATE MINER'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.—The death of William Abbott, "the king of the Cariboo gold mines," is announced from Victoria, British Columbia. Abbott was one of a company who struck rich pay on Williams Creek in 1861, arriving at Victoria with 300 pounds of gold in the fall of that year. He was the "lion" of the winter of 1862, and spent his gold lavishly. On one occasion he entered a saloon and shied a handful of $20 pieces at a large plate-glass mirror behind the bar, shattering it. When reproached by the bar-keeper, he requested him to keep the "beast for the damage." On another occasion he and another Cariboo astonished Government street by throwing $20 pieces at each other until stopped by the police. The throwing commenced with snow-balls. On his return to Cariboo Abbott's good fortune continued, and he has been known to stake $10,000 on a hand at poker. After two or three years' prosperity, Abbott got to the bottom of his claim and his purse at the same time, and was miserably poor at the time of his death.

LAST OF THE CENTENNIAL—THE DREARY DAYS TO COME.—It breaks the heart of the enthusiastic Philadelphian to think that all this must pass away. Yet the signs, as I have said before, are many. Grim placards, announcing that this house or that case, or these engines, cars and trucks are for sale, greet the eye. Notices of immense sales by auction appear in the city newspapers. Thousands of the exhibitors are longing for next Friday to take away their goods. Tens of thousands of purchasers of goods on exhibition are ravening for the articles they paid for. The closing day will see the commencement of a stampede that only those who have seen other exhibitions close can foreshadow. Packing cases will cumber the earth; show-cases will disappear and bald spots will spread over the floors as they do over the head of a man that uses his barber's capillary lotion. Cold draughts will sweep through vacant halls and cold comfort will be for the luckless pilgrim to the scene of the departed glory. —*Philadelphia Correspondence New York Herald.*

SPRIGHTLINESS.—Perhaps the most wonderful thing about the progresses of Napoleon III. was that he now and then inspired a municipal corporation with the idea of addressing him in terms of genuine eloquence. At Dijon he was met by a deputation bearing fruit and wine, with no formidable roll of vellum accompanying them. Their spokesman confined himself to these words: "Sire, we offer you the best we have—our fruits, our wines and our hearts." French aldermen have at all times been of a sprightlier turn of mind than their brethren across the silver-streak. It was a novel idea on the part of the burghers of a loyal city which Henry IV. was to visit to put a clean shirt on the corpse of the man last hanged, and who, after the manner of mediæval Christendom (and of modern Turkey), remained suspended for the benefit of spectators at large.

A message that knocked operators off their stools in several offices passed along a telgraph wire in Nevada. It was a stroke of lightning.

Not a drop of intoxicating liquor is allowed in the Nevada mines, where a serious disaster might easily result from drunkenness.

CONCEALMENT OF SEX.

Many instances are on record of women having successfully concealed their sex, while for long years, or a lifetime, they wore the habiliments of men, and pursued the rougher, harder vocations that are by common consent abandoned to their brothers. Their story necessarily reads like a romance, deeper, often more tragical, than any in fiction, for it has the tremendous reality of truth. The earl of Monmouth chronicles in his gossipy autobiography one of these strange histories, of which he had had some personal knowledge, and treats it as an undoubted authority. It was while at Cape Town, in 1819, that he met a person whose eccentricities attracted universal attention—Dr. James Barry, staff-surgeon to the garrison, and the Governor's medical adviser. Lord Charles described him to me as the most skillful of physicians and the most wayward of men. He had lately been in professional attendance upon the Governor, who was somewhat fanciful about his health, but, taking umbrage at something that was said or done, he had left his patient to prescribe for himself. I had heard so much of this capricious, yet privileged gentleman, that I had great curiosity to see him. I shortly afterwards sat next him at one of the regimental messes. In this learned pundit I beheld a beardless lad, apparently my own age, with an unmistakable Scotch type of countenance, reddish hair and high cheek bones. There was a certain effeminacy in his manner, which he always seemed striving to conceal. His style of conversation was greatly superior to that usually heard at mess-tables in those days of non-competitive examination.

A mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape he fought a duel, and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest; but, somehow or other, his offenses were always condoned at headquarters.

In Hart's Annual Army List for the year 1855, the name of James Barry, M. D., stands at the head of the list of inspector-generals of hospitals. In July of the same year, the *Times* one day announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported at the horse-guards that the doctor was a woman. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging, nor the black servant with whom she had lived for years, had the slightest suspicion of her sex. The late Mrs. Ward, the daughter of Col. Tidy, from whom I had these particulars, told me further that she believed the doctor to have been the grand-daughter of a Scotch earl, whose name I do not now give, as I am unable to substantiate the correctness of my friend's surmise; and that she adopted the medical profession from attachment to an army surgeon, who has not been many years dead.

HOW MARSHAL MACMAHON SETTLED PRESIDENT THIERS.—When MacMahon was appointed to the command of the troops against the Commune, President Thiers was always fussily interfering. MacMahon for some time was silent and reserved, but the late Gen. Valaze warned Thiers that the commander would break out some day. And this happened. One day, in the midst of some fighting, M. Thiers arrived in his carriage, and, jumping out, ran after the Marshal and his staff, crying out, "Marshal, Marshal, stop! You are committing an error; call back your troops on that side. I know the fortifications; it was I who had them constructed," etc. When Valaze heard this he knew all was lost. The Marshal remained for some time without answering, like one searching for a reply, and at last he said, "Mr. President, go away from here." "Mr. Marshal, Mr. Marshal! What * * * * you forget," stammered M. Thiers. "Mr. President, return to your office, dismiss me, send another General, and I will hand him over the command. We have known a good many humiliations, but we have not arrived at that point when a Marshal of France is obliged to obey a *pekin*." Valaze said he never should forget the face of M. Thiers. "Did you see Valaze? did you hear?" he said. On re-entering his carriage the President turned to Valaze, and added: "Don't let us say anything of this affair; it might damage him." Ever afterward M. Thiers addressed the Marshal with infinite precaution, and regarded him as one regards "an unexploded shell."

TURNING THE TABLES.—There is a story of a noble lord who once gave his friend a golden snuff-box, in the cover of which an ass's head was painted. Not much flattered by this present, and wishing to turn the tables on the author of the joke, the recipient took out the ass and inserted instead the portrait of the lord. The next day at dinner he, as if by accident, put his box upon the table. The lord, who wished to amuse his guests at the expense of his friend, made mention of the snuff-box, and excited the curiosity of those around him. A lady asked to see it. It was passed to her. She opened it, and exclaimed: "Perfect! Indeed, my lord, it is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever seen." The lord was naturally much embarrassed at the joke, which he thought was so hard upon him. While he was reflecting upon the offensiveness of it, the lady passed the box to her neighbor, who made similar remarks about it. The box thus went around the table, each one expatiating upon the resemblance. The nobleman was much astonished at the course of things; but, when it came his turn to look, he had to join in the laughter too, and confess that his friend had got the best of him.

BOW STREET RUNNERS.

The London police was remodeled by Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel, and commenced duty on September 29, 1829. Previous to this time the duty of apprehending criminals devolved upon constables, who were called "Bow Street runners," many of whom showed great ingenuity in detecting the perpetrators of offences, and of which Professor Prynne, in his interesting "Recollections," gives the following illustrative anecdotes:—

"A friend of mine, a barrister, told me that he had the following relation from Townshend, who was one of the most noted among them. A robbery was committed at a country house in Essex, and one of these men (I think it was Townshend himself) was sent for. He detected on the drive near the house a little hay, which convinced him that a hackney coach had been there. He went to the nearest turnpike, and asked if one had passed through it about such a time. The man said 'Yes,' but could not remember the number.

"'It was 45,' said a boy at play near; 'I'm certain of it, for I shouted as it passed, Wilkes and Liberty.'

"The runner immediately returned to town, found out No. 45, and summoned the driver of it before a magistrate. The man acknowledged that he had been out of town, but asserted that it was elsewhere he had gone. The magistrate said, 'Turn down his sleeves,' knowing the custom of these men to place the turnpike tickets there, and that there was just the chance that he might not have given up the one that feed him back. It was so, and the ticket proved to be for the Essex route. The man peached, and the robbers were taken.

"The same friend told me another curious anecdote of the ingenuity of these detectives of former days. A friend of his was invited one evening to meet McManus, who had gone down to the North on business, and from his own lips he had the following recital:—

"He (McManus) was sent for to inspect a house which had been entered by burglars. After careful examination of the locks, he pronounced that it was so cleverly done that it could only have been effected by one of three or four men who were skilled in such work. Thereupon he returned to town, and visited one of the houses where thieves resort. Entering into conversation with those he found here, he asked, casually—

"'Where's such a man?' and 'I don't see——'

"And presently it came out that one man whom he knew by name had not been seen since the day of the robbery. His next step was to visit the different coach offices, and after some inquiries made in vain, he at last discovered that a man like the one in question had gone down with luggage to Oxford the day after the robbery. He took his place for the next day, and when arrived at Oxford set about tracing him in this way: He dressed himself very shabbily, and visited the different little inns in the outskirts of the town, saying at each:

"'I want a pot of beer for——' naming the man he wished to find.

"He was met with:

"'We don't know such a person here.'

"To which he replied:

"'Oh! it's a mistake, then—no matter.'

"And so on, till at last the answer was:

"'We'll send it.'

"'No,' says he, 'that won't do; he's in a hurry, and I'm to go with you.'

"He went, and found his man, and some of the stolen property in his possession."

A COOL FUGITIVE.—The Paris *Temps* relates how a lady, traveling alone in a first class railway compartment in France, was surprised by the sudden entrance of a man as the train began moving. He flung a parcel on the seat, sprang upon her before she could shriek, and whispered: "Not a word, or you are dead. Take these scissors and quickly cut my hair short." He knelt down close before her, and she tremblingly obeyed. When it was done he arose and said: "Now, madame, look out of that window; you will soon be free." The terrified lady again obeyed, but discovered by side glances that he had taken priests' robes out of the parcel and was putting them on. Just then the speed of the train began to slacken; the daring intruder, utterly transformed, bowed haughtily, and before the cars stopped jumped nimbly from the train and disappeared.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—"Clari, or the Maid of Milan," produced in 1823, contains one piece that is known in every English-speaking country—"Home, Sweet Home." Clari is a beautiful peasant girl, who has exchanged her father's lowly cottage for the splendor of a duke's palace, and become his bride. But she pines for the simple life she had led, and as she enters, fatigued and melancholy, she sings this song. The words are by John Howard Payne, an American, and though the music was called by Bishop a "Sicilian air," it is now generally agreed that it was really composed by him. "It is the song," says Clari, "of my native village—the hymn of the lowly heart, which dwells upon every lip there, and like a spell-word brings back to its home the affection which e'er has been betr yod to wander from it. It is the first music heard by infancy in its cradle; and our cottagers, blending it with all their earliest and tenderest recollections, never cease to feel its magic till they cease to live." The air is heard again during the play: a chorus of villagers sing it when Clari revisits her home.

Those who walk the highway are always throwing stones at those who walk off the beaten track.

[From the Boulder (Col.) Courier.]

IN A BONANZA.

Fifteen Hundred Feet Under Ground, And What May be Seen There.

It takes only five minutes. You step into the cage, and the hand that guides the Titan at the surface touches the rein of the black monster, and you are plunging into the gloom. In a moment the lights of earth go out; by the glare of lanterns you know you are passing dripping timbers; the sounds from above grow fainter and cease; the vapors rise around you as from a cauldron; you hear now and then a rumble in the depths, as though the dark spirits below were complaining that their treasures were being thus taken away; you listen, expecting to hear the muttering of gnomes which guard the sacred treasures; there comes a dance of the cage under your feet; you know the hand above has touched the bit of burden-bearer, and then the cage stops, and you are more than a quarter of a mile below the busy city which you just a few minutes before left; from the dusty highway you have stepped into the world's grandest treasure-house; you have passed from the temperate to the tropical zone in a moment—you are in a Bonanza. It takes but a little space to complete the transition; it takes but a moment to describe it; but the change is wonderful, and to one of a thoughtful mind the wonder increases with each returning visit. It is no little thing to work a mine 1,500 feet below the surface. True, there are broad avenues there; broad timbers which like Atlas seem competent to support a world upon their broad backs; there are engineers at work and cars running; but every glimpse of a man there reveals the exertion necessary to keep up this conflict with the spirits which guard the buried treasure below. The men are stripped to the waist, those brawny delvers, with perspiration bursting from every pore and their bodies shining as it is said the Spanish victims shone in the sunlight when stretched upon the top of Teocola, ere the Aztec priests tore out their hearts for a sacrifice. Those white breasts have another significance. On the surface servile races may take from the laborer his bread; down in that gloom there is no fear of competition. The pale faces there hold sway. There the Caucasian race is indispensable, for what is needed among gnomes is a steady brain, a quick, strong hand, a ruling intelligence. Those strongholds are not stormed until grappled with by the world's ruling races. It looks pleasant down there in the mimic streets and under the lantern's glare, but before those streets were opened there was in the stifling air a work performed which can not be calculated. Picks were swung, drills were struck, powder was burned, men fainted and fell in their places; but the work went on. So it will proceed in the future, until, probably, after another sixteen years, they will be working 3,000 feet below the surface, as unconcerned as they now delve at the present levels. We pass through a long drift, and suddenly we find where the attacking column is driving into the ore. The sight is magnificent; but for those in the East who fancy that silver mining is a light thing to accomplish, one visit there would dispel the illusion. A glimpse at the work, a glance at the machinery, a few thoughts of the study required to make a successful battle against the rock, the danger and gnomes, would suddenly reveal to them how it is that a first-class miner has to be a first-class man; and how, after he completes his education below ground, he can seize upon the ordinary avocations of life as a student after compassing algebra is never more troubled by a problem in arithmetic. But we are on the cage once more, the bell up above signals that there is precious freight on board, and in five minutes more we are out of the depths, the blessed sunlight comes to us again, the summer strikes us with a chill, we are out of the depths and have 'done' the Bonanza.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS MADE.—In 1823, Talma, having appeared only in tragedy since 1796, consented to give his support to Mlle. Mars in one of Casimir Delavigne's comedies. The announcement created a wonderful sensation—the best actor and the best actress in France to appear together. One morning, about a week previous to the time of the announced appearance, while Mlle. Mars was in her private apartments, a manufacturer of Lyons asked for an audience. On entering, he spreads out before the actress a shimmering fold of costly yellow velvet. "Will you deign to accept this, and make my fortune?" said the visitor. Explanations followed, and it was understood to be purely a business affair. The sagacious manufacturer knew very well that the superb woman before him set the fashion in female dress before all Paris. Yellow velvet was his specialty, but nobody wore it; and yet he was assured that it would be all the rage if once seen upon the queen of the stage. Mlle. Mars did not know. The color was very trying; she had dresses enough; but, at length, the pleading of the manufacturer overcame her scruples, and, in the goodness of her heart, she took the velvet and handed it over to her dress-maker, with instructions for the making up. The eventful evening arrived, and Mlle. Mars was arrayed in her robes of yellow velvet. On beholding the reflection of herself in her dressing-room mirror her heart gave way. "It is too ridiculous!" she cried, almost shedding tears of vexation. "I look like an awfully exaggerated canary bird. Really, I cannot appear. Tell the manager he must postpone the play, or at least wait for me." Talma heard the word and hurried from his dressing-room. "Is that all?" he said, when he had surveyed the queen and heard her story. "Upon my word, you never looked better in your life. The effect is superb.—I am charmed with it." And the play went on. In less than two weeks thereafter the salons of Paris were literally golden with yellow velvet. A lady could not be in the fashion in anything else. Years afterwards the wealthiest manufacturer of Lyons gave a grand fete in honor of Mlle. Mars, entertaining her sumptuously. The festival was held in a spacious and superb country house on the banks of the Saone, and the fortune upon which the estate had been reared had grown up from yellow velvet.

A WAR LASTING ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN YEARS.

Isabella was the daughter of a French king in the fourteenth century, and the wife of an English one, Edward II., who was deposed by his Parliament, and murdered in a dungeon in Berkley castle. This Isabella was perhaps the cause of more misery to both England and France than any other woman who ever lived. She became the enemy of her spouse, returned to France, and fomented a rebellion against him, kept the young prince (her son, who afterwards became Edward III.) away from his father, invaded England with an army, and assisted in deposing her husband, the king.

Edward III. claimed the throne of France as the grandson of the father of Isabella, which claim was opposed by another scion of royalty. Then commenced a sanguinary war, which lasted one hundred and thirteen years, in which the Black Prince, son of Edward III., the Duke of Bedford, King John of France, Joan of Arc, and many other historic personages figured conspicuously. The spirit in which it was prosecuted may be judged by that in which it was commenced. The knights and gentlemen of England assembled under the presidency of the crown, and bound themselves "to ravage and massacre without pity, to spare neither mill nor altar, nor pregnant woman, nor relative, nor friend." From 1337 to 1450, with short intermissions, was the deadly work prosecuted, sons and grandsons and great grandsons espousing and bequeathing the quarrels of their progenitors. Nobles, ecclesiastics and common people shared alike the common destruction. At times France, which was the theatre of the war, became so impoverished that many of her citizens starved to death, and the various provinces were so alienated that they almost ceased to be a nation. And for what was this war of over a century's duration waged? Not for the good of the nation, but for the ambition of would-be sovereigns.

Kings and dukes in those days claimed not only certain countries, but also the people who inhabited them. They arrogated the right to force them from their homes and pit them against each other, as at Crecy and Agincourt, until the ground was soaked with blood and the corpses were piled high on each other. Their motto was "rule or ruin," and while they did not always succeed in ruling, they never failed in ruining.

Since 1450 the race has made some progress in the right direction. The thirty years' war of the German reformation, and the wars of Napoleon from 1793 to 1815 were certainly long enough. But since then we recall no great war between so-called Christian nations which has continued longer than three or four years.

NEW USE FOR A HEAD.—Robert Myer, the foreman of the Gould & Curry mine at Virginia City, was struck by a descending cage. This accident was one of the strangest on record. Myer was standing in the pump shaft, and looking through into the south compartment of the main shaft, when a double decker cage and two cars descended and struck him on the head, and cut off his ear. Myer's head stopped the cages in their descent by instantaneously causing a slack in the cable, and adjusting the safety catches to the guides. Every one present at the time, and those conversant with the shaft, express the greatest surprise that his neck was not broken instantaneously. It can only be accounted for by the fact that the cages were descending very slowly at the time. Myer was badly but not seriously hurt.

HOW HE TRAPPED HER.—A gentleman who was obliged to ride over the Woonsocket branch of the New York and New England Railroad, and had been greatly annoyed by having packages stolen from him in the cars, concluded to trap the thief. He procured a long, striped snake, put him in a collar box, and, on entering the cars, laid it on the seat beside him. Soon a portly old lady came puffing into the car and took a seat beside the gentleman in question, who was apparently absorbed in reading an evening paper. It wasn't long before the box disappeared under her shawl, and her curiosity soon led her to open the box to look at her prize, and the snake glided into her lap. The scene can be better imagined than described, but that man never lost any more packages.

As Bishop Tuttle, of Montana, was making his annual visitation last July a ranchman and his wife brought their family to be baptized. Among them was a fine baby boy of six months. When the bishop asked the names of the children the mother gave as the baby's name "Bishop Tuttle." The bishop mildly suggested that his first name was Daniel, but the mother could not be driven from her resolution, and the baby was accordingly baptized Bishop Tuttle Curtis.