

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

Out through the hills of midnight,
Hurting and thundering on,
The night express from the outer world,
Speeds for the open of dawn,
Out of the past and gloom-wrack,
Out of the dim and yore,
Freighted as train or caravan
Was never freighted before.
Built when the Sphinx's query
Was new on the lips of peace;
Hurled through the aching and hollow years
Till time shall have release;
Stealing and as swift as a shadow,
Winnow, urging and blinding,
Unpent as a joy or the flight of a bird,
With oblivion behind;
Down to the morrow country,
Into the unknown land!
And the Driver grips the throttle-bar,
Our lives are in His hand.
The sleeping hills awake;
A tremor, a dread, a roar;
The terror is flying, is come, is past,
The hills can sleep once more.
A moment the silence throbs,
The dark has a pulse of fire;
And then the wonder of time is
A writh and a desire.
Donnish, toiling, grim,
In the ruddy furnace flare,
While the Driver fingers the throttle-bar,
Who stands at His elbow there?
Can it be, this thing like a shred
Of the firmament torn away,
Is a hoarded train that Death and his crew
Consort to waylay?
His wreckers, grinning and leering,
Are lurking at every curve,
But the Driver plays with the throttle-bar!
He has the iron nerve.
We are traveling safe and warm,
With our little baggage of care,
Why tease the peril that yet would come
Unbidden and unwarred?
The lonely are lonely still;
And the friend has another friend,
Only the idle heart inquires
The distance and the end.
We pant up the climbing grade,
And come on the tangent mile,
While the Driver toys with the throttle-bar,
And gathers the track in His smile.
The dreamer weary of dreams,
The lover by love released,
Stricken and whole, and eager and sad,
Beauty and wail and priest.
All these adventures forth,
Strangers the side by side,
With the tramp of time in the roaring wheels,
And haste in their shadow stride.
The star that races the hill
Shows yet the night is deep;
But the Driver humors the throttle-bar;
So, you and I may sleep.
For He of the sleepless hand
Will drive the night to dawn—
Will watch till morning springs from the sea,
And the rails grow gold in the sun.
Then He will slow to a stop
The tread of the driving-rod,
When the night express rolls into the dawn
For the Driver's name is God,
Independent.

DESERTING HIS POST.

"Say, Billy, ain't you going with us?" yelled the boys, standing on tiptoe to peep into the kitchen window.
The Maverick farmhouse was on a lovely plateau of land half-way up a dreary mountain-side. And Billy sat alone by the fire, trying very hard to get interested in an old volume of "Capt. Cook's Adventures," which he had read over and over again. He jumped up at the sound of familiar voices.
"Going where?" said he, leaning out of the window.
"Down to Pixley's Woods," said John Jaycox. "We're going to have a corn and apple roast down there. There's lots of fellows coming."
"Oh, I do wish I could go," said Billy, with a sigh.
"Well, come on, then," roared Herman Smith, only make haste."
"But I can't," said Billy. "Father and mother went to the camp-meeting to-day and they left me to keep house."
"Did they s'pose the bears was going to carry off the house?" contemptuously inquired Herman.
"No," said Billy. "But old Mrs. Trick's house was broken into night before last when she was gone to tea at Elder Jones'. And father says it ain't safe to leave the place alone."
"Much good you would be if the thieves were to come," sneered Peter Wise.
"Well, I guess I can handle father's old musket as well as another man," said Billy with some pride.
"But it ain't that, father says. The burglars only try locked-up houses and those where the folks are all away."
"Well," sniffed Peter, "if a burglar climbs this steep road he must be hard up for something to steal, that's all I have to say about it."
"Do come, Bill," urged Jaycox. "We're going to have a regular good time!"
Billy looked wistfully at the other boys. "Oh, I only wish I could," said he.
"Your folks will never know," said Jaycox, coaxingly.
"No, I don't suppose they will," assented Billy. But—
"Oh, come now," hoarsely shouted Herman Smith; "we can't stand here waiting all day. If Maverick is coming let him come. If he ain't, let him say so. Are you ready fellows? Now, then, one—two—three—march!"
And away went the little band of boys at a double quick!
Billy looked longingly after them. Boys are naturally of a gregarious nature, and he had been alone all the afternoon.
"I might just as well go as not," said he aloud to the old clock ticking away behind the door. "It's just exactly as Peter Wise says—there ain't a burglar going that would take the trouble to climb the mountain road. It's all nonsense for me to stay here!"
Billy Maverick, as you can easily see, had never studied the story of "Casabianca." If he had been "on the burning deck" it isn't at all probable that he would have remained long enough for anybody to make a story about. And yet Billy was a very good sort of little fellow after all.
"And I won't stay," said Billy, "so there! I'll fix up a fellow to keep house for me, and I'll run across the woods and over the broken bridge and be at Pixley's Woods just as quick as the other boys get there."
So Billy, whose resources were truly wonderful, drew the old rocking-chair

up by the fire and put a bolster into it, which he first dressed up in an old coat of his father's and a battered hat. With its back well toward the window, it really did look like an old man warming his hands at the fire.
"There, old stuffy!" said Billy, as he gave it a final pat on one side and a shake on the other. "Now mind you take good care of the house."
And scrambling out of the shed window so as not to unfasten any of the bolts and bars, he slid down the roof, dropped into a thicket of black-berry bushes at the end, and only pausing to rub himself a little, started off at a run down the mountain side.
"For," he argued within himself, "all that father and mother wanted me to stay in the house for was to make people suppose that it wasn't left entirely alone—and why can't old Stuffy do that just as well as me?"
He made such good speed by swinging himself recklessly across the framework of the broken bridge that he got to Pixley's Woods nearly as soon as the other boys, who went by the regular pathway. A bright blaze of dry wood and leaves had been kindled under the shelter of a huge rock, the corn, apples and sweet potatoes were put down to roast, and the boys beguiled the time by dancing break-downs, singing comic songs and telling tales and riddles.
The first lot of smoking corn had just been lifted out of the ashes when little Larry Pike came plunging down the ravine.
"Halloa, fellows!" said he, breathless with the haste he had made, "have you heard the news?"
"News! What news?" said Herman Smith, while all the boys stopped short in their occupations and stared hard at little Larry.
"Thieves!" said he, panting for breath. "In Maverick's house! And Jenks has gone for the constables, and Will Maxwell has trotted off on his father's horse to tell Maverick's folks at camp meeting."
"Is—anything stolen?" said Billy, thinking of his grandmother's silver teaspoons and the spare money his father always kept in the till of the big red chest up in the garret.
"They don't know," said Larry. "They've got the house surrounded so that no one can get out, and now they're waiting for help."
"Thunder! what fools they must be!" said Johnny Jaycox. "Why don't they go in and knock daylight into the scamps? I wouldn't wait if I were there."
"But," said Larry, wisely, "how are they to know how many robbers there may be, or how well armed they are?"
"Oh," said Johnny, who had not thought of this, and all the boys drew long breaths and looked at each other with the intense interest. "Truly," thought they, "this is almost as good as a 'to-be-continued' story in a weekly paper."
But Billy Maverick broke away from the rest and ran as fast as he could toward the solitary farmhouse on the mountain plateau. Whatever came of this dreadful state of things, he should always feel that it was his fault.
Lyon Jones, a neighbor, was leaning against the farmyard gate, hidden by a cluster of cedar bushes, as Billy came running up. He caught at the lad's arm to stay his steps.
"Don't go any further, Bill," said he in a whisper. "Don't give the alarm until we're ready to tackle the fellows."
"Where are they?" said Billy, hoarsely. "What have they taken? How many are there?"
"We don't know yet," said Jones. "Pike saw one man through the kitchen window. He was warming himself at the fire, very much at home in your father's old rocking-chair. I suppose the rest are scattered through the house."
"One man?" said Billy, "at the kitchen fire?"
"Yes," said Jones, "with a snuff-colored overcoat on."
Billy stood a minute, staring at Lyon Jones—then he burst out laughing.
"It's old Stuffy!" said he. And he broke away from Jones and ran up the path as fast as he could go, calling, "Come on! come on! There are no burglars at all!"
The neighbors issuing from their various hiding-places, followed him, and gathered around the door just in time to see Master Billy scramble up the shed-roof, bounce into the little window, and disappear!
Presently he once more appeared at the door of the kitchen, waving both his hands above his head.
"Come in!" he called out, again exploding with laughter. "Come in, and see the burglar. He won't hurt you, I'll go bail! Why, he's nothing on earth but a bolster, dressed up in father's old clothes!"
And then as the four sturdy men came somewhat sheepishly in, he showed them the outlandish imitation of humanity, which he himself had devised.
By the time his father and mother returned from camp-meeting every one was in a fit of hearty laughter, to think that they could possibly have mistaken "old Stuffy" for one of a gang of burglars.
Mr. and Mrs. Maverick smiled too. It would have been difficult to help it. But when everybody had gone home, and they were all alone, Mr. Maverick turned to his son.
"It is all an excellent joke," he conceded, "and I am heartily glad that your 'old Stuffy' is the only burglar we have had about the premises. But, Billy, I would almost rather have the old silver stolen than know that my boy cannot be trusted to keep his word."
Billy hung down his yellow, curly head.
"I am sorry, father," said he. "I'll never desert my post again."

And the little incident furnished all the neighborhood with gossip and amusement for at least a week.—New York and Paris Bazaar.

Horse-Keepers and Stabling.

Horse-keepers are a subject of great trouble at the present day. It is difficult to find men at reasonable wages who at the same time thoroughly understand four-horse work. In this respect, old coachmen had a great advantage over those of modern times. The present horse-keepers are, as a rule, difficult to manage, to say nothing of their conceit, incapacity, and love of strong liquor. It requires a thoroughly competent man to go over the road and keep these persons in order. This head servant does not by any means get the praise to which he is entitled. He should be provided with a buggy; an extra horse should be kept at every stage, so that he can start any time, day or night, pick up his changes on the road, and see what the horse-keepers are about. Moreover, he must be thoroughly familiar with the business of managing coach-horses. It is admitted that some of the best stud-grooms, accustomed to hunters and ordinary carriage-horses, have signally failed to accomplish this work. Not only is the feeding an art in itself, but the stabling is also peculiar. The coach-horse must have more air and less clothing than any other horse that works, and nothing is more pernicious to a highly excited coach-horse than to turn him into a warm stable when he comes off the road.
The hours of feeding have necessarily to differ at each stage, owing to the various times at which the horses commence their work, and great care has to be exercised, especially in warm, wet weather, to preserve their condition and keep them free from sore shoulders and galls.
Each horse should be numbered and be known only by that number, a board being kept at the door of each stable giving detailed instructions to the horse-keepers. This precaution will save the annoyance of oft-repeated and time-losing mistakes.—Century.

Each Had a Mother.

An old lady in faded black garments walked through a side street, near Broadway, the other evening. She stooped slightly and wore glasses, while her scanty hair was brushed straight back over her ears. Her dress bore evidence of being well made, although patched and darned in spots. As she slowly walked along she looked down at the ground.
Along the sidewalk, some of them leaning on adjacent railings, were a number of sporting men. They were chatting of the races and laughing, when suddenly a big, burly fellow who evidently didn't look where he was going, ran plump into the little old lady. The shock threw her to the ground, and when one of the sporting men stepped over to pick her up the fruit had disappeared.
A bag of apples and pears, which the old lady had been carrying, had fallen with her and the contents were scattered over the walk. She was assisted to a neighboring doorstep, where she sat down, seemingly in great pain. A policeman who saw the men standing in a group approached, and on learning that the old lady was suffering from a fall, started to call an ambulance.
The old lady began to cry, when up stepped a great, big, wicked gambler.
"Here, one of you fellows who had a mother, call a cab," he said.
When that vehicle drew up to the curb a singular scene was enacted. All wanted to pay for the cab, and the policeman insisted as hard as anybody else. The gambler won the fight and some of the other wicked men helped pick up the scattered fruit, while the rest took the old lady's arm and helped her to reach the cab. It was only an incident, and they were all wicked sporting men again five minutes afterward.

How They Write English.

Eli Perkins tells us that the Japanese have a mania for putting up English signs, and they flood your rooms at the hotels with English cards. And such English! The Japanese have no imperative mood, and they generally express an idea negatively that we express positively. One day I said to the waiter: "Kishi, the rolls are cold." "Yes," he said: "a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good." A conspicuous notice at the Kioto Hotel reads: "On the dining-room nobody shall enter to the dining and drawing-room without the guests allow." One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto runs: "Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package." A Tokio dentist's circular reads: "Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore when it is attacked by disease or injury artificial tooth is also very useful. I am engaged in the dentistry and I will make for your purpose." The printed label on the bottle of claret at Nikko, reads: "Weak man who is not so hard of his stomach takes notice of his health ever must use this wine usually."

Doctor's Bills.

When a Japanese calls in a physician he does not expect that he will be presented a bill for medical services. In fact, no such things as a doctor's bill is known in Japan although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The strict honesty of the people does not make this necessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow and thank his patron.

ROUNDED UP AT LAST.

A Road Agent Overthrown and Captured by an Old Maid.

Up a long hill the horses were slowly toiling. "Speaking of road agents," said the old stage driver, "I've had my fair share of holdups and don't hanker arter any more. How many? Well, I couldn't just give ye the exact figgers, but ten wouldn't be fur out of the way."
"And were you ever wounded in any of the holdups?" asked a New York Herald man.
"Three different times, sir. Some folks used to pretend to believe that drivers and road agents stood in together and whacked up, but they were idiots for taikin' sich bosh. The best proof of the fact that it wasn't so lay in the killin' of three different drivers on this very line inside of six months. Durin' that same time we got away with two robbers. People who ar' whackin' up, as they call it, don't slambang bullets and buckshot into each other at clus range, do they?"
"Well, hardly. You've had women aboard when you've been stopped. I presume?"
"Sartin, and then thar was fun. I was laughin' to myself only yesterday about the case we used to call 'The Old Maid's Roundup.' It was a durned funny thing. I'll pint out the place, a dozen miles ahead, as we cum to it. I had three men and a woman as passengers and all were inside. I hadn't seen the woman and couldn't tell what she looked like, but it turned out that she was a single critter about forty years old. She had red hair and a sharp nose and she could talk a wheel off a coach in five minutes. Mebbe she'd bin disappointed in love, as they call it. I've heard that that sort o' turns a woman's feelin' into pepper and vinegar. She got into a fuss with the men about their smokin' almost as soon as we started, and every few minutes I heard her pipin' away and makin' a kick about somethin' or other. It jest made me fat to know she wasn't harnessed up to me."
"We'd just climb the hill and it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the robber they used to call 'Harry Blossom' steps out from behind a rock and levels his gun on a line with my face. I stops right then and thar. Harry nods to me not to make a fool of myself while he was busy and steps along to the door and orders the passengers to get down and view the scenery. He was a gentleman, Harry was, and mighty gallant to the ladies. The old maid had traveled enuff to know what a holdup was and at first she refused to get down. She got right tair on the back seat and wolloped that chap with her tongue till he didn't know whether he was a-foot or on hossback. Jeminy! but you orter hev heard her call him villain, rascal, wretch, skunk, coward, Injun and a hundred other names! I was consarned over the robbery, of course, but had to laugh or burst."
"And she wouldn't get down?" I asked.
"She did arter a bit. He wasn't goin' to rob her, fur he wasn't that kind of a greaser, but he figgered that the men had passed her their wallets, as was often the case. The three fellers was like lambs, but I didn't blame 'em any. A man who plays foul when thar's a shot-gun and a road agent lookin' at him never gets any sympathy. She finally got down, and I could see she was bilin' over with madness. Harry got 'em in a row and was callin' for their wealth when the old maid yelled out like a cat pinched in a door and grabbed him. He had a pistol in his hand at the time, but she didn't seem to keer. She got him around the waist and tripped him up, and it was all done so quick nobody could git the hang of it. She was jest fightin' mad and wanted to scratch and pull hair, but when he went down we all saw the chance and lit on to him. He fared twice, but didn't hurt anybody, and by that time we had him safe. He's over in the penitentiary yit, and it's all owing to that old maid."
"It was funny. We loaded him inside, bound hand and foot, and she tongued walloped him fur thirteen long miles. Harry was a tuff one, but he afterward told me he'd rather got five years extra than to hev bin obliged to hear her go on. She had a bible with her and she put in the last two miles readin' a chapter of it to him."
The rewards offered on him piled up about \$1,000, and she got the money and \$200 on top of it as a present from the company. Lands! but didn't Harry feel broke up and ashamed? He'd stood off the sheriff half a dozen times, and to be capturd' by a woman—and an old maid at that—jest broke his speerits down till he was as humble as a rabbit.

Compressing Timber.

The compression of timber is becoming a growing industry, and the material thus treated is being applied to a variety of useful and ornamental purposes, especially in the field of carving, most attractive and artistic designs being thus brought out, pronounced in many cases fully equal if not superior to anything ordinarily produced in that line. The wood to be employed in this manner is compressed either in its natural condition or after being steamed, and it is found that the hardest, well-seasoned ash timber, say of four inches thickness, can be pressed into about three inches without injuring the fiber. Moreover, it is also found that wood can be "upset the same as iron; and the increased tenacity of bent and compressed wood of this sort, as compared with the same in its natural state, is declared to be something surprising. In mechanical operations compression is now applied to spoke tenons, the work being described as very simple and rapid, the tenon

properly tempered and ready to drive to its place, an increased strength being thus added to the wheel equal to three additional spokes.

Draining the Zuyder Zee.

The Government of Holland has for a long time had under consideration a project for draining the vast lagoon known as the Zuyder Zee. This sheet of water is almost useless for purposes of navigation, and large vessels can find their way to Amsterdam only by means of the North Sea Canal.
As agricultural land, however, this tract would be exceedingly valuable, since it is estimated that more than two-thirds of it would be very fertile.
The Zuyder Zee was formerly a lake, but in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was united to the North Sea by inundation.
The commission which was appointed to determine the feasibility of draining this vast territory of 760 square miles has issued its report. It proposes to close the Zuyder Zee by means of a dam that shall be constructed from the mainland, on either side of the island of Wieringen. The water thus cut off from the sea would be divided into four parts, in each of which the work of draining would be carried out successively. The cost of constructing the dam is estimated at \$11,000,000, and the draining would involve an expenditure of \$65,000,000.

Star Stones.

The asterias or star stones are among the most wonderful productions of the mineral kingdom. They are corundums; the star sapphire being a grayish blue; the star ruby, bright red, the star topaz, a straw yellow. The star appearance in the stone is caused, according to some mineralogists, by a foreign substance in the gem; others say it is due to peculiarities of crystallization. Whatever it may be, advantage is taken of it by the lapidary, who cuts the stone in the shape of a dome, beginning at the center of the star and making the points radiate to the circumference. The stone has six points, and as the light plays on the surface of the stone the bright lines of the star change with the position of the gem and produce a singularly beautiful effect. These stones are very valuable, the best specimens, being, it is said, worth as much as diamonds of the same weight. Burton, the great oriental traveler, had a star sapphire which he always carried on his person, and in the heart of Arabia or the deserts of Africa, the sight of this wonderful gem always inspired a respect that was akin to reverence. The wild Arabs and Negroes would gaze at the stone, then at its possessor, and, concluding that he had a talisman of unexampled power, would render him all possible assistance for fear of incurring his vengeance.

Remarkable Reasons for Duels.

Col. Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Col. Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet; another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. Gen. Barry was challenged by a Capt. Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the General pleaded, as an excuse, that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieut. Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon-shooters.
In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between Lieut. Featherstonehaugh of the Seventy-fifth and Capt. McPherson of the Forty-second British Regiment in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieut. Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Maj. Noah lost his life in 1827, at the dueling-ground at Hoboken, in a simple dispute about what was trumps at a game of cards.—Tit Bits.

Some Peculiar Rodents.

Death Valley, California, notwithstanding its suggestive name, is the abode of more curious and wonderful specimens of animal creation than any place of its size within the limits of the United States. The oddest of these creatures, perhaps, in a species of rodent called the "kangaroo rat," which travels from place to place by executing a series of jumps or springs, almost in exact imitation of his namesake of the Australian wilds. Then, too, as though it were nature's purpose to make a miniature of every larger piece of handiwork, the same locality furnishes the "kangaroo mouse," a counterpart and perfect pocket edition of the rat. Besides these kangaroo rodents there are at least two other odd specimens of the same genus in the California Valley of Death—the "pocket mouse" with little pouches inside his mouth for stowing away surplus food and the "scorpion mouse," which feeds wholly upon scorpions.—St. Louis Republic.

The Siamese Way.

In Siam, as soon as a man falls into a debt, his creditor can seize his person, put him in chains if necessary, and keep him as a slave for the term of his natural life. The man's labor pays only the interest of the debt, however small a sum it may be; and his sole chance of recovering his freedom is if a friend or relative pays the original sum. Should the debtor run away, his wife and children, his father, or other relatives are liable to be seized. The ordinary reply made by a servant on being engaged is that, if he proves unfaithful, you may take his wife, children and house.

Bear and Beetle.

A Pennsylvania correspondent of the New York Sun relates an amusing bear story. The wood-cutters of Pocono Mountain, it appears, had broken the handle of a beetle the previous winter. A rope was tied about the beetle-head, and it had been left hanging to the low limb of a tree. The correspondent happened to be in the vicinity one summer day, and remembering the beetle, started after it to carry it home.
As I came near the place I perceived a black bear slowly circling around the hanging beetle at a distance of a few feet. He was too much occupied to notice me, and I stopped to see what he was about.
The bear acted as if he thought the beetle were some kind of a trap. He would approach within a few feet and sniff at it. Then he would back off a little way, squat on his haunches and give a low snort, eying the tool all the time.
While he was thus engaged a sudden breeze sprang up, and sent the beetle to swinging lightly. The animal snorted again, and backed off a step or two. Soon another gust struck the beetle, and swayed it still more. The bear responded by a louder snort—a sort of challenge.
As soon as the beetle stopped swinging Bruin got up and circled about it several times. At length he went near—then nearer. He reached out his paw and touched it gently. As it swung toward him, he hit it again, more forcibly.
The beetle-head was a round one of hickory, with heavy iron rings on each end. As it rebounded from the second blow of the creature's paw it hit him fairly in the nose! Angry at this, he rushed at the beetle again; and gave it a sounding blow. As it came toward him he dodged a little, just enough to save his nose and receive the blow in his left eye! He hit it again, and his nose got another blow. That hurt so much that he growled angrily and rooted viciously in the leaves.
He was furious by this time, and went at the beetle as if he meant to annihilate it. He gave it tremendous blow with his right paw, and the tool swung clear over the limb, came down on the other side, and struck him on top of the head. He uttered a roar that made the woods ring!
I stood still and shook with suppressed laughter to see the brute go on.
Finally he caught the beetle in his paws, pulled upon it until he broke the rope, and then went to cuffing and biting the tool.
When he found that it did not fight back any more, he let it roll to the ground. Then he shook himself and walked off into the woods, and I let him go.

War's Cruelty.

An incident related in the recent biography of Sir Provo Wallis, Admiral of the British fleet, brings home to the reader the cruel nature of war. It occurred during the war of 1812. An American Captain had taken a fine ship to Lisbon, where she had sold her cargo for the use of the British army under Wellington, and received several thousands of dollars in return, which were on board. Meantime war had been declared, and on her home voyage she fell a victim to the British squadron. One of the principal objects of her captors was to obtain information. The American Captain was sent on board the Shannon—which afterward captured the famous Chesapeake—but was kept in ignorance of the war and of the fact that he was a prisoner.
He answered unreservedly all the questions put to him, and Captain Broke, who greatly disliked the deception he had been obliged to practise, now felt it difficult to make the prisoner acquainted with the next step which must be taken. At length he forced himself to say:
"Captain, I must burn your ship."
The American, overcome by surprise, faltered, "Burn her?"
"Indeed I must."
"Burn her for what? Will not money save her? She is all my own—and all the property I have in the world. Is it war then?"
"Yes," said Broke.
Both parties were painfully moved, and the scene did not end without a tear from each; but duty was duty, and the prize was destroyed.

Wonderful Spiders of La Plata.

In a chapter on spiders mention is being made of the many strange and wonderful features known in connection with them. Some spin a wonderful complex and beautiful web, some live on or in the ground; many simulate inanimate objects or death itself. Of two species belonging to the same genus, one is green, while another is like a withered or dried-up leaf. The first, when disturbed, falls rapidly to the ground like a fresh green leaf broken off a twig, but the second falls slowly, like a very light, dried and withered leaf. Some of the spiders are very large, and will chase a man from thirty to forty yards, keeping pace with a slow trotting horse. An instance is related where one ran up the lash of the author's riding whip to within three or four inches of his hand, and would have bitten him had he not thrown the whip away.

A Chop-House Idea.

Cheap chop-houses in Boston have a new wrinkle for attracting customers which will not be slow to find favor elsewhere. They arrange all the large supply of chops and steaks in their show windows and place a card with a number on each. You take your choice, so to speak, and when you enter you tell the waiter you will have "No. 13," "No. 1," or "No. 40," according to the attractiveness of the viands and the taste of the pocket-book and appetite.