

The chill snows lingered, the spring was late, it seemed a weary while to wait for warmth, and fragrance, and song, and showers. But balmy airs and delicious showers. And we bided our time, and with patient eyes we watched the slow melting skies. Till at last one April morning we woke. To find we were free of the winter's yoke. And a rush of wings through the rushing rain told us the birds were back again. A joyous tumult we heard aloft—Clear, rippling music and flutterings soft. So light of heart and so light of wing, All hope of summer, delight of spring. They seemed to utter with voices sweet, Upborne on their airy pinions fleet. Delicate, lovely things! Would that my thoughts, like you, had wings To match your grace, your charm, your cheer, Your fine, melodious atmosphere! Precious and beautiful gifts of God, Scattered through heaven and earth abroad! Who, ungrateful, would do you wrong, Check your flight and your golden song! O friendly spirits! O sweet, sweet birds! Would I could put my welcome in words Fit for such singers as you to hear, Sky-born minstrels and poets dear. —Celia Thaxter, in *St. Nicholas for April*.

AN OLD MAID.

A lowering morning which made one wish for the sunny South or for Italy, for any place which would make one feel happier than could this dismal morning in Wisconsin. And then to think that this train could not make connection with the eastward bound train! It is hard enough to stop at such a miserable little junction at any time, but to spend three hours here this dark morning must prove the very refinement of torture. There are a dozen passengers who must wait and who prepare to make the best of their stay here. One couple, evidently just married, find the clouds of a rosy color, and they walk out of the smoky old depot to make a tour of the little town, talking eagerly the while. Two young fellows wander uneasily about, reading all the old tattered posters, glancing indifferently to the West, and ancient time tables, which invariably decorate the stained walls of a country depot. These young fellows finally utter exclamations of impatience at the dreary monotony, and go across the street to the hotel, hoping to find something there more congenial to them. Two ladies at once take their departure for the hotel, and other people stroll out about the depot, and there are left two persons, a man and woman, who, after a little time, settle themselves to reading to pass away the weary moments. He reads his paper, she her book, and occasionally, woman like, she casts a look at her silent companion, wondering what loved ones are awaiting his arrival and whether he is impatient to greet them, or if he feel a man's stoicism in regard to it; wondering, too, how it is that each woman thinks the masculine lives connected with hers so full of many graces and beauty, and who could find many beauty in those rugged features? Then she turned her gentle eyes toward the window and looked out at the dreary landscape, looked with eyes which saw not outward objects, but were introspective solely. An old maid, commonly supposed to be the type of discontent and unrest; but here, evidently, the type failed, for this face expressed the utmost of content. Life had been filled with much of sorrow for her, all her bright plans had failed of fruition; one after another she had bidden good-by to them and had turned bravely again to face the coming of a new future, a future to be peopled again by her bright fancies—the old fancies all dead and gone from her except as they lingered in memory. An old maid she is, so far as years go, but no home is happier than her little ideal home. She has filled its rooms with bright little faces eagerly calling to mother and the dream-father is strong, earnest, helpful and loving. Her dream-home is happier far than many a fine lady's real home, although she has not pictured any grandeur about it. Oh, no, she dreams that the carpets are faded from much sunlight and worn from the tread of many little feet, that there is much planning to "make both ends meet," but she has imagined unselfishness living in this ideal home, and loving unselfishness can make all trials in regard to ways and means seem very slight indeed. Her companion in this depot is an elderly person, a stout, large man, with keen eyes and a mouth at complete odds with the eyes, not belonging to them apparently. Often eyes do not harmonize in coloring with the rest of a face, but generally expressions are strongly akin. This man had a sensitive mouth, one with a mournful droop to it. Those who looked at him caught themselves wondering which would conquer—keen, hard eyes, or sensitive mouth. He read for some time, then gave a quick look at the thoughtful face near him, and said, abruptly: "Not a very pleasant arrangement, this."

A quick flush passed over the gentle face before him—a flush which his keen eyes noted instantly and understood—a flush which told of the girl's blush yet left to this lonely woman. "Not that it matters much to me where I am," he continued. "Life can't give me anything harder than I've had."

"That is a bad thing to say," she said, in her timid way.

"A true thing, I laugh," he responded, and the corners of his sensitive mouth drooped a little more. I feel as if I had nothing left to live for. My wife died a year ago and—here the voice broke. Distress ever calls some souls out from their reserve, and here was such a one, and she said quickly: "Ah, but you have all those vanished days and months and years to remember, all the loveliness of her life to think of now."

"How did you know her life was lovely," he queried, a little sharply. She hesitated a moment and then said, simply: "It must have been, or you would not miss her from your living so much," a tribute to the manly worth in the face she saw before her which was keenly relished by the owner of the face. He sighed and then looked for a time out of the smoky window, then said: "After all, life is a strange muddle," and, receiving a

look of understanding in response to this sentiment, he went on: "We don't know what is right to do, and yet we're punished by fixed laws if we don't do the right. That doesn't seem just to me."

"Oh, but it will come out straight in next life," she cried eagerly.

"I don't know whether it will or not," he responded. "I haven't seen the next life yet, and I don't know what it is like—don't even know if there will be a next life. I only know that we are hedged in and around in this life."

"But surely the next life will take away all the rough places of this," she said; "it will make us understand all that seems so strange about this and—there must be a future life; God surely would not put us into this life and let so much go out of it incomplete. That seems to me the strongest reason for a future, that so many die with their life work only just begun."

"Is that a reason or a hope with you?" he asked. She hesitated and did not answer, and just then one of the restless young men who had been a fellow-passenger of theirs came in and glanced casually at the two.

That glance made her self-conscious, and a blush dyed the delicate face and she turned, in a decided way, the pages of her book, as if she were determined not to let this stranger get possession of her wandering thoughts again. The young man passed out of the station, and the elderly one rose and walked restlessly about the room, knitting the shaggy brows occasionally at some troubled thought. The three hours passed, and I o'clock came, and a train came. "Can't I assist you?" he asked gently, reaching out a hand, brown hand for some of the numerous bundles she was carrying. She handed some to him and followed his sturdy footsteps to the train. They wondered a little why their fellow passengers of the morning were not in greater haste, but forgot them presently in the bustle of departure. He secured a pleasant seat for her and then one for himself at some distance from her. A few minutes of waiting, of idle watching of the dark landscape, so soon to be among remembered things, and the train moved slowly out of town, and as it moved away another train steamed in. She looked curiously at the second train, but remembered that this was a junction, and did not obey her first nervous impulse, which was to go to her willow protector and ask him if he were sure they were on the right train. She forgot the train soon, and watched his stern set face, and felt sorry for him, and wished he might feel as sure of the future as did she. Soon the conductor came, and she watched him as he made his way toward her. When he reached her protector, as she already called him in her inner consciousness, that individual gave a quick start, at some words uttered by the conductor, after examination of his ticket. A troubled look settled upon the resolute face, and he conversed earnestly with the conductor a few moments, then glanced at her and rose and came to her. "I told you," said he, "that we don't know what is right and then we get punished by unalterable laws, and here is a speedy illustration of the fact, only that I feel now that I might have known the right, if I had taken pains to inquire. We are on the wrong train."

She looked deeply troubled, but said after a moment: "How can we get back?"

"It is of no use to go back to that junction. We might as well go on to Chicago now and go from there; it will really take not much longer, and as you trusted to my leading in the first place, I will, if you will let me, see you safe out of this trouble."

"I am used to taking care of myself," she said, but her lips trembled a little.

"Where are you going?" he asked, and upon receiving his reply, added: "I am going beyond there, so it will be no trouble to me to see you safe. I will telegraph your dilemma to your friends at the next station; we shall reach Chicago in two hours, and the conductor tells me we can immediately take another train back, so that really the worst of it will be the extra four or five hours in the train."

He remained sitting with her, and chatted lightly for a time, till her mind was diverted from the unpleasantness of her situation. Gradually they wandered to deeper waters, and talked again, as they had earlier in the day, of the problems of life, and into those queries and answers of theirs crept, ever and anon, a bit of the personal history of each. He learned what a desolate life hers had seemed to be; he learned, too, what a sweet, cheery courage must underlie her whole being, that the desolation should have been so ignored, and he grew ashamed of his own repining over a lot which had so much of brightness in it.

When the train drew into the great depot at Chicago he felt that he had learned to know a pure soul, and she felt a deep pity for the lonely life that opened to her view. And as they took the other train, which was to take them rapidly to their destination, each felt a regret that a few hours more would part them.

He sat silent for a long time after this, wondering if he dared to do the thing he wished. He was lonely, set adrift in the great world by the death of his wife, and he wanted a true, womanly heart to sympathize with his. Could he do better than to ask this lonely woman, who had no kith or kin in the world, to share his lot with him? Could she do better than take him, she who evidently had summer-land in her heart and could make a bit of brightness wherever she was? Each surely needed the other. He asked her if she knew anyone in his town, and finding she did know a person residing a few miles from him, he took his resolution quickly.

"I have a good farm out there," he said; "one hundred and sixty acres under fine improvement, house and outbuilding all in line shape. You can find out all about me from Mr. —" A moment he hesitated as he saw that she did not realize what

he meant; then he continued earnestly, looking down into the clear eyes lifted so fearlessly to his: "I feel as if I was looking into the eyes of my wife. Am I mistaken?" The last words were breathed rather than uttered, and then she understood, and the flame color mounted over the delicate features once more, and she said quietly: "Do I look so much like your wife?"

He was baffled, and for a moment knew not what to say, then rallied and said: "She has gone into the future. I don't know what or where that life may be, and I am lost and lonely without her. I want that which has gone out of my life, and I believe you can supply that want. You are alone in the world, and I can make your life pleasant, I am sure."

It was a temptation, such as only homeless ones can understand; but, after a moment, she shook her head, and then, reading the questioning look in those keen gray eyes, she said, while the color deepened in her face: "I loved once, and have loved ever since, and it would not be right for me to marry any one, feeling as I do."

The door opened, and the brakeman called out the name of the place where she was to stop, and the next moments were spent in gathering together her belongings. He helped her off the train, and grasped her hand heartily as he stood one instant there: "I shall always remember you and your happy way of looking at life, and your faith will help me," and then he swung on to the slowly moving train, and she walked away in the gloaming, a tear or two falling as she thought of the lonely days to come. —*Aurora Collins, in The Current.*

A Boy's Essay on Cats.

There's several kind of cats—black cats and white, and pole-cats and Pinafore cats and Kilkenny cats and newspaper cats. I knowed of a fellow once who owned a newspaper cat that he said could eat more'n any other cat this side the walls of Jericho. And when they wanted to know what his cat had ever eat, he said it had eat up a whole governor's letter on civil service reform, and then asked for more. And the people said, "Oh my! there isn't another such cat beneath the shining Sun. It ought to be put in a glass case and fed on spring poetry till it dies lamented and the cold winds chant their reky wims over its honored grave."

But another fellow vowed by all the stars in the azure doam he'd find a newspaper cat that'd eat more in a day than that cat could eat in a week of Sundays. And finely he found one that looked like he could eat up the whole British museum, and he took it to his office next day to try what it could do. And he hadn't more'n sat down in his editorial chair than a sub-editor came running in pale and peaked, with a newspaper in his hand, and he says, says he, "Here's two letters from Ohio, proving that that Kansas man never wrote these letters they said he'd been bribed to write. The men we thought he wrote to says they hadn't never seen anything of the kind. Wat'll we do?"

The editor he troubled like a Reid shaken by the wind, and he says, "Put 'em on my desk; then tie that cat loose and we'll look out of the window."

The sub-editor he did as he was told, and that cat, sir, just made one bound, then there was a faint rustle, and when the editor turned round again with an anxious eye the letter was nowhere to be seen, and the cat was a-picking its teeth with his fountain pen.

"But there's worse letters than those," says the sub-editor. "Here's two from the national prohibition committee, showing that the Kansas chap left Ohio because they told him to, and came to New York just as they had arranged for him to do more'n a month before, and—" "Shut up," says the editor, "and bring me a file."

"A file of what?" says the sub-editor, "of the *Tribune* or of the *Times* or of—"

"Bring me a three-cornered rat-tail file," roars the editor, "and file that cat's teeth so sharp you can't see the point," says the sub-editor, and he rushes off for a file. "See it to say them letters followed after the others."

"I do like to be fair," says the editor. "When I publish a slander against a man I like to give the evidence on the other side. But how in the name of rain, rheumatism and rebellion can I give to a printer copy that's in my office-cat's belly? Now are there any more letters on hand?"

"Not this morning," says the sub-editor. "Then lock this cat up in the vault and give her last year's directory to amuse herself with. And mind you I haven't seen the proof of my editor-in-chief on 'Fair Play in Southern Politics.'"

I know lots more about cats, but I guess nuff's as good as a feast. —*The Voice.*

Photographic Tests of Wine.

A Marseilles newspaper describes an experiment which demonstrates that it is possible to employ photography to test the quality of wines. A merchant in that city had a photograph made of some wine that he had received from Algeria. Photography reveals chemical alterations in wine by the changes in its crystals or in its colors. If the wine has been weakened with water or fortified with alcohol, the appearance of the crystals will be evidence of it. Not only is photography useful in detecting diseased or doctored wine, but it will reveal the presence of fuchsine and other coloring matters, and also indicate its age, its condition and the locality of its production. Wine is subject to a kind of internal movement of change, with age and temperature, and by photographing a wine at different periods of its life the successive stages through which it passes can be revealed. This is a statement made by *Le Petit Marseillais*, and if all that it claims is practicable, a sort of revolution in the wine business ought in time to be the result of introducing photographic tests of the condition and quality of different vintages. If adulterated and spurious wines can be detected with scientific certainty, it is a very important discovery. —*San Francisco Alta.*

**Sairy's Way.**  
By Mildred Beardlee.

The great, red disk of the September sun was setting slowly from sight behind the mountains which hemmed in the small village of Montclair.

The day had been hot, but with the early twilight a blue haze stretched from hill to hill, a cool canopy across the lazy little town, enveloping in its misty softness an old red farm house, whose architecture bore evidence of generations ago.

A straggling ray penetrated the woodbine, clambering and trailing about the kitchen window, with its autumn tinted foliage, bringing out in vivid clearness the figures of two women, evidently sisters, from their strong resemblance.

The elder was tearing bits of colored cloth into strips, which she rolled into balls.

The last finished, she threw it into the basket with a jerk, casting on her sister a look which betokened a brewing storm. The other, all unconscious, counted over and over, from an old pewter sugar bowl, bits of coin, mostly pennies, touching them with child-like tenderness, and often stopping to polish a bit of silver with her sleeve.

Her hair was of the yellow whiteness an Auburn tint always leaves, and would have given the impression of an aged woman had it not been for the fair smoothness of skin and the absence of wrinkles about the eyes and mouth.

The lips wore a sensitive droop at the corners, and there was a lack of strength about the chin.

The absence of wrinkles about the bent form which the elder did not possess, although their gowns were of the same piece of calico and their alpaca aprons of the same pattern.

Her hair was a difference which the elder recognized and scorned as an indication of weakness.

"She's just like mother!" said she with a jerk of her square shoulders. "For the Lord's sake, Lyddy, how many more times be you goin' to count that bit of money over? You act as if you expected it to grow!"

"Wish't it would," said Lyddy, absently.

"Seems as if we would never get enough for that melon."

The elder arose and walked quickly toward the cupboard; the lines of her determined mouth set firmly as if to repress something disagreeable.

Taking down a pan of eggs from an upper shelf, she packed them, one by one, in a basket of dry bran.

This done, she carried it into the kitchen where Lyddy stood, bonneted for the walk to the great hotel half a mile above them on the mountains, which they supplied with eggs during the season.

"You needn't fret, Sairy, if I don't git back before eight; it's hard climbing over them rocks, and I ain't as nimble as I was," said Lyddy in an apologetic tone.

"You needn't hurry," said the other.

She stood in the door and watched her sister down the path, her purple skirt almost the hue of the wild asters she brushed against as she walked, until the mist enveloped her and she looked like a specter in the distance.

"Just like her mother!" said Sairy again as she entered the house. "Alas was flighty; figeting after sunthin' or other; it's been a melodeen ever since mother died, and hers went to pay the funeral expenses."

She sank into a chair and sat idly thinking for a time.

"Poor Lyddy, she ain't like me. I can git along without folderols, but she allus seems to crave 'em so."

A gay group sat on the head veranda enjoying the fresh breeze which swept down from the snow-tipped mountain.

The season was at an end, and many were thinking with regret of the long day of pleasure so soon to be exchanged for the restraints of the city.

This last week bid fair to be one of excitement, for they had decided to join in the annual coaching parade, and were already making plans.

Mrs. Gilman's English trap and the Coleman buckboard were to carry as many of the younger set as possible, but there still remained an overflow who were anxious to take part, and for these a collection was in progress to defray the expenses of the public tally-ho.

Mr. Coleman passed about the hat, into which the silver fell with the unquestioning generosity a pleasure excursion always elicits. The general tossed a gold piece toward the hat, missing his aim, and it fell with a musical clink on the stone floor, then rolled out of sight. There was an immediate rush and scramble; every one looked and hunted, but no bit of gold.

Then the music struck up and they turned, one and all, to the big dining room, which had been cleared for dancing.

"We will leave that until morning," said the general; "it cannot be far off."

There is nothing like a string orchestra to render the delightful German waltzes, and nothing like ruffled mountain air to add a wonderful sweetness and strength to the tones.

On a rock, in the deepest shadow, sat a woman swaying to and fro in rhythmic time to the music.

Once she spoke: "It's most as good as a melodeen!"

After a while she arose to go, stepping carefully in the dark; a step, two brought her into the light, and there, directly in her path, lay a bit of something bright.

She stooped quickly and picked it up, hurrying involuntarily toward the hotel steps.

Half way across the veranda the music again burst forth, wailing and crying. She paused irresolutely a moment, a deep flush spreading slowly over her face, and a frightened look crept into her eyes. The thin fingers tracing her steps, Lyddy stumbled over the rocky road through the darkness to the old red house.

Sunrise found Sairy stepping softly about the kitchen with an anxious face, for Lyddy was ill and lay upon the haircloth sofa in the best room, two bright spots burning in either cheek.

The afternoon found Lyddy no better.

Sairy carried the eggs to the hotel herself while Lyddy was sleeping. Coming back she overtook a neighbor driving home.

"Good afternoon. Can you give me a lift? Lyddy's sick," she said openly.

"Glimb right in. Taint often any one gits a chance to do you folks a favor," was the hearty response.

Jolting over the rocks was not conducive to conversation; nevertheless, Sairy heard more news in the short ride than she had listened to in a month.

"They're goin' to hev a big time up to the hotel," he announced, as she was climbing over the wheels at her own gate.

"A paradin' in coaches; took up a collection to hire my dog wagon; the general, he gave 'em a clean ten dollar gold piece, and durned if it didn't roll out'en his hand and get lost; so I got left on hiring my rig."

"Cripes'n watercresses and about as him!" he continued as Sairy thanked him and entered the house.

She counted the eggs more carefully. "I will spare that!" she said decidedly. "I can get along without my meat while Lyddy's sick; she won't know."

Taking a crisp dollar bill from the small amount, she crept stealthily into the cupboard and reached up for the pewter sugar bowl.

"Poor Lyddy!" she said wistfully. "I wish it was more; but won't she be surprised."

She peered into the depths of the bowl; something gleamed and glistened on top.

She brought it to the window and looked at it carefully this time. She stood quite still, almost petrified under the force of her discovery.

Walking softly into the darkened kitchen she sat down in the darkest corner, and, throwing her apron over her head, cried like a child.

A little later she appeared before Lyddy her old hat drawn well over her eyes.

"Goin' out?" queried she in surprise.

"Yes, Lyddy; I'm goin' up to the hotel. Pears they lost some money there last night, and I found it; I've got to take it back, you know."

"Of course," said Lyddy faintly.

Then Sairy did a most unusual thing.

She stooped suddenly and planted a kiss on Lyddy's shamed face as tenderly as if it were a baby's and went out on her mission.

"Poor Lyddy's jest like her mother," she soliloquized. "She's jest got to have things."

A Canine Tramp.

There was some talk of sending Owney to the world's fair at Chicago, with all his medals, and I am sure that, on his merits, he would have taken first prize.

At a San Francisco kennel exhibition, Owney received a very handsome silver medal, as "The Greatest Dog-Traveler in the World."

But the little dog is more than a mere curiosity. He is a faithful friend and companion. It is said that several times a sleepy and worn-out postal clerk, who had fallen asleep, forgetful of the station's barking, and has thus been reminded to throw off the mail-bag.

Owney has never been "held up" by train robbers, but he has been in more than one wreck. Except for the loss of one eye, however, the dog is still in good trim.

You have heard of his wanderings—now you shall hear of his home-coming.

When he reaches the Albany post-office he walks in with wagging tail, and beaming with joy to be home again. Going up to the good friend who looks after him, Owney rubs against him and licks his hands. Thus he bids the clerks good-morning, wags his tail for a "how-d'ye-do?" and, returning to the spot he has left months ago, Owney lies down and sleeps for hours. But, after this first greeting, there is no familiarity.

While in Albany, Owney goes to a certain restaurant, near the postoffice, and then carefully selects from the food offered, just the bones he prefers. He arrives there every day at the same hour. If the restaurant fails to supply the food Owney is seeking, he goes to a hotel across the street where he is sure to find a meal.—*Helen E. Greig in St. Nicholas.*

All Was Not Well.

On board naval vessels marines are stationed as sentries on various parts of the upper deck. During the night they are obliged, every half-hour, when the ship's bell is struck, to call out the name of their station, and then add the words, "All's well."

Some years ago the flagship Brooklyn was at anchor, one stormy winter's night, in Hampton Roads, Va. On the topgallant forecastle of the frigate was stationed a German marine, whose familiarity with the English language was none too generous. For a long time he paced to and fro on the snow-colored platform, while the gale flung the big, white flakes against his face, and the bitter cold numbed the fingers that held the mustket.

At last the sentry stood his rifle against the stay, in order to beat his fingers and arms into warmth, and while engaged in that exercise the ship gave a lurch, the rifle slipped and pitched overboard. Frightened, and not knowing exactly how to report his loss, the poor fellow waited until the ship's bell sounded and it came his turn to report concerning his station. As the officer of the deck listened, he catch the hall, a troubled voice floated out of the darkness forward: "Port cathead, and all ish not good!" —*Harper's Round Table.*

Jury Wanted Ice Cream.

It is related that a Cold Spring Harbor jury the other day wanted the court to take a recess while the jurymen indulged in ice cream. The court declined to do so. While the jury was out considering the evidence they ordered the ice cream and kept the court waiting until they had eaten it. It is said that the jury insisted that the cost of the cream should be added to the costs of the case. The court cannot budge a jury that is judge of law, evidence and ice cream. This episode, new in the halls of justice, will encourage women to become jurors.—*Portland Oregonian.*

**Panic Stricken Compositors.**

One day recently the composing room of *The Sun* office was the scene of unusual excitement, in fact it amounted to a small panic. The day was unusually warm, and to make the atmosphere still more tropical there lay directly beneath the composing room two large steam boilers and a stereotyping kettle, the latter being filled with molten lead. These went a great way toward making the compositors uncomfortable. The foreman was attired in his shirt-sleeves and a smile, it wasn't a smile of joy or pleasure, but one that he had had left. He had been obliged to smile some hours previous, and having been busy with something else had neglected to remove it, and in consequence it still lingered beneath his faded moustache, in all its piratical fierceness. Not a sound disturbed the death-like stillness of the room, save the ceaseless drop of type, as the compositors distributed, and the measured tick of the clock, as its hands lazily crept around the face.

The heat of the day seemed to have a depressing effect upon every one in the room. The lady compositors had ceased working their jaws from pure exhaustion, and laid their gum away in some snug little retreat beneath their cases, where only they and the festive cockroach could find it. To add to their discomfort, the "devil" called their attention to an article in an exchange, describing a frightful boiler explosion; and then, with a grin more hideous than that one upon the foreman's face, spoke of the two boilers that lay beneath them.

Now, on the floor above the composing room there is a book-binder, and one of the machines is run by a man who would weigh, in his stocking feet, about two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and a good three hundred pounds in his shoes. Constant work at his machine had caused the floor to wear very thin beneath his feet, and an observing eye would have seen that the floor, at that particular point, was doomed to give away sooner or later, and it did—sooner, that is, sooner than the dime museum fairy had expected. The compositors in the room below were still pondering over the words of the "devil" in regard to boilers and explosions, when all were startled by a terrific crash, followed by a shower of plaster and fragments of lath. To the terrified compositors each lath looked as large as a 2x4 scantling, and the falling pieces of plaster like bricks.

In the thickest of the dust, that hung in one great cloud beneath the ceiling, about four feet of leg and a number thirteen shoe protruded, and dangled helplessly to and fro. It was this that created the panic. To the imaginations of the inmates, nothing short of a boiler explosion could have created such a din, and the limb that hung above so ghastly and still was, as they supposed, all that remained of some poor victim. For a time each of the ladies seemed to think it her duty to howl, and the way they made things hum would have caused a tom-cat to blush for shame. In the meantime the "devil" had secreted himself beneath the proof-press, and the foreman had ceased to smile, and was galloping up and down in search of a fire escape. At this moment the limb disappeared from view, and then for the first time it dawned upon the panic-stricken ones what had occurred. A transformation scene took place instantly, the white faces of a moment before were no longer white, but each lady blushed in turn. Each lady dove beneath her case for her gum, and after chewing a few moments to quiet their nerves, began to distribute the type that they had pined. With difficulty the foreman extricated the "devil" from beneath the proof-press and quiet reigned once more.—*Pick's Sun.*

A Cure for Dyspepsia.

A Druggist on Broadway said that the stage-coaches were the healthiest riding vehicles in existence, none excepted. "Why, all the ladies who ride daily in them were in excellent health as a general rule. Some who were my customers and bought a good deal of medicine to assist digestion before they began to ride on the lumbering omnibuses never suffered from that complaint afterward. Actually, I believe riding in those coaches cured me of dyspepsia. For ten years I rode down to my store almost daily in them. When I started I had a bad case of dyspepsia. In a year I felt considerably better, and in three years I was entirely well. I attribute my recovery to the coaches. The exertion of getting in, and then the forward lunge to put the change in the box; then, perhaps, to return to the rear again to get a seat and while on the way to fall over a half dozen laps—these were minor affairs compared to the jolting, pumping seat. Finally I became a coach-riding fiend. I became used to the jolts and bumps, and never felt so contented as when I could knock over several passengers in my attempt to sit down. I became an expert, and could tell others who were veteran coaches and reckless of results. It is a good feeling to have a sure sign of health. I can ride in a car now, but it is monotonous and tame and utterly without exertion. Those cars running down Broadway mean indigestion and dyspepsia, for they will have no spasmodic jolts at each block to dash a man a foot or two from his seat. But I am a druggist and have got the medicine, so I can't complain." —*New York Mail and Express.*

Ocean Waves.

The results of a series of observations carried out by the Hydrographical Bureau at Washington, in order to determine the length, depth and duration of ocean waves, have been published. The largest wave observed is said to have had a length of half a mile, and to have spent itself in 23 seconds. During storms in the North Atlantic waves sometimes extend to a length of 500 and 600 feet, and last from 10 to 11 seconds. The most careful measurements of the heights of waves give from 44 to 48 feet as an extreme limit. The average height of great waves is about 30 feet. These measurements refer to ordinary marine action, and do not relate to earthquake action or other exceptional agencies.