

WHO WON THE WAGER?

"Yes, I am a confirmed old bachelor. Queer, you say? You would not think so if you had seen women in as many different shapes as I have. I have been in the company of a society young lady, when really I would have left her, with pleasure, and be boiled or frozen, or even eaten by cannibals, rather than remain in her flippant society. I have heard women more than scolding their husbands for the mere fragile trifle of being late for a meal, or for having remained at his club later than the usual ten o'clock. I have been bored by so-called literary women until my ears have ached. I have sat in silent ecstasy with a bashful young lady until I have felt like screaming aloud to exercise my vocal organs. Have I never had a mother? Well; I'm not like Topsey, I ken. I suppose that I did have a mother long ago—but so long ago that I have ceased to remember her. She died when I was two months old, so no wonder that I cannot recall her features. The aunt who took her place and acted master to me was a regular old Tartar—raw boned, red headed, bleary eyed, and cross. Women! I hate them. Did I never see a pretty, piquant girl face with yellow hair curling over her white forehead, and big, blue eyes upraised full of wonder, at a man who would dare to say that he hated her sex? No. I have never seen such a paragon. Have I never seen a coquette who expects to have men fall in love with her, as much as she expects the sun to shine? Yes, I have met such ladies, and have had no trouble to resist their so-called charms. Have I never met a sensible young lady, who could talk of the latest news, and interest one? Oh yes—but I have failed to be interested. I tell you, man, I hate them all! I have no ideal. I abhor the whole set of false, whimpering women!"

Harold Clemens looked at his sinister friend in amazement. He sees a tall, straight, grandly proportioned man, stretched at full length on the grass. His hat shades his dark eyes from the sun, but his brown, handsome face is fully exposed.

Truly this woman hater is a favorite of the gods, if beauty is considered the criterion. But the expression is a discontented one and the eyes seem full of longing. Harold Clemens and Ralph True are spending their vacation by wandering over Italy together. Both are rich Americans and college chums.

"Ralph, I'll make a wager with you!" and Harry springs to his feet in his excitement.

"Well?" lazily.

"I have a sister whom I know you cannot resist. She is a charming coquette. I will give you just three weeks from the time you meet her, until you fall in love with her, or vice versa—it's all the same."

"Fact?"

"She is so lovely. No man can resist her."

"No man? I will be an exception. I take your wager. Five hundred dollars down to one hundred that I win."

"Granted. Come down to Hazeldene on Christmas and I know that you will leave an engaged man."

Hazeldene on the Hudson—a home as pretty as its name. The winter snows are falling and the deep waters of the blue Hudson are frozen, enticing skaters to glide on its smoothness. Hazeldene sparkles in the wintry sunshine, a grandly built, modern mansion of white stone. The rooms within are bright with roaring fires and the laughter of a gay party, gathered around the open fire-place in the ample entrance hall.

One figure is the center of the group. One merry voice is heard above the din. One merry piquant face is ever turning toward the door, as if in expectation of an arrival.

"So, he is coming to-day?" Geraldine Clemens says, turning her glorious dark eyes upon her brother, lounging upon a rug before the fire. "Oh, I can scarcely wait. The great, overgrown baby. Think no one is so good as he. I'll soon teach him that I am of some importance, too. Oh, what fun it will be."

"Be merciful, Geraldine," cries one manly voice after another.

"Zounds! I pity the man!" murmurs some one.

Geraldine tosses her brown ringletted head.

"Harry, remember that two hundred and fifty dollars of that wager belongs to me!"

"Gerry," a soft voice whispers at the beauty's elbow, "don't do it." Let the poor man be happy in his ideas. Don't make his heart ache for fun, Gerry. Don't do it, sister, it's wicked."

Geraldine laughs.

A small, childish creature it is, who is thus pleading. A fair-haired, blue-eyed, delicate girl, as unlike her brilliant sister, as water is unlike wine.

The face of the elder sister, softens. "Daisy," she says, "I won't hurt him. He has boasted so long that he hates us all, it will do him good to be caught once. Don't worry little girl. We'll have our fun, and only Mr. True will be the wiser. Oh, I long to see him! The great, boasting, woman hater of the period!"

"Whom you can see by using your eyes," a quiet voice observes at her elbow.

He has entered so quietly, that Geraldine, in her excitement, did not bear him.

She turns to him now, and her laughing eyes do not fall beneath his lackadaisical gaze.

Daisy's blue eyes fill with surprised tears.

"Well, the old adage, that listeners hear no good of themselves, holds

true in your case," Gerry's saucy voice cries.

Ralph True laughs.

"Miss Geraldine, how delighted am I that I could grant your desire at the right moment."

"Mr. True is truly kind. Come to the fire. You are surely cold."

"No—your warm reception has refreshed me already."

Is she at a loss what to say? All listen eagerly. She straightens her slight figure and looks at him soberly.

"Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw. I see that we will have no trouble entertaining you, True."

"Why?"

"Show this lad to his room, John,"—to the servant who has answered her ring—"Come down stairs tonight with a hundred questions and I promise to answer every one. For the present—adieu." And Ralph True leaves the room, his face puzzled, his brow clouded.

"Gerry, I'm afraid it's all up with you now," Harry observes, dolefully.

"Nonsense, man! Can't you see that he is interested already?"

The next day dawns bright and clear and cold. Gerry informs them at breakfast that a skating party is to be formed directly after that meal. All those not prepared with skates will be supplied, she says.

Ralph True turns to her. "I do not skate. Will I stay at home?"

"No indeed! Poor little boy. I will teach you how."

Daisy looks pity from her eyes, and Ralph thinks how rarely pretty those same eyes are.

"You do," Gerry says, "come!"

And they all rise from the table. An hour later a merry group is on the river. Ralph is awkwardly trying to stand on his skates while his eyes follow a little figure, skating alone, some distance beyond the others.

"Watch your feet! Look out!" Gerry is expostulating, when, with a cry, her awkward pupil dashes over the ice as only an experienced skater can, to wrene a little figure is struggling in the water. Gerry forgets her vexation in her fright for her sister.

"Oh, Daisy, darling! Save her! save her!" she cries. Ralph True has succeeded in catching a long braid of fair hair, but as willing hands draw her from the water, he loses his hold and disappears in the dark water. Some one dives for him and saves him, but the merry party of the morning return to Hazeldene with two unconscious burdens. Ralph is none the worse for his ducking the next morning, but Daisy does not come down until evening, when even then she looks pale and languid.

Ralph gazes at her as he turns Geraldine's music, and catching her eye he wonders why she blushes so prettily and why she always turns away so quickly.

"Chess?" Gerry rattles on, "do you play it, True? Let us form a set. You and I, and Mr. Sage, and—and?"

"Daisy," Ralph supplies. The party is soon formed, but some how, Gerry can never tell how, Daisy is Ralph's partner, while her lot is cast with that of Mr. Sage. She looks at Daisy's drooping face rather angrily, and when the game ends declaring Ralph and Daisy victors, she rises with a small grimace and goes over to her mother at the other side of the room.

"Poor Gerry," Daisy says, compassionately. "I think that you must be a wonderful player, Mr. True. Gerry always wins at any game she ever tries."

"Does she?" Ralph quizzes, "It will do her good to get left sometimes. Come out, Miss Daisy, and see the Hudson by moonlight. Do you feel able?"

When they return sets are forming for a dance.

"Come," Gerry's clear voice cries, "I want you, True."

Ralph crosses to her side. "You dance?"

"No, I do not."

"How am I to know but what you are deceiving me like you did yesterday?"

"Take my word for it."

"Won't you dance this set with me?"

"I'll walk through it."

"Well, I do not."

Never was Gerry so provoked. Never was Ralph so delighted. They managed to get through, somehow, and when the music ceases, Ralph pauses with a laugh.

"Do you like to dance with me, Miss Gerry?"

"No," she cries. "Go away! I hate you!"

He walks away to a little figure almost lost in a great chair by the open grate.

"Will you dance the next with me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you see how very awkwardly I step?"

"Yes. But I'm not afraid."

Geraldine looks after them in amazement as they float past her. "Sold again," she murmurs. "What in the world am I to do with such a man?"

The days fled by. If a person could have judged as to the success of the wager by the fact that Ralph and Geraldine were often together, then, indeed, Harry is in a fair way to win. Each excursion planned; each theatrical; these two are partners. The fact that quiet Daisy is often with them, too, does not seem to count. Harry is puzzled. And Gerry, has to confess that she has met a man who does not make love to her after a one week's acquaintance. The friends who are in the secret look on with interest, not knowing who will win that most unfortunate wager. They are planning a masquerade ball.

Each guest is to keep his own counsel and not let a person know what character he intends to personate. Such mystery, such locked doors, such secrets, as reign for a week before the eventful evening arrives, is wonderful to relate. At last time brings around the evening. The house guests have all managed to glide into the rooms with an outsider, so that all identity is lost, and they mingle together as one unknown whole.

Geraldine's shrill voice would have betrayed her, even if one long tendril of hair had not escaped from its con-

finement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

How One Town Avoids Strikes.

The Industrial World tells about the situation in Olean, N. Y., where an increase of twenty-five per cent. in population has been provided for within the last three months by additions to its manufacturing industries, through the organized efforts of a Board of Trade, the capitalists have inaugurated a novel movement which not only aids materially in the growth of the place, but gives such advantages to the laboring men that the chances for strikes and kindred troubles are reduced to the minimum.

Any manufacturer locating in Olean is guaranteed homes for his employees built after their own plans, and supplied to them at actual value, the tenants paying thereon the rental price of from \$5 to \$8 per month. This is left with the laborer the option of owning his own home, or of paying rent, the terms in either instance being the same, save in the matter of interest upon the unpaid portion in case of purchase. This the capitalist takes as his profit upon the transaction.

In the one instance the man who buys his home paid for in a few years; in the other the tenant pays in the same time nearly as much and does not own a shingle.

In Olean the labor classes are not slow to see the advantage of buying; the manufacturer sees the advantage of steady and reliable labor thus afforded, and the resident capitalist a sure prevention of strikes and safe investment of his money.

The example of the moneyed men of Olean is worthy the emulation of those in other towns whose growth is retarded by the too conservative policy of capital.

Hoop Snakes.

Most people have heard of a hoop snake, but few persons have seen one. O. T. Mason, of the United States national museum, in writing to the Washington Star, emphatically and flatly denies that such a creature exists in the world, in order to open a controversy on the subject and elicit information. Now Conductor Addy Kirk of the Pittsburg division, Pennsylvania railroad, affirms most positively that he has not only seen but had an adventure with one in Warren county, Illinois, during his residence there. He says he was in the woods one day, picking blackberries, and having heard of a hoop snake observed one rapidly rolling toward him. He stepped aside; the snake glided past him and struck its tail into a white-oak tree which was two feet in diameter. The reptile, having securely fastened itself, whipped itself on either side of the tree until it was dead. He proceeded to the house of his employer, and with an axe they returned and cut out the tail. In five weeks every leaf on the tree was dead. The tail of the serpent was armed with a horn-like appendage, about one inch and three-quarters in length, hollow and filled with a poisonous matter, and sharp like a needle at the point. The creature he describes as dark-green in color on the back and sides and the belly as white as snow. In rolling it grasps this horn appendage in its mouth, turning its belly out. He remembers hearing his father say he saw two of them in his time, and his Illinois employer three. After this well-authenticated version of the existence of a hoop snake Mr. Mason will have to take to the woods or modify his sweeping denial.—Altoona (Pa.) Tribune.

What looked like the largest, straightest, soundest, and longest walnut log ever floated down the Cumberland reached Nashville the other day. It belonged to a green-looking countryman who gave good reasons why he must sell it immediately. It was such a fine log that, despite the owner's anxiety to sell, it fetched almost its appraised value. In due course of time it was taken out of the water and proved to be a sycamore log with walnut bark tacked all over it in the most artistic manner. The green countryman has not been seen since.—New York Sun.

Told in a Dream.

"I made a fool of myself," said Julian Blair, bitterly. "Here I am, a young lawyer, without practice in a little country town, and with no hope of bettering my condition. Instead of waiting for something to turn up I have had the audacity to fall in love with the wealthiest heiress in the place, and to-night I forever disgraced myself by asking her to marry me. To-morrow I am to see her father. There can be but one result. Mr. Howard is a millionaire. He will ask me about my property and prospects. Well, I have about \$5 in my pocket, and I owe \$500. The old gentleman will regard me as a fortune-hunter and request me to discontinue my visits. Yet, the Lord knows I love Alice, and I would devote my life to her."

Blair looked around the office and took a survey of his scanty possessions. A few articles of furniture, and perhaps a hundred law books—this was all. He sat alone until the town clock struck the hour of midnight, and then retired to his chamber adjoining his office, and made an attempt to sleep off his trouble.

In the course of the night a strange thing occurred. Just how it happened he did not understand, but he had a late visitor, who introduced himself as a lawyer from London.

"Mr. Blair," he said, "I will not detain you with any preliminaries. You are the heir to the estate of John Blair, one of your uncles who ran away from home when a mere boy and settled in Liverpool. Your uncle was remarkably lucky. He found friends, went into business and in course of time made a fortune. He died a month ago and left you \$500,000."

Julian proceeded to ask for further information, but the London lawyer pleasantly remarked that good news would keep.

"I must leave in half an hour for New York," he said, "but you may expect me back in a week or so, and then the necessary arrangements will be completed for placing you in possession of your inheritance."

With this the strange visitor vanished, and Julian Blair, as he raised himself on his elbow and looked about the room, asked himself whether he was awake or dreaming.

A sudden drowsiness came over him, and when he again opened his eyes it was morning.

"Was it a dream?" he cried, as he dressed himself. "No, it is impossible. There is the chair the man sat in. I remember his features distinctly, and every word he said, and even the tones of his voice. Thank God! It was no vision; it was a reality."

Julian found, after making his toilet, that he was still a little feverish, with a strange fullness in his head, but that glance at the mirror showed that he was looking unusually well.

One thing startled him not a little in the course of the morning. After a brief interview with one of the bankers of the town, he walked out on the street with \$500 in his pocket.

A sudden doubt struck him as he reached the sidewalk. Had he made a mistake in telling the banker of his good fortune? If the whole thing was only a dream, as he sometimes suspected, he had done a very bad thing. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "I am sick and nervous. How can it be a dream?"

By degrees his confidence was restored, and later in the day, when he saw Mr. Howard, his manner was well calculated to impress the millionaire. He told the story of his legacy, and the rich man took him by the hand and told him that no man in the world would suit him better as a son-in-law.

A week passed away delightfully. Blair found himself the lion of the town, but he spent most of his leisure time with his affianced.

One morning the young lawyer arose, cool and clear headed, without a trace of fever. He looked back upon the events of the past week in amazement. He no longer had any belief in a visit of the man from London. It was a dream and nothing else.

"I am in a disgraceful fix!" he groaned. "I have borrowed money under false pretences. Nothing will ever convince people that I am not a swindler."

But just then a card was placed in Julian's hand. It bore the address of Henry Morley, solicitor, Middle Temple, London, and as the owner of the card was ushered into the office the young lawyer looked at him in blank surprise.

"My young friend," said the visitor, rather pompously, "it is a genuine pleasure to be the bearer of good tidings. I have been two weeks in the country looking you up. Your uncle, John Blair, died recently in Liverpool, where he left a large estate, and there is a cool \$500,000 for you."

"Is it another dream?" whispered Julian.

"I don't understand," said the Englishman, somewhat mystified. "This is no dream; it is business."

"You have never called on me before, have you?" asked Julian.

"Certainly not," replied the visitor. "I have just found you, and it was no easy matter, I can tell you."

"All this is very hard for me to believe," replied Julian, and it will take time to convince me of its reality."

"Well, money ought to be tangible enough," said the lawyer. "If you feel like drawing for a few thousand now I'll arrange it for you."

Julian, warned by the tricks his imagination had played him, lost no time in obtaining his legacy and converting it into substantial investments.

When this was done he led sweet Alice Howard to the altar.

There will be divided among superannuated preachers and widows and orphans of preachers, of the Methodist Episcopal church next year, \$100,000 out of the profits of the Methodist Book Concern. The Book Concern will be a century old in 1889.

Unique Railroad.

A young lady who had just returned from a far southern tour was narrating her experiences away down in Dixie to an American reporter. The funniest thing that happened upon the whole trip, she said, "was while traveling through Alabama. We had just passed a little town in the heart of the cotton district when my attention was called to one end of the coach, where I noticed several passengers standing around a boy about 12 years old. He was yelling vociferously, with his hand poked into one eye. A lady whom I took to be his mother was doing all in her power to quiet him. Between yells he managed to explain the cause of his mishap. He said that he was looking out of the window when a boy, who was standing near the track in a field, as the train was passing, picked up a rock and threw it at him. The stone struck the window pane, shattering it, and a piece of glass cut a long and painful gash under the young tourist's eye. In a few minutes every passenger in the coach was offering some suggestion and interfering with those who were trying to bind up the wound. The conductor came upon the scene about this time. Upon learning the situation he immediately stopped the train and began backing it to the place where the deed was done. As the train had been going at a rapid rate it was several miles from the scene of the action. The lad who threw the stone was standing near the track with his hands in his pockets, doubtless wondering why the train was coming back, but when the cars stopped within a few feet of him he must have guessed the reason, for he immediately grasped his hat in his hand and started like a race horse across the muddy fields. In a few minutes all the male passengers on the train were in hot pursuit, and all the females were at the window watching the chase. Over fences and across fields the little boy and his pursuers ran. Finally a hill hid the race from our view. For nearly half an hour we waited in suspense the result of the chase. The first man to make his appearance was a drummer, who explained that after chasing the young miscreant about a mile, they came to a broad, shallow creek which the boy plunged through without hesitation, but the passengers, not desirous of getting wet, decided to discontinue the pursuit. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever witnessed. Just imagine about thirty or forty great biggum men running after a 12-year-old boy just as hard as they could tear. Another half hour was spent in waiting for the scattered passengers to get back to the train, and finally, we resumed our journey on south."—Nashville American.

Edison, the inventor, has sixty men at work in his laboratory. They are all preparing something that has first existed in his brain.

The pin consumption of the United States is one pin to each inhabitant a day. This necessitates the daily manufacture of 60,000,000 pins.

Scientists assert that the newly discovered cities of Arizona are the same as sought by Cortez and the early Spanish adventurers in their expeditions after gold. The cities are seven in number and show evidences of former civilization and wealth.

A Nashville carpenter arose in his sleep and went into his shop and began filing a saw. The noise woke him up and he was mightily puzzled to find himself engaged at such work at 2 o'clock in the morning in a dark shop.

By means of an air gun, Prof. C. L. Mees has found that to drive straws into pine boards and hickory bark, as is often done by tornadoes, a velocity of 150 to 172 miles an hour is necessary.

The largest cotton mill in the world is said to be located at Kranholm, in Russia. The establishment contains 340,000 spindles and 2,200 looms, disposes of a force of 6,300 horse power, and gives employment to 7,000 hands.

A correspondent from Omaha wants to know how it is that the great flocks of crows that pass over that place do not freeze during the severe weather. He says here and there one comes upon a frozen bird, a black tuft in the white snow, in the track of the blizzard, like a mourning badge, but countless flocks of cawing crows still come with the day from the east, and sweep away at night in black columns as if Nebraska winters had no terrors for them. The question is, how do these birds manage to keep alive at all?

Sixteenth Century Mirrors.

It is only since the early part of the sixteenth century that mirrors have become articles of household furniture and decoration. Previous to that time—from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century—pocket-mirrors of small hand-mirrors carried at the girdle were indispensable adjuncts to ladies' toilets. The pocket-mirror consisted of small circular plaques of polished metal fixed in a shallow circular box, covered with a lid. Mirror-cases were chiefly made of ivory, carved with relief representations of love or domestic scenes, hunting and games, and sometimes illustrations of popular poetry or romance. Gold and silver enamels, ebony and other costly materials were likewise used for mirror-cases, on which were lavished the highest decorative efforts of art workmanship and costly jewelry. The mirrors worn at the girdle had no cover, but were furnished with a short handle.

In 1225 Pope Boniface IV. sent Queen Ethelberg, of Northumbria, a present of a silver mirror; and there is ample evidence that in early Anglo-Saxon times mirrors were well known in England. It is a remarkable fact that on many of the sculptured stones of Scotland, belonging probably to the seventh, eighth or ninth century, representations of mirrors, mirror-cases, and combs occur.

The Boy's Suggestion.

It was at the dinner table. The head of the house had a passion for preserving, filing, and indexing every letter that comes to him, and has accumulated an immense mass of correspondence. His wife believes that when a letter has been read the best thing to do is to destroy it. The conversation turned on the relative merits of the two systems, and a lady guest related that she knew of a gentleman recently deceased in a neighboring city who left instructions that his correspondence should be buried with him. "They actually had to have a coffin made on purpose, so as to make room for the letters," she said. "Great Scott, father," exclaimed the son and heir, "they'd have to bury you in a freight car."—Boston Herald.

Mark Twain's Advice to Young Authors.

A young newspaper man of Hartford recently wrote to Mark Twain, with whom he had more than a passing acquaintance, asking him if he would kindly look over the manuscript of a serio-humorous sketch he had written, and would give a candid opinion as to its worth. He received the following characteristic reply and holds it high in his collection of souvenirs:

HARTFORD.—Dear Mr. ——— Certainly. Send it right along. And be sure to put it between a couple of shingles, or saved off boards, or a couple of grist-stones, or anything to keep it flat. The man that rolls a MS. ought to go to the devil—and will. Yours truly,

S. S. CLEMENS.
—Philadelphia Press.

Curious Facts.

The glare of the electric lights in the Czars' Winter palace has proven very injurious to ornamental plants.

It is said that during its period of growth, Indian corn draws from the soil thirty-six times its own weight of water.

A lady in Lexington, Ga., has a ball of yarn that was spun and woven during the Revolutionary War, over 100 years ago, and yet the thread is seemingly sound and whole.

Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the Ohio beauty who created such a sensation in Europe, is now living in Cleveland. She seldom goes out, receives few visitors and leads a very quiet life.

Some of the shepherds in the mountains of Bulgaria live for ten and fifteen years attending their flocks, and never knowing what it is to sleep in a house or to enjoy any of the comforts of civilization.

By careful experiments M. Bloc's has determined that it takes 1.72 of a second longer to hear a sound than to see a sight, and 1.21 of a second longer to feel a touch than to see a sight.

A New Bedford man has a cat with a remarkable fondness for sliding on the ice. When it finds a likely bit of ice it runs to get a good start, and then, throwing itself on its belly with fore and hind legs extended forward and backward, slides daily again and again until surfeited with the fun.

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What Becomes of Antlers.

It has been observed that in a district where several thousand deer are kept, and where, consequently, there must be hundreds of stags who every year cast off a couple of horns each, only now and then is a specimen of these horns met with. The author of "Forays Among Salmon and Deer" accounts for this fact upon the authority of one familiar with the habits of the animal.

They either bury their horns, or destroy them with their teeth. He says that he has himself seen deer at the period of spring, when they cast their horns, tramping them down in the moist soil of the peat-bogs which are so numerous among the hills.

That they were so employed he has abundant proof, for more than once, after thus disturbing the deer, he has gone to the spot and discovered the remains of horns half-buried and broken up, the fragments having the marks of teeth upon them.

Though it may be thought that the horns are of a substance too hard for this, yet the jaws of the deer are so very powerful. Another consideration which makes this more probable is that scarcely ever are the horns of a young stag discovered, being, of course, from their size, more easy of destruction than the antlers of a full-grown one.

Raffled Himself for an Orphan.

From the Liverpool Courier.

A rich merchant of St. Petersburg is a trustee of an orphan house. He was desirous of concluding a second marriage and thought he could not find any girl better educated than a pupil of the asylum under his own care. Many a walk he made through the rooms of the girls, but there was none he took a particular fancy to. So he determined at last to entrust his future to the goddess of chance. All the girl pupils of the asylum, aged 16 and upward received invitations to an evening party, each of them had to draw a lot from an urn placed in the centre of the room, one of the papers having the merchant's name written on it. The girl that drew the prize is one of the plainest looking of all the inmates of the asylum. Nevertheless, the merchant immediately presented her to her companions as his intended wife.