BEVERLY FARMS.

A THANKSGIVING IN OLD VIRGINIA, BY FELIX G. DE FONTAINE.

BEVERLY-ON-THE-ROANOKE is an old historical place that has long been famous in the annals of Virginia hospitality. Located in one of the most fertile sections of the mother state and comprising many hundreds of acres that under skillful tillage had become a model of their kind, remote from the whir of the railway and the din of traffic, yet with neighboring plantations that provided a wealth of sociability, and adjacent forests and streams that tempted the fox hunter and sportsman, there reigned throughout a sense of peacefulness and content that well comported with the brave and gentle character of the men and women who, generation after generation, had gone forth from the old family to grace with their influence the outside world.

Just before the war, the members of the household consisted of Col. Bainbridge, his son Will, cadet in the naval academy at Annapolis, and three daughters, Dorothy, the elder, upon whom by reason of the death of her mother devolved the care of the family, Margery and Clara—all of them belles of the neighborhood. Like most Virginia homes, this did not escape the afflictions of the time. Death laid upon it a heavy hand. Col. Bainbridge was killed in the valley while leading one of the regiments of Stonewall Jackson. Margery was left a widow at twenty-two, but had never laid aside her mourning, and always spoke of her husband as if he had died within the past year, her only consolation being that, instead of dying of his wounds amid the agonies of a battle field, he had been taken a prisoner and tenderly cared for by some Federal officer, she knew not whom.

Dorothy likewise was not without her grief. Before the breaking out of hostilities, she had found among the officers stationed at Fortress Monroe one who had promised to brighten her life, and to him had plighted her heart and hand. At the call of his state he went to the front, and a monument, around which Dorothy in her grave way every Sunday strews flowers, tells the story of his gallant death at Manassas. Clara, the youngest sister, after the close of the war, while visiting friends in the north was wooed and won by Col. Hartley, formerly of the Federal army, and at the time at which this story opens was living in New York among the surroundings of wealth, a daughter, Kate, being the only fruit of the union. Will was still following the sea and was the captain of a steamship on the Pacific.

To her aunts Kate was a comparative stranger, for they had not seen her since early childhood, and of her father they knew less. The wounds of the strife had not yet healed. Yet Dorothy had written time and again for her handsome northern niece to come down and spend a winter on the plantation only to be met with an excuse, for a visit to Old Roanoke and the two ancient relatives was suggestive of anything but pleasure to a young city girl who counted the figures on her dial plate chiefly as they scored the change from one scene of gayety to another. So, in her own words, "the evil day was put off as far as possible."

Finally, however, Miss Dorothy made such a point of it—Kate being, after her mother, "next of kin"—that further resistance became an offense, and the journey was made. At the outset it seemed like retirement into rural seclusion. We shall see.

On arriving at the station of the dilapidated little town that marked the end of her travel by rail, Kate found awaiting her Daddy Hercules, with the old fashioned cinnamon colored coach, swinging high up on its springs, the family coat of arms emblazoned on both door panels—an ancestral ark that had been a figure head in Roanoke for nigh on to a century—and it was with no little amusement that she ascended the flight of steps let down with an air of immense importance by Tony the footman, while Hercules informed her that "de basket on de front seat wur filled wid good tings by Miss Dorothy to keep young missis comp'ny while he fotches her home." Then the old coachman went back to his perch on "the dickey seat," Tony mounted the trunk rest behind, seized the straps whereby he preserved a perpendicular, and they started for Beverly Farms.

And right royal company did Kate find in that basket of fried chicken, hard boiled eggs, "beat biscuit" and home made cake, for she was ravenously hungry and the bouncing of the coach had speeded her appetite. It was a ride novel to the young city girl in other respects. The scenery was such as she had never looked upon or dreamed of. The road ran over a lovely landscape, smooth undulations, among wind mills, corn and grass, beautiful fields and wild flowers, where the birds poured out their songs and the shadows of the branches interlaced and made a trembling carpet on the road, while the overhanging trees formed aisles and arches dimmed with the softened light that crept through the leaves.

And the old mansion, as the big white gates swung open at the entrance of the broad, oak lined avenue at the end of which it stood, how inviting it looked! Dorothy and Margery were waiting on the porch, and such a warm Virginia welcome as they gave to their handsome niece!

It did not take Kate long to find herself the queen and fairy of that household, with subjects, both white and black, for whom she had nothing but love. True, her kingdom at first looked prim, but in a little while every object had in her eyes acquired a golden tint. The dear old aunts in their ruffled caps, immaculate aprons and crossed neckerchiefs, seemed like ancient bits of history that had stepped out from their ancestral portrait gallery to make themselves agreeable. Perfect harmony reigned between the place and its occupants. Everything seemed to belong to the same age, and that a past age. Not an object had the vulgarity of newness about it. Stiff, high backed rockers confronted one another from each side of the old fashioned broad chimney, on the hearth of which stood the heavy brass andirons polished to mirror like brightness, that had kept watch and ward for generations, and it seemed a sacrilege to disturb their position. Bolt upright against the wall, with its full moon face and perpetual coo-coo, was the grandfather's clock, and among the traditions was one that the coo-coo never had failed to announce the time, save once—the day when Col. Bainbridge was killed in the valley.

The household preserved much of its ante-bellum characteristics, and to Kate these were also strange. The family servants had grown old in their duties. Daddy Hercules, the coachman, and Silas, the butler, had heads as white as cotton. Aunt Dilsey, the cook, was the tyrant of the place, allowing little interference from the "white folks," and no familiarity from "dem sleepy headed niggers dat warn't no 'count no how, 'cept in de co'n fiel'." With all her peculiarities, she was thoroughly respectful, and as tenacious of the rights of her old mistresses as "in de days when I wuz er slim nigger an' wus ole miss's boddy servant an' Miss Madg'ry's nuss." Jerry, her grandson, whose mission it was to keep the wood pile well stocked, came in for a large share of Aunt Dilsey's maternal attention, especially when "de light'ood knots gin out," and his life was anything but a happy lot, for then "ole mammy," as he called her, made things lively for him.

Take it all in all, Beverly was a home amid whose quiet Kate began to feel she could be happy for the remainder of her life. She might not have been able to add to its beauty, but she infused into it the brightness of her fresh, young nature. Her songs mingled with those of the birds, and the influence of her cheery presence pervaded every nook and cranny on the place, from the solemn old parlors in the big house to the quarters of the "yard folks," where she romped with the piccaninnies or listened to the ghost stories of Mammy Angeliner.

After making herself acquainted with all the home surroundings, Kate started out one day on a journey of exploration through the neighboring country. And this is a part of the story that may best be told in her own words, for it is as she wrote it in a letter to a New York friend, and it more or less concerns her fate:

SUCH A WARM VIRGINIA WELCOME.

"You know, Flora, that sentiment was never a very important factor in my life, and yet, here I am already the victim of a small romance. The other day, in going out for a walk, Aunt Dorothy suggested that I should take the path leading down to an old mill, near the banks of the river. I had scarcely reached the spot, when—bang! a gun was fired and something flew by me as swift as the wind. Naturally frightened, I screamed as only a girl can scream who is sure she has been shot. In a minute or two the offending cause made his appearance in the person of a young gentleman in gray shooting jacket, high top boots, a game bag and a gun, followed by three or four dogs. Raising his hat, he apologized, but said that the sight of a deer had been a temptation too strong to resist, and saucily added that he suspected the deer was suffering from the same cause as myself, namely, 'fright, rather than injury.'

"The October wind had sufficiently disarranged his hair to make it fall carelessly about his head and shoulders, and he was as handsome as a picture. How glad I was that I screamed, for it brought about one of those delightful social incidents—so naturally, too, which, although it may not be safe to enjoy too frequently, are very charming while they last, and in this instance it compensated for any amount of fright.

"In the course of conversation I learned that his name was Gerald Bruce, and he was Aunt Dorothy's nearest neighbor. The news was very agreeable. Then he found out that I was Aunt Dorothy's niece from New York, which information seemed to be agreeable to him, too. It is marvelous how small a part conventionality plays in these chance meetings; how much we are willing to take on faith, and how apt we are to silence our consciences in the matter of propriety.

"Well, we walked and we talked, and we talked and we walked. He forgot that he had come out gunning, and I quite lost sight of the object of my own expedition. It seemed as if I had known him forever and a day. I wondered as I sat there, what Tom Waring or Henry Lawrence would say if they could see Kate Hartley in this rustic position, chatting as merrily with a perfect stranger as if I had known him from childhood.

TWO WHITE WINGED MESSENGERS.

"Under the circumstances, neither of us took much notice of time until I spied our boy Jerry coming. When he reached us, he pulled off his hat and said: 'Miss Doroty's mon'sus oneasy 'bout you, young miss, an yo' better come home fas' ez yo' kin, fur she's sho' sump'n has happen to yo'.' Poor Aunt Dorothy, how wrong it was for me to worry her!

"And so I was brought from heaven to earth again. The young gentleman walked home with me, but instead of leaving me at the gate, as I wished him to do, deliberately went in, and said to auntie, 'Miss Dorothy, why didn't you prepare me for this pleasant surprise? You see, I am indebted to a stray shot and this lady's scream for a delightful acquaintance.'

"He then explained the incident to Aunt Dorothy, who laughed and said, 'Well, well, young folks will gravitate toward each other like loadstones, and we old ones can't help it. My little New York niece, if she is anything like her mother, will never suffer for the want of companionship if there's anybody worth knowing around her, and I think Gerald, she's hit it right this time.'

"I was so glad to hear Aunt Dorothy say this; I loved her twice as much as I did before, because she appreciated Gerald. When he made his adieu, she told me it was a queer coincidence that the first person I met in old Roanoke should turn out to be the son of mother's old lover, Randolph Bruce. Then she added, with an odd smile, 'I wonder if the feeling will be inherited by the children?'"

After this occurrence it was not a difficult matter to induce Kate to prolong her visit at least until the holidays.

"Yes," said Aunt Margery, "Beverly farms shall this year, if never before, witness a genuine Thanksgiving, as well as a Christmas."

And so it was arranged that Aunt Dorothy, as the head of the family, should at once write to Col. and Mrs. Hartley, inviting them to the old Virginia home.

"And Uncle Robert, too," suggested Kate, "our old bachelor uncle, he must also come, for he lives with father and mother, and there could be no real thanksgiving with his dear kind face absent from the table." In a few days the mail brought a reply from Mrs. Hartley accepting the invitation.

During the month or more that elapsed Kate and Gerald were frequent companions. A graduate of the Virginia military institute and finely educated for a profession, he found in her own ready intellect a charmful sympathy that was greater than even her beauty. He never told his love, but the eyes of both were traitors. One day he invited her to a stroll, and the path led to the old mill where they first met. They had conversed long and pleasantly when he suddenly inquired, "Are you superstitious, Kate?"

"No; why do you ask?"

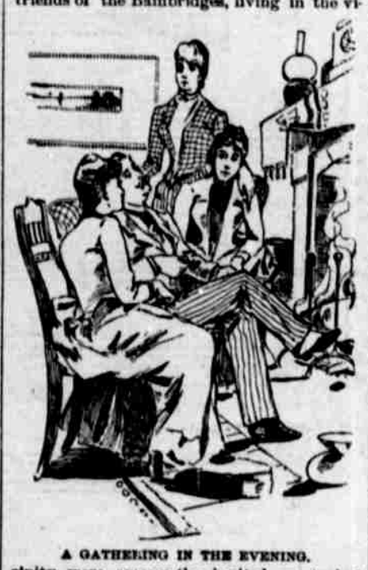
"Because in a few weeks we shall probably part, not to meet again for a long time, and I want some pledge from you that our friendship shall remain unbroken. See," said Gerald, plucking two rose leaves from a flower she wore and throwing them into the river flowing at their feet, "if they float down the stream side by side, not drifting apart or sinking, they may indicate our possible future, but if"—

"What mockery!" quickly interrupted Kate, impulsively laying her hand upon his. "Don't throw our lives into the scales to be balanced by two rose leaves!" The words were spoken before she thought of their full significance.

"No, watch them—there they go!" And the two white winged messengers went out upon their mission. Steadily they continued their course, side by side, but approaching nearer and nearer each other until just as they were disappearing from view, they were merged, as it were, into one petal.

"Do you accept the omen, Kate?" asked Gerald, with a tender look that meant a volume of love songs. They clasped hands; not another word was spoken beyond the mute eloquence of their eyes, but they understood each other from that moment and for all time.

Preparations for Thanksgiving went on apace, and they were on a scale of such magnitude that even those for a Virginia Christmas could not excel. Kate's father and mother and Uncle Robert Hartley arrived in due time, and had been duly installed in the great guest chambers, and what with holly, mistletoe and flowers, the old mansion took on a festive look it had not worn for a generation. Besides the immediate members of the family and the northern visitors, the rector of the neighborhood church, Col. and Gerald Bruce and a few of the most intimate friends of the Bainbridges, living in the vicinity, were among the invited guests, but not one dreamed of the great surprise in store.



A GATHERING IN THE EVENING.

Of the Thanksgiving dinner itself, when the day arrived and the broad folding doors of the dining hall were thrown open, what need be said save that Aunt Dilsey and her satellites had expended upon it all the resources of kitchen and farm, while the old time house servants, proud of their breeding, had graced the festive board with all the beauty they could command? It was a feast to provoke an appetite. There were rare dishes, sumptuously cooked and sumptuously served; the choicest fruits and wines of the long ago; marvels of workmanship and age in family plate, china and glass, and innumerable things delicious to the senses of taste, smell and sight—all insinuated into its composition. But it was a dinner long to be remembered in more than æsthetic or culinary respect.

Conversation was in its most eloquent and reminiscent stage, when suddenly the old Colonial knocker on the front door rang out with a sharp rat-tat-tat, as it had never sounded through the house before. What can it be? A momentary silence falls upon the little company while Uncle Ben hastens to answer the summons, but in a minute he returns with his black face fairly ablaze with light.

"Miss Doroty—Miss Madg'ry"—the words almost choke him in their joyful endeavor to get out—"Dere's a gem'lum outside wid er red face an' er big crap er whisker, who say he like ter cum in an' git sum ob dis dinner; he talk so bresh, I 'spec I better ax him," and the faithful old servant grins from ear to ear.

The words are scarcely spoken before the burly, broad shouldered figure of a sunbrowned man enters, and with a hearty "Home again—How d'ye all?" rushes forward to embrace Aunt Margery, who happens to be sitting nearest to him at the head of the table. "Brother Will! Brother Will!" and with a scream of delight the three sisters throw themselves into his arms weeping for joy.

Yes, after many years of absence and adventure, the sailor boy, now a captain, had returned to the old homestead, that he had not seen since the war. And what a time they had! How the gray headed servants, forgetting the grand dinner, forgetting everything in their affection, crowded into the dining room to see young "Mas'r Will" once more! The whole plantation seemed to have gone mad with joy that the first Thanksgiving ever celebrated in Beverly Farms should be so blest. Indeed, for everybody the cup of happiness appeared to have been filled to the brim. But it was not so. There was yet another surprise in store.

In the evening there was such a gathering around the big fire in the chimney place as the old parlor never had witnessed. With Dorothy on one side, and Margery—her usually grave face brightened by love—on the other, each holding the brawny hand of their brother, and Kate in his lap, her eyes sparkling with delight at the possession of a new uncle, Will recounted his adventures during the preceding twenty years. He told them how, after the war, he had found service on an English steamship and, by reason of his naval training at Annapolis, had been rapidly promoted until he became a captain in the Oriental and Peninsular company, but that most of his time had been spent in voyages between far distant ports in the east under circumstances that did not permit him to take a sufficiently long furlough to visit home.

Besides, he knew from the letters of his sisters that their financial condition did not require his presence or the abandonment of a profession that was yielding him more than a competence. However, the longing had so grown upon him to return to the scenes of his boyhood, he at last had resigned his commission and determined that henceforth Beverly Farms should be his home. "And to think of it," he added, "that I have found on the night of my arrival a Thanksgiving party in Old Virginia a brother-in-law (turning to Col. Hartley) whom I have never seen and this lovely niece. Verily, we all have reason to be thankful."

"But what's this, Kate?" continued the captain, toying with a curiously wrought locket which dangled among other ornaments from a girdle around her waist.

"That's a trinket," replied Kate, "that belongs to Uncle Robert, yonder, and I wear it only by his permission. Tell the story, Uncle Bob, for I always love to hear it."

"It is an incident of the war," was the rejoinder, "and at a time like this one has no right to recall sad memories or speak of such a thing as battle and bloodshed." Urged by the others, however, Uncle Robert proceeded: "After the assault on Pickett's division at the battle of Gettysburg, among the prisoners who fell into the hands of my regiment was one in whom I became deeply interested. He was a large, handsome, brown eyed man, a native of this state, and, like myself, a major. Though desperately wounded, and with the chances of living all against him, not a murmur of regret, save for his family, escaped his lips. I often visited him, but each visit revealed the fact that his hours were numbered. One morning while seated by his bedside, he asked me to hand him his faded, gray uniform which hung at the foot of the cot. I did so, and taking from one of the pockets a knife, he requested me to rip a place in the left breast of his coat. There I found a bit of paper wrapped around a small hard substance, which on further examination proved to be a little star. "This," said he, looking at it lovingly, "was cut from the coat of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, my noble leader. It was my fortune to be one of those who bore him to the rear when he fell at Chancellorsville, and when his coat was removed I cut this star from his collar and placed it where you have just now found it—where it would always be nearest my heart. I returned to the battlefield and fought as I never fought before. This souvenir I wish to leave with you in order that you may sometimes think of the Virginia soldier you have befriended. And this," said he, taking the crumpled paper, "is the last leave of absence Gen. Jackson ever gave me. Should you ever have the opportunity, send it to my wife." Before another word was uttered a change passed over his face and he became unconscious. The next day he died. Shortly after that I was transferred to the Army of the West. When the war ended I had the two mementoes inclosed in the little casket that Kate now wears.

During this recital, more than one pair of eyes were moist, and the voice of the manly soldier himself, who recalled this episode, trembled as he reached forward and opening the locket said: "See, here is the star of Stonewall Jackson, and here the furlough signed by him permitting Maj. Albert Fairfax to visit home for thirty days."

"Oh, poor husband!" cried Margery, with a great sob, as she fell almost swooning in the arms of her brother. Dorothy and Clara assisted her from the room to her own chamber, where for a time grief held its sway. But Margery was made of stern stuff and had been too long the mistress of her emotions to let them interfere with the happiness of such an hour as that, and when she rejoined the company, the old calm was restored and there was not a trace in the sweet, placid features of the great heart ache she had undergone.

Approaching Major Hartley as she reentered the room, she laid her hand in his and said: "You have been my good angel, and God has sent you here that I might look upon the brave man who stood by that other brave man in his hour of need, whom I loved and have mourned by day and night. Thank you, major, or Uncle Robert, as I may now call you, and remember that this Thanksgiving of ours has broken down all barriers, and henceforth, in this house, there shall be no north, no south, no east, no west—only one grand union of hearts."

And they all said—amen!

It proved especially true in the case of Kate and Gerald, for when another anniversary rolled around they sat at the same festive board as husband and wife. Uncle Robert since that time has been a frequent member of the Beverly household, enjoying with Capt. Bainbridge the sports of the season, and finding charm in the quiet companionship of Margery, who never tires of listening to the story of Gettysburg and the heroism of her brave husband and his men.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Two gunners near Williamsport found a snow white squirrel.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 of these diminutive but useful articles every year.

The country having the largest proportion of cultivated land is Denmark, Russia having the smallest. The United Kingdom has 29 per cent. of land tilled, against 71 untilled.

Justis L. Dwight, the Second Day Adventist, of Port Hunter, announces that the world will come to an end some time before Jan. 1, 1890.

It pays not to be hasty; that is, it pays the other man who takes advantage of your slowness and gets in ahead.

Mrs. Cynthia McPheeters, living near Greencastle, Ind., is 90 years old. On her last birthday she entertained a party of friends and baked the cake that formed a portion of the repast.

The hostility of Costa Rica toward the construction of the Nicaragua Canal has been settled by arbitration, and work on the canal is making rapid progress.

One of the remarkable things said to be in Utah is a mountain near Salt Lake City completely covered by oyster shells. This mountain is nearly nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The survivors of the London steamer Odessa, which foundered at sea, have arrived in England. They were carried down with the vessel, but were blown to the surface through the boiler bursting, the explosion saving their lives.

The cost to the British government for the carriage of mails to America now amounts to $500,000 per annum. The receipts for postage exceed $925,000 per annum.

Large fortunes sometimes have queer beginnings. The Gardiner (Me.) News says that one of the wealthiest firms in that state began business on $5,000, which a sister of the partners got in a breach of promise suit for damages against a rich man.

A VISION OF FAIRYLAND.

An Intrepid Traveler's Marvelous Experience in the Frozen North.

L. B. French, who has recently returned from Alaska, where, in company with M. W. Bruce, he made a trip to Glacier bay, and was rewarded by witnessing the wonderful mirage of the "silent city," gave an interesting account of his trip to a reporter for The Inter-Ocean.

"I started for Alaska," he said, "last April for the purpose of visiting the mines. While on the steamer I made the acquaintance of Mr. Bruce, whose accounts of the mirage have recently been published in nearly every paper in the country. He was then on his way to Alaska for the purpose of writing up the country for a newspaper syndicate.

"When we arrived at Juneau we heard a good deal about the wonderful mirage. Upon inquiry we were directed to Professor R. J. Willoughby. We found him to be an odd old character. He came originally from Missouri, and has been in Juneau for twenty years. He keeps a sort of museum of Alaskan curiosities, which tourists never fail to visit. He gave us an interesting account of the phenomenon, and said that his attention was first called to it by hearing the Indians tell of the 'city which was built in the sky.' The Indian legend concerning it is that the city is inhabited by the spirits of their foes, the Russians. They stand in great awe of it, and cannot be induced to go near the place.

"The professor determined to investigate, and six years ago he made his first trip to Glacier bay. He was successful in seeing the mirage, and has been there each year since during the latter part of June and the first of July. It is only at that time of year, when the days are longest, that it appears.

"In the meantime he had sent for his camera, and on his fourth trip succeeded in getting a good photograph of the wonder. We tried to induce him to accompany us, but he stubbornly refused at first. He was anxious to get his negative copyrighted, and under the impression that it required a personal visit, and that if any one else saw the phenomenon it would lessen his chance of making money from the sale of the pictures. But finally he agreed to go with us if we would pay him enough to get his copyright, which we did.

"Glacier bay is about 150 miles north of Juneau, and the trip has to be made in canoes. We obtained four Indian guides, loaded a canoe with wood and provisions, and started about the 1st of June. Glacier bay is itself a wonderful sight. Completely surrounded by huge glaciers, the effect on clear days is singularly beautiful. The bright rays of the sun are reflected in parti-colored hues from a field of blue ice extending far beyond the range of vision. We passed Muid glacier, the objective point of tourists, and went to the head of the bay, about forty miles beyond.

"Willoughby returned home, and we pitched our tent opposite the Pacific glacier, above which, he informed us, the mirage appeared. Each day we used to go over to the glacier and watch for the appearance of the phantom city. June passed and without any signs of the mirage, and we were on the point of giving it up and return to Juneau. About 5 o'clock on an afternoon of an early July day we suddenly perceived, rising above the glacier over in the direction of Mt. Fairweather, what at first appeared to be a thin misty cloud. It soon became clearer, and we distinctly saw a specter city moving toward us. We could plainly see houses, well defined streets and trees. Here and there rose tall spires over huge buildings which appeared to be ancient mosques or cathedrals. It was a large city, one that would at least contain 100,000 inhabitants. I have seen Milwaukee miraged over Lake Michigan, and this city appeared considerably larger than that. It did not look like a modern city—more like an ancient European city. I noticed particularly the immense height of the spires. Of course we were much excited. The Indians who were with us were overcome by their superstitious fear and ran away. We both had cameras, and separated in order to take it from different points of view. By the time we reached points of vantage it had grown fainter and soon disappeared. I should say the spectacle lasted about twenty-five minutes.

"I returned to camp, but to my horror could not find Bruce. We at once instituted search for him, but failed to find him for two days. On the third day he was found. He had lost his way, and was nearly dead with cold and hunger. On our way back we were delayed at Bartlett bay by a severe storm. While there we were talking about the mirage in the presence of several men when one of them spoke up and said that he and his partner had seen the same thing. We asked them to make affidavit of the fact, which they did."

The document, which was signed by Robert Christie and Robert Patterson, in the presence of Lamar B. French, Charles R. Lord, R. Willoughby and Minor W. Bruce, reads as follows: "On July 2, 1889, while sailing from the main or Glacier bay into what is known as Jones' bay, just south of Willoughby Island, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we suddenly saw rising out against the side of the mountains what appeared to be houses, churches and other huge structures. It appeared to be a city of extensive proportions. We watched the apparition for a long time, and think it was visible for an hour or more. At that time we had never heard of what is called the 'silent city.' We are satisfied that it was a mirage from its position and appearance."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Native Zinc.

In the laboratory of the state mining bureau in San Francisco an extremely interesting discovery was recently made. In working a specimen of sulphide or blende ore sent from a mine in Shasta county, California, a small piece of native metallic zinc was secured. This is the first piece of the character named ever known to have been secured in this country. Late works on metallurgy note the existence in the mines of Victoria, Australia, of the only metallic zinc known. The mining bureau proposes, if possible, to secure other specimens from Shasta county.—New York Star.

Sandals and Slippers.

If one wear a classic gown in the house, one should at least wear something called a sandal with it, but the thing which passes for a sandal is only called so, being a shoe with bits cut from it, so as to show the stocking, and tied on with a ribbon tagged with gold or silver. These sandals are black, and are tied with black and make the foot look small, but they are no more classic than a lawn tennis slipper or an Edward V pointed shoe. Nobody has yet brought those charming things into use. Perhaps the Richard III revival may.—Boston Transcript.

A small boy at Marshall, Ills., has voiced a sentiment which would be a good thing for general adoption. He was a very tough urchin, and, together with his little brother, got so bad that the townspeople decided to send him to a reform school. So he was arrested on an old charge of theft and advised to plead guilty. The little fellow stoutly maintained his innocence of this particular crime, and, while acknowledging that he ought to go to the reform school, declined to plead guilty to something he had not done. He won the sympathy of both the spectators and the court, and was finally discharged.