BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Where the foot of the rainbow meets the field, And the grass resplendent glows, The earth will a splendid treasure yield, As the olden story goes. In a crystal cup are the diamonds piled

For him who can swiftly chase Over torrent and precipice wild, To find the rainbow's wandering base There were two in the field at work one day,

Two brothers, who bitthely sung. When across their valley's deep winding way The glorious arch was flung. And one saw naught but a sign of rain, And one feared for his sheaves unbound; And one is away, over mountain and plain, Till the mystical treasure is found.

Through forest and atream, in a blissful dream The rainbow lured him on; With a stren's guile it lottered awhile, Then leagues away was gone. Over brake and brier he followed fleet : The people scoffed as he passed; But in thirst and heat, and with wounded feet,

He closed on the prize at last. It is closer and closer -- he wins the race --One strain for the goal in sight : Its radiance falls on his yearning face-The blended colors unite-He laves his brow in the iris beam

He reaches Ab, woe! the sound From the misty gulf where he ends his dream And the crystal cup is found. 'Tis the old, old story. One man will read His lesson of toll in the sky; While another is blind to the present need.

You may grind their souls in the self-same You may bind them heart and brow; But the poet will follow the rainbow still, And his brother will follow the plow.

But sees with the spirit's eye.

THE PARSON'S HORSE RACE.

HARRIET REECHER STOWE.

"Wal! now this he'e does beat all! I wouldn't a thought it of the deacon! So spoke Sam Lawson, dropping in discouraged, contemplative attitude in front of an equally discouraged look-ing horse, that had just been brought to him by the widow simpkins, for medical treatment. Among Sam's accomplishments, he was reckoned in the neighborhood an oracle in all matters of this kind, especially by the women. whose helplessness in meeting such emergencies found unfailing solace in his compassionate willingness to attend to any business that did not strictly belong to him, and from which no pecuniary return could possibly be ex-

The widow Simpkins had bought this horse of Deacon Atkins, apparently a fairly well-appointed brute, and capable as he was good-looking. A short, easy drive when the deacon held the reins, had shown off his points to advantage, and the widow's small stock of ready savings had come forth freely in payment for what she thought was a bargain. When, soon after coming into possession, she discovered that her horse, if driven with any haste, panted in a fearful manner, and that he appeargrowing iame, she waxed very wroth, went to the deacon in anger, to be met only with the smooth reminder that the animal was all right when she took him—and that she had seen him tried herself. The widow was of a nature somewhat spicy, and expressed herself warmly:

"It's a cheat and a shame, and I'll take the law on ye."

"What law will you take? Wasn't it it a fair bargain?" said the unmoved

"I'll take the law of God," said the widow, with impotent indignation, and she departed to pour her cares and sorrows into the ever-ready ear of Sam. Having assumed the care of the animal, he now sat contemplating it in a sort of trance of melancholy reflec-

"Why, boys," he broke out, "why tidn't she come to me afore she bought this crittur? Why, I knew all about him! That ere crittur was jest ruined a year ago last summer, when 7 om, the descon's boy there, come home from college. Tom driv him over to Sherburn and back that ere hot Fourth of crittur when he come home, and sot up with Tom taking care of him all night; that crittur had the thumps all night. and he hasn't never been good for nothing since. I telled the deacon he was a goned hoss then, and wouldn't never be good for nothing. The deacon he took off his shoes and let him run to pasture all summer, and he's been a feeding and a nursing of him up, and now he's put off on the widder. I wouldn't a thought it of the deacon! Why, this hoss'll never be any good to her; that ere's a used-up crittur, any fool may see! He'll myabe do for a quarter of an hour on a smooth road, but come to drive him as a body wants to drive, why, he blows like my bel-lowsis; and the deacon knew it—must a

known it!" "Why, Sam, ain't the deacon a good man?" we exclaimed.
"Wai, now, there's where the shoe

pinches! In a gineral way the deacon is a good man. He's conginerable more than middlin' good-ginerally he's an honor to his perfession. On most all pints I don't hev nothing agir the dea-con, and this here ain't a bit like him but there it is! Come to hosses, there's where the unsanctified natur comes out -folks will cheat about hosses when

they won't about nothing else."

And Sam leaned back on his cold forge, now empty of coal, and seemed to deliver himself to a mournful train of general reflections.

"Yis, hosses do seem to be sort of un-regenerate critters," he said, there's something about hosses that deceives the very elect; the very best of folks git tripped up when they comes to deal

"Why, Sam, is there anything bad in "Tain't the hosses, boys," said Sam. solemnly. "Lordy massy, the hosses is all right enough—hosses is scriptooral animals; Elijah went up to heaven in a chari't with hosses; and thea, all them lots of hosses in the Ravelations, black, and white, and red, all sorts of

THE MAINDOW'S TREASURE, colors! That there shows that houses go to heaven; but it's more'n the folks that hev 'em is likely to, of they don't

look out. "Ministers, now," continued Sam, in a soliloquizing vein; "folks allers thinks it's suthin sort of shaky in a minister to have anything to do with hosses sure to get 'em into trouble. There was old Parson Williams, of North Billriky got into a drefful mess about a hoss. Lords massy, he warn't to blame, neither, but he got into the dreffulest scrape you ever heard on-come nigh to onsettlin'

"Oh, Sam, tell us all about it," we boys shouted, delighted with the prospect of a story.

"Wal, wait, now, till I git off this crittur's shoes, and we'll take him up to the pasture, and then we can kinder set by the river and fish. Hepsy wanted a mess of fish for supper, and wuz a calculatin to get some for her. You boys go and be diggin' the bait, and git yer lines."

And so, as we were sitting tranquilly beside the Charles river, watching our

lines, Sam's narrative began:
"Ye see, boys, Parson Williams—he's dead now-but when I was a boy he was one of the great men around here. He writ books. He writ a tract agin the Armenians, and put 'em down, and he writ a big book on the millenium, (I've got that ere book now); and he was a smart preacher; folks said he had invitations to settle in Boston, and there sin't no doubt he might a hed a Boston parish of he'd been a min' to take it, but he'd got a good settlement and a handsome farm in North Billriky, and didn't care to move; though I s'pose, that 'twas better to be number one in a little place than number two in a big un; anyway, he carried all before him where he was.

"Parson Williams was a tall, straight, personable man—come of good family —father and grandfather before him all ministers; he was putty up and down and commandin' in his ways, and things had to go putty much as he said. He was a good deal sot by, Parson Williams was, and his wife was a Derby, and one of 'em rich Salem Derbys and brought him a lot of money, and so they lived putty easy and comfortably so far as this world's goods goes. Well, now, the Parson wasn't really what yau call worldly-minded, but then he was one of them folks that knows what's good in temporals as well as spirituals, and liked to have the best that there was goin', and he allers had an eye to a good

"Now, there was Parson Adams and Parson Scranton, and most of the other ministers, they didn't know and didn't care what hoss they hed; jest jogged round with these 'ere poundin, pot-bellied, sleepy critters that ministers mostly hes, good enough to crawl round to funerals and ministers meetins, and associations and sich, but Parson Williams he allers would have a hoss as was a hoss; he looked out for blood. and when these ere Vermont fellers would come down with a drove, the Parson he hed his eyes open and knew what was what. Couldn't none of em cheat him on hoss flesh; and so one time when Buel was down with a drove, the doctor he bought the best horse in the lot. Zach said he rever seen a parson afore that he couldn't cheat, but he aid the doctor reely knew as much as he did, and got the very one he'd meant to a kept for himself.

"This ere hoss was a peeler. I tell you. They called him Tamerlane, from some heathen feller or other; the boys called him Tam, for short. Tam was a great character. All the fellers for miles round knew the doctor's Tam, and used to come clear over from the other parishes to see him.

"Wal this ere sot up Cuff's back high, I tell you. Cuff was the doctor's nigger man, and he was nat'lly a dreadful proud crittur; the way he'd swell and strut and brag about the doctor and his folks and his things! The doctor used to give Cuff his east-off clothes, and Cuff would prance round in 'em and seem to think he was a doctor of divinity himself, and had the cha ge of all natur.

"Well, Cuff, he reely made an idol of that ere hoss, a reg'lar graven image, and bowed down and worshipped him he didn t think nothin was too good for him; he washed and brushed and cur-ried him, and rubbed him down till he shone like a lady's satin dress; and he July. I remember it; 'cause I saw the took pride in ridin and drivin him cause it was what the doctor couldn't let nobody else do but himself. You see, Tam warn't no lady's horse. Miss Williams was fraid as death of him, and the parson he had to git her a sort of of low sperited crittur that she could drive herself, but he liked to drive Tam. and he liked to go around the country on his back, and a fine sgure of a man he was on him, too. He didn't let nobody else back him or handle the reins but Cuff, and Cuff was dredful set up about it, and he swelled and bragged about that ar hoss all around the country. Nobody couldn't put in a word about any other hoss without Cuff's feathers be all up suff as a tom turkey's tail—and that's how cuff got the doctor into trouble.

"Ye see there nat'lly was others that thought they'd got hosses, and didn't want to be crowed over. There was Bill Atkins, out to the West parish. and Ike Sanders, that kept a stable up to Pequot Holler; they was down lookin at the parson's horse, and a bettin on their n, and a-darin Cuff to race with

"Well, Cuff couldn't stand it, and when the doctor's back was turned he'd be off on the sly, and they'd hev their race; and Tam, he beat em all. Tam, ye see, boys, was a hoss that couldn't ye see, boys, was a hoss that couldn't and wouldn't hev a hoss ahead of him—he jest wouldn't. Ef he dropped dead in his tracks the next minit, he would be ahead, and he always got ahead, and so his name got up; and fellows kept comin to try their hosses, and Cuff 'ud the Tom out to rece with fust one and take Tom out to race with fust one and then another till this ere got to be a reg'lar thing and began to be talked

"Folks sort o' wondered if the doctor knew, but Cuff was sly as a weasel, and always had a story ready for every turn. Cuff was one of them fellers that could talk a bird off a tree—master hand he

was to slick things over.

"There was folks as said they believed the doctor was knowin to it, and that he felt a sort of carnal pride, such as a

minister oughtn't fer to hev, and so shet his eyes to what was a goin on. Aunt Sally Nickerson said she was sure on it; twas all talked over down to old Miss Bumminger's funeral, and Aunt Sally she said the church ought to look into it. But everybody knew Aunt Sally, she was allers watchin folks' haltings, and settin on herself up to jedge her

neighbors.
"Wal, I never believed nothin agin Parson Williams; it was all Cuff's contrivance, but the fact was the fellers all got their blood up and there was hoss racin in all of the parishes, and it got to be so they'd even hey hoss races Sun-

days. Wal, of course, they never got the doctor's hoss out of a Sunday. Cuff wouldn't a durst do that, Lord a-massy no! He was allers there in church sittin up in the doctor's clothes, rollin up his eyes and lookin as pious as ef he'd never thought of racin bosses; he was an awful solemn lookin nigger in the church, Cuff was.

"But there was a lot o' them fellers up in Pequot Holler-Bill Atains and Ike Sanders and Tom Peters and them Hokum boys—used to go out arter meetin' Sunday afternoons and race nosses. Ye see, it was close to the State line, and if the vlectmen was to come down on 'em, they could just whip over the line, and they couldn't

take 'em. "Wal, it got to be a great scandal; the fellers talked about it up to the tavern, and the deacons and tithingman they took it up and went to Parson Williams about it; and the parson he told 'em to keep still, not let the fellers know that they was being watched, and the next Sunday he and the tithingman and the constable they'd ride over and catch 'em in the very act.

"So next Sunday afternoon Parson Williams and Descon Popkin and Ben Bradley (he was constable that year) they got onto their bosses and rode over to Pequot Holler. The Doctor's blood was up, and he meant to come down on 'em strong, for that was his way of doin' in the parish; and they were in a sort o' day o' judgment frame o' mind, and jogged along solemn as a hearse, till come to rise the hill above the holler they see three or four fellers with their hosses gettin' ready to race; and the parson says he, "Let's come on quiet and get behind these bushes, and we'll see what they're up to and catch em in the act.

"But the mischief on it was that Ike Sanders see 'em comin' and he knew Tam in a minit-lke knowed Tam of old, and he jist tipped the wink to the

"Wait, boys,' says he, 'let 'em git close up and then I'll give the word, and the doctor's hoss will be racin' ahead like thunder.'

"Wal, so the Doctor and his folks they drew up behind the bushes, and stood there, innocent as could be, and saw 'em gittin' ready to start. Tam he began to snuffle and paw, but the doctor never mistrusted what he was up to till Ike sung out, 'go it boys" and the hosses all started, when, suge as you live, boys, Tam gave one fly, and was over the bushes and in among 'em going it like chain lightning, ahead of em all.

em goin' it so like thunder; and the doctor he was took so sudden it was all he could do to jest bold on any way, so away he went, and trees and bushes and ferrees streaked by him tike ribbons; his hat flew off behind him and his wig arter, and he got catched in a barberry bush, but Lordy massey, he couldn't stop to think o' them. He jest leaned down and caught Tam around the neck and held on for dear life, till they

come to the stopping place.
"Wal, Tam was ahead o' them all. sure enough, and was snorting and snuffling as if he'd got the very old boy in him, and was up to racin' some more on the spot.

"That 'ere Ike Saunders was the impudentist feller that ever you see, and he roared and haw-hawed at the doc-

"Good for you, doctor,' says he 'you beat us all koller,' says he; takes a parson for that, don't it boys?' he said. And then he and Ike and Tom and the two Hokum boys they just roaved and danced round like wild crit-

"Wal, now only think o' it, boys What a situation that was for a minister—a man that had come out with the best of motives to put a stop to the Sabbath breakin'! There he was, all rumpled up and dusty and his wig hanging in the bushes, and these 'ere ungodly fellers gittin' the laugh on him, and all acause o' that 'ere hoss. There's times, boys, when .. inisters must be tempted to swear, if there ain't preventing grace, and this was one o' the times to Parson Williams. They say he got red in the face, and looked as if he should burst, but he didn't say nuthin;' he scorned to answer, the sons of Zerniah was too hard for him, and he let 'em have their say; but when they'd got through, and Ben had brought him his hat and wig, and brushed and set-tled him agin, the parson he says:

"Well, boys, ye've had yer say and yer laugh, but I warn you now I won't have this thing going on any more,' says he, 'so mind yerselves.'
"Wal, the boys see that the doctor's blood was up, and they rode off pretty quiet, and I believe they never rode no

more on that spot.

"But there sin't no telling the talk this 'ere thing made. Folks will talk you know, and there warn't a house in all Billriky, nor in the south parish nor center where it warn't had over and discussed. There was the deacon and Ben Bradley was there to witness and show jest how the thing was, and that the doctor was jest in the way of his duty; but folks said it made a great scandal; that a minister had no business to have that kind o' hoss, and that he'd give the enemy occasion to speak reproachfully. It reely did seem as if Tam's sins was imputed to the doctor; and folks said he ought to sell Tam right away, and get a sober minister's

"But others said it was Cuff that had got Tam in bad ways, and they do say that Cuff had to eatch it pretty lively when the doctor come to settle with him. Cuff thought his time had come him. Cuff thought his time had come had say so scared that "But others said it was Cuff that had sure enough, and was so scared that he turned blacker'n ever; he got enough

to cure him o' hoss racing for one while. But Cuff got over it arter a while, and so did the doctor; there was a rumpus and a fuss, and folks talked and talked and advised; everybody had their say, but the doctor kep' right straight on, and kep' his hoss all the same.

"The ministers they took it up in the association, but come to tell the story it set them all laughing, so they couldn't be very hard on the doctor.

The doctor felt sort o' streaked at fust when they told the story on him; he didn't just like it, but he got used to it, and finally when he got twisted on it, he would sort o' smile and say. 'Any way Tam beat 'em, that's one comfort.

The Story of a Toad--- The Queer Pet of a Williamsport Girl.

Some of the little ones of our "House hold" ask for more stories, so I will tell them about my pets when I was a little girl eight years old. He was the largest toad I ever saw, and I named him "Bob." This is the way I happened to get such a queer pet: Our man was at work in the garden and ac-cidentally cut the toad with his hoe. He was about to kill him to put him out of his misery—as it was a very deep, bad cut on the fleshy part of his hind leg when my father, who stood by, picked the poor thing up, and calling to me, put it earefully in my apron and told me to take it carefully into the house and attend to its leg. I knew just what to do, for my good mother kept a box of rags where we children could always find them; and a bottle of bloodroot steeped in brandy. which is very good for cuts and bruises. I named my funny pet Bob the very first thing so I could talk to him, and try to make him know I was anxious to cure him. I pressed the edges of the cut carefully together, after first washing it in warm water, and bound it up snugly in soft linen rags, as I had so often seen my mother do for our numerous wounds; then I wet it well with bloodroot, and although I know it smarted very much, Bob held quite still and kept looking at me with his bright eyes, as much as to say, "thank I was never afraid to handle toads as most little girls and boys are, for father had taught me how useful they are to destroy insects in the garden, and when I went out walking I brought home all I could see (in my apron) and put them among the melon and cucumber vines. I was shown how to handle them so as not to hurt them, and I knew they could not hurt me, so I held poor Bob very carefully in my lap while I built him a little house under a bush, where he would not be disturbed. I first made him a soft bed of nice, cool grass, and laid him on it; and then I got some flies and other insects to feed him and watched and attended to him every day. I changed the rag on his leg occasionally and kept it wet all the time with blood root. He kept very quiet. and I saw the cut was healing nicely After I had had him about three weeks went one day as usual, when lo! the door of Bob's house lay flat on the grass and there was no toad there! nunted about for him for a long time "Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley in vain, until finally I spied something jest stood and held their breath to see white moving along on the ground, and running to it found Bob trying to hop with the rag partly off his leg dragging behind him. I took it off then, as the cut was pretty well healed, although there was a very bad scar that would always remain, so we could never mistake any other big toad for him. He hopped with a funny little limp that always made us all laugh. He was very tame and never went far away from the

> fond of him, and I think he loved me in his poor, dumb way.

house. When I was sitting by the kitchen door I would call "Bob," and

he would come and sit just as close to

me as he could get. I never handled

him much as it hurt him; but I used

to think he understood all I said to

hot afternoons and catch flies.

him. He would go into the kitchen on

cold weather came he disappeared

mysteriously, and we never could find

out where Bob spent his winters.

Early in the spring he came out of his

hiding-place as brisk as ever. I left

him and all my other pets, with many

tears, five years afterward, and went away to school. While I was gone my

parents moved to another place, and as

take Bob, as he was not to be found.

So, I never saw or heard of him again,

much to my sorrow, for I was very

t was in cold weather they could not

A Story of the Vicksburg Campaign. It appears that after Vicksburg had been invested and the South threatened at other points, Governor Allen, of Louisiana, conceived the desperate idea of capturing the person of General Grant. He believed that Grant was the evil ge-nius of the Confederacy, and that if he could be killed or taken prisoner, the siege of Vicksburg could be raised and the Federal army driven back. He sent for Joe Lee and imparted to him his thoughts, and asked him if he could devise a plan. It was readily taken to by Lee, who immediately proposed to execute the daring enterprise. At that time—that is in the spring of 1864— Grant and his army were encamped at Milligan's Bend, near Young's Point, on the Mississippi, some eighteen miles above Vicksburg. General Grant's headquarters were in the dwelling house that belonged to a magnificent plantation, much of which can be seen from the deck of a passing steamer. Joe Lee proposed to go to that house and bring away the body of

GENERAL GRANT, DEAD OR ALIVE. He chose five out of his most trusty men. They were the two James brothers, two of the Younger brothers, and John Jarrett. These, with himself, made six. There never were six better men for such an expedition. Young. strong, and as brave as the bravest. Already they had seen all there is in war; had been tried in the most trying places; had suffered all manner of hardships; did not care much whether they lived or died; were the quickest and best shots in the world, and rode the fleetest horses in the land. It was just before the Federal army set out on that surprising march down the west side of

The plan was for Joe Lee and his five fifteen days she was tossed about in an trusty followers to dress up in Federal uniform, ride on horseback to Milli-gan's Bend, go direct to the house that Grant was stopping at, rush in and secure his person, put him on a spare horse and then escape to the swamps that were near by. On one Saturday evening late the party set out from Dickson's house, near Delhi, and rode toward the Mississippi. Not a soul on earth besides themselves and Governor Allen knew of their desperate mission. It was upward of twenty five miles they had to travel, and the night was a dark one, but before they arrived at the edge of the woods that bor lered on the plantation of Grant's headquarters. No enemy was there to attack from the west side, and there was no particular pre-caution about guards. All the pickets were passed before sun up, and, while the General yet lay asleep, the guerillas rode boldly up through the open field toward the house. There they were six men seven horses; the empty saddle for the commander of the hundred thousand men who encamped about in every direction. They approached in almost a stone's throw of the bouse, when they met a negro; they were discovered. It was an old man whom these very men had run away from Delhi not ten days before. He knew them all. and immediately gave the alarm. In a moment there was a great tumult, and the six guerillas had nothing to do but save their lives. All broke through the field, and in the twinkling of an eye were back in the woods, but not until a hundred shots had been fired at them. Before the sun went down they landed safe at their favorite rendezvous. Thus was frustrated one of the most daring plots of the war. It is not probable that General Grant took any particular notice of the affair, and it is not at all probable that he has ever realized the valuable services of the old colored man. What interretation the officers of the army put upon the presence of

MEDITATIONS AT MEMPHIS.

filoomy Reflections for Returning Refu-

move them. -St. Louis Post.

A few more days and the 30,000 ref ugee Memphians, who are scattered over the union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the lakes to the Ohio river. will return to their homes. They will be welcomed by a few, very few, the survivors of what must pass into history as the great plague of 1878. They will have many questions to ask, and will look in vain for friends who have long since been mustered with the dead. Nearly four thousand of their fellow citizens, counting those who died far from home and friends, have fallen victims to the scourge, among them hundreds of men and women who were of the most valued of our population. Men and women who by industry, tal ent and energy, and force of those vir-tues the good prize most, had won for themselves a recognized place in every avenue of industry and society. Preach ers and priests who ministered at altars now desolate, who were the exemplars f an earnest piety and the leaders of Christian hosts, are "silent now forevermore." Many of the counsellors, guides, and advisors of the coming generation who in all the occupations of life were looked up to with pride, have joined the "innumerable throng." Hundreds, too, of the honest poor, the patient multitude who bear the heat and burden of the day, will be missed, and none will be able to tell more of them than that they have passed away, have laid down the weary load of life, have ceased to struggle, and are at rest. Children will return to their schools and call for loved companions who can no longer hear the summons, and the servant will ask for the master, and the master for the servant, now dumb in death. Day after day will reveal to the returned absentee the dreadful wide-spread destruction of life, and perhaps after months of inquiry, the full effects of the visitation will dawn upon him as we know it who have withstood it face to face. Then the torture of suspense he himself endured will dwindle down to nothing, and the plauge will reveal itself in all its force as a warning against the indifference and reckless disregard of health and life that have hitherto charact rized us The many hundred orphans, the help less widows and the men who walk our streets in mute despair, all that is left of once happy households will neighten the sad picture, intensify its gloom, and perhaps quicken the impulse for prompt reform which should be a result, which must be a result if we would avoid a repetition of the sad experience of the last six months. We must have sanitary reform; we must have the Nicolson pavement taken up this winter, whether we can replace it or not; we must sewer the bayou, and we must establish a health board on a basis so strong that it can enforce its own decrees through the courts and compel obed ence by poor and rich alike to the laws, the disregard of which has cost us so much sorrow. If this is not done a recurrence of the plague is only a question of time, and another such visitation means the death not only of good citizens, but the destruction of Memphis. Life is too short, at the best, to be jeopardized even every five or twenty-five years by the yellow fever, and no prospects, however flattering, will repay the losses in trade which our merchants and business men have this fall been forced to bear. -- Memphis Appeal. Sad End of a Romantic Marriage.

A curious divorce suit now on trial in Bridgeport introduces plenty of romance, with the old moral against runaway matches. Miss Elizabeth Adams years ago lived in Syracuse, N. Y. She met clandestinely one Charles E. Hill, who soon after went as clerk to China. She kept up a correspond-euce with him, but her parents did not know she even had his acquaintance. One day she started on a journey with her mother, but got left at a way station and disappeared. She was not heard of for a week, and then came a letter that she had sailed to marry Mr. Hill. The ship was wrecked, and for

open boat. Finally she was rescued and married Hill. Now she sues for a divorce after all that she endured to get her husband. She came home twice after marriage, and in 1866 her Chinese servants were the wonder of Syracuse Of recent years Mrs. Hill has been trav eling abroad. Not long ago, at Bridge port, she filed a bill for divorce. He heard of it, and, being very rich, wrote to a Maine friend to give her \$75,000 if she would make it a quiet separation, Subsequently, hearing that the affair had become public, he reduced his offer to \$25,000. His friend called at the Sterling House to talk it over with her, and immediately she broke a pitcher over his head and had him arrested for assault. He also complained against her. They are at it. Hill has filed a bill of divorce, and is on the way home to fight, and there it stands. Scand disgrace, discord, etc., all the natural fruit of the one-sided elopement of long ago. - Hartford Courant

OLD TUNNELING PETE.

Story of a Life Passed Mostly Underground. Old "Tunneling Pete" was what he

was always called and if he had any

other name it was never heard on the

Pacific coast. It is said that he was

from the lead mines of Galena, Ill.,

where they to this day tell how he bur-

from cave to cave in search for 'miner-

rowed his way through the limestone

al,' making the cave last found his abiding place. Even in those days he was nearly always underground. How he managed to endure the light of day long enough to cross the plains has al-ways been a mystery to all who knew him. Some assert that he traveled only during the night, and others that he wore a huge pair of goggles of black glass. Old Pete landed in California in 1849, and as soon as he struck the golden soil took pick and shovel, and the strange and hostile men at such a went out of sight beneath it. During time and place is not known, but if the ten years he mined in California he there were any doubts as to their miswas under the ground most of the time. sion, this bit of history may serve to reonly coming out to the light of the day at night, as a son of Erin would say. He appeared to hate the sun, which kept him winking and blinking even when his eyes were half closed, as they always were when he was on the surface. In California old Pete mined the gravel banks Mexican fashion, running coyote holes in them till they were greater puzzle than was the famed labyrinth of Crete. What he done with the gold he found no one ever knew. as he was never seen to have any in his possession, nor was he ever seen to purchase either food or drink. It was the same in the lead mines, and a story came from Galena that he was not a human being, but a gnome in disgrace in some shape with the beings of his race. He was seen here on the Comstock soon after silver was found, but straightway disappeared under ground. No one saw him on his way hither or knew he was coming; the first intima-tion they had of his migration was when he was seen here. There were those among the prospectors of that day who swore that old Pete had merely extended one of his California holes and so "come square through the Sierra Neva-It is reported that da mountains." after the day of his arrival he was not seen for over two years, when he finally came out near where the town of Sutro now stands some now say that Mr. Sutro followed in on "old Pete's hole" when he dug his tunnel, otherwise he could never have found his way to the Comstock. The story goes that when old Pete's head popped out through the ground by the verge of the valley, it was daylight, and when he saw the cottonwood trees along the Carson River he is *aid to have been in a terrible rage, as he had supposed be was deep enough to pass under the channel of the Carson and get beneath the big peaks of Como. All day he sat winking and blinking and cursing and swearing in the mouth of his hole-for old Pete was fearfully wicked-and at night he gathered up his drifting-bar, pick and shovel, and crossed over the hills to Flowery District, where he set to work, and was out of sight under the base of a big hill long before morning. He was seen on the surface, in the twilight and of moonlight nights, two or three times each year by the miners of Flowery until about three years ago. when he seemed to have disappeared for good. No one cared much whither he had gone, for he was an unsightly old man and exceedingly snappish and disagreeble. One morning about months ago some Indians rushed into the village of Flowery in a terrible fright, saying the "devil" had appeared in their camp. A few miners went with the Indians and found old Pete sitting in the big hole, through which it was evident he had just risen. The old man's eyes were glassy and his gray hairs were matted with clay, like those of a badger just dragged from his hole, and it was easy to see that he was on his last legs. He said he had come to the surface to get a mouthful of fresh air in order that he might have strength to die. He had just life enough left to say that he had been away up under the roots of the Comstock during the past three years, and had there seen more wealth than Fair, Mackey, or any mining millionaire of them all and ever dreamed of. "They will never find it, though," chuckled he; "they will never find it! They will never go down to where it is; they will become discouraged far above, up among the twisting clays and cross-courses and faults and great horses of porphyry. must die now, but none of them will ever find what I have seen -no never So saying, the old fellow suddenly pressed his hands to his breast, a rattling came from his throat, he fell back upon the ground, gasped, and clutched the gravel with his bony fingers, a tremor passed through his frame, he straightened out, and was dead 4. Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Coffee tablets. - A Frenchman roasts coffee, grinds it to flour, moistens it slightly, mixes it in twice its weight of powdered white sugar, and then presses it into tablets. One of these tablets can be dissolved at any time-in hot or cold water, making at once the very perfection of coffee; and it is claimed that it will go much further this way.