

EIGHTEEN.

Eighteen years of blooming May,
Eighteen Summers' sunny glow,
Eighteen Autumns' purple haze
Eighteen Christmas-tides of snow!

MY SISTER SUSETTA.

"I am going, Addie, so it is useless
to argue the point," my sister says,
as she stands on tiptoe to pluck a rose
that is almost out of her reach, her
loose sleeve falling back from her
beautifully molded arm with its dimpled
elbow.

Susetta is so pretty that everybody
falls in love with her—men, women
and children; but she has her faults—
who has not?—and her obstinacy
makes me sigh.

She is affianced to one of the best
young men that ever drew breath; but
they quarrel so often that I frequently
wonder if their engagement will ever
end in marriage.

Trevor Chudleigh is awfully fond of
her; but she does lead him such a
dance!

Now, if I only had a lover like Trevor,
how differently I would behave.
Alas! I am not a beauty, and although
"handsome is as handsome does" is a
very good saying, young men, as a
rule, prefer pretty faces to plain ones.

Trevor is away, worse luck! and before
he went begged Susetta not to attend
those awful races. It wasn't much to
ask, I think; but Susetta says he is
a tyrant, and if she doesn't get some
enjoyment out of life before she is
married, she never will afterward.

She is going with those Fieldwicks,
too, and Trevor always says Mrs.
Fieldwick is fast.

She certainly does paint and powder
openly, as if indifferent to criticism
at that point as Lady Morgan; but
she is an amiable woman for all that.
Still, if I were Susetta, I should not
seek her society, knowing Trevor's
dislike to her.

But poor Susetta is so fond of pleasure.
It is a perfect mania with her.

She always wants to be amusing
herself, and hates quiet as much as I
love it. I often wonder how Trevor
and Susetta will get on if they ever do
marry, for he is so grave and studious
and she so giddy and flighty.

He said to me one day—how well I
remember his words:

"Addie, I wish your sister resembled
you in your fondness for home. She
always wants to be gadding about. I
never knew such a restless creature
in my life!"

"You must bear with her," I answered.
"Is she so young and pretty, Trevor,
and we have made such a pet of her.
She does not know what it is to be
denied anything she wants."

"I know you always stand up for her,"
he observed with a smile; "you are
a good girl, Addie."

This was before he went away to
London on business. He has been
gone about a week, and Susetta has
had a letter from him every morning.
Happy Susetta! What more can she
want since she has his love? It would
not be much of a sacrifice to stay
away from the races.

Susetta looks lovely in her blue dress,
coquettish hat and blue veil, and it
isn't likely, she tells me, that she is
going to stick at home while other
people are enjoying themselves.

"If old Trevor"—he is eight-and-
twenty—"doesn't like it he can do the
other thing," she says, with a laugh.
"Who don't you marry him yourself,
you little prude?"

"Because he never asked me," is my
quiet reply; "but if a good man loved
me, I would never trifle with his
feelings, Susetta."

"You are perfection, and I am not,"
says my pretty sister. "Good-by,
Addie."

And she hurries out of the house, for
a smart four-in-hand has just drawn
up to the door, and going to the window
I watch Susetta as she is helped up
to the top and takes her place beside
Mrs. Fieldwick, whose red and white
is laid on extra thick. I fancy to-day,

Then I sit down on the sofa and cry
a little for Trevor, but more for
myself. Oh, if he had loved me, how
eagerly I would have obeyed his
slightest wish! But he does not love
me—so what is the use in indulging
such thoughts? They are foolish and
wrong.

Mother and our one servant are not
very observant, but the fear that they
may notice that I have been weeping
makes me dry my eyes; but not before
I have made myself uglier than ever.
Perfection, Susetta called me. Yes, I
am a perfect freight.

I look at my self in the mirror.
What do I see? A small pale face,
light eyes, and sandy hair. An en-
trancing picture truly.

Alma Tadema says a woman with
a beautiful figure seldom has a beautiful
face, and my figure is undeniably
good. Susetta has often told me so
for my consolation, when I have
admired her pretty features.

There is a double knock at our front
door, and our servant being busy, I
open it.

"A telegram, miss," says the boy
who stands there.

It is for Susetta, and I open it with-
out hesitation, for Susetta and I have
no secrets from each other.

To my dismay, it is from Trevor, to
say that he will be with Susetta that
afternoon. Of course she will not be
here to receive him. What will he
think!

I tell mother the news, and she says,
calmly:

"My dear, it is no business of ours;
Susetta must manage her own affairs.
She would go to the races, and your
sister and Trevor must settle the matter
between them."

Mother is a little bit vexed with
Susetta, for Trevor is a very good
man, and she has never stopped at
home for once just to please him.

"If she had only known he was
coming back to-day," I say, regret-
fully, "she would not have gone in
that case, and all would have been
well."

"Don't you bother your dear little
head over Susetta's affairs," returns
mother, kissing me. "You'll have
enough to do if you trouble yourself
about her. There never was such an
obstinate, self-willed girl."

"But she loves Trevor," I say, ear-
nestly.

"I doubt it," returns mother, shak-
ing her head. "If she cared for him
she would be ready to make a greater
sacrifice than stopping away from the
races for his sake."

"But she is so pretty, mother, and so
fond of pleasure."

"All the worse for Trevor," retorts
mother, who is deeply vexed. "But
since you are so staunch in her de-
fense, I'll leave you to make excuses
for her. My head aches, and I am going
to lie down."

"But, oh, mother! what can I say to
him?" I cry in dismay.

"Just what you please," returns
mother. "If I were to see him, I
should tell him what I think of Sus-
etta's behavior, and you would object
to that. I know."

"Oh, mother! don't be hard on our
petted darling!" I say, and mother's
face relaxes, and I see a smile lurking
at the corners of her mouth; but she
won't wait to see Trevor, neverthe-
less.

He will look so bright and eager
when he comes into the room, and I
shall see such blank disappointment
on his face as he looks in vain for Sus-
etta—Susetta, who is enjoying her-
self at the races in company with
those objectionable Fieldwicks.

I go to the piano, but rise from the
music stool in a very few minutes,
and take up a book, then, throwing it
down, begin to walk restlessly to and
fro, for I can settle to nothing.

Presently I hear Trevor knocking
at the hall door. I know his rat-tat-
tat so well, and an instant later he is
in the room, asking eagerly for Sus-
etta.

"Was she not pleased to get my tel-
egram?" he continues.

"She was far from home when it
came," I say, trying to appear at my
ease, "so I opened it."

"Quite right, sister Addie," returns
Trevor, looking a little disappointed,
but still speaking cheerfully. "But
where is Susetta?"

"She is spending the day with some
friends," I answered, with a
foolish desire to put off telling the
truth as long as possible.

Trevor's handsome face darkens,
and his eyes flash ominously, as he
says:

"Adeline, she has never gone to the
races?—she would not do that after
what I have said. But you don't
answer me. She has gone, then?"

I am still silent, and Trevor begins
to pace up and down the room in a
state of the greatest agitation. He is
terribly put out, and makes no attempt
to hide it from me.

"And I shortened my stay in Lon-
don, and hurried back for this," he
says, bitterly, coming to a standstill
before my chair. Addie, I am begin-
ning to wonder whether Susetta is
worthy of all the love I have lavished
upon her."

"Nonsense, Trevor," I say quickly.
"You must not speak like that of my
sister. She is foolish, I know; but
there is not a better girl in the whole
world."

He gives me a quick glance as I
finish speaking, and sighs impatiently.

"I know one thing," he says, after a
pause; "she could not have a better
sister. Why is it you always take her
part, Addie? Have you no sympathy
for me?"

He puts his hand on my shoulder
as he speaks, never dreaming how
that light touch thrills me and how
hard it is to steady my voice, as I
reply:

"I sympathize with you both. Ah!
if you would only take 'Bear and
forbear' for your motto!"

"Have I not borne enough already?"
demanded Trevor, with another sigh.
"Addie!" he cries, suddenly, and the
blood rushes to his face, "she has not
gone with the Fieldwicks. She has!
Then, by Heaven! I will never forgive
her."

"Hush, Trevor!" I say, soothingly.
"You will be sorry for talking like
this when your anger is over. After
all, she has not done anything desper-
ately wrong."

"Would you have done it, Addie?"
I hesitate for a moment, scarcely
knowing what reply to make; but I
must say something in my sister's de-
fense, and I answer gently:

"You forget how different we are,
Susetta and I. She is so fond of
pleasure, and I have ever been a home
bird."

"What a fortunate man your hus-
band will be!" says Trevor. "You
are the woman to make a man's home
happy, and fill his life with sunshine."

"But men love beauty," I say, with
a faint smile.

"Then men are fools," exclaims
Trevor, forgetting that his remark is
scarcely complimentary, and he, at
any rate, has not been proof against
the fascination of a pretty face. "I
mean," he adds, quickly, "that a man
who is wise will seek a wife who is
good, as well as beautiful."

"The man who is wise will not
marry at all," I observe, laughingly.
"Who takes a wife takes trouble and
care."

But Trevor is not in the humor to
laugh at anything. He hates the idea
of Susetta associating with the Field-
wicks, and is deeply wounded that
she should have gone to the races, in
defiance of his wishes.

Trevor and I are in the garden when
the four-in-hand dashes up to the gate,
and I notice with horror that Mr.
Fieldwick shows evident signs of hav-
ing had too much champagne.

He wears a false nose, and presents
a wholly comical appearance. At
any other time I should find it impos-
sible not to laugh, but now I can feel
nothing but dismay.

Susetta is helped down by a young
man with light hair, and stands at the
gate as the coach bows along the
road. She has not seen Trevor yet.
When she does, her cheeks lose a lit-

tle of their rich bloom, and a half-
frightened, half-defiant look comes
into her eyes.

"You here, Trevor," she says, hold-
ing out her hand.

"You did not expect to see me," he
observes, coldly.

"If I had, I should have stopped at
home," she answers, and then I slip
indoors and leave them alone.

Presently Susetta joins me, but
without Trevor. They had quarreled,
it seemed, and parted in anger.

"Susetta," I say entreatingly, "you
have not sent him away?"

"He has gone, my dear," she an-
swers, and begins to sing, but I fancy
her voice trembles a little.

"Oh, Susetta," I say, "pray, think
of what you are doing! He loves you
so!"

"He says he never wants to see my
face again," she answers, and then
continues her song.

It is growing dark, but I fancy I can
see a figure lingering near the gate.
Can it be Trevor?

"Susetta," I say, "do you know
Trevor is going to leave England?"

It is an awful fib, for he had never
said so; but it is what I imagine he
will do; for his estrangement with Sus-
etta continues, and I cannot bear to
see these two people, who love each
other, spoiling their lives from sheer
obstinacy and ill-temper. I love them
so dearly that I would fain see them
happy.

"Going to leave England because I
went to the races, I suppose you
mean," says Susetta. "Well, let him
go—I don't care!"

"If you don't care, why are you cry-
ing?" I ask, hoping she is crying; for
I am not sure of it, and the assertion
is only a bold venture on my part.

"I am not crying," returns my sis-
ter, in a choking voice. "If Trevor
loves me so little that he can leave me
forever because I committed an act of
folly, he isn't worth crying about.
Perhaps if he had known how my con-
science had pricked me all day, and
how I had resolved never to go out
with those horrid people again, he
wouldn't have been so hard on me."

"It is too late now," I say, watching
Trevor's shadow. "After all, dear,
he was too exacting, you'll find some
one more kind and considerate, and
learn to forget him."

"Never!" replies my sister, indig-
nantly. "If you had ever been in love,
you would know that such a thing is
impossible. You have no feeling, Ad-
eline."

"Darling!" This expression does
not come from me, but from Trevor,
who, leaping through the window,
claps Susetta in his arms.

I am about to retire from the room,
when Trevor, still holding my sister
in his embrace, takes my hand and
lifts it to his lips.

"Addie," he says, "I shall never for-
get the service you have done me."

"Was it a plot between you?" asks
Susetta, struggling to free herself.

Trevor stoutly denies this, and so
do I, and Susetta appears satisfied.
But in her own mind I fancy she still
has her doubts. I know one thing,
she is always very grateful to me for
what I did that night. If she knew
all, perhaps she would be more grate-
ful still.—Alfred Crayton.

The Size of the Udder.

The size of the milk vessel is by no
means an indication of the quantity of
milk it will contain. I remember, as
a youngster, being tremendously de-
ceived in this respect. I sent a long
distance to purchase an Alderney that
had an udder so large as to interfere
with her walking. She was by no
means a deep milker, and her udder
was mainly meat. Whereas a small
vessel, with tiny teats, will oftentimes
go on milking until the pail runs
over. Recent experience has put me
in possession of a secret which I will
mention for the good of your readers.
I have lately bought several cows that
had "lost quarters." An intelligent
cow-man that I met one day called my
attention to the fact that he had

found to reason that it should be so.

Cor. National Live Stock Journal,
Chicago.

The Culinary Art in Japan.

One great drawback to foreign travel
in Japan is said, by a correspondent
of the Chicago Times, to be the diffi-
culty of getting suitable food. It is
better in that country to "eat such
things as are set before you and ask
no questions," for there is such a
general mixture of cookery that to
know what one is eating is not always
pleasant. If you tell the Japanese
to cook you a chicken you hear a
squawking in the house, and in just
five minutes the bird is before you, all
cooked. Thin copper pans are placed
upon a charcoal fire, and almost im-
mediately they are heated to a white
heat. Oil is dropped in, the chicken
on top, and all is over. The diet of
the natives is mostly rice, sweet po-
tatoes, fish and a few vegetables.
Buckwheat is made into soup. Flesh
is but little eaten, and only since the
advent of foreigners have they learn-
ed to eat it at all.

A Mexican Delicacy.

In the market places of several
Western Mexico towns peasant women
bring in for sale trays, covered with
living ants, each about as big and
round as a large white currant, and
each entirely filled with honey or
grape-sugar, much appreciated by the
ingenious Mexican youth as a heli-
cious substitute for coffee. They hold
the ant by its head and suck out the
honey, with which its back parts are
greatly distended, and throw away
the empty body. Women buy the ants
by the quart, press out the honey
through a muslin strainer and make
it into a sweet intoxicant that is
greatly enjoyed by Mexican youth and
husbands.—Philadelphia Press.

THE LOST CHILD.

A Highland Incident Illustrating the Faithful-
ness of a Dog.

A shepherd who inhabited one of
the valleys or glens which intersect
the Grampian Mountains, in one of his
excursions to look after his flock, hap-
pened to carry along with him one of
his children, an infant of three years
old. This is not an unusual practice
among the Highlanders, who accustom
their children from the earliest infancy
to endure the rigors of the climate.

After traversing his pastures for some
time, attended by his dog, the shep-
herd found himself under the necessity
of ascending a summit at some
distance, to have a more extensive
view of the range. As the ascent was
too fatiguing for the child, he left him
on a small plain at the bottom, with
strict injunctions not to stir from it
till his return. Scarcely, however,
had he gained the summit, when the
horizon was darkened by one of those
impenetrable mists which frequently
descend so rapidly amidst these moun-
tains, as, in the space of a few minutes,
almost to turn day to night. The
anxious father instantly hastened back
to find his child, but owing to the un-
usual darkness and his own trepidation,
unfortunately missed his way in the
descent. After a fruitless search
of many hours, he discovered that he
had reached the bottom of the valley
and was near his own cottage. To re-
new the search that night was equally
fruitless and dangerous. He was,
therefore, compelled to go home al-
though he had lost both his child and
his dog, who had attended him faith-
fully for many years.

Next morning, by break of day the
shepherd, accompanied by a band of
his neighbors, set out in search of his
child; but after a day spent in fruitless
fatigue, he was at last compelled, by
the approach of night, to descend from
the mountain. On his returning home
to his cottage, he found that the dog,
which he had lost the day before, had
been home, and on receiving a piece of
cake, had instantly gone off again.

For several successive days the shep-
herd renewed his search for his child,
and still, on returning home disap-
pointed in the evening, he found that
the dog had been home, and on receiv-
ing his usual allowance of cake, had
instantly disappeared. Struck with
this singular circumstance, he remain-
ed at home one day; and when the
dog, as usual, departed with his piece
of cake, he resolved to follow him, and
find out the cause of this strange pro-
cedure. The dog led the way to a cat-
aract at some distance from the spot
where the shepherd had left his child.
The banks of the cataract almost joined
at the top, yet separated by an abyss
of immense depth, presented that ap-
pearance which so often astonishes and
appalls the travelers that frequent the
Grampian mountains. Down one of
these rugged and almost perpendicular
descents the dog began, without hesi-
tation, to make his way, and at last
disappeared by entering a cave, the
mouth of which was almost level with
the torrent. The shepherd, with diffi-
culty, followed; but on entering the
cave, what were his emotions when he
beheld his infant eating with much sat-
isfaction the cake which the dog had
just brought him, while the faithful
animal stood by eyeing his young
charge with the utmost satisfaction.
From the situation in which the child
was found, it appeared that he had
wandered to the brink of the precipice,
and then either fallen or scrambled
down till he reached the cave. The
dog, by means of his scent, had traced
him to the spot, and afterwards pre-
vented him from starving by giving up
to him his own daily allowance.—Ex-
change.

Randolph's Dogs.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was as
peculiar when it came to dogs as he
was in many other respects. Mr.
Henderson, the intelligent barber
under the American house, lived in
Richmond, Va., when he was a little
shaver—he is a big one now, and a
very good one, by the way—and often
saw old John and heard his piping
voice. Randolph had relatives in Rich-
mond, and frequently drove up from
Roanoke to visit them. His carriage
was very large, very showy, and very
much admired. It had great leather
straps for springs, and a high seat in
front for the driver. When he came
into Richmond Randolph kicked up a
vast amount of dust, and people ran
to the windows to see him pass. Three
horses dragged the carriage. The
leader was ridden by Juba, a black
man, while John, the driver, sat on
the seat and drove the other two
Randolph on such occasions would
lean back and gaze about him the
same as if he had been a king or a conqueror.
Trailing behind the carriage were five
or six immense greyhounds, who
seemed to recognize the pomposity
of their situation, for they turned up
their noses at the other dogs and said
nothing. Juba was invested with the
exclusive care of these dogs, and was
ordered by his master to furnish them
with clean plates to eat from, and with
the best steaks that the market afford-
ed. Under no circumstances would
Randolph permit his dogs to eat scraps
from the table. Their palates were
tickled with choice cuts, and their
thirst quenched with rich milk.

Dogs were very numerous in those
days, and men were paid premiums
for catching and killing them. As the
Randolph caravan was approaching
Richmond one day the handsomest
dog in the procession ran ahead to see
what he could see. Presently he en-
countered two catchers, who threw a
net over him and then proceeded to
tie a rope about his neck. He whined
and barked, and Juba hearing the
commotion dug his spurs into the flanks
of his leader, while John cracked his
whip, and the whole party, Randolph,
Juba, and John, were borne along on
a run to the rescue. The catchers were
just about to disappear in the woods
by the side of the road with their prize
when Randolph drew up. Taking in
the situation he produced a pistol and
ordered the release of his dog. The
catchers complied at once, whereupon
Randolph screamed out in his peculiar
shrill manner: "Juba, oh, Juba,
fetch some water and wash the dog
where the poor white men had hold of
him."—Cleveland Leader.

Earth Vibrations.

Very probably not only fish but ani-
mals and some birds hear as much by
the vibration of the earth as by the
sound traveling in the atmosphere,
and depend as much upon their im-
mediate perception of the slightest
tremor of the earth as upon recogni-
tion by the ear in the manner familiar
to ourselves. When rabbits, for in-
stance, are out feeding in the grass,
it is often possible to get quite close to
them by walking in this way, extreme-
ly slow, and carefully placing the
foot by slow degrees upon the ground.
The earth is then merely pressed, and
not stepped upon at all, so that there
is no jar. By doing this I have often
moved up within gunshot of rabbits
without the least aid from cover.
Once now and then I have walked
across a field straight at them. Some-
thing, however, depends on the
direction of the wind, for then the
question of scent comes in. To some
degree it is the same with hares. It
is certainly the case with birds, as
wood pigeons, a flock of them, will
remain feeding only just the other side
of the hedge; but if you stamp the
earth, they rise instantly. So will
rooks, though they will not fly far if
you are not armed. Partridges
certainly secure themselves by their
attention to the faint tremor of the
ground. Pheasants do so too, and
make off, running through the under-
wood long before any one is in sight.
The most sensitive are landrails, and
it is difficult to get near them, for
this reason. Though the mowing
grass must conceal an approaching
person from them as it conceals them
from him, these birds change their
positions, no matter how quietly he
walks. Let him be as cunning as he
will, and think to cut off corners and
cross the landrail's retreat, the bird
baffles him nine times in ten. That
it is advised of the direction the
pursuer takes by the vibration of the
surface is at least probable. Other
birds sit and hope to escape by re-
maining still till they detect the
tremor coming direct toward them,
when they rise. Rain and dry weather
change the susceptibility of the
surface to vibrate, and may some-
times in part account for the wildness
or apparent tameness of birds and
animals. Should any one doubt the
existence of such tremors he has only
to lie on the ground with his ear near
the surface; but, being unused to the
experiment, he will at first only notice
the heavier sounds, as of a wagon or
a cart horse. In recent experiments
with most delicate instruments de-
vised to show the cosmic vibration of
the earth, the movements communi-
cated to it by the tides, or by the
"pull" of the sun and moon, it has
been found almost impossible as yet
to carry out the object, so greatly are
these movements obscured by the
ceaseless and inexplicable vibrations
of the solid earth. There is nothing
unreasonable in the supposition that,
if an instrument can be constructed
to show these, the ears of animals
and birds—living organisms, and not
iron and steel—should be able to dis-
cover the tremors of the surface.—
Life of the Fields.

Old Men in Georgia.

A correspondent of The Montezuma
Record has been examining the records
in Dooly county and has discovered
that there are living in Dooly 160
white men who are over 60 years of
age. Of that number 27 are over 70
and 10 are over 80 years of age.

We could not, perhaps, name more
than six men, white or black, in this
county, who are over 80 years of age.

The oldest colored man we ever
saw was living in this county, in 1877.
An amusing incident occurred during
the election to decide the location of
the state capital. The people of
Pulaski were almost unanimous for
Milledgeville, though there were some
clever and influential citizens for
Atlanta.

Among those who favored Atlanta
as the state capital was Mr. Oliver
Jelks, Sr. Those who remember the
old gentleman know how intensely in-
terested he could become in any politi-
cal contest. When he espoused a
cause, he became enthusiastic, and in
the contest between Atlanta and Mil-
ledgeville he let himself out to the
last buckle for Atlanta.

Mr. Jelks gave the old negro men-
tioned an Atlanta ticket and told him
to go to the court-house and vote it.
The old dinky made his way to the
court-house, and as he approached the
polls he was met by some young
white men who were working for
Milledgeville. They looked at the
old fellow's ticket, and seeing it was
for Atlanta, they handed it back to
him and told him that he was too old
to vote.

The old man did not dispute the
statement, but supposed it was so,
and turned round and retraced his
steps. On his way down the street
he was met by Mr. Jelks, who asked
him if he had voted. He replied:

"Old master, de young gemenms
say 'I too old to vote, and I reckon
I is."

Mr. Jelks jumped clear off the
ground, threw his arms wildly into the
air, and shrieked:

"Too old to vote! Too old to vote!
I'll show 'em!" and he led the old
dinky back to the polls and he put
in a vote for Atlanta.

Mr. Jelks, passed away in 1883,
aged upward of 80 years. He was the
oldest man in Hawkinsville. His only
brother, Mr. William C. Jelks, is still
living, and resides at Bartsville, Fla.
We do not know his age, but it is prob-
ably 75 years. He was engaged in
business in Hawkinsville over fifty
years ago.—Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dis-
patch.

A Mad Lawyer.

A young lawyer was making a
violent speech in a justice court the
other day, and during his remarks
made use of some profane language.

"Hold on there, you young squirt,"
yelled the justice, "if you don't use
better language I will fine you for
contempt of court."

"Fine and be d—d to you," yelled
the thoroughly maddened legal
luminary, "you are only a creature of
the statute, and the jurisdiction is only
five dollars, while I have \$100 worth of
contempt for you."—Pretzel's Weekly.

Making Koumiss.

"Koumiss," which many visitors to
the Healtheries found so refreshing, can
be made in the following way: Fill a
quart bottle to the neck with pure milk;
add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar,
after dissolving it in a little water over
a hot fire; then add a small quantity of
compressed yeast. Tie the cork up
well and shake the mixture thoroughly,
then place it in a room at a temperature
of 50 deg. to 90 deg. Fahr. for six hours,
and finally cool in ice over night. The
koumiss will be found cool and re-
freshing in the morning. It is neces-
sary for the success of the attempt that
the milk and yeast be pure and fresh,
and the bottle sound. The bottle should
be opened with care on account of the
effervescence; and if the liquid is seen
to be curdled it should not be drunk, as
this indicates that the fermentation has
been overdone.—Casell's Magazine.

The ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE for April is
a good number, finely illustrated.
Alexander N. De Meil has a strong
paper on Robert Emmet and "Literary
Chats" about Zola, Howells and James,
illustrated magazines and other mat-
ters; Brad and Kil Courtland contribute
a story and poetry; Frank H. Stauffer
the literary editor of the Philadelphia
Call, Mamie S. Paden, Lizzette W.
Reese, Vivien Castane and others have
poems; the essays are: "Cheerfulness"
by Prof. Frank H. Fenno, "Progressive
Euchre" by Champe Carter, "Henry
Labouchere," "Arnold Isler," etc. Jeff.
Joslyn, Judith M. Gardiner and others,
contribute to the "Light Moods"
humorous department. THE ST. LOUIS
is the most progressive of the monthlies,
and now occupies a position in the front
rank of American. Gilmore & Co.,
Publishers, St. Louis, Mo.

The Vexed Question Settled.

Two drummers were disputing very
hotly one night in a smoking car. One
insisted that "either" and "neither"
are correct, while the other stoutly
maintained that only dudes and Anglo-
manics would so pronounce the words,
and that "either" and "neither" were
the proper pronunciations. Finally
they agreed to leave it to the man in
the next seat. They woke him up and
stated the case.

"Now, then, which is right," asked
one of the drummers, "neither or
neither?"

"Nayther," responded the Irishman,
and settled back to sleep, while the
rest of the car accepted an invitation
to take something out of the drummers'
flasks.

The Highest Light in the World.

The Edison Light company has signed
a contract with Colonel Casey, the chief
engineer to the Washington monu-
ment