I dreamed I was an errant shade, . With other shadows bieing Along a road whose downward grade Was simply terrifying.

Before them all, with haughty head, One held the chief position. Whose lofty mien and stately tread Proclaimed his high condition.

While in the eyes of all the rest Sat trouble and dejection, His gold-rimmed orbs alone expressed Approving introspection

We reached a river and embarked Upon a galley gloomy; The seat the stranger took, I marked, Was elegant and roomy. When Charon came to punch his fare

The awe-inspiring specter Transfixed him with a stony stare, And seemed to say, "Director. We reached at length the heavenly gate-The press had free adm'ssions umon herd was forced to wait

And loaded with conditions. The stranger handed in his card, While's and the door we hovered,

And to the high celestial guard His shapely head uncovered. I saw St. Peter smile and bow, Urbane and deferential; The stranger's greeting was somehow A shade more consequential.

"Angel !" the saintly tyler cried, A page straightway appearing. (I don't remember that I tried To wholly keep from hearing.)

I caught the words "Orchestra chair-Be sure you get the right one-See the barp tuner; and take care The halo is a bright one."

"Look lively, too," St. Peler said, "The gentleman is waiting." "Please register,"—he bent his head, The great book indicating. The stranger wrote. I read the scrawl

The sacred page engrossed on; The name was naught, the place was all— "J. Winihrop Wiggins, Boston." -Life.

THE PUEL AT 'POSSUM BRANCH.

Ananias Pickett, yellow, lived on one side of the branch and Jerusalem Johnson, black, commonly called "Ju," lived on the other side. Miss Sophy Giggles, the color of an underdone buckwheat cake, lived about five miles from the branch and was the cause of an undue secretion of bile in

both "Nias" and "Ju." The branch itself is not of sufficient importance to be indicated in red colors on any map of these blessed United States, and yet its local coloring is entertaining enough to warrant its being refinements of city life. taken from the somewhat moldy cupboard of obscurity and placed on the inviting center table of the present

The dark and bloody ground of Kentucky, with its expiations on the field of honor, Blennerhassett's Island with its tragic tale of love and dishonor, have both been embalmed in song and story, why not 'Possum Branch with as to on whom the choice would fall. its Iliad of woman's caprice, man's devotion, and the fearless heroism of fas- born coquette, and gave no sign of the part of second for that meeting. cinated hearts. The branch itself is favoritism. If she went to a ball with a dull, sluggish stream about ten or twelve feet wide, running through the | with Ananias the next, and accepted southern portion of Leon County. In the sticks of sugar cane with the same the East it might be called a creek. In sweet smile and honeyed thanks from the West it might be dignified by the one, as she did the quart of peanuts name of river. In Florida it is simply and suspender buckle from the other. a "branch." A branch of what, I Neither had ever kissed her—so she

It is lined with live oak, water oak, cypress, persimmon and some few other varieties of trees.

The county road goes over it dryshod, on a rustic bridge, shaky and decrepit, the nucleus of any amount of possible and probable acci-

The water is about ten feet deep and very dark. No one but a coroner could possibly find any enjoyment looking at it.

The bridge also serves as a short cut for predatory foxes seeking through highways and byways for the succulent chicken, the philosophic turkey, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and the disciple of a certain school of medicine, and icine-the duck.

At times the trees that line this bank take on a vivid beauty. The bamboo climbs to the tops

of the tallest ones and flings a graceful crown over their swaying Scarlet coronals of unknown flowers

emphasize the fragrant green, through which tiny birds peep out and watch with wide-eyed wonder the creaking vehicles and strange figures and switt darting fins, like errant rays of light, ripple the waters below.

guard over a few acres of broken soil; cotton and potato patches, the garden of long collards and turnips, the parterre of sunflowers and approaching, he showed Aunt Jenny oleanders.

Each demesne has its dilapidated chicken house, its rheumatic shed for Then, carefully replacing it, he rethe reflective mule, and its boudoir for playful swine.

The owners and inhabitants of these freeholds are happy careless negroes, raising enough to eat and a little to sell, basking in the sunshine, and obeying implicitly the scriptural injunction to take no heed to the morrow.

very banks of the branch, in a crouching attitude, as if just about to leap gagement, Ju took Miss Sophy to a into the waters for a bath, both cleansing and sanitary, lived at the time of Rev. Capsicum Grant, on the way which I write, Ananias, one of my

On the west side of the branch the and a lean to, and had forty acres of sang an air from Norma right under land attached to it.

There lived with his parents, Jerusalem, my other hero, until the fiend all over the neighborhood next mornof jealousy entered his otherwise pla- ing, and then the storm came. eid bosom, and left wreck and ruin

Five miles off was another little settlement of the same genus, and here the door thrilled beneath a most lugu-Miss Sophy, my heroine, helped bake brious knock. the hoe cake in the ancestral mansion, and by washing for the neighboring planters' families, earned the shekels that went to purchase articles of mingled ferocity and melancholy. feminine adornment, articles so dear to the average feminine heart: Ananias was tall and thin, elaborate- I shoved my writing materials aside

ly so as to legs, and the suns of twenty five years had enhanced the dingy yellow of his complexion.

His eyes were of the vintage known as "pop," and the premature removal of three front teeth had given him a weirdly poetical pearance. Among intensely black surround-ings. the fairness of his skin was a

drawback, more especially as his parents, by some strange oversight, are both of the same orthodox color. In temperament he was somewhat

haughty and passionate, and by his demeanor seemed to be continually pro-testing against his environment. Although entirely ignorant of belles-letters, or, in fact, of any letters, he

was shrewd and forehanded, and was in a fair way to become something of a capitalist, when the unlucky collapse of the Freedman's Bank swept away the bulk of his garnered hoards. This made him moody and irritable

at times, but did not impair his ability as a cotton picker, which was something wonderful to behold.

Jerusalem, or "Ju," was short and fat, and, like my old friend, Hamlet, somewhat scant of breath.

His skin was so black that soot would have made a white mark upon it. His eyes were small and twinkling, indices of the good humor that animated his being.

His lips were large and luscious, like slices of a ripe mango, and a No. 14 shoe gave him a dignity otherwise impossible to obtain.

His speech was slow and deliberate, indicative of a mind much given to inward thought, and his ears were large and wayward, restless with every motion that flitted across his expansive face.

As an only son and presumptive heir to much land and some stock, his presence was always a desirable one at the little social gatherings that enlivened either side the "branch." The woman in the case, Miss Sophy Giggles, was a winsome creature of some 10 years, voluptuous as to outline, and tasty as to dress.

Her complexion was a clear, healthy brown, and dazzling white teeth lent splendor to her frequent smiling. The way she tightened up her hair

during the work, and let it out on Sundays, convinced all of her inherent genius, and her singing is said to have made many a mocking-bird pull out its tail feathers in sheer envy. She had worked two seasons in Tal-

lahassee, also, so to her other charms were added the yague but delicious

No wonder the little boy Capid used her as a bow from which to launch his dainty arrows. Given the place and material he could not have displayed much greater wisdom. Both men were in love with her;

that was plainly to be seen. Both settlements knew, snickered at it, gossipped over it and speculated Sophy, like most of her sex, was a "Ju" one night she went to a festival

Neither had ever kissed her-so she am not at this moment prepared to said-although the attempt had been often made, and it was an open question as to who would eventually win.

The climax came one day in balmy June, when the birds were singing their sweetest, and the mud turtles felt the throb of joy in their gentle bosoms, and old Aunt Jenny was the

cause of it. She had dropped into the house of Jerusalem's parents for a social chat, and finding no one home but his father, good old Uncle Hypothenuse Johnson, the conversation rapidly drifted in the direction of his love af-

"I dunno, I dunno, Aunt Jinny," was the reply; "but if she merries thet triflin, owdacious, yeller nigger, Ananiah, she's gwinter be sorry fer hit befo' de y'ar am out."

"Well, Uncle 'Nuse, dat boy 'Nias am a right peart boy, on' I year he's got a right smart bunch ob cattle in de woods somewhar."

"Right smart bunch ob cattle!" said Uncle 'Nuse contemptuously. "Sho, that pass slowly by. Outbursts of rarest song can be heard there through the soft languorous days, citedly, "lemme show you wha' my boy Ju'll git when he gits married. And the old man opened a musty old trunk that stood in one corner of the On the east side are half a dozen or room, and, after much delving thereso of rough log cabins, keeping in, and much hard breathing, brought him a pretty stiff drink. out an old stocking.

Glancing cautiously around, even going to the Goor to see if anyone was its precious contents, a goodly store of gold and silver, with some bills. sumed his seat.

"Huh! Right smart bunch ob cat-tle, eh? Aunt Jinny," impressively, "when thet boy ob mine gits married, he gits four-hun'er'd-dollars-an'twenty-acres-ob-good-lan'.'

That settled it; as Aunt Jenny on her way home met Sophy when about In a little log house, standing on the half way there, there could be but one festival held at the residence of the back got his courage to the sticking point, told his love and was coyly but promptly accepted. The kiss that scene was almost literally repeated, followed nearly made an owl tumble with the exception that one of the from his perch near by, and so bewildhouses was of frame, with two rooms | ered him that an audacious tree toad

his very nose. The news of the betrothal was known

That same morning I was sitting in my office trying to evolve an editorial on the beauties of carpet-bagism, when

In answer to my "come in!" behold the long, lank figure of Ananias. His countenance wore a look of

"Cap'pen," said he, "I has come to you for some disvice."

and motioned him to a chair. Then 1 and placed them in position, ten paces lit a cigar, the brand I particularly af- apart, pistol in hand. fect—O. P.—(other people's), and said "Proceed."

He shuffled awkwardly to the chair. Fire! one-two-three! took position on the extreme edge of t, and began his monody:

"Cap'pen, I has been courtin' Miss Sophy Giggles gwine onter two year. I has boughten her lots ob candy, pinders, an' sech like truck, kerried ner to festibules, camp meetints, an' 'scurshins, an' ob course I was 'spectin' to ax her to marry me, but yisterday, which was Chuseday, she went an' promise ter marry dat brack no' count nigger, Jerusalem. I don' care so much about dat, Cappen; but dis morning he stuck out his tongue at me, an' I nebber 'lows no gentleman ter do that to me, so I axes you what I mus' do."

It is the principal weakness of my many weaknesses never to allow an opportunity to pass for fun. Here was a brilliant chance. I embraced

"'Nias" I said, "you are a gentleman are you not?"

"Yes sah," said he "a Souf Car'liny gentleman, sah." "Then," I replied, "you must chal-

lenge him." "What is dat, sah?"

"You must send a note to him, saying he must meet you on the field of honor. In other words you must tight

A smile played over his gentle countenance. "Lord bless you, Cap'pen," said he, "sen' dat note right off; I kin butt dat nigger ter pieces.

"That won't do," said I sternly; "as challenge him to fight you with pis-

His face turned a shade paler and he hesitated. I turned on him quickly, drew my chair close to him and said impressively: "'Nias, there is a tide claims of Delaware. Mr. Gilchrist's in the affairs of love-sick niggers, connection with the case has made which, taken at the flood, leads on to him curiously familiar with the times marriage. I know Ju well. He is a of Charles II. and with the peculiarterrible coward, and will run just as ities of the duke of York and that soon as you present your pistol at him. "able politician" William Penn, who Miss Sophy will hear of it. All women despise cowards. She will 'kick' ting almost anything he wanted from him and you will carry off the cake. I the duke until the latter ran away will go with you, act as your friend, from Whitehall and threw his great and see that all goes right. Will you leave the matter to me?"

"Is you sure he won't fight, Cap'-

"Certainly, I am. Now you go home. Keep quiet. I will see vou through this matter, and when you marry Miss Sophy, will dance at the wedding."

"All right, sah," he replied, and with a buoyant, smiling face left the Half an hour afterwards I was in

the saddle on my way to my old friend Maj. Swivels. To him I repeated the whole affair and besought him to seek Ju and act

On my return to my office I wrote a formal challenge to Ju in the name of Ananias and quietly awaited results. Ju, through his second, Maj. Swivels, accepted the challenge, pistols

were named as the weapons and the following Friday as the time. Thursday afternoon the Major and I

met and perfected all the details. That night for fear 'Nias might lose courage and desert me, I made him sleep in my office and fastened doors and windows on him.

About 5 a. m. the next morning I harnessed my roan mare Nelly to the buggy, took 'Nias in, and started off. The boy was badly trightened, his teeth chattered, and I could hardly

control my risibles. With a careless movement of my foot I dislodged the cover of a box in the front part of the buggy and allowed him a glance at the contents.

These consisted of a hand saw, a long, glittering pruning knife and an

ordinary butchers cleaver. "What's dem fer, Cappen,"

"They are surgical instruments," I replied. "You may be badly wounded, and I may have to cut off your arm or eg to save your life."

"Good gor'-a'-mighty, Cap'pen, let me git right outen dis buggy. He kin hab dat gal if he wants, an' sides dat I forgot to feed de mule dis

"Silence," I said, peremptorily. You have got to fight now, and if you try to escape I'll blow the top of your head off."

paralyzed with fright, and becoming somewhat uneasy at his condition, I pulled out a flask of brandy and gave

After the liquor had partially restored his faculties I said to him, "Now, Nias, brace up and be a man. I tell you that Ju is an awful coward and will run just as soon as you point a pistol at him. Just do as I say and all will be well."

When we got to the appointed place the Major and his protege were already

Ju was a sight. His eyeballs were rolling, his cheeks were as ashen as they could get under the peculiar pigment of his cuticle, and no wonder, for in the Major's buggy were two huge pistols of revolutionary origin, with flint locks, a half gallon syringe, a monkey-wrench and a pair of horse

clippers. The major saluted me in a grave, formal manner.

I returned it as gravely an formsaplings and leaving our respective charges seated, with strict injunctions | the Delaware river forty years ago, not to stir, the Mojor and I retired and had not then been misunderstood some distance for consultation.

"How is your man?" said he, almost choking with laughter.
"Scared to death," I replied, "I

had to brace him up with brandy." let's have a circus. I have loaded the of Newcastle, and had the right to definitions of "mind," "soul," pistols with powder only, of course, make Jerseymen pay a license for fish- "angel," "will," fate," "man,"

We gave the heroes another drink interest.

The Major won the word, and gave it sonorously:

There was a terrific report, a vast cloud of smoke and both men lay prone upon the ground.

I rushed to Ananias and raised him The huge horse pistol recoiling had struck his nose, and it was bleeding profusely.

Ten paces away, Ju just recovering his senses saw the bloody face of his antagonist and yelling "Done kilt him." broke for the woods.

We called after him, but to no avail. He kept on running, and as we have never seen him since we suppose he is running still. About a month later 'Nias came

nto my office, and looking up bashfully, said: "Cap'pen, is you gwine to town ter-day?' "I am," I answered.

"Den if you please, sah, ax at de pos'offis fer Ananias Giggles." "I thought you name was Pickett,"

said. "Dat was my maiding name, sah," he replied with dignity. "I was merried dis mawnin' ter Miss Sophy Giggles."-Hamilton Jay.

## William Penn's Rapacity.

The Delaware fishery question, writes a Trenton correspondent to The New York Tribune, is an example of the cases which have made every lawyer of prominence in New Jersey an antiquarian, with all sorts of curious gentleman you must fight him with facts at his fingers' ends. Ex-Atty. a gentleman's weapons. You must Gen. Robert Gilchrist engaged in the fishery case in 1873, and he has been associated with Cortland Parker, John P. Stockton, ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen, and others in its discussion, and Secretary Bayard has championed the seems to have been successful in get-

> was a grantee under the duke of York as a Jerseyman and a claimant from the same source in Delaware and Pennsylvania. The Jersey grant, 1663-64, renewed after the Dutch defeat, in 1674, was made to Penn among others, and the claim for Delaware was subsequent to and inconsistent with this. New Jersey's titles to land were confirmed in 1702 and by the Revolution.

Delaware's claim to the fishing privileges and to the right to keep Jereymen from the waters of the river date back to 1682. William Penn had obtained the grant of Pennsylvania, but when he arrived he found ten Swedes in Delaware occupying the fair water front. He fixed lustful eyes upon the place, and at length got a grant from the duke of York for the town of Newcastle and all that lay within a twelve-mile circle thereof. The duke, unfortunately for Penn, had no right to make that grant, his brother, King Charles, having never given it to him. Penn evidently understood the deficiency in the grant, for when the duke became king he got his deed redrawn, and it passed through the parliamentary stages and needed only the king's great seal. Just at this juncture King James thought London was getting too hot for him and ran away. It is recorded in an ancient chronicle that "during an unguarded moment that able politician, Penn, confessed to the board of trade that had King James remained two days longer at Whitehail he would have obtained a grant under the great seal for | Vanderbilt has bought a light, single the three counties of Delaware." In 1708 the Delaware assembly knew that Penn had a claim on the counties, but of the lightness and great strength of denied its legitimacy, and before that the king and council had repudiated it. There was a war over the possession in 1737 between Lord Baltimore's men and the Penn tenants, and again The poor young fellow was almost the council decided that the province belonged to the crown; and in 1794 the people of Delaware themselves formally, at a popular election, decided that the crown had possessed the state until its claim had been transferred by the Revolution. It has seemed strange, therefore, that the Penn grant should be made the basis for a claim in the river, which had been, in fact, always possessed by the crown, or general

had used violence to maintain. The Penn grant, which was never really granted, has therefore been a subject of dispute for just 202 years. Rejected at first by the residents of the colony, admitted to be void, fought sembly 150 years ago, formally repudiated by the king and council, rejected have been considered as dead as the tion of who owned Pea Patch island in and construed so that Delaware was able to lay some claim to its genuinethe sole possessor of jurisdiction over "So did I mine," said he, "and now the Delaware river within tweve miles | cendental data and instead of seeking but so heavily that the discharge will ing therein. An injunction of the knock the devil out of them at the United States courts has suspended leaders should gather up all informarst fire."

operations since, and is admitted to be tion possible about the soils, grains, "That will be a good thing," I an-effective still. The end is not yet, for winds, rains, instruments, machines,

government-a fact the Delawareans

NEW STYLES IN CARRIAGES.

Old Gentlemen and Ladies Specially Cared

for-Results of Fresh Designs. During the last few days of favorable weather the roads have literally been tions, and any number of new styles have been seen out. Hence the carnovelties made upon them and a numproduced.

For ease and comfort the grand phæton is noted. It is an elegant, suspension springs, and is very easy. It is well adapted to display a lady's dress. The phæton is painted black, and has a hair-line of amber for decstands six feet from the ground, under hood, French lamps, and liveried serhandsome turnouts to be seen this sea- and health. son. Mr. S. J. Tilden and Mrs. George Osgood have each purchased one. It weighs 1,375 pounds and costs \$2,000.

A new gentleman's spider phæton has been made and sells readily. It is much lighter than the old phæton, having the seats mounted on fine wrought-iron work in place of the old heavy boxes. It can be used with or without a hood and has a rumble at the back for a footman. It weighs eight hundred pounds and costs \$1, 100. Another very roomy phæton has been made especially for ladies' use. It is beautifully ornamented with cane-work on the body and has a large top extending well forward to protect them from the sun's rays. In front is an elaborate silver-plated driving rail ornamented with acorns. It is mounted on very fine and expensive ironwork, and the steps are so arranged that they are easy to mount. It weighs seven hundred pounds and costs \$1,200.

A new style of brougham called the London is very handsome. It is mounted on heavy wheels painted carmine and black. Judge Hilton has purchased one, and had it richly painted in lark colors with his monogram on the panels. It costs \$1,350. An extension rougham with octagon front seats for four persons has handsome cylinler lamps and costs \$1,450. All these arriages are mounted on very fine platorm springs. They are entirely a new leature, and are a great improvement to the carriage.

A very handsome brougham is painted dark green and canary. It is elezantly finished and furnished with atin cushions and horn fittings. It also has oak stable sbutters, to be used when not in use. This costs \$1,400. The demi-mall phaeton is mounted on full Collins axles and has solid wheels. It makes a very fine gentleman's turnout and has a rumble for the footman. It weighs 812 pounds and costs \$1,050.

Mrs. Orme Wilson, nee Astor, will be seen out in a new French victoria. It is a very handsome carriage, mounted on platform springs, and elegantly apholstered with brown fittings. A pair of handsome French lamps decbrate the sides. The carriage weighs 323 pounds and costs \$1,250. The luke of victoria can be used as a victoria or a lady's driving phaeton. It has a shifting driver's seat and shifting rumble. When used as a phaeton the coachman's seat is taken away, and when as a victoria the rumble is removed. It costs \$1,350. The Count l'Orsay is one of the grandest looking carriages made. It weighs 1,440 bounds, and the body is mounted on eather braces. It is also called the eight-spring D'Orsay. It is painted dark green, and striped with light reen and carmine. A pair of elegant alver lamps give it a very handsome appearance. Mr. Cornell, ex-Gov. l'ilden, and Mrs. Osgood have each purchased one of them. They cost

Several new light driving wagons have been bought. Mr. Washington E. Connor has purchased a side-bar wagon, to weigh 200 pounds and cost \$515. Mr. Blair, of Washington, has purchased a very light one. Mr. W. seated wagon weighing 150 pounds, and one for two persons. The secret these wagons lies in the axle, which, instead of being all iron, is half wood. A vertical steel plate is inserted in the wood and forms a perfect arch. this greatly strenghens and stiffens the axle, and causes the wheels to run plumb and prevent any strain on the spokes and hubs .- New York Mail and Express.

## The Merit of Lord Bacon.

It would heap too much honor upon Lord Bacon should he prove to be the author of the Shakespeare plays. But such an extra award would carry out the scriptural "To him that hath shall be given," while from such a poor headed back fur home. Got here in deer-stalker as William Shakespeare | the night and walked up to the house shall be taken away what little he to escape observation. That happy seemed to have.

But Bacon even if he was a dramatby Lord Baltimore 'with drawn belped to make a great world while and learn that they have just returned swords." fretfully alluded to as a the plays have helped to make only a after an enjoyable trip. Say, Jim." source of trouble by the Delaware as- great stage. And yet the real truth is that no one man composed either the Baconian philosophy or the Shakesperagain by the Delawareans, further in- | ian plays. They were both the slowcomvalidated by the Revolution, it might | ing results of a long past. In Bacon | and Shakespear the philosophy and wily Penn himself if it had not come the drama reached a final climax and ally. Tying our horses to convenient forth as an argument upon the ques- became ready for a large service. The plays are found far back of Shakespeare and the philosophy far back of

Bacon. Bacon's merit lies in the fact that he called the attention of scholars and ness, and, a few years ago set up that thinkers to the value of earth and mateit was, as heir to Penn's privileges, rial sciences; and urged them to gather up terrestrial data instead of trans-"horse" and "eternity," these thinking of the great books of the old world

and there is an amazing omission the domestic arts and so iences and a wonderful attention to things moral, imaginary, fanciful, romantic, and fantastic. Angels, imps, nymphs, large and small deities, dwarfs, giants thronged with vehicles of all descrip- and ghosts are born out of the fertile human fancy as sparks rise from a shaken fire, but in these thousands of riage-makers have been put to their years no thinking mind touches a plow best to supply the exacting demand for or reaping knife or any implement to make it do more good and with less ber of attractive turnouts have been labor. The ground is plowed with a crooked stick, the harvest is cut with a case-knife; and while women and children are reaping, and thrashing high-standing carriage, mounted on the one third crop, the ten thousand birds eat up a forth part of the ripe grain and another fourth part is taken by the tax-farmers who scour the country like jackals at night on a batoration. In front the driver's seat tlefield. Hence great famines and diseaess came and swept away millions. which is a French boot. At the back The so-called thinking men were too is a rumble for a footman. With a busy in the regions of abstraction and pair of handsome bay horses, a high fancy to admit of their bestowing any attention upon the study of harvestvants, it will make one of the most | fields, production, implements, disease Had not Rome gone down under her

military madness and the vices that resulted from her conquests, Lord Bacon would perhaps have been robbed of his laurels and made impossible by the sons of Virgil and Pliny. Rome had begun to study the development of material things and was busy at great wagon-roads, aqueducts, drains and general improvements. Cæsar had begun to invite men of science to come to Rome to reside. He planned libraries for all the large towns; he was planning a draining and filling of the Pontine marshes; he had forbidden the young men of rank to ride in litters carried by slaves; he had stopped the importing of luxuries; he had set the exampl. of plain living and plain dress. The Latin mind had gotten wholly away from the transcendental regions and had fled from a million deities to almost none atall. In the Georgies of Virgil we see the new thought and life that were passing iuto the plow, the harrow, the soil, the orchard and the bee-hive, while in Pliny we note a study of nature that would do credit now to a Watt or a Franklin or an Edison.

All things indicated an era of material advance. But this awakening came too late. Rome was a sick man whose constitution was gone. Reason came too late, and going into a rapiddissolution, dissolute Rome handed over her begun sciences and inventions to the care of the Sixteenth Century in which Bacon was to come. Long was the interval between Virgil, Pliny and Lord Bacon. It was filled in chiefly by the affairs of religion and the

lofty decorations of religion, Christianity did not make the Dark Ages. They were manufactured in the days which ruined the Pagan splendor; and Christianity had to accept of a wreck of her inheritance. Goth, Vendal and every kind of wild and forlorn creature were to be found in the estate that passed into the hands of Constantine. The mysterious Druids were on one border, the heathen on another, and the Norsemen were passing down through the centre. The Christianity did not know anything except the theology; and thus the human mind was turned toward the study of God and the house of God. Out of the former came theological studies, out of the latter came the fine arts. As for the domestic and useful arts they had no friends for twelve hundred

Under the impulse given by Lord Bacon, mankind began to let the angels alone long enough to admit of a look at the plow, the hoe, the orchard, the field. This look was repeated until new implements and inventions began to appear. The steam-engine and railway, the steamship, reapingmachine, have appeared on the arena of man, and while the angels are not harmed any by this philosophic neglect, the millions not yet angels have profited much by the transfer of thought from things in heaven to things on earth. Heaven and earth will be equal partners in the philosophy of the future .- David Swing, ir Choicago Current.

## Off on a Tour.

"Hi! hil" velled a boy in an alley off

Clifford street yesterday. A second boy, who stood on the crosswalk, meandered down and ask-

ed what was wanted. "Put your eye to this knot-hole and tell me what you see." "Nuthin' but a man sittin' out in

the back yard." "Don't you read the papers?" "Course I do."

"Didn't you see in the papers three or four days ago that this feller got married? Name's John Blank." "Oh, yes." "And it said the happy couple had

started on a bridal tour to Omaha.' "Yes." "Just went as far as Chicago, and couple has got to put in about ten days around here with the front door ist did more as a philosopher than as locked and the curtains down, and a dramatist, for his philosophy has some morning you'll see a great stir

> "Yes." "Don't get married."

"Never!" "If you ever do, don't try to Omaha the public." "I won't."

"Cause truth is mighty, and must prevail, and deception must sooner or later go to grass."—Detroit Free Press.

## Eccentricities of Bees.

Very recently we moved a couple of bee-hives that were sitting on a box about six inches above the ground and placed them, when moved, about three feet from the ground. The bees, on returning loaded, would light on the box about the height of the former box. We noticed, also, they would, on returning, go to the old place about forty yards distant, and seemed perfectly lost. It took them over a week that he has been trying to do that for It affords, at least, a glimpse of early then draw conclusions that would roundings. The habit even of a oes Quitman (Ga 1 None