

HOW TO PREVENT HYDROPHOBIA.

Gen. Beale Relates How He Escaped an Attack by Mere Wolf Power—His Daughter's Experience.

Gen. Beale is visiting the Grants at their cottage at this place, writes a Long Branch correspondent of *The New York World*. Last Sunday I heard the general give an interesting account of his once fighting off an attack of hydrophobia. It is the first case I ever heard of a man's being able by mere will power to throw off this formidable and terrible disease. The general apparently believes that hydrophobia is but a creation, to a certain extent, of the imagination. When he was a young man he was surveyor general in southern California. During his residence there, through the purchase of land, he laid the foundation for his present fortune. His favorite sport at that time was the hunting of wolves. Immediately following the attack one wolf would always leave the dogs and come to attack the hunter. The general said one day when a wolf came toward him the lance, with which he could keep off and destroy any wolf making an ordinary attack, broke. As his lance broke he started to kick the wolf under the jaw. His foot missed its aim, and instead was caught in the wolf's mouth. The wolf bit clear through his moccasins and wounded him severely. So grim was the grip of the wolf that he did not even release his hold when killed. The muscles supporting his jaws had to be cut before his teeth could be relaxed from this terrible grip. When the general returned to camp, as he was alone during his experience, he was met by a cheerful companion, who told him the bite of an enraged wolf was certain to produce hydrophobia. The wolf was undoubtedly in a condition to communicate the rabies, as he had been worried to a great extent by the dogs before he attacked the general. Gen. Beale says that he did not have any opportunity of cauterizing the wounds, and had attached no particular importance to the bite until he had returned to camp.

He said after that there was hardly a day passed but what his companion referred to cases of hydrophobia arising from wolf-bites. The result of this continued talk upon the subject was to produce a great depression in Gen. Beale's mind. Within a short time he began to feel symptoms of an approaching attack of hydrophobia. He had the most extraordinary aversion to water. It was with difficulty that he could swallow. A swelling came in his throat which threatened to close it whenever he sought to drink. It was only by an extraordinary effort of the will that he could force himself to swallow. One day the general said to himself that unless he combated this growing feeling he felt certain he would have an attack of hydrophobia. So one morning he walked deliberately to a spring and thrust his head into the water. He said as he approached his head to the water he felt the most intense desire to jump and scream and run away from it. But he held himself right there and moved his head up and down in the water until he conquered this impulse and the aversion. He followed up this practice until he felt the swelling in the throat going down and his aversion to water lessening. He felt that he was getting control, and this encouraged him. In a short time all symptoms of the disease had disappeared. The general was firmly convinced that if he had for one moment relaxed his will power during that trying time he would have passed directly into a fit of the wildest kind of hydrophobia. He has never suffered from the bite of the wolf since that time, although it occurred over twenty-five years ago.

It is a singular fact in this connection that another member of his family who has been bitten by a dog which was undeniably mad had also escaped hydrophobia. His daughter Mary married a distinguished Russian, a member of the diplomatic service of his native country. Several years ago they were living in Paris. The husband was connected with the Russian legation. Gen. Beale's daughter had at one time a staunch dog of unusual size and purity of breed. It was very docile and her favorite companion. He nearly always went out with her. One day the dog disappeared. As he was a great pet and a dog of unusual value they advertised for him, and sought through the police to recover him. One night while the Russian diplomat and his wife were seated about an open fire in their salon after returning from the opera, there was a knock at the door. This was so unusual at this late hour of the night that the Russian went himself to answer the knock. As the door opened two men entered, having the lost dog attached to a stout stick, which held him between them, but yet kept them at a safe distance. Gen. Beale's son-in-law was delighted to see the dog again. The dog's mistress was especially pleased. The dog, however, showed no sign of pleasure or recognition. He went over into an opposite corner and would not pay any attention to their calls. They thought that he might feel strange and so paid no further attention to him. Suddenly, without even a bark of warning, this great dog sprang and bit his mistress right through the upper lip, and then on her cheek before her husband could reach the stout collar which still encircled the dog's neck. The Russian succeeded in half a moment in dragging the dog off from his mistress and then he had a terrific fight with the infuriated animal. If he had not been very muscular he would not have succeeded in subduing him. He succeeded finally in dragging him into a bathroom and locking him up, but not until his right arm was bitten and torn from shoulder to wrist.

The scene that followed is dramatic enough for the most sensational of plays. The moment the door was locked the Russian returned. He glanced quickly at the fireplace, where he saw the poker was imbedded in the coals and was fortunately nearly at a white heat. He drew it once from its bed and said to his wife: "The dog is mad. This is our only chance to escape a horrible death. These wounds must be

cauterized at once." The brave American woman never flinched. With the courage of her soldier father she submitted to have the flaming iron burn most cruelly the flesh of her fair face. A moment's delay upon her part or cowardice would have made the operation upon her husband's arm useless. The moment after cauterizing her wounds the Russian turned to his own arm and thoroughly burned every break made in his flesh by the dog. After this had been done as completely as it was possible they sent for the surgeon of the Russian legation. He was one of the finest surgeons in Europe. He came and examined them. He brought his irons to perform the operation of cauterizing, but he said after he came that he had nothing to do. The young Russian diplomat had performed the work as well as if he had been a skillful surgeon. The surgeon also added that there was no danger. The dog was undoubtedly mad. It tore everything to pieces in the room where it was confined, and died in horrible agony. Gen. Beale says that neither his daughter nor her husband have ever felt the slightest symptoms of trouble resulting from this accident. He says that his daughter determined from the first that she would not allow her mind to dwell upon it. She remembered how her father had courageously fought off hydrophobia, and she was fully resolved that no mental disturbance or worry upon her part should throw open the gate to the approach of this terrible disease. Gen. Beale did not mean to say that there was no such thing as real hydrophobia upon the part of human beings, but he sincerely believes that in the majority of cases it results largely from fright and mental depression.

DARK COLORED TOBACCO.

The Reswearing of the Weed to Meet a Popular Craze.

One of the latest tricks in the tobacco trade, says *The Pittsburgh Times*, is the artificial reswearing of the weed to meet the popular craze for dark-colored cigars. The craze arises from the false impression that, because all good cigars are dark-colored, all dark-colored cigars are good. The ground taken for this latter impression is that the dark color is an indication that the tobacco has been naturally sweated through about three summers, and has thus reached perfection of flavor.

The color was formally an indication that this was the fact, but it is no longer, for the increased demand for tobacco of the requisite age caused manufacturers to find a way of aging it, or giving it the appearance of age, artificially. This was at first done by painting, but a speedier and more wholesale process has been invented within the last three or four years called reswearing. The fact that tobacco sweats is well known. The first summer after it is cut, tobacco sweats very heavily so that it can be twisted and tied in knot like "kill-me-quick" tobies. The next summer it sweats much less, and the third summer the sweat is hardly noticeable. After each summer's sweat the leaf assumes a darker color, until it reaches the hue of the best Havana brands.

In order to sweat tobacco the box is opened and the leaf "cashed" or dampened, one "hand" or layer at a time, by dipping it in water. The tobacco is then repacked in the box and the box placed in a steam tight receptacle a few inches from the floor. A jet of steam rises through the floor of this chest, right underneath the box, and the steam is allowed to play incessantly on it for seventy-two hours, producing as profuse a sweat as that of a fat man running up hill with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade. The box is then taken out and the tobacco shaken out and allowed to cool off. It is then repacked and is ready for use. Great care has to be exercised after sweating tobacco to prevent it from becoming moldy. If it is found to mold it is often dipped in beer to kill the mold. Here is a probable explanation of the inebriating effects of some cigars. The tobacco must always have passed through one summer's sweat before being reswated.

This process ages the tobacco three or four years, but whether it improves the quality proportionately is an open question with the trade. Some say that as reswearing has the same effect as the natural sweat, reswated tobacco is perfectly equal to that which has aged naturally, others say that it injures the flavor. Others, again, say that it does not affect the flavor prejudicially or favorably. All agree that it makes the leaf tender and difficult to work and thereby causes loss to the manufacturer. What is admitted by all judges is that a natural sweat invariably improves the quality so that the question remains how to distinguish tobacco naturally sweated from that which has been artificially reswated. It is a difficult one to answer, the only guide being that artificial sweating often makes the leaf almost black, and always makes it a darker color than the natural sweat produces.

The Pittsburgher's delight, the toby, is usually made of tobacco which has stood one summer's sweat, but at the present time the crop of 1885, which is now undergoing that natural process, is being used. Hence the great elasticity and dampness of many tobies now on sale.

Dresser on Moustaches.

"Oh, yes," said young Miss Sniffles. "By the way, did you notice my Charley's moustache?"

"No," said Miss Sarcast, "I never knew he had one."

"You didn't? Why, it's just lovely." "Why, I didn't think," said Miss Sarcast, "that there was enough hair on his upper lip to get wet, much less to be noticeable."

"Huh," said Miss Sniffles, "I wish I had a dollar for every hair on Charley's upper lip."

A friend of Charley's told him of the above conversation, and the next day he had it cut off, and after much figuring it was decided that Miss Sniffles was entitled to three dollars and a half, allowing all perquisites.—*National Weekly*.

John.

He is born, and as a baby, is the object of more attention, and causes more excitement, than at any other period of his life. The little brothers and sisters are full of speculations in regard to the little stranger.

And he is a wonderful boy! Grandfather and grandmother say that he is the finest boy they ever saw. How could they say otherwise? They have said the same thing of all the other grandchildren, and dear old souls, they are far too loving to slight this one.

The father is as proud as a peacock, but he tries, oh, how awkwardly, to conceal it. Of course, the boy is the image of his father! It is preposterous for anyone to suppose that he bears the faintest resemblance to his mother!

And the uncles and the aunts! Dear me, if there is anything ludicrous about a half dozen aunts and uncles hovering around a little nephew, an outside person is sure to see it—especially if he has never stood in such relation himself.

Of course, the baby must be named. "We'll call him John," says the mother; "I have always liked the name—so strong and honest! Should he grow to be worthy of it, I shall have no cause for regret."

He grows, as only a healthy child can grow; the years glide past, and he is a boy at school—such a gay, careless, rollicking boy! Life, to him, is within a small circuit, and it is all real.

With the same ardor of old Father Adams—but certainly in a wider field—he finds a center for his boyish affections. He is her devoted slave; perfection, she, though she sometimes smiles on the other boys. Of course she will some day be his little wife—that he never for a moment doubts. He doesn't think much about it now—there will be time enough when he reaches that apex of masculine attainments—manhood.

Alas, in his innocence, he is ignorant of the typical character, Joe Speck!

He passes the age of cynicism, and breaking his vows of eternal bachelorhood, falls a victim to the charms of another. The old school-boy passions lie far behind him, but, in memory, they come back as odors from an oasis, blown over the desert of life.

Five children call him father, and at the first, and at each succeeding birth, he has acted quite as idiotically as his father had done.

We all grow old, and ah! we all grow woe. Life is not all that he had pictured, but he is fairly happy, and he bears his burdens bravely.

Death visits his little flock and he strews forget-me-nots on the graves of his wife and two children. He is an old man now, but John, Jr., dear, loving John, is with him—John and his wife. Grandchildren play about his knees, and children, far and wide, hail his presence with delight. He has climbed to the top of life's rugged hill, and now, over smooth pathways, is descending into the vale of eternal peace.

One day there is a rattle on the door of John, Jr.'s house. Such a bright day out, but the little ones on the street have no heart for play, and one by one they steal in past the weeping watchers to gaze for the last time on the face of their dead friend. How calm and peaceful is the smile, softening the lines about the patient mouth. Surely, if this be death it has lost half its terrors!

The funeral cortege moves slowly out to the cemetery, and tenderly, reverently, he is laid beside his wife. All is over, and to-day the great world moves as it did yesterday and as it will to-morrow. One, only, has been called from the path of duty to find that the end is rest.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Moscow Cathedral.

What must, without doubt, be conceded as the most magnificent church edifice in the world is the great cathedral at Moscow, the Church of St. Xavier, recently completed there. The foundations of the church are of Finnish granite, and the whole edifice is faced with marble, the door being of bronze, ornamented with biblical subjects, and lined with oak. The principal entrance measures thirty feet high by eighteen broad, and the two doors weigh thirteen tons, the total cost of all the doors being \$350,000. The building is erected in the form of a Greek cross, three of the broad ends of which form the corridors, lower and upper, surrounding three sides of and open to the central square, or temple proper, while the fourth end is occupied by the altar and its appurtenances. The total cost of all the marble in the building exceeded \$2,000,000. Lifting one's eyes, the galleries are seen to contain thirty-six windows and the cupola sixteen, all of which are double, with frames of bronze. Round the cupola is one row of 640 candelabra, placed there at a cost of \$120,000, with a second row of 600, costing an additional \$60,000. There are 4 lustres, weighing 4 tons each, and the total number of candles to be lighted throughout the building is upward of 3,000. At the top of the cupola is a painting by Prof. Markoff representing in colossal proportions the first person of the trinity as an old man with the infant Jesus. The height of the figure is 49 feet, the length of the face 7 feet, and the height of the infant 21 feet. Also below the cupola are a number of figures of apostles and fathers, each 21 feet high. Great expense has, of course, been lavished on the eastern end of the church. The cost of materials and workmanship for the altar space, apart from the icons or sacred pictures, amounted to \$150,000. In this part of the church are some of its most remarkable paintings, most, if not all, by Russian artists. The structure of the altar screen is a departure from the traditional Russian type, for instead of tall, ugly blank partition, half or two-thirds of the height of the church, hiding the eastern end, the screen of St. Xavier's is low and elegant, and throws open, except for a few feet above the floor, the whole of the sanctuary. This princely cathedral was erected at a cost of \$12,000,000, and is said to be capable of accommodating 10,000 worshippers, and from its first conception has been built in a single lifetime.—*Chicago Times*.

OVERWORKED.

From out of the rosy land of dreams, She comes at early morning,
The dew upon the meadow gleams,
Fair as a bride's adorning.

Aroma from the moaning pines,
And fields of blooming clover;
The noisy brook that sings and shines,
With willows bending o'er.

The eastern sky is all a flame,
As though, to one beholding,
The gold and sapphire clouds that came
Were heaven's gates unfolding.

But all this glory stands apart,
Nor charms her with its beauty,
For care sits heavy on her brow,
Where falls the line of duty.

The cows await the milking time,
With soft and patient lowing,
The sturdy farmer in his prime,
Must hasten to his mowing.

His wife must speed the morn's repast,
And work with nimble fingers,
For farmers all from first to last,
Make hay while sunshine lingers.

And when the meal's are o'er, the pails,
Of foaming milk are waiting,
With fragrance caught from sunny vales,
To future joy relating.

The cream lies thick, like cloth of gold,
Where shining pans are brimming,
Their riches gathered fold on fold,
All ready for the skimming.

Then, later, as in olden days,
With much of stir and flutter,
By weary hands the dasher plays,
And wins the golden butter.

And so the days go on, and on—
No time for rest and pleasure;
"A woman's work is never done,"
Is true in fullest measure.

And as the sun sinks in the west,
And day grows into even,
Weary and worn out she goes to rest,
And almost longs for heaven.

—*Lavita E. Allen in Good Housekeeping.*

IN RHETTA'S GARDEN.

It was only a little spot south of the house, but violets blossomed sooner than anywhere else, and great bursting pinks made the air spicy while other people's were only in bud. There were daffodils in the grassy border, and blue-bells and blue spider-lilies. There are two rose-bushes, one cinnamon and one damask, while double sweet gilly flowers sowed themselves and came up every year along with mignonette and chrysanthemums. It was a sweet, fragrant, old-fashioned little garden, which Rhetta's mother had tended and taken pleasure in, and now it was Rhetta's. There she worked all her spare half hours, sowing and watering, weeding and transplanting, till her little hands were brown, and her cheeks like her own cinnamon roses. Aunt Dorcas, in the kitchen, used to wonder "how on earth that child could be so content all alone out in her posy bed!"

But Rhetta was not so often alone of late, since they had taken a boarder. Ralph Callender found that the pleasantest path to the house lay through the little flower-garden, and when his jobs of copying failed to occupy his time, what could be more natural than to use his leisure helping the blushing gardener? It was he who carried away all the weeds, divided the white peony roots and reset them, and dug more thoroughly than Rhetta ever could around the dear old rose-bushes. Over their work they fell talking, as young people will, and already Rhetta's father had begun to watch them a little anxiously above his spectacles as he sat on the porch, while one of the neighbors had remarked privately to Aunt Dorcas that it was a pity young Callender was not a man of fortune as well as of family.

In truth riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away from the Callenders a year before, so that Ralph, instead of becoming junior partner in an old and prosperous business, saw nothing before him but what his two hands could earn, and being totally unprepared for such a prospect, he had to take a little time to get used to it, and to find out which way to turn. Meanwhile he had drifted to this suburban town, and while waiting to find a situation as clerk or accountant, did copying to support himself, and boarded at Rhetta's.

It was the day they had been transplanting touch-me-nots, and Ralph had thrown himself down under the plum-tree for a respite, while Rhetta pulled the faded blossoms from a primrose. He might have been inebriated enough at that moment if he had chospen for the last line of copying lay upon his table finished, with not so much as a hint for an order for any more. Worse than that, a clerk's place he had been hoping for had that very morning been given to another. If he had got it, he could have spoken to Rhetta at once.

His glance followed her as she bent over her plants, her garden bonnet drooping back from her bright brown hair, and his finger sought instinctively a little ring that hid in his vest pocket. The old Callender pride had come to this, that he only waited for the barest chance of being able to earn a living before he offered her hand and hand to pretty little Rhetta Wood, whose bonny face was all her dowry.

But he could not help letting love color his words a little when he said, presently, to Rhetta, as he watched her. "When I make my fortune you shall have greenhouses and hotbeds, and gardens laid out on terraces."

"Like Colonel Porter's?" laughed Rhetta, blushing over her trowel. "Oh! have you ever seen his place, Mr. Callender? It's over on the West Side."

"I think I have passed it," answered the young man indifferently. "Big trees, three terraces, ribbon beds, and a peacock on the lawn; is that the place?"

"Yes; isn't it splendid!" exclaimed Rhetta. "I always go that way when I take a walk by myself; and oh! how I do long sometimes for things I see the gardener throwing away—slips and cuttings and roots that he thins out! Perfectly lovely things!"

"Why don't you ask him for them?" "Ask him?" and Rhetta caught her breath at the very idea of doing so

andacious a thing. "Why I wouldn't dare."

"Don't you know them?—the family, I mean." "No; how could I? Rose Porter and I went to the same school, and when she rides by and sees me she bows and smiles, but that isn't being acquainted. She is as beautiful as a princess. It is time for her to be at home now; she has been in Washington all the spring."

Ralph Callender made no answer. He was busy weaving a true love knot of grass blades, and when it was done he gave it to Rhetta. She blushed again over it, and went on talking about flowers.

"I wish I could get some slips of Col. Porter's geraniums," she said, "he has so many kinds, and I have only this little pink one. And I want a root of daylily very much, and some tea-rose cuttings, and a double Geneva violet; a blue salvia too, and—Oh, Mr. Callender look! There is Rose Porter now, driving up the street in her pony phaeton. Isn't she lovely?"

As the jaunty basket phaeton moved slowly by, a pretty, bright face glanced from it, smiling cordially at Rhetta, and then was overspread by a look of sudden recognition and pleasant surprise at sight of Ralph Callender, who took his hat off respectfully.

"Why, do you know her?" asked Rhetta amazed.

"I find I do. She and my sister Sally became good friends two years ago at Newport—or was it Nahant! And Miss Porter spent the holidays at our house the next winter. I thought it must be she, when you described her."

Ralph Callender paused and gazed reflectively at the ground. He was recalling that gay holiday season when Rose Porter and his sister were the belles of their set. He could have counted his friends then by the hundred, and now—"Poverty does make a difference," he thought bitterly. All who had it in their power to aid him had turned the cold shoulder. He was simply a poor man seeking employment, and he felt at odds with the world.

Rheta, grown suddenly shy, pulled away the dead leaves from a pink root and said nothing. Newport! Nahant! And people like the Porters for intimate friends. It seemed to remove Ralph far from her quiet, even life, and to set him where she had no part.

The basket phaeton was now seen returning down the street with its pretty occupant, who stopped her ponies opposite the cottage with such an evident intention of speaking to Ralph Callender that he at once went out of the garden and stood in the road at her side. Rheta saw them shake hands in the most friendly manner, heard her musical laughter and sweet voice, though she could not distinguish the words; and in a few moments more, to her surprise, Ralph stepped into the phaeton, sat down by Rose, took the reins in his hands and drove rapidly away, with a backward smile, which seemed to say, "She is an old friend, you see!"

But when he did not come home for dinner she thought it strange. Her father and Aunt Dorcas made no comment, for Ralph had often been absent at that hour when seeking for employment. Rheta did not mention that he drove away with Rose Porter, but a neighbor, who had watched them, came in during the afternoon and spoke of it with great interest. Aunt Dorcas on one felt a great interest, too, and Rheta found it so trying to listen to their remarks and surmises that she slipped out of the house to her garden, and did hard weeding in her flower beds without sparing herself. But she heard every step that passed by on the sidewalk, and knew that Ralph Callender did not come.

The afternoon waned restlessly away. He would surely come back by supper-time; and Rheta, in a fresh gown, with pansies at her belt, hummed little songs as she moved about setting the table for Aunt Dorcas.

"I wouldn't put on that dish of honey," said Aunt Dorcas—"not till you see whether he's coming."

"Oh, he'll come," said Rheta; but she stopped singing.

Mr. Wood came in, washed his hands at the sink and sat down in his place at the table. Aunt Dorcas passed him a cup of tea.

"Where's Callender?" he asked, looking around.

"Why, haven't you heard?" said Aunt Dorcas. "He drove off with Rose Porter and we haven't caught sight of him since."

"The Porters are old friends of his," said Rheta flushing up.

"Hum! hum!" muttered her father, as he drank his tea from the saucer, in which he had cooked it.

Aunt Dorcas now questioned the girl as to all she knew about this old friendship and at the close, said, with the air of one who meant to do her duty by all, no matter how mercilessly: "Well, like as not they'll make a match of it. Birds of a feather flock together."

Supper was over, cleared away, and all the dishes washed, but still Ralph Callender did not come. As it grew dark Mr. Wood strolled off to chat with the neighbors, and Aunt Dorcas, putting on her bonnet and black silk shawl, went to weekly prayer meeting. Rheta, left free from comment, went up into her little garden and leaned against the plum-tree, with a strange dull pain gnawing at her heart. It seemed like days and weeks since Ralph drove away with smiling pretty Rose Porter. And she herself had begun to think of him as somehow her own. That very morning under that very tree, there had been in his looks and in his tones touches of tenderness that had filled her heart with subtle happiness. But now it was all over, in an instant she had lost him. Rose Porter had taken him away, and though he might come back, he would never, never be the same Ralph again. She felt a girlish certainty of that. The little bright dream was over.

At first she did not blame Rose. Very probably she had loved him two years ago, and had been influenced to give him up on account of his poverty, and now, regretting the step, had come to reclaim him.

"Well, I can take my turn and give him up too," thought Rheta with great hot tears springing to her eyes. "Only

I can never drive after him and bring back in a phaeton."

And at that she threw herself upon the dewy grass and wept unrestrainedly. She was too young to be capable of the terrible, tearless, sorrow with which an older woman may meet bereavement and heart-break. She only knew that everything had changed since morning, that Ralph had gone away, that she was very, very wretched, and that no one must know of it.

The fire-flies flashed in the grass, the flowers were heavy with dew, the air was full of the fragrance of mignonette, heliotrope, and roses, but Rheta did not heed them. She only felt that night was kind to make such darkness and solitude in the garden that no one could see her or hear her, poor miserable little Rheta Wood, crying for a lost happiness that had never really been hers. And now it seemed to her that Rose was cruel, from the midst of her luxury, and her dozens of lovers, to swoop down upon this one chance of bliss in a lifetime. For Rheta was sure that in all the years to come she should never, never marry. That was all over from this time forth.

The crickets hummed about her, the nightmoths brushed by her unheeded; the moon rose but she did not know it. She was thinking how she should live all her life long in the little old house. After awhile her aunt Dorcas would die, and she would be left alone with her father. Then after awhile he too would die, and she would live on there, an old, lonely woman.

From this reverie she was aroused by the stopping of wheels, and cheerful voices at the gate.

"Rheta! Rheta!" shouted somebody, in joyous manly tones.

Yes, that was Ralph calling her. With girlish celerity she smoothed back her disordered hair and ran to the gate. There he stood, his arms filled with flowers, which he loaded upon her, while Colonel Porter's coachman, who had brought him home, was almost staggering under the weight of an immense basket, full of bloom and fragrance which he made haste to deposit on the garden walk.

"Everything is here," said Ralph gayly—"the geraniums, the day lilies, the tea-rose bushes, and the double violets. Roots, slips, cuttings, all you wanted, you have them now, and I'll set them every one out for you."

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" murmured Rheta, very softly and gently. She was wholly overcome by this strange ending of her passionate grief.

The coachman departed, leaving the two lovers alone in the moonlit garden. Lovers they were, for Ralph drew Rheta close to his heart, while he placed upon her finger the ring that had waited hidden in his pocket.

"You know what this means, darling?" he said, fervently. "My way is clear before me now. Colonel Porter has given me a chance in his own business, beyond anything I dared hope. You don't know how hard it has been for me to wait till I had a right to ask you to be my own little Rheta always—always!"

Happy Rheta!—the moon ought to have laughed right out to see how her face had changed, it was so full now of smiles and blushes.

Aunt Dorcas, hurrying home an hour later, eager to explain how she had gone to sit awhile with poor old Mrs. Davis, who had seatica, was taken all aback by hearing merry voices under the plum tree, and finding Ralph and Rheta there at work with trowels setting out roots and tying up plants.

"Rose Porter sent me all these!" exclaimed Rheta, triumphantly—"all this great basketful of loveliness and luxury, and we must set them every one out to-night, because night is the best time, and they will get the dew."

"For the land sakes!" ejaculated Aunt Dorcas. "Don't ye want the lantern?"

"Oh the moon is as bright as day," said Ralph, as he paused to choose a place for a fine blue salvia.

"Well! Well!" the old lady exclaimed and then, as if she dimly comprehended that something in the glamour of youth and romance might make it a thing to be desired to dig in gardens at unusual hours, she said no more, but went quietly into the house.—*Mary L. B. Branch, in Harper's Bazar.*

Snakes in His Boots.

"Talking about snakes," began the old man, who had been sitting quietly on a box sunning himself yesterday, listening to stories of marvelous escapes from snakes, told by a group of young men. "I have seen two or three big snakes myself." The younger men knew that something was going to break loose, and leaning up against each other, to get what little support they could, waited.

"It was in the mountains of Kentucky, just after the war, and I was out hunting squirrels. Coming down the hillside, I stepped on what I thought was a charred branch when I felt it move, and looking down saw that it was a monster blacksnake, not less than ten feet long. With a shout to my companions, I ran through the brush until I stumbled over a limb and fell just as the snake made a jump and passed over me, going on down into a small ravine. In less than two seconds there were five hundred snakes nosed by that black viper. Rattlesnakes started up a chorus, while the smell from the copperheads was sickening. They held a jubilee for a few minutes, while I, scared almost to death and never expecting to come out alive, fainted. The next thing I knew the boys had picked me up and were bathing my head with cold water. They said they had some difficulty in finding me, that they saw no snakes, and that they had to use water instead of giving me a drink of whisky because my flask was entirely empty."

Got What They Asked For.

A firm here wrote to a Western piano dealer who owed them money: "Dear Sir: Will you be kind enough to send us the amount of your bill. Yours truly." To this the firm received the following reply: "Gentlemen: Your request is granted with pleasure. The amount of my bill is \$675. Yours very truly."—*Musical Courier.*