OCTOBER.

October comes across the hill
Like some light ghost, she is so still,
  Though her sweet cheeks are rosy;
And through the floating thistle-down
Her trailing, brier-tangled gown
  Gleams like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble chime;
Lanterns flash out at milking time;
  The daisy 's lost her ruffles;
The wasps the honeyed pippins try;
A film is over the blue sky,
  A spell the river muffles.

The golden-rod fades in the sun;
The spider's gauzy veil is spun
  Athwart the drooping sedges;
The nuts drop softly from their burrs;
No bird-song the dim silence stirs,—
  A blight is on the hedges.

But filled with fair content is she,
As if no frost could ever be,
  To dim her brown eyes' luster;
And much she knows of fairy folk
That dance beneath the spreading oak
  With tinkling mirth and bluster.

She listens when the dusky eves
Step softly on the fallen leaves,
  As if for message cheering;
And it must be that she can hear,
Beyond November grim and drear,
  The feet of Christmas nearing.

—*Susan Hartley, in St. Nicholas.*

ON THE CHIMNEY.

'Twas when I was courting Kate that the accident I am going to tell you about happened. But for that same accident I don't think Katie an' I would be man and wife this day, for you see my father was set agin' the match, Katie being only a laborer's daughter, while he himself was foreman in the mills, getting good wages and thought a deal of by his employers. An' if it wasn't for Katie I don't think I'd be here now to tell you about it, for 'twas she that saved my life through hitting upon a plan that never once came into the heads of me or my comrades—ay, or of those that you'd have thought would know better than any of us.

I was brought up to my father's trade, having been taken, when young, by a brother of my mother's, a master bricklayer living in the town. When my uncle died I came to Lisgarvan for a bit, just to see my father, and, finding that they were at work on the new buildings at the mills, I looked for employment there, an' got it at once. Lisgarvan mill is a flour mill, and a pretty place it was in those days, with the river running just by the old red brick buildings, an' the big water wheel always going round an' round. The river falls into a larger one a little down, an' the tide comes up as far as the mill, so 'tis in boats that most of the corn is brought in an' carted away. 'Tisn't half so pretty a place now; there are big whitewashed buildings alongside of the old brick ones, the big wheel is stopped, an' you hear the whirl of the engine instead of the sound of the water. But they makes a power of money there, an' gives a deal of employment.

As I was saying, I got taken on as a bricklayer, Katie's father was working there, too, an' I used to see her bringing his dinner, and, after a bit, I began to think I'd like to have her bring me mine, too. She was as pretty a girl then as you'd see anywhere—she's good looking to this day—an' I soon became that fond of her that I'd have done anything a'most to get her. She herself was willing enough; 'twas my father that made the difficulty. He was a proud man, as proud in his way as any gentleman, an' he was right down mad at the notion of my marrying a laborer's daughter. To be sure, I was earning good wages, an' might have married without asking any-one's leave if I'd been so minded, but I didn't like to go agin the old man that had always been good to me. Besides, Katie was just as proud as himself, and would have nothing to say to me unless he was satisfied, I got the master to speak to him, but sure 'twasn't a bit of use. "How would you like, sir," he says to the master, "If I had a daughter to have Master Philip take up with her, and would that be the same thing?" I believe that the master didn't think it would be all the same thing, but my father wouldn't hear to reason from him any more than from me; so Katie and I had just nothing for it but to wait in the hope of his coming 'round, and very little hope we had of that same.

As we were putting up a steam engine in the mill, we had, of course, to have a big chimney, an' we got a man from town to build it—one of them chaps that builds chimneys an' nothin' else, an' thinks nobody knows anything about it but theirselves. I was working along with him, and, indeed, 'twas I that built the most of it, an' a right good job it was. 'Twas finished by Christmas—ten years ago this Christmas coming on—all but the lightning conductor, and that was not put up owing to the master's wanting to make inquiries when he'd go to London, an' see for himself what would be the best kind to use. The master was a scientific sort of a gentleman, an' had ideas of his own—sometimes they'd be better than other people's, sometimes may be not so good. At any rate there was a delay about the conductor, an' in the meantime the engineers were at work, an' the big chimney was smoking away like blazes. Mr. Brown, the strange workman, had gone away, saying very condescending like that he was sure Jim Forde (that was me) would be able to fasten the rod to the chimney as well as he could do it himself. He took all his scaffolding with him, but before he went away he fixed a beam with a pulley to it to the top of the chimney an' left a long rope hanging through it, so that a man could be hoisted up at any time; an' there the rope hung dangling, week after week, until the master come, bringing the rod along with him.

Once it had come there was no good losing any more time in fixing it, so one Saturday afternoon in January up I went on a plank, slung securely at the end of the rope, my tools along with me, an' settled myself astride on the stone coping. 'Twas rather late in the day, but the morning had been rather wet an' stormy to work, an' the master was as impatient to get the job done as if it hadn't been himself that was hindering it all the time. I was as much at home atop of the chimney as I was on the ground, an' I worked on without once looking down, until my job was finished an' I was putting up my tools. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a rattling noise, an' looking over I see the plank going down very fast. I called out: "Hullo, there! send that up again, will you?" but the only answer I got was a loud laugh, for, all the world like silly Jerry, the natural's, and sure enough there he was, standing by the windlass, jumping an' clapping his hands. I looked about for the man whose business it was to manage the windlass, but not a sign of him was there, an' in a minute I heard the rattle of the pulley again, and saw that the rope was running through it in the wrong direction. I made a grab for it, but 'twas jerked out of my hand, an' before I could catch it again the end had slipped through, and there I was more than a hundred feet from the ground, not knowing how in the world I was to get down, an' Jerry dancing and capering below, calling out: "Come down and thrash me now, Mr. Forde, won't you?" Then I remembered that I few days before I had found this boy annoying Katie, an' had given him a cut with a switch I had in my hand. He had slunk away without a word at the time, but it seems he had remembered the blow and took this way of being revenged.

Well, at first I was scarcely frightened, expecting somehow that, once the people below knew the fix I was in, they'd find some way or other of getting me out of it. But when I come to think of it, duece a way could I hit on myself, an' sure I knew more about chimneys than anyone else in the place. 'Twas getting late, too; there wouldn't be much more than another half-hour of daylight, an' the wind was rising—I could hear it whistling through the trees. By this time the people knew what had happened and a crowd was collecting; I could see them coming from all parts, for of course I had a view all about. I saw a boy go up to the door of the counting house, an' presently Master Phillip came out, running as if for life. When he came up he took the command like, an' began giving directions; an' the people who had only stared at first, now ran here an' there as he sent them. First they brought out a long ladder an' fixed it on the roof below the chimney. I could have told them that 'twas too short, knowing as I did the length of every ladder in the place; but somehow, though I heard their shouts plainly, I could not make them hear mine; it seemed as if the voices went up, like smoke. Then there was a great delay, while they went for a longer ladder; and this, too, didn't reach half way. A man climbed up, however, and called out to know had I a bit of string in my pocket that I could let down. Not a bit could I find. I had a big ball only the day before, but I had taken it out of my pocket an' put it on the shelf at home. I took off my braces an' fastened them an' my handkerchief together, but they didn't near reach the top of the ladder, so that plan had to be given up.

At this time the wind was rising, an' I was getting numb with the cold an' stiff an' cramped from being so long in the one position. There was a big clock right over the gateway just opposite, an' I saw that it only wanted twenty minutes to five; it would be nearly dark at 5, an' once the darkness set in what little hope I had would be gone.

Master Philip seemed to have gone away by this time, but there was my father among the crowd; an' who should I see standing next to him and holding on by his arm but Katie! They had forgotten everything but the fright about me, an' he seemed to be talkin' to her an' comforting her. After a bit I saw Master Philip again; he had a big thing in his hand looking like pocket handkerchiefs stretched over a frame, an' I saw that it was a kite, an' that they meant to send a string up to me in that way. But you never in all your life saw such an unmanageble kite. First 'twas too heavy and then 'twas too light, and then the time they seemed to lose making a tail to steady it. I heard after that part of that same tail was made of bank notes Master Philip took out of his pocket when he could get nothing else quick enough. He got them back later, for not a man, woman or child in the place would have touched one of them when they saw him using them in that way.

When the kite did go up at last the wind was so high that they could not manage it properly. It came very near me once, an' I made a snatch at the string, nearly overreaching myself in doing so, but I missed it, and just then there came a terrible gust of wind, the string broke, an' the kite was carried away, an' stuck fast in the branches of a big tree behind the master's house. I looked over at the clock to see how much time was left me an' I found I could not see the hands any longer; the darkness had come on in the last few minutes. Then I gave up all hope, for I knew I never could hold on till morning. I tried to think of death and to make myself ready for it, but I couldn't—not a prayer nor a good word could I call to mind, only going over an' over again in my head the way it would all happen—how the people would go away, one by one, how I'd be left alone in the darkness an' the howling wind, an' how at last I'd not be able to hold on any longer, an' fall, and be found in the morning all crushed out of shape. The people below seemed to have given up all thought of helping now, an' were standing quite quiet. 'Twas so dark by this time that I could not distinguish the faces of all; I could just make out Master Philip in his dark suit among the mill men, and poor Katie. She was crouching down on the ground now, and her apron over her head. All of a sudden I saw her leap up with a great cry an' clap her hands an' call out something. Then there was a confused sort of shout, as if every one in the crowd was saying the same thing at the same time, an' then Master Philip, making a sign to silence them, put his two hands up to his mouth an' sang out in a voice that came to me above the noise of the wind:

"Take off your stocking and ravel it; the thread will reach the ground."

At first I didn't understand him, being dazed like, but then the meaning came on me like a message from heaven. I got off one of my socks with some trouble—nice, new ones they were too, of Katie's own knitting, that she had given me for a Christmas box—an with the help of my teeth I loosened one end of the thread. It gave readily enough after that, an' when I had a good piece of it ripped I tied my knife to make it heavy, an' let it drop, ripping more an' more of the sock as it went down. Then I felt it stop, and presently there came a shout telling me to wind it up again. Very slowly and carefully I did it, fearing the string would break, an' when the last bit of it came up there was a piece of strong twine tied to the end of it. The twine in its turn brought the rope I had gone up by, an' then I felt that I was safe. I managed somehow to put it through the pulley, an' as soon as they had fastened the other end to the windlass below they gave me the word to come down. I was so numb an' stiff that I could not fix myself on the plank, but I managed somehow to cling to the rope with with my hands. Down, down I came, every turn of the windlass making the voices below seem nearer and nearer, and when I was within a few feet of the ground there were a dozen pairs of arms ready to catch me, an' a hundred voices to welcome me. An' there was my father waiting for me, an' Master Philip saying: "But for the girl, he'd have been up there still. Not one of the rest of us would have thought of the stocking: 'twas the brightest idea I've come across this many a day. She has saved his life, Forde, and you can't refuse your consent any longer." But when I looked round for Kate, she was nowhere to be seen. She must have slipped off as soon as she saw I was safe.

Master Philip hurried my father an' me away, I didn't quite know where, I was so dazed, but in a minute or two I found myself in a warm, lighted dining-room at the master's house, an' Master Philip pouring out a glass of brandy for me an' shaking hands with my father. I was glad to get the brandy, for I was worn out with fright and cold; but as soon as I could I made my escape, and went down to Katie's cottage. I hadn't been there five minutes when there was a knock at the door and in walks my father. He went straight up to Katie, holding out his hand.

"Katie, my girl," he said, Ive "come to ask your pardon for anything I've ever said or done against you, an' if you an' Jim are still of the same mind I won't hinder you from marrying. 'Tis you who have the best right to him, for you've saved his life."

"An' 'tis proud an' glad I am that I was able to do that same, Mr. Forde," said Kate.

"And you'll marry him, won't you, my dear?"

"If you're satisfied, sir."

"I am, my dear, quite satisfied," and with that he kissed her, and from that day to this he and Katie have been the best of friends. He lived with us for the last year or so, for he was getting past his work, and the master pensioned him off. He is very happy with us an' he is never tired of telling the children the story of the way their mother's cleverness saved my life.

Fiddles for Firewood.

When Ole Bull, the renowned violinist, was staying in Paris in 1840 he returned home late one evening from a concert, and as the night was cold he ordered his man to make a fire in his room. The latter dragged toward the fireplace a huge box, on which the word "Firewood" was painted in large letters. In answer to Ole Bull's astonished inquiry the servant told him that the box had been delivered that day at noon by his master's orders, as he thought. On being broken open the box was found to contain twenty-two violins and the following letter: "Great Master: The undersigned, being members of various amateur philharmonic societies, hereby declare that they will henceforth cease to perform on the accompanying instruments. The same wood from which Ole Bull can draw life, love, sorrow, passion, and melody, is only to be regarded as—fuel for the flames in the hands of the undersigned, who therefore request the mæstro to make an auto-da-fe of the inclosures, and to look upon the ascending smoke as incense offered to his genius by penitent dabblers in the noble art." This curious epistle bore the signatures of twenty-two young men. Three days afterward Ole Bull gave a dinner, to which he invited all the senders of the valuable "firewood." Each guest had lying before him on the table one of the violins referred to, and by its side a gold ring with the inscription "Solitude and Perseverance,"—a piece of reasonable advice to the faint-hearted dilettante, and a symbolic indication of the means by which the virtuoso himself had attained to fame.—*Tagliche Rundschau.*

Theatrical Note.

Judge Duffy.—"It is useless for you to say that you are innocent. You were caught in the act of pulling a silk handkerchief out of the pocket of the gentleman in front of you."

Prisoner.—"But, your honor, the piece that was being played on the stage was so sad that I was obliged to take the handkerchief to staunch my tears. I had no intention of stealing the handkerchief. I intended to return it as soon as the play was over."

Judge.—"Was the piece a comedy?"

Prisoner.—"It was, your honor."

Judge.—"An American comedy?"

Prisoner.—"It was, your honor."

Judge.—"No wonder you needed a handkerchief. You are discharged."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Political Game.

"Here, boys, stop that fighting!"

"We ain't fighting, mister, we're playing politics."

"What do you mean, then, by scratching each other and pulling hair and kicking each other's shins?"

"Oh, you see, him and me are on one side and we're lettin' the other boys see how much harmony there is in the party."—*Chicago News.*

"PREPARER OF SKELETONS."

A Curious Industry in the Capital of France.

A Paris correspondent of *The Boston Journal* writes: Paris has been surrounded for the last two years with a ring of vilely smelling glucose and cider factories, where all sorts of abominations are made up into drinks which the poor classes find very palatable, but which probably do them great harm morally and physically. One of those enterprising people who is always peering into out-of-the-way places has just given his contribution to the subject of these odors, and it is not entirely inviting, although it is curious enough. He says that during long walks through the plain of St. Denis he came one day upon a mysterious-looking range of buildings, carefully protected from outside observation, and from this establishment issued odors which ought to have driven him away, but which piqued his curiosity that he set about finding a means of entrance. It chanced that he was in the habit not only of walking in the plain of St. Denis, but of promenading the wards of hospitals in his quality of medical student; and, being present one day at the dismissal of a patient who had had what the doctors call an "interesting disease," he said to this patient: "What are you going to turn your attention to now that you are quite well?" "I am going back to my old business," said the woman, for it was a woman, with a little hesitation in her speech. "And what is your business?" "I am a preparer of skeletons." This declaration of such an unusual profession led to a long interview, in the course of which our explorer discovered that the woman was one of a numerous band of employes who worked night and day in the mysterious range of buildings in the plain of St. Denis, and transformed the bodies brought from the hospitals and prisons, not only of France, but of foreign countries, into skeletons for the students of anatomy and for the cabinets of surgeons. By judicious bribery this curiously-minded person obtained entrance into the establishment of St. Denis, where he saw things which he has described at much length, and which are sufficiently startling.

In one of the buildings is an immense row of caldrons, in which are boiled the bodies not only of men and women, but of the various animals whose bodies are needed for the purpose of study. Thither in gashly procession come at night carts from the prisons and hospitals, and the youthful assassin fresh from the scaffold and the overworked old drudge, who has found his final resting-place in a hospital ward, are placed in the caldron to have all the flesh boiled off their bones. It is well known that the burial of murderers is only a polite fiction, as the bodies are almost immediately removed from the cemetery of the condemned and taken either to the dissecting-rooms of a hospital or to this peculiar place which I am now describing. Our explorer was informed by the person who introduced him to this lugubrious place that large number of bodies have been brought for the past few years from Austria; and the supposition is that they are disenterred from the battle-fields which have been so numerous since 1877 in southeastern Europe. The view of this caldron room at night, with the quiet and respectable looking men and women preparing the bodies for the caldrons is a subject worthy of the pen of Theophile Gautier, or of Baudelaire in his maddest moments. In other buildings connected with this boiling room are the laboratories where the bones, when once all the flesh and tendons have been detached from them, are set up as skeletons. This work is very well paid, and among the people who engage in it are all kinds of what the French call unclassed persons whose knowledge has not been sufficient to keep them out of serious difficulties in life, and who have finally gravitated toward this strange pursuit. The preparation of the skeletons of animals is a very large industry. Every creature from frogs and serpents to tigers and lions, is here boiled. The bones are then whitened and they are set up and wired together by the skillful operatives. No doubt the odors from this place occassionally sweep down across the splendid expanse of Paris, from Montmartre to Montrouge.

Oysters that Grow on Trees.

The boat soon reached the mangroves, and, pushing in as far as possible, we found ourselves surrounded by the life of the tropics. As the tide was out we could reach up from the boat and gather over our heads the oysters which were growing in great clusters on the roots and branches of the trees. The clear water was filled with fishes of strange forms and brilliant colors, and they were perfectly fearless, so that they could be examined without difficulty, as they chased and captured their food among the submerged roots. The bottom was thickly covered with beautiful sea-anemones, and everywhere, on the bottom, on the roots and branches of the trees, and on the rocks at the water's edge, we found a wealth of mollusks and crustacea, which soon taught us to regard the mangrove thickets as rich collecting grounds. We were, however, unable to penetrate through it to the land until we discovered a little cove, where the bushes had been cut down. Pushing the boat into this, we reached an open, grassy landing place, shaded by two or three coacoanut trees, and surrounded by a dense forest except at one point, where a narrow path led up the hill to the house.—*Popular Science Monthly for October.*

A Waste of Material.

St. Paul man.—"Awful thing, that Milwaukee woman killing off all those babies, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, terrible."

"And she got only $300 apiece for it, at that."

"But that is a pretty good price."

"Good price? Why, man, we would have bought those babies up in our town at $1,000 a head."

"What for?"

"Why, to put in our directory, of course."—*Chicago News.*

GAS WELLS IN OHIO.

The Towns and Cities All Over the State Boring for Cheap Fuel—Opinions of an Eminent Geologist.

Prof. Edward Orton, the state geologist of Ohio, recently gave a *New York Mail and Express* reporter some interesting facts about inflammable gas, which has been discovered in the Buckeye state. Ex-Gov. Foster has a large share in gas wells and thinks it will be the cheap fuel of the future. The state is as much worked up over the large gas fields supposed to be in many different sections as it usually is about politics.

The Professor said: "When natural gas was used on a large scale in Pittsburgh three years ago it created a profound impression upon competing manufacturing centers, especially upon the towns and cities of eastern Ohio. The new fuel was discovered to be much cheaper than the other, and the manufacturing towns that were fortunate enough to have it convenient to utilize made competition almost impossible to those without it. The fact caused a search for natural gas to begin in eastern Ohio. The result has been that it was discovered in the western part of the state and other sections. High-pressure gas was discovered in 1884, in Findlay, Hancock county, at a depth of 1,100 feet. The surface of gas was very obvious and abundant there, but the source has not been discovered nor even conjectured. It was a complete geological surprise to find the Trenton limestone, one of the most widespread and important strata of lower Silurian age in North America, but which nowhere arises to the surface in Ohio, a source of gas, and later of oil. This well at Findlay is the pioneer one in that section, and from the first shot up a flame that indicated what a powerful source of light and heat had been discovered. Petroleum oil and natural gas have a common history. They are produced by the same agencies."

"Who discovered the Findlay gas wells?"

"Dr. Charles Oesterlin, a highly-respected citizen of Findlay. Inflammable gas has been constantly found in Findlay during the past fifty years in digging wells, cisterns, and sewers; in springs and rock crevices. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Jacob Carr had for a number of years lighted his house on Main street with gas collected from wells on his premises. Daniel Foster in 1838 introduced the gas into Mr. Carr's house and it has been running ever since. The fact that explosions frequently occurred in wells from natural gas made many afraid of it. But Dr. Oesterlin saw clearly that it could be made a source of light and heat. He desired to start a company many years ago and drill for gas. The Findlay Gas company (artificial gas) saw that its occupation was gone unless it sunk a well and secured natural gas. It did so and turned on the natural gas into the city mains. Machine-shops and manufactories drilled wells and used the gas to run their machinery. The third well sunk yielded about eighty thousand cubic feet of gas per day. The first and second yielded nearly three times as much as the third. The fourth well panned out much better than the rest, and the anemometer measurement showed that 1,296,000 cubic feet was escaping each day. There are now seventeen wells or more in use in and around Findlay. Two of the seventeen wells were failures. The others were productive, eleven yielding dry gas and four yielding gas and oil. Of the last number one is an oil well exclusively, but there is gas enough in it to raise the oil once in twenty-four hours, the flow averaging thirty-five barrels per day. Of the eleven wells yielding gas alone one stands out very prominently. The Karg well is probably the largest in the state. It was opened in January last. The measured yield of this well is twelve million cubic feet per day. Four of the principal wells yield per day as follows:

	Cubic feet.
Karg welll	12,080,000
Cary	3,313,000
Briggs	2,565,000
Jones	1,159,200

"The composition of this gas is as follows:

Marsh gas (light carburetted hydrogen)	92.61
Olefiant gas	0.30
Hydrogen	2.18
Nitrogen	3.61
Oxygen	0.34
Carbonic acid	0.50
Carbonic oxide	0.26
Sulphuretted hydrogen	0.21

"In 100 cubic feet there are 125.8 grains of sulphur. Its specific gravity is 57. Hence 1 cubic foot weighs 318.98 grains."

"How much does this gas cost?"

"Well, one thousand feet of natural gas will be equal to 8 cents in coal. The town of Findlay is run entirely by natural gas, from the teakettle and street-lamp to the mill, the glass-house, the machine-shop, and the factory. The gas company has established the following rates:

For cooking stoves, per month	$ 1.00
For sitting-room, per month	1.50
For grates	2.00@2.50
For house lights	15@30
For patent lime-kilns, per year	1.00
For boilers, from $150 upward per year	

"The proposition to bond the town for $40,000 to lay pipes and drill wells, if necessary, to supply gas at cost, has been carried by an overwhelming majority. A great deal of gas was wasted during the last year. It was owing to the peculiar condition of developments going forward. In the spring of 1886 there was for months a daily waste of at least 16,000,000 cubic feet of gas.

"At the rate of value previously given, 8 cents to 1,000 cubic feet, this would aggregate a daily loss of $1,280. The other towns of northern Ohio were quick to draw when Findlay 'struck gas.' Their expectations that being severally under laid by upper Silurian limestone as Findlay is their chances to obtain the new fuel were as good proved to be unfounded. The occurrence of gas and oil in Findlay is associated with an anomalous and most surprising departure from the regularity that in general characterizes the rocks of the state, and the whole question is a geological one after all. Bowling Green, the county seat of Wood county, twenty-four miles due north of Findlay, was the next to drill wells. It was fortunate that no gas was found within the corporate limits of the town—if so every citizen would have drilled a well upon their lot. The wells are one mile from town. The company that has piped the town has a monopoly, which, in such a case, tends to the general good. Gas is furnished at rates about one-third less than the cost of wood or coal to do the same work, not counting the saving of trouble and expense attending the use of the new fuel. Some of the charges are as follows:

House light	20 to 30 cents per month
Cooking stoves	$3 per month in winter
Heating stoves	$3 per month in winter
Lime burning	1 cent per bushel

"A successful well has been recently sunk at Bloomdale, seven miles from Fostina, where Gov. Foster resides. The Bloomdale has proven to be a great well; its daily yield does not vary much from 3,000,000 cubic feet. The gas will be piped to Fostoria, which is a very ambitious and enterprising town. Gov. Foster has a big interest in the Bloomdale well, and has organized a company to pipe the gas some thirty or forty miles. It is always best to discover gas some little distance from a town. If it were found in town, accessible to all land-owners, the capital invested by a company would come to naught. There are fifty other towns in the western half of Ohio industriously boring for gas, inspired by the success of Findlay. Some of these wells are absolutely 'dry' and are acknowledged to be unsuccessful ventures. The productive territory lies in spots. The gas wells of Findlay find their supply where the limestone lies between 306 and 350 feet below sea level. The great gas wells of the field are thus far included in the interval between 330 and 340 feet below sea level. Natural gas, when enriched by passing through a naptha bath, is made available for household light as well as heat."

London's Great Horse-Market.

I visited Tattersall's noted horse sale, writes a London correspondent to *The Cleveland Leader*, and saw several hundred horses knocked down to the highest bidder. Tattersall's has for one hundred years been the great horse-market of London. Here every week some of the best horses of the nobility and others are brought for sale, and the sons and grandsons of the great Tattersall of the past still manage the business. The stables are within a stone's throw of Hyde park, and not far away from Piccadilly. They are in the center of fashionable London, and when I entered them yesterday I found the sale going briskly on. Imagine a great square court with a dirt floor, around which is a high wall of stables, and over which, perhaps sixty feet above you, is a vaulted roof of glass. This wall of stables which surrounds the court is of brick, and midway between the floor and roof a gallery filled with carriages of every description runs around it. This gallery looks down upon the court through many columns and leaning upon its railing to-day were a number of ladies who were present looking down upon the sale going on below. In the square court perhaps two hundred men were standing. They were of all classes of horse fanciers, from the weazed-faced, wrinkled jockey and the gentleman's groom in livery to young lords dressed in the latest London fashion, and old fellows who looked as though they might stand for pictures of Sam Weller's father. They moved about and talked horse, went into the stable and examined the horses for sale, and when they thought of making a purchase they poked the horse with a cane to make him jump about and show whether he was sound. Each of these men had a catalogue of the sale, which described each horse by number and stated whether it was sound, quiet or otherwise, and whether it would travel in harness. One of these catalogues lies before me, and it states that if the horses are not found as described in the catalogue they may be returned, and if Tattersall finds on trial they are not as described there shall be no sale. Three days shall be given for trial, and if the complaint against the horses is not made within that time it will not be considered.

He Didn't Like the Idea.

Bank President.—Now, it is understood, is it, that you are to act as cashier; are to have $2,500 as your yearly salary, and neither of us can terminate the arrangement without giving the other at last a month's notice of such desire.

Cashier—Exuse me, but such an agreement would not be at all agreeable to me.

President—Is not the salary large enough to suit you? Because, if it is not, we will try and make that satisfactory.

Cashier—Oh, the salary is about right.

President—What is the trouble?

Cashier—I don't like the idea of giving you a month's notice of my intended departure. I might want to go at a moments notice—in fact, without notice, and I do not want to bind myself to acquaint you with the fact a month before, hand.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Can't Succeed.

"How is Doctor Bickle getting along?" a gentleman asked, addressing an eminent physician.

"Not very well."

"Sorry to hear it."

"I was grieved to see it. He has lost caste among physicians, the result of unprofessional conduct. He had a patient, a prominent man, who had fever. We all took great interest in the man and took pleasure in giving advice to Bickle, but he disregarded it."

"And the patent died, eh?"

Oh, no, he got well, but Bickle gave him butterwilk when we all know that sweet milk would have been better. We gave Johnson sweet milk."

"Yes, but Johnson is dead."

"Dead, why, of course he's dead, but he got sweet milk, and got it professionally, too. Oh, no, Bickle can never succeed."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*