

Aubrey's Famous Ride.
The greatest physical achievement ever accomplished in this country," said John F. Graham, "was the ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe, N. M., to the public square at Independence, Mo., a distance of nearly eight hundred miles, through a country inhabited by warlike Indians, a large part of which was then a sandy desert."

Being urged to give an account of the great ride Graham proceeded: "It was about the year 1851 that Aubrey gave his wonderful test of human endurance, before, which all other attempts of the kind pale into insignificance. He was a short, heavy set man 38 years of age, in the prime of manhood and strength. His business for ten years as a Santa Fe trader had made him perfectly familiar with the trail and all the stopping places. He was a perfect horseman, and although there were great riders in those days, none of them cared to dispute the palm with Aubrey. On a wager of \$1,000 he undertook to ride alone from Santa Fe to Independence inside of six days. It was thirty-nine years ago that he undertook the terrible feat. It was to be the supreme effort of his life, and he sent a half dozen of the swiftest horses ahead to be stationed at different points for use in the ride.

"He left Santa Fe in a sweeping gallop and that was the pace he kept up during nearly every hour of the time until he fell fainting from his foam covered horse in the square at Independence. No man could keep with the rider and he would have killed every horse in the west rather than to have failed in the undertaking. It took him just five days and nineteen hours to perform the feat and it cost the lives of several of his best horses. After being carried into a room at the old hotel at Independence Aubrey lay for forty-eight hours in a dead stupor before he came to his senses. He would never have recovered from the shock had it not been for his wonderful constitution. The feat was unanimously regarded by western men as the greatest exhibition of strength and endurance ever known on the plains."

"What became of Aubrey afterward?" was asked.
"After his ride he became the lion of the west and was dined and feted at St. Louis as though he had been a conquering hero. He finally met his death at the hand of a friend. One day in 1854, in an altercation with Maj. Richard H. Weightman, the great rider was stabbed in the heart and dropped dead in Santa Fe. He was buried in an unknown grave and all that is remembered of Aubrey is his remarkable ride. Weightman was tried upon the charge of murder, but was acquitted, and joining the Confederate army was shot at Wilson's Creek while leading his brigade into battle."—Denver News.

American Fables.
THE ASS WHO PREDICTED.
An ass who heard a goose observe that the water in the pond was getting very low, at once offered his service to predict rain. This having been noised about, the hens asked for continued dry weather, the foxes demanded a snow storm, the oxen wanted frosty mornings, and the mule, the wolf the dog and the peacock each demanded that he be favored with weather made to order. As a result the ass could please no one, and as his failure was charged to his obstinacy, the whole crowd fell upon him and wounded him almost to death. He was complaining of this to the peasant, when the latter replied:
Moral: He who speaks to please all will end in pleasing nobody at all. THE BEETLE AND THE GRASSHOPPER.
A beetle and a grasshopper met in a path one day, and although there was plenty of room for both neither would turn aside.
"Come, now, but why don't you give way?" demanded the beetle.
"Who are you that I must give up my rights?" said the hopper.
"Be careful of your language, sir!" "And don't you rub against me!" And they were on the point of combat when a peasant coming along the path espied them both and gobbled up both of them.
Moral: Men who go to law for their rights always become the victims of their lawyer.

Telling Time By Flowers.
Detroit Free Press.
There is not an hour in the day that is not the beloved hour of some blossom. Linnaeus, the celebrated botanist, conceived the pleasant notion of a flower clock. Instead of a rude metal bell to thump the hour, there is a little flower bell ready to open at 3 o'clock, a flower star that will shine forth at 4 and a flower cup, perhaps, that will appear 5 o'clock to remind old-fashioned folks that it is near tea time. Claude Lorraine, although he did not, like Linnaeus, make a clock of four and twenty flowers in his garden, was a landscape painter most familiar with nature; and when he was abroad he could at any time know what o'clock it was by asking the time of the field.

Past and Present.
Her mother found the young bride of only three months in tears.
"What is it, darling?" she asked, with that solicitude of mothers-in-law anxious to make out a case.
"Why, Albert," she sobbed, "spoke this morning before he left of what he used to say was love's kiss on my chin. He said the dimple there was—"
"Well, well?"
"He said when he came to look at it closer it was nothing but a pimple."—Philadelphia Times.

"Hurray! That's it! I can darken his sitting-room until he must burn gas! Thanks, O Sage—many thanks! You have renewed my youth!"
MORAL.—And he erected the fence, and every passer-by halted to look and to observe: "Ah, but the ass has built a stable for himself!"

Titles From Over the Teacups.
Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Atlantic.
It is a very curious fact that, with all our boasted "free and equal" superiority over the communities of the Old World, our people have the most enormous appetite for Old World titles of distinction. Sir Michael and Sir Hans belong to one of the most extended of the aristocratic orders. But we have also "Knights and Ladies of Honor," and what is still grander, "Royal Conclave of Knights and Ladies," "Royal Arcanum," and "Royal Society of Good Fellows," "Supreme Council," "Imperial Court," "Grand Protector," and "Grand Dictator," and so on. Nothing less than "Grand" and "Supreme" is good enough for the dignitaries of our associations of citizens. Where does all this ambition for names without realities come from? Because a Knight of the Garter wears a golden star, why does the worthy cordwainer, who mends the shoes of his fellow-citizens, want to wear a tin star, and take a name that had a meaning as used by the representatives of ancient families, or the men who had made themselves illustrious by their achievements?

It appears to be peculiarly American weakness. The French Republicans of the earlier period thought the term citizen was good enough for anybody. At a later period, "le Roi Citoyen"—the citizen king—was a common title given to Louis Philippe. But nothing is too grand for the American, in the way of titles. The proudest of them all signifying absolutely nothing. They do not stand for ability, for public service, for social importance, for large possessions; but, on the contrary, are often found in connection with personalities to which they are supremely inapplicable. We can hardly afford to quarrel with a national habit which, if lightly handled, may involve us in serious domestic difficulties. The "Right Worshipful" functionary whose equipage stops at my back gate, and whose services are indispensable to the health and comfort of my household, is a dignitary whom I must not offend. I must speak with proper deference to the lady who is scrubbing my floors, when I remember that her husband, who saws my wood, carries a string of high-sounding titles which would satisfy a Spanish nobleman.

A Cold Hell.
According to the Scandinavian mythology, writes F. A. Fernald, in the Popular Science Monthly, all who die bravely in battle are snatched away to Valhalla, Odin's magnificent banquet hall in the sky. Those who, after lives of ignoble labor or inglorious ease, die of sickness, descend to a cold and dismal cavern beneath the ground, called Nifheim—i. e., the mist world. This abode is ruled by the goddess of death, whose name is Hel. The place of torment for reprobates is Nastrond, deeper under ground than Nifheim, and far toward the frigid north. This grim prison is described in the following passage from the Prose Edda, written in Iceland in the thirteenth century: "In Nastrond there is a vast and direful structure with doors that face the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, wadded together like wickerwork. But the serpents' heads are turned toward the inside of the hall, and continually vomit forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or who forswear themselves." According to the Voluspa, a poem of earlier date, the evil-doers in Nastrond are also gnawed by the dragon Nidhogg.

Origin of the Word "Fence."
The origin of a slang phrase is sometimes a difficult thing to trace, but surely it is easy to understand why a person who buys stolen goods from a thief is called a "fence." Obviously if a robber were seeking to hide the evidence of his crime when the officers of the law were in hot pursuit of him he would, if he could, hide his "swag" behind the nearest fence. Hence "fence," a place to hide his swag, and by easy transition the person who provides such a place.—New York Press.

Ants in Ansonia.
Ansonians up in the little Nutmeg State were treated to a shower of ants lasting for two hours a day or two ago. The air was completely filled with the insects. They seemed to come out of the ground. They came out along the street for a hundred yards, and after circling around in the air started in a body down the street. They evidently had mid-air combats, as the streets were full of dead and injured and the wings of other unfortunates.

How They Carry Money.
One of the queerest sights is to see how different immigrants carry their money.
Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch.
Irishmen always have a little canvas bag in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.
Germans carry their money in a belt round their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be.
The French mostly carry a small brass tube in which they can place forty or fifty twenty franc pieces and remove them very rapidly one at a time.

There are very few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube in which they keep their paper money or silver coins, and this tube is hung round their neck by a small chain or cord.
Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocket book that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them, and which has in it enough leather to make a pair of boots.
The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork and spoon.—Chatter.

Hood and the Hypochondriac.
Hood used to tell a story of a hypochondriac who was in the habit, two or three times a week, of believing himself dying. On a certain occasion he was taken ill with one of his terrors while out riding in his gig, and happening at the time to see in the road ahead his family physician riding in his carriage in the same direction, he applied the whip to his horse to overtake the old doctor as soon as he possibly could. The doctor, however, seeing him coming, applied the whip to his own horse, and as he had a nag that was considered a "goer" they had a close time of it for about three miles. But the hypochondriac, driving a fast horse, finally came alongside of the doctor, and exclaimed: "Hang it, doctor, pull up—pull up instantly. I am dying." "I think you are," cried the doctor. "I never saw any one going so fast."

Hot Water Always Ready.
The boiling lakes of Sierra Nevada are a great source of interest to travelers west. About one hundred miles north of Oroville, at the foot of old Lassen, there is a boiling lake covering several acres. The depth of the lake is unknown, but its entire surface constantly boils like a huge kettle. It would scald the skin from the fingers in a very few seconds, and would boil an egg in four minutes. The smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere about the lake, and around its borders something like sulphur could be scraped up in handfuls. This lake is near Hot Spring Valley, at the base of Mount Lassen. Between it and the mountain there are perhaps a thousand boiling, bubbling, hot springs, and in tramping about these springs the soles of a person's shoes become uncomfortably warm.

The Stock of a Cigar Store.
Ottawa Corr. Toronto Empire.
The order from the Indian Revenue Department, requiring the destruction of cigar boxes as soon as their contents have been sold, was loudly complained against by the small dealers, their plea being that the empty boxes were used by them to fill up vacant shelves and give the appearance of carrying a largestock. Several of these having complained to the commissioners, that the order was rather a hardship to them, that official replied: "Well, just knock the bottom out of the boxes and keep them if you wish." Mr. Miall informed your correspondent that this treatment of empty cigar boxes would be considered a compliance with the law.

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