Messages From Planet Mars.

Sir Francis Galton, the distinguished English scientist, has been at work for several months studying signals which he says the people on Mars have been sending to this earth. These signals consist signals used by an army to send news from one monntain top to another.

By means of a simple light, which may be turned on and off with mathematical accuracy, it is possible to make up a complicated code whereby long and detailed messages may be sent from one far distant place to another without any medium of communication other than the ray of light. That this is the means which people of Mars have finally adopted for opening communication with us there appears now to be no reasonable doubt, according to the statement of Sir Francis Galton.

Edison believed for some time that the people of Mars were trying to telegraph to us by means of electrical currents. For the purpose of taking up these messages, which, after travelling millions of miles of ether, were necessarily weak, he built the largest receiver in the world. This consisted of many miles of wire wrapped around the base of Ogden mountain, in New Jersey, which, consisting almost altogether of iron, acted as a giant magnet.

Mr. Edisoh attached a microphone to these wires, and, putting his ear to the diaphragm, noticed a long series of æismic mutterings that were strange and unearthly. Mars was then close to the earth and unusually active, as the observations of Percival Lowell at Flag staff, Ariz., disclosed. Yet, although there appeared to be little doubt that magnetic currents noticed by Mr. Edison vere transmitted from this interesting planet, they were so coofused and mixed that no logical sequence could be established in their order.

Few, however, that the light signals, Mars have been studied by a painstaking scientist, we may be close upon astounding discoveries as to just what these discoveries mean. The light signal on Mars was first noticed in the Lick telesbope, the biggest spy glass on earth.

It was seen to flash out in the central zone of the planet soon after Mars rose into the evening sky. That was two vears ago. The signal light at that time was apparently in a crude state, compared to its present condition. It was only noticed at the Lick observatory on two successive evenings, and it then went

During the past summer, however, this flashlight on Mars has been unusually active. The Martian telegraphers seem to have got the bang of their instrument-which must be built upon a gigantic scale - and to have devised a successful method of turning on and off the light in the immense area over which it must extend.

When first studied by Sir Francis Gal ton the signals from Mars to the earth appeared to consist of an unrelated and meaningless series of flashes, which might be accounted for by unevenness in the density of the medium existing between the end and Mars. He resolved, however, to make these flashes the subject of prolonged observation and study.

In order to secure permanent record of the flashes, Sir Francis Galton, working in one of the great European observatories, constructed an apparatus which was placed next to the telescope he used. In this machine a long strip of telegraph paper was slowly drawn by clock work under a hinged pencil.

Upon this pencil Sir Francis Galton rested his finger. When the flash began, he pressed with his finger and the pencil made a mark on the paper unrolling beneath it. When the flash ceased, he lifted his finger, the pencil was instantly raised and a blank space was left on the paper strip. For many weeks Sir Francis Galton, working all night while Mars was in view, noted these flash light messages, although they were meaningless to him.

when, however, he began to study the paper strips which he had collected, he began to notice a certain order and regularity in the recurrence of some of the signs. Then by an analytical process he discovered that these telegraphic ribbons showed that three, and only three, different signals were being employed by the Martian operators.

These signals differed only in their lengths and resembled the dots and dashes of the telegrapic code. Sir Francis plant, so far as we know. This is the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an Palmer, jr., and Isaac C. Fraser were Galton discovered that the dot lasted one second and a quarter and that the dash lasted two seconds and a half. The line, or longest dash sent by the flash light on Mars, lasted five seconds. Of the thousands of impressions made by Sir Francis Galton, every one belonged to one of these classes.

Then an other discovery was made by the English scientist. He succeeded separating the messages into words. After every group of dots and dashes on the papslip, Sir Francis Galton found that there was a considerable space, when the dots and dashes would begin again.

These spaces indicated the division of one word from another. At greater intervals there was another and longer space. This indicated the beginning of a new

paragraph. Sir Francis Galton found that the interval between letters was one and onehalf seconds, and that the intervals bewords were just twice as long, while the intervals between paragraphs were six seconds in length. A further scrutiny of these mysterious telegraph messages from Mars disclosed the fact that the total number of words of one letter was three, of two letters nine, of three letters twenty-seven, of four letters eighty-one and of five letters two hundred and forty-

Sir Francis Galton has also found that the average time occupied in signalling these words, including the three seconds pause at the end of each, are six, ten fifteer and twenty-four seconds respectively. He has not yet been able to decipher the exact meaning of these words, which the Martian telegraph operators have been flashing towards us, but that they constitute long messages and are meant to be read by the inhabitant of

the earth he has no doubt. Just how the light is made that carries its rays over the immense distance separating Mars from the earth remains a mystery. Flammarion is of the opinion that it must cover hundreds of square miles where millions of incadescent lamps may be burning, having stated that that was the only way in which the inhabitants of the earth could return a flash light message to Mars. The strongest and largest | didn't dream nothing," he remarked. light now in use on this earth would be | "Can I have some more cake?"

useless in attempting to communicate with the people of Mars, who could not see it even with the most powerful tele-

It is believed, as the Marians keep on industriously trying to open communication with us, that they are studying us with enormons glasses and have a tolerof a series of flash light dots and dashes. ably exact knowledge of the condition of They appear to resemble the heliograph affairs on this earth. The vast public works which Schioparelli and Lowell have discovered on the surface of Mars show that the people of that planet have reached a state of civilization far beyond anything known to us.

They have developed an enormous and perfect system of irrigation, building gigantic canals that cover the surface of Mars on a network. These distribute the melting snow from the north and

south polar caps of Mars. As these snow caps diminish, as Lowell and all other recent observers have noted the flow of great bodies of water into these artificial canals is plainly disclosed by the new colors taken on. Soon vegetation commences along the banks of the canals, and the advancing season, as it progresses towards north and south, while the snow caps recede, is revealed by vast stretches of territory which turn from an orange brown to bright green.

So perfect is the Martian system of irrigation that all the arid stretches on its suface are reached. Every acre appeares to be highly cultivated. In the spring the whole surface presents an aspect of bril

This turns to a golden orange as the crops ripen. Then the harvest is gathered, the canals dry up, and and the snow caps on both poles can be seen in the telescope to advance towards the equator.

The amazing phenomenon, all apparently the result of the high state of development of the people of Mars, has been stu-diously observed and graphically described by Mr. Percival Lowell, of Harvard university, whose investigations have added numerous Martian canals to those previously discovered by Schiaparelli. To a people capable of conquering adverse nainstead of the magnetic signals, sent from ture and achieving the gigantic engineering triumphs of the Martians, the sending of flash-light messages to this earth would appear an easy matter.

If they can build canals athousand tir es larger than Sues canal it is likely that they have telescopes much more powerful than the Lick, and that, knowing just what our life upon this earth is like, they are making every effort to open up communication with us. Mr. Percival Lowell has recently gone to New Mexico to still further study Mars, and Sir Francis Galton is attempting to decipher the meaning of the Martian messages he has recorded.

A Southern Corn Pest.

Entomologist Howard of the Agricultural department, in a recent circular on the larger corn-borer, says that the pest will have no chance for its life in the North, where careful and thorough methods of cultivation are followed, but in the South it has already done more or less damage in most corn fields from Alabama to Virginia. Mr. Howard reports having seen more than 50 holes in a single stalk in South Carolina and in Virginia, last year, a single planter estimates his loss at more than \$500. The insect is identical with the sugar cane borer of Louisiana, and is found in all Southern States as far North as the Potomac river | fect. and as far West as Kansas.

The adult insect issues from the old cornstalks in the spring. Soon after the young corn comes up it lays its eggs upon | first floor. the leaves near the axle and the young hava upon hatching penetrates the stalk at or near the joint and commences to tunnel, usually upward through the pith. The growth of the borer is rapid and it is very active, frequently leaving the stalk, at one place and entering at another, making several holes in the course of its growth. When ready to transform it bores to the surface of the stalk making a hole for the exit of the future moth, then changing to the pupa state.

The etomologist says that where the old corn stalks are systematically removed from the field and burned after the cellar I'd like to eat there."-Chicago harvest or during the winter, or where a Post. constant rotation of crops is practiced, the corn stalk borer will never become a serious pest, and the Virginia and South Carolina farmers have it in their hands to check it at any time by pursuing these

methods. Aside from corn, sugar cane, and sorgbum, this borer has only one other food very high in swampy ground. Farmers whose cornfields adjoin swampy ground will do well to burn over this grass during the winter. Aside from these simple remedies, there is only one more point to be made, and that is, that rotation of crops is reasonably efficient against this insect. Where the custom of allowing stalks to remain in the field during winter is practiced, it naturally follows that corn following corn will be badly damaged. Observations made by this office show that in 1891 the average damage to crops planted upon land which was in corn the previous year was 25 per cent, while the averaga injury to corn planted upon sod land was only 10 per cent, even where this land was reasonably close to former corn land.

Knew a Good Thing.

Little Algy was invited over to a neighbor's for his Christmas dinner, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big cream cake. He declined soup, fish and turkey, and his host feared that he was so bashful he would not eat.

"Now, Algy, what are going to have?" he was asked. "Cake."

an incredibly short space of time it had I never saw anything half so funny. The disappeared.

was asked. "Cake."

Another piece went the way of the "Would you like something else,

"More cake." "I'm afraid you will have bad dreams if you eat so much of that rich cake.' (Algy was silent.) "Can't I give you something else?

"Yep, cake." "Well, you can have one more piece, but I know you will have bad dreams.' The next morning early, Algy appeared at the door of his late host.

"I just came over to tell yot that

Farmers' and Dairymen's Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the F. and D. Association of N. B., will be held in the Temperance Hall, Fredericton, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 10th, 11th, and 12th February next, opening at 2 p. m., on Wednesday the

The following subjects will be introduced for discussion: "Good Roads, by Messrs. S. L. Peters and Howard Trueman; "Fruit Growing," by Messrs. C. L. S. Raymond, Samuel Randall, Geo. E. Baxter and W. S. Blair; "Mistakes in Dairying," by Messrs. E. H. Turnbull, T. C. B. Milbery, Harvey Mitchell and J. E. Hopkins; "How to keep the Boys and Onct tried to chew tobacker, Girls upon the Farm," by Miss Susie A. Crawford and Mr. Jno. R. Tompkins; "The Retention of Fertility," by Messrs. H. B. Hall, and John Dawson; "The Registration of pure bred Stock," by Messrs Donald Innis and D. Sinclair Smith; "The Stable Management of Cattle," by Messrs. W. L. George and D. C. Parent. The subject of Agricultural Education

will also be discussed. Mr. Geo. W. Forrest, superintendent of the Maritime Experimental Farm, will make a report upon some features of the work under his charge. Prof. F. T. Shutt, chemist to Dominion Experimental Farms, will be present to assist in the discussion on retention of fertility and stable management of cattle, and Prof. Jno. Craig, horticulturist, to assist in the discussion upon fruit growing.

Everybody is invited to attend and join the Association. The membership fee is \$1.00.

All members have a right to speak twice in each discussion. Ladies are particularly invited. Reduced rates on all railways. Buy one way first-class tickets over the I. C. R. and C. P. R. and ask for standard certificate.

BUTTER AND FRUIT EXHIBIT. There will be an exhibit of winter fruit and fresh dairy butter at the meeting. \$30 will be given in butter prizes and several special prizes. Entry forms and all information can be had from Harvey Mitchell, Department of Agriculture. Fredericton, and from

W. W. HUBBARD, Corresponding Secretary. Sussex, N. B.

He Wanted It Cheaper.

they charge according to the service, and | harvested, the loss from each being pracyou can get anything in the line of service | tically the same in quality and character. that you want from a private dining room | The fodders kept in the shock lost more to a cafetiria help yourself counter. And the men in search of something to eat had wandered in among the private dining last test lost more of their food value rooms on the second floor.

in his chair and had secured the attention | The relative cost of placing the same of a waiter he glanced at the bill of fare, amount of dry matter in the manger was and the next minute he straightened up as | greatly in favor of whole ensilage. Time if he had received an electric shock.

"Well, when I want to be robbed," returned the man, "I'll go out and hire a

book along.'

whether the service was good or bad, as he ensilage and meal to 100 pounds obtained never ate it, and then he started for the from the same amount of dry matter in

"Roast beef, 30 cents," he said, looking at a bill of, fare before taking his seat. "That's better. I've come down station, and confirm the opinion of many

15 cents' worth of stairs. Then it was that a brilliant idea occurred to him, and he beckoned to the head

"What's in the basement?" he asked. "Our cafetiria," was the reply.

"How much is roast beef down there?" "Twenty cents."

He started for the basement, but stop-"Say," he said, "if you've got a sub-

The Drummer's Latest.

The drummer always brings the latest

trick. Here it is: Take a spool of white basting cotton Drop it into your inside coat 1 pocket, and, threading a needle gama grass, or sesame grass, which grows inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off

your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all bastings, and that they were unravelling not only clothes, but yourself. "I was to see Wilson Barrett in Claudian in Boston last week," said the travelling man. "It was in the most interesting and pathetic portion the play. Everybody

I was sitting bolt upright and I didn't know or care to know a soul that one so genial, manly, and around me, when suddenly I felt some one upright, and in whom we had implicit tugging at the basting cotton that I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it present with us then to council and adunrolled. Half glancing around, I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at the thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about ten yards, and was now hauling in hand over hand. He didn't care to stop, because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle with basting cotton. He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what portion of my domestic interior economy he was trifling | things well." with. Rip! rip!wentthe thread. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was do tender to the widow and family of the be presented as a birthday gift. full of it. "For heaven's sake! will it

never end?" said he above his breath. He was given a generous slice, and in while he pulled. How I wanted to yell. Mrs. Perry. whole section of the house got onto it. "What will you have now, Algy?" he they didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, but sat and looked on amazed gave one frantic rip and yanked out about his eye glasses, in his hair, and filled his just finished. lap, I turned around and, producing the spool from my pocket, said, "I am sorry I misled you. You see I have about 124 yards left, but I presume that you don't care for any more to-night. I am honest-

ly sorry, but I can't help smiling." "The man was a modest sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was as red as fire even to his ears. He looked at me and then at the spool. He changed color once or twice, and when the crowd caught on a big laugh went up."--American Commercial Traveller.

Getting to be a Man.

I'm glad my hair ain,t yellow, And all curled up and long; I'm glad my cheeks ain't dimpled, And that I'm gettin' strong! I wish my voice was hoarser,
To talk like Uncle Dan,
Because I want to hurry
And git to be a man!

I'm glad the women never Come up to me and say:
"Oh, what a purty little boy!"
In that soft kind of way. I wear big shoes, and always Make all the noise I can, Because I want to hurry And git to be a man,

But couldn't do it quite, It made me awful dizzy-They said I was a sight. But some time, when I'm older, I bet you that I can-I won't give up that easy, 'Cause I want to be a man!

I've got on pa's suspenders— Wisht I had whiskers too, And that my feet was bigger, And schoolin' was all through! Wisht Edison. or someone, Would come out with a plan To help a boy to hurry, And git to be a man!

Perserving Corn Fodder.

A report from the Vermont Agricultural Experiment station says, for two years past experiments were conducted to determine the best method of perserving the corn plant for winter use. Four methods were tried. First, whole ensilage was made by running the newly cut corn through a cutter, reducing it to 1-2 inch lengths, then putting into the silo. Second, the ears were husked, cribbed, dried, ground, cob and all, and fed in connection with the stalks, which had been previously cut and made into ensilage; this was called stover ensilage and meal. Third, the fodder was preserved in large shocks and before feeding was run through a cutter, ears and all, and cut into 1-2 lengths. Fourth, the corn the cob and fed with the stover, after it | will tell me how he manages it." had been run though the cutter as needed from time to time.

Samples from the materials preserved by the different methods were analyzed, and the fodder was fed to a herd of 14 milk cows. | friends."-Chicago Times-Herald. It was found that each of the methods It was one of those restaurants where perserved about 4-5 of the dry matter and more dry matter as the winter progressed. The ears in the silo during the than those preserved in any other way, After he had settled himself comfortably | this being the reverse of a previous test. and money spent in husking and grinding "Roast beef, 45 cents!" he exclaimed. the ears were wasted, as better results | night, the visitor went down with little | prays-how wildly!-for mercy; hot fever "Do you serve a whole cow for an order | were obtained when the ears were left on the stock. The ensilages were relished The waiter said that was the regular | much better by the cows and they did better upon them.

were made by feeding whole ensilage of thug to do it. Just now I'm only after | stover ensilage and meal. The cows ate lunch, and I didn't think to bring my check- less dry matter from whole ensilage to produce the same amount of butter and The waiter politely suggested that the milk, consequently the whole ensilage prices were not quite so high on the first lasted longest and resulted in the greatest floor, where the service was a little less per- | quantity of dairy product. There were but 91 or 92 pounds of milk and butter The patron declared that he didn't care | produced by a given amount of stover whole ensilage ration.

In the main, these results agree with those of a former trial at the Vermont that nothing is equal to ensilage as a rough winter dairy food.

Resolution of Condolence.

At the last session of the Queens County Council held on the 19th inst, Councillor Gilbert moved the following resolution, viz.:

That a committee be appointed to prepare a memorial, suggestive of our sympathy for the family of our late and highly esteemed sheriff, T. W. Perry, now deceased, and expressive of the loss sustained by this Council and the County at large by his demise.

The resolution was carried unanimouswith it, pass it up through the ly, and Councillors T. H. Gilbert, Daniel

appointed as said committee. After which, the chairman, T. H. Gill

bert, presented the following report: We, your committee appointed to prepare a memorial expressive of the deep loss sustained by this Council and the community at large, by the death of our late sheriff, T. W. Perry, Esq., submit

the following: That we, the Council of the Municipality of Queens, in session convened, place on record our deep regret confidence, and who one short year ago seemed in the vigor of manhood, being vise, seeming to retain his former friendship for the Board, of which he had been an honored member for seventeen consecutive years should be stricken down by the ruthless hand of death, and, though sorrowing as we do on account of his sudden demise, yet in humble submission, we bow to the decree of our Heavenly Father, believing, "that He doeth all

Therefore resolved, That the Council deceased, our sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavement, and that a copy of this I sat perfectly still and ran the spool report and resolution be forwarded to

A Delicate Compliment.

It is said that a cetain Englsh porat the spectacle. At last the stranger | trait painter has almost as great a reputatien for joking as for taking excellent 11 yards in one bunch, and as the cotton likenesses. One evening he was speaking this (the chapel) and it ought not to be hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had got caught around his watch chain, over of a beautiful girl whose portrait he had difficult to raise that amount for one to been reading a translation of Fenelon's 'Her features are exquisitely moulded,

I have heard, said a friend who had seen neither the portrait nor its original. 'Beautiful forehead and eyes,' return-

eb the artist, cocisely, 'handsome nose fine chin, mouth like an elephant's! 'Mouth like an elephant's!' echoed his friends in dismay. 'What a terrible mis-

fortune! Do you mean that it is so enor-

mous and-what do you mean? 'Only that it is filled with suberb ivory madame,' returned the artist, with his usual gravity.—Youth's Companion.

Why His Wife Didn't Object.

"Really, boys, I have to quit," said the man with the biggest stack of chips in front of him as he gathered in another jack pot.

"Oh, come off, that's not square," declared the biggest loser.

"Why?" "You've got all the chips. Aren't you going to give the rest of us a show?"

"That's not it. You know I don't care for your money, but-"

"You're getting it." "Maybe I am. But I really must quit. You see, I am married. You fellows are single It is 12 o'clock now, and if I don't get home I will be in a pretty mess. As it is I expect to find my mother-in-law and my wife waiting

for me. You are not married." "I am," declared the man whose luck had just returned.

"And you are going to play all night?"

"If I want to," "And drink?"

"Bet your life."

"And smoke?"

"Cert." "Your wife won't say anything to you when you get home?"

"Not a word." Doesn't she object to your playing ooker, drinking and smoking all night? "Oh, I don't known. I am not wor-

rying about it. Stay all night!" "There; you see it's a bluff!" declared

the biggest loser. "It's all very well for Harvey to talk about the way he has his wife trained, but I can't do it," returned the man with the biggest stack of chips, "but I tell you was husked from the fodder, ground with | what I will do, I'll give my stack if he | his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever.

> "Done!" cried the man whose luck had turned, as he reached for them. wife is out of town visiting

In a Minor Key.

This is a true English ghost story of an unconventional kind. A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness to find a white | land. figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched the bed-clothes were suddenly whisked off and the apparition vanished. After an anxious, not to say chilly appetite for breakfast. At table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learn-Equal quantities of milk and butter ed, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold. "I hope you will excuse me," he said to the hostess, "but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement my own.,' The room, as it happened was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake. -- San Francisco Ar-

The Mines of Canada.

The Rossland Miner reports that from January 10 to January 16 inclusive the shipments of ore from mines at Rossland

to smelters were as follows:—	
Mine.	Tons.
Le Roi	1,216
War Eagle	420
O. K	14
Jumbo	30
Red Mountain	16
Cliff	40

Total for the week 1,736 Total since January 1.........3,375

The above grand total is made up as 30; O. K., 14. The following shipments were made

100; O. K. to Great Falls, 14; Jumbo to Everett, 30; Red Mountain to Tacoma, 16; Cliff to Nelson, 40. The rest of the trust, sustain me in that resolve. ore went over the Columbia & Western Railway to the Trial smelter.

The Trial smelter shipped to New York City over the Red Mountain Railway last week five cars containing 194,411 pounds | bridal guests, no one could fail to read of copper matter.

Moody's Birthday Gift.

the life of Dwight L. Moody will take place on Feb. 5, Mr. Moody will be 60 years

A number of his friends are working to raise a fund of \$25,000 to erect a chapel the committee that the whole sum will be raised by Feb. 5, so that the chapel may

deeply interested in this matter, and the Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer, the celebrated English Evangelist, who will arrive in New York Feb. 3, has been specially acing from London recently, expressed the feeling of Mr. Moody's English friends as follows: 'For years he has wished for whom we are all under obligation, who

has never asked sixpence for himself. Mr. Moody is averse to speaking upon reticent yesterday. "Well really," he said was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." with a smile, "I am not supposed to know anything about this, you know. Thematter has been discussed for some time

say what has been done. complete the chain of Northfield School buildings, which has been evolved during the past 15 years.

The Bridal Wine Cup.

A subscriber to the Family Herald sends us the following story, which she read in a paper some years ago, with a request that it be reproduced.

'Pledge with wine, pledge with wine,' cried the young and thoughtless Harvey

'Pledge with wine,' rang through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale, the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker and her heart beat wilder. 'Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples

for this once,' said the judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter, the 'company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own house do as you please; but in mine for this once please me.' Pouring out a brimming cup they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion.

She was very pale though composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of, 'Oh! how terrible!'

'What is it?' cried one and all, thronging together for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it.

'Wait,' she answered, while a light which seemed inspired shone from her dark eyes; 'wait and I will tell you. I see,' she added, slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, 'a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen, I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly! One friend stands before him-nay, I should say kneels, for see he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

'Oh! the high, holy looking brow. Why should death mark it and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him calling piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together, as he shrieks for his sister-his only sister-the twin of his soul -weeping for him in his distant native

'See!' she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell overpowered upon the seat. - 'See! his arms are lifted to heaven, he rushes through his veins. He moves not; his eyes are not set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; im vain his friend wispers the name of father and sister-death is there. Death, and no soft hand, no gentle voice to soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder

-he is dead!' A grean runs through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his

face in his hands and was weeping. 'Dead,' she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster and her voice more broken; 'and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp reeking earth, the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. There he lies, my father's son, my own twin brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father! she exclaimed turning suddenly while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, 'father shall I drink it

Them for the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothering voice he faltered: 'No,

no, my child; no!' She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she tooked at the fragments of crystal,, she turnfollows:--Le Rio, 2,206 tons; War Eagle, ed to the company saying: 'Let no friend 960; Cliff, 40; Red Mountain, 36; Jumbo hereafter who loves me tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer than the everlasting hills are my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or take the via the Red Mountain Railway:-Le Rio poisonous cup, and he to whom I have to Tacoma 176 tons; Le Rio to Everett, given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer. The judge left the room, and when, an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the that he had determined to banish the enemy forever from his princely home.

An event of considerable importance in | How Grant Got the Name of Ulys-

The story was curious. As related by the father afterward, it appeared that the for the famous Summer School at North- | common difficulty of choosing a name for field, and it is confidently expected by the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposedto cast Mr. Moody's English friends also are the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic aunt suggested Theodore. The mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson tive. The purpose is to raise half the voted for Hiram, because he considered amount in each country, Dr. Meyer, writ- it a handsome name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

Ulysses, it is said, was cast into the "Telemachus" and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses personal matters, so he was inclined to be given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth. He says nothing that is among some of my friends, but I cannot false, but when it it necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal The chapel, when built, will practically upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose."-Hamilin Garland in McClure's.