

Before we grew so gray, you know, We used to play together Up in the attic when the clouds Were black with rainy weather; And when the sunshine shifted through The leaves where we were singing I used to toss you high in air. Upon the limb a-swinging.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

"I am the most miserable girl in the world!" said Madeline. "You, Mad!" she cried, incredulously. "You, just married to a handsome young fellow, the man of your heart—you, only eighteen—you, with a face like Hebe! Oh, come! who do you think is going to believe this nonsense?"

"Quite unfeminine," said old Mrs. Morange, when the bride announced her reckless resolve. "I'm sure I don't know what my son will think of such an arrangement. I am surprised that Miss Offutt should lend herself to such mad folly. For my part, I entirely disapprove of it!"

THE SACRED CITY.

The Mongolian Settlement of Ourga—An Immense Idol—The Queer Prayer Wheels and Prayer Books. The sacred city, or, as it is called by the Mongolians, "Bogdo Kurene"—which means the settlement of the Bogdo—though it contains nearly fifteen thousand inhabitants, cannot, even by the widest stretch of the imagination, be called a city with any architectural pretensions to beauty.

Wonders of the Nebular Groups—The Remarkable Cluster in Hercules—Discoveries Never Before Made. Writing of the performance of the great thirty-six-inch telescope at the Lick Observatory, Professor Holden said, "The famous cluster in Hercules, where Messier declared he saw no star, is one mass of separate individual points. The central glow of nebulosity is thoroughly separated into points, and by so saying he gave that telescope the very highest praise. Now, it may be asked why should it be so wonderful that the great telescope should separate the stars in that cluster, and what is a star cluster, and are star clusters of any special importance? All these questions, and others related thereto, we are going to consider.

STAR CLUSTERS.

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All decked in autumn red and gold A brave old tree raised high His head, and many people saw, As daily they passed by And on them all the red leaves fell Each one its helpful tale to tell

PITH AND POINT.

Begins at the foot of the ladder—The nod carrier.—Life. The bill poster knows his place and there he sticks.—Providence Telegram. Desirable suite for a bachelor—Nice girl with income enough for two.—Boston Post.

"Several years ago, before the old district courts were done away with," said J. C. Campbell to a San Francisco Call reporter, "there was an old gentleman occupying the bench in the old Fifth District who was exceedingly indolent, and during his term of office he allowed the business of the court to fall behind. At last he died, and as his successor a man was chosen who was celebrated chiefly as an inveterate tobacco-chewer and whose knowledge of the law was extremely small. When he took the oath of office he inquired into the condition of the calendar, and when he learned how great was the number of cases awaiting decision he immediately ordered the clerks to lay all the papers before him. They were accordingly carried into the court-room and the newly elected Judge eyed them sharply for several minutes. Reaching over, he grasped the first one that came to his hand, and said: 'This one is decided for the defendant.'"

Cheap Reservoirs.

Mr. C. D. Durb in says that the cheap reservoir that a man can build on his land for retaining water for irrigation purposes is a tunnel run into a hill. An open reservoir in a canon or other suitable place will lose one-third of its water during the summer from evaporation, while in a tunnel there is no loss. A small spring will supply a tunnel with sufficient water for many purposes. He has illustrated this in a practical manner. On his own land at Mesilla Valley he ran a tunnel thirty-five feet long into a hill, in so doing tapping a spring; this tunnel he dammed up, leaving a space thirty-five feet long and the size of the tunnel, which is about five by six feet, to be filled with water. The water he carried to his house in pipes and we observed that it supplied his dwelling, another near by, his barn and drying house for raisins, as well as irrigated quite a space devoted to flowers for a garden. He says that the tunnel is the cheapest and best form, and that for each dollar expended one can obtain a space equal to twenty-five cubic feet.—Scientific American.

In the town of Patten, Me., a place distant from tide-water over ninety miles, there is a great curiosity, known as the "turtle's nest." For fifty-two years a turtle has come annually to the nest to deposit her eggs. Over half a century ago she selected her nest, then in an open field, but now in a yard in front of a residence. A relative of the owner of the house branded the date, 1841, upon the turtle's back and it can be plainly traced now. She comes about the same date each year, and her first few days are passed in inspecting the ancient nest, the yard and surroundings. Later she digs a hole in the ground and there deposits her eggs, but as many were carried away and the others often disturbed, only about a dozen of the eggs hatched out. The owner of the house has ten of the little turtles, none more than twice the size of a postage stamp. The old turtle always departs after laying the eggs, the warm sand and sun serving as an incubator. This turtle has been seen on the Drew Deadwater, on the Matawankeag River, fully fifty miles away from the nest. Her weight varies from thirty to thirty-five pounds, and it is said she was large when branded as she is now. Each June she comes to Patten and is always welcomed by old and young.—St. Louis Republic.

Safe-Makers Versus Burglars.

They are manufacturing a steel vault in New York which will successfully resist the tools of the burglars. That is, it will offer more resistance than anything of the kind now on the market. "It is a race between the manufacturer and the burglar," said a manufacturer, "and the manufacturer is always a good distance ahead. An ordinary burglar-proof safe is supposed to be proof against the operations of a burglar from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. If it won't stand that it isn't a burglar-proof safe. But give a burglar time enough—two or three days, or two or three weeks—without interruption and he'll manage to get into any safe. So with that steel vault. No burglars ever lived who could get into that vault in a week unless they were permitted to work openly and allowed plenty of necessary tools. But a vault must also present reasonable defenses against a mob. The millions of dollars cash and securities that will be stored in such a vault would be the first object of attack from a mob. But when a mob can hold possession of a city long enough to enable anybody to crack that steel vault, the city is gone—there won't be anything else left worth having."—Atlanta Constitution.

The largest specimen of leaf or fern gold ever seen was found near Walla Walla, Washington. It is valued at \$300 for the gold in it alone, but to-day, five times that amount, would not purchase it. The delicate tracery of the fern is as fresh, beautiful and crystalline in appearance as ever nature turned out of her laboratory, and it is fully a foot square.—New Orleans Democrat.

Curious Clock.

A novel clock is now being exhibited by the Watchmakers' Union in London. It is of wood, beautifully carved, and stands six feet in height. The case is a perfect fort in miniature, and instead of a bell and striking hammer the hours are announced by a bugler, who emerges from a door at one side of the fort and blows the call to assemble and march. Almost instantly doors open on all sides, and a regiment of automatic soldiers, six abreast, march out, wheel to the left, stop a few seconds to "mark time," and then march through another part of the fortress to the barracks. These marches and counter marches occur each hour. If they come out to announce the hour of 1 o'clock one soldier fires his tiny gun, at 2 o'clock two soldiers fire their pieces, increasing with the hour until the twelve leaders fire their guns, the rear ranks bowing their heads and pointing with their bayonets towards the dial of the clock.—St. Louis Republic.

Curiosities in Corn.

A curiosity in the way of an ear of corn was presented to the office last Monday by Mr. Doc Washburn, living near town. There is one ear ten inches long, all from one shoot, and all by nature connected together, and remain that way; each cob covered with well developed corn.