ney, and tell you how to go. Por misericordia de Dios! To think of walking!"

"I thank you, no. I must go on."

"In the heat? You will die. You must come with me. The father and mother will welcome you. I wish you to come."

He looked at her closely for the first time, and then he wondered why he had not noticed her beauty before. She was dark, with that Spanish complexion through which the warm blood showed with a rich color, heightening the brilliancy of her lustrous black eyes, which lighted up her whole face with a tender, trusting expression. Her raven hair hung in masses upon her shoulders, and as she leaned forward with a confiding, entreating gesture he thought he had never seen so beautiful a woman.

"I will come," he said briefly, and as she turned her horse in the direction of her home, he walked on by her side. So they journeyed in silence for a time.

"I must thank you for saving my life," he said at length. "They would surely have killed me, and you ran great risk yourself."

"If you had shot at them I could not have turned them away," she answered. "They would have been angry. You should not have walked here. They do not attack one who rides, but when you walk they will kill you."

Before long they came in sight of the hacienda, a long, low adobe house, upon a flat with neither tree nor shrub near, but upon one side the steep spurs of the range of hills came almost to the house, forming deep canyons.

The old folks received him kindly, listened gravely to the story of his adventure, and then showed him to an apartment in the house where he might rest until his meal was prepared. But he was in no mood to rest. The indolent Spanish customs suited him but ill, for he was unaccustomed to the heat of the weather and the habits that it necessitated. Besides his mind was far from easy. He was of a quiet disposition naturally, and loved solitude. His long, weary journey from the settlements of the north had been undertaken mainly to satisfy his restless nature, and to carry him away from where he would be in the society of men. His impulse, even while prompted by gratitude to the girl for the service she had rendered him, was to retreat from the settlement where he would again be thrown into intercourse with his fellow men. But she exercised a strange fascination over him, and though he would not confess it even to himself, it was to be near her, to feast his eyes upon her beauty, that he had accepted her invitation.

It was with a pleasing fiction by which he only half deceived himself, therefore, that he now sought the low veranda in front of the house, "to enjoy the fresh air outside."

"Josefa is preparing a little supper for you," explained the old man, as he sat puffing a cigarette.

The stranger seated himself near the door, where he might see the lithe, slender figure of the girl as she flitted about inside, produced a pipe after having refused a proffered cigarette, and was soon entertaining the old man with stories of his adventures among Indians and wild beasts. The Mexican listened gravely, only half understanding the allusions of his guest to unfamiliar localities and customs, yet refraining from asking questions, lest he might seem inquisitive about the visitor's antecedents.

Soon Josefa, having finished her preparations inside, came and stood by her father, and the stranger found fresh enthusiasm for his narrative in her evident admiring interest.

The afternoon shadows lengthened imperceptibly as he continued his reminiscences, and the sun was almost disappearing behind the distant hills when they sat down for the meal which Josefa had prepared some hours before. He became more and more interested in the girl, and it required but little pressing to persuade him to stay with them that night. The next day he was even more reluctant to leave, and they seemed equally loath to have him, and so his stay was extended two or three days.

One evening as he stood with Josefa talking of anything so that he might have the pleasure of her company and wondering whether the moon ever shone so brightly or so beautifully before, she suddenly said to him, "Manuel is coming home to-morrow."

"Manuel! Who is Manuel?"

"Ah, you do not know him," she said. Then after a pause, as if reluctant yet anxious to tell her secret, she added: "We are to be married. He is my lover, and I shall marry him next week. Oh, you should see Manuel; so handsome! Not handsome like you are, but like a Spaniard. You must stay and see Manuel. I would show him the big, strong man I saved."

"It would no doubt entertain him." It was the tone rather than what he said that arrested her attention.

"Ah, I have hurt you now," she said, laying her hand gently on his arm as he turned away. "Forgive me. It was but a joke I intended. You are so good and strong I did not think."

"Forgive you, little woman? You could not offend me; I would give my life to make you happy." Then, as she looked at him in surprise at the earnest intensity of his speech, he added, "Have you not saved my life? And so you see it belongs to you. And you love Manuel very much?"

"Why, yes! Are we not to be married?"

"Then I am glad that you will be happy."

"And you will stay and see Manuel?"

"Yes; I will stay. Now I want to be alone," he added abruptly, and she turned into the house murmuring to herself, "He is so strange, I cannot understand. He is different, that's what it is; he is different." And with this somewhat obscure explanation she was content.

But with the visitor it was far otherwise. As she disappeared from his view he strode out in the moonlight, and paced up and down with quick, nervous stride. The bright moon cast a flood of silver light over the scene, but somehow the beauty seemed to have departed from it forever. A gentle breeze fanned his brow, but he was too agitated to feel its soothing effect.

"I might have known it," he muttered. "What am I that I should hope to win such a prize? A wanderer, an outcast from my fellow men, without a home that I might offer her. Fool, fool, that I was to have stayed here, when I might have known that she would have some lover among her own people. But what right has he to interfere? Stay to see him? Yes, I shall stay, and I shall kill him."

The spark of disappointed love had fired all his passionate nature, and the angry flames were darting forth, consuming all sense of right and justice. He strode rapidly up and down, as if he would seek relief from his torture in bodily exhaustion. Suddenly he stopped short.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "A fine thing this, for a man like me to give up this way. To think that a gentle, timid creature like that should make me mad with pain? I have but to say 'It is over,' and I shall suffer no more."

But his will was weaker than his philosophy, and as he turned toward the house something very like a sob escaped him. He retired, weak and trembling after his struggle with himself, but it was not to sleep. He was more calm, for his capacity for suffering had exhausted itself and there was nothing but a dull feeling of despair.

He tossed about in a troubled, feverish sleep until daylight, and then rose and strode out into the open air. The atmosphere of the house seemed to stifle him; his old restless longing for an active life was upon him again, and he must be moving. "If I had not promised her to see this man," he murmured, "I would go now, and be among the mountains once more. Nature is the only thing that's true, after all. Yet why should I wait to see him? She would be disappointed and unhappy, but am I not unhappy? I shall go."

Nevertheless, in spite of his determination he lingered on through the day and into the afternoon. The day was hotter than any he had ever experienced, but he did not mind the weather. The atmosphere became more smoky, until the sun shone through it with a lurid glare. Even the Spaniards felt prostrated by the unusual heat, and Josefa glanced anxiously toward the mouth of the canyon through which the trail wound by which Manuel was to return. He had gone across the mountains with a herd of cattle, his only companion being a Mexican vaquero, and he had been expected to reach home that morning, but still he did not come.

Suddenly a low, distant rumbling was heard, and a sound as of a strong wind blowing through the trees. The rumbling increased in volume, and the earth began to sway with a sharp, quick motion that seemed to increase in force with each movement.

"El temblor!" (the earthquake) exclaimed Josefa, springing forward with blanched cheeks. "And Manuel is in the canyon! He will be killed, he will be killed!"

The few horses that were near the house were running wildly to and fro, and the cattle were bellowing, adding to the confusion of the moment. Josefa rushed forward, and securing her favorite horse was on his back and speeding toward the canyon in a moment, despite his nervous and excited condition. The trapper rose and followed her as fast as he could, and as the trail in the canyon was difficult for the horse, owing to the loosened bowlders that had lodged across it and broken it away in places, he overtook her before she had gone far.

"You must not come here," he cried. "The earthquake has loosened these bowlders and has cracked the trail, so that it may give way with you at any moment. Go back, and if Manuel is in the canyon I will find him and bring him safely to you."

"No, I must come," she said briefly, and on they went up the trail. They had not gone far when they came upon the object of their search. Manuel was lying in the trail, beneath an immense bowlder which, wedged between the bank and a small tree on the outer edge of the trail, rested upon his legs so that he could not move, though his arms and body were free.

Although he was not badly hurt, his position was a precarious one, for the bowlder in striking the tree had loosened the roots, and the whole trail at that point was likely to give way at any moment, plunging him a thousand feet down the precipice.

Keeping Josefa back from the dangerous point, he examined the situation thoroughly, and then shook his head gravely.

"There is but one way," he muttered to himself, "and any way it will pay my debt. A life for a life is fair turn-about." Then addressing Manuel he said: "When I tell you push upward with your hand on the bowlder and crowd yourself as close to the inner wall as you can. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Manuel.

Stepping carefully over the crumbling earth he caught the small tree and picked his way out until he stood over the precipice.

"Now push with all your might," he cried, and giving himself a violent swing outward he threw all his weight upon the tree. It trembled a moment, and then the roots tore themselves loose, and tree, bowlder and man went crashing down the precipice.

Josefa, who had gone back around a bend in the trail, heard the crash, and stepping forward saw Manuel lying upon the edge of the trail, released from the bowlder; but still lying upon the crumbling earth.

With a glad cry she rushed forward and helped him out of his peril. Then she looked around for his preserver. He was nowhere to be seen.

"Ah, he has gone," she said. "He said he would go when you came, and he has run away from us; but I have you now, Manuel, and I am so happy." Then with a little shudder as she looked over the edge of the trail of the seemingly bottomless abyss, "Suppose you had gone over there, Manuel? It would have been horrible!"—H. Elton Smith in Overland Monthly.

An Artist's Desire.

Sitting with an artist friend in a box at the Metropolitan opera house some time ago my companion commented upon the large number of bald heads visible in the parquet and observed: "Do you know I never look at a smooth, shiny bald head but that I feel an intense desire to paint something upon it. In imagination I can feel the delicious sensation of working upon such a surface—firm, yet not too stiff; fine in tone to begin with, and—well, I'm sure the average bald head would take color splendidly. If I could find a bald headed model sometime I think I should be inclined to employ him for this purpose, if he would consent."—New York Star.

The Flow of Metals.

In one of his recent lectures in London Professor Robert Austin spoke of eight prominent points of resemblance between metals and fluids which are not generally known. They are the rejection of impurities on solidification, suffusion, flow under pressure, changes due to compression, absorption of gases, absorption of liquids, vaporization and surface tension. Of these properties, perhaps the most astonishing are those exhibited by metals when compressed. Placing cold, powdered metals in a press, Professor Spring, of Liege, caused lead to weld into a solid mass by a pressure of 13 tons per square inch; zinc by 19 tons; tin, 32 tons; antimony, 38 tons; aluminum, 38 tons; bismuth, 38 tons; copper, 38 tons.

At 33 tons per square inch lead actually began to flow, and at 47 tons tin showed signs of the same tendency. When a pressure of more than 50 tons to the square inch was given the metals under experiment flowed through the fine cracks in the press like so much water. Professor Spring has also proven to the satisfaction of his companions that the crystalline structure of metals may be changed by pressure as by fusion, and that it is even possible to build up alloys by the same agency.—St. Louis Republic.

What He Had Learned.

It seems as if text books for children were now made so simple as to leave hardly any chance for misunderstanding; but the little folks continue to commit to memory the words without much thought of their meaning.

"How do we know that the earth is round?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

The pupil rose promptly and with a perfectly stolid expression answered glibly, "We learn that the earth is round from the following facts," and immediately sat down again, evidently feeling that he had given a full and most satisfactory reply.—Youth's Companion.

He Wanted That Egg.

In a cheap down town restaurant where texts from the Scriptures adorn the walls and cheer the hungry as they discuss the modest bean or the domestic pie, an old man was painfully consuming an egg. He was gathering the residuary fuzz which clove to the sides of the glass, when the waiter swooped down on the table and cleared off the debris of the meal.

As the old man vigorously licked his spoon after its last excursion around the glass, he raised his eyes and his jaw fell.

Then he tapped on the glass with his shaky hand, and said pleadingly to the waiter:

"Waiter, won't you bring back that egg? I haven't eat it yet!"

And the waiter brought it back.—Chatter.

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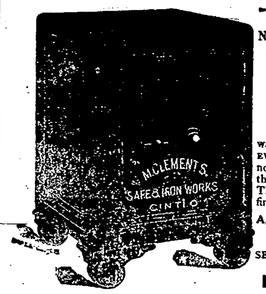

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L. C. VAN FLEET, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Loan and Real Estate Agency. ANDOVER, N. Y.

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR., (1787) RECORD - 2:29. Awarded, with four of his get, the first Premium in the Standard class at Wellsville Fair, fall of 1889, also THE FIRST PREMIUM In the Standard class for Stallions, four years old and over; also First Premiums were awarded two of his colts, one and two years old. (The judge in the Standard class was an expert from Wallace's New York office.) Greenmont 11,013, Four years old, sired by Almont Lightning 1023, he by Almont 33 the sire of the fastest pacer in the world. 1st dam by Pocahontos Boy, 2d dam by Maj. Edsall; 3rd dam by Bishaw; 4th dam by Durock. Parties desiring to breed to Performers, as well as Standard, are informed that the above named horses will stand at the barns of F. N. WHITCOMB, BELMONT, N. Y. THE PRESENT SEASON

THE SUN FOR 1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought the front line of Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions may have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; but not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen rather into the millstone.

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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

12:21 p. m. daily. No. 10, Accomodation for Hornellsville. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8, the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:41 p. m. daily, but does not stop.

1:15 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.

6:34 p. m. daily. No. 18, Hornellsville accommodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic express, which passes Andover at 7:30 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accomodation.

8:47 a. m. daily. No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.

1:15 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.

8:22 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or

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W. C. MINERSON, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R.
T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	2.15 pm
" Allentown	8.38 a. m.	2.53 pm
" Bolivar	9.05 a. m.	3.20 pm
" Ceres	9.33 a. m.	3.48 pm
" Eldred	10.05 a. m.	4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford	11.35 a. m.	5.30 pm

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15a m.	2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a m.	4.25 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m.	5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m.	5.25 p m
" Allentown	11.43 a m.	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a m.	6.30 p m

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AN IDEA THAT DID NOT TAKE.

A Back Like Those in Railway Cars Not Popular on the Hall Stand.

In a furniture store not a thousand miles from city hall may be seen a handsomely carved antique oak hall stand or hat rack which is blessed, or cursed, with an attachment not commonly possessed by this necessary factor in the furniture of a house. It is an arrangement in bronze that appears to be a cross between a towel rack and the racks placed in railway cars for the accomodation of passengers who are well supplied with bags, bundles, satchels and other impedimenta.

Naturally the observer's interest and curiosity are aroused on seeing so novel an idea in a piece of furniture, and if he is in the company of a good natured salesman he may inquire the meaning of "the strange device." The good natured salesman will doubtless proceed without delay to expatiate upon the beauties of the arrangement if he thinks the idea has impressed you favorably and that possibly you may be induced to purchase the article in question. If he perceives, however, that your interest in it is purely platonic, and a sudden access of honesty comes upon him, he will most likely say frankly that the bronze rack was the idea of a manufacturer which has not found favor in the eyes of the purchasing public.

"You see," said the salesman to one visitor at the store the other day, "he is a good manufacturer, and we know that his work is good, and we take whatever he sends along. Of course there are hundreds of things here that we should never buy if we consulted our own tastes, and that we think as ugly as ugly can be; but we have to cater to people of all imaginable tastes. It is a curious thing that if we put something on the floor that is as outlandish as possible the chances are ten to one that it will be the very first thing to be sold.

"Now, take this hall stand. You are wondering what that thing was ever put on there for. I'll tell you. The manufacturer thought it would be a good thing to have all that space to pile hats on in addition to the hooks below. There is room on that rack for six silk hats. But he didn't gauge popular taste correctly—at least not among the class of people that buy from us. It hasn't 'taken' at all. I presume it makes people think too much of a railroad car.

"I can never look at it without being reminded of one. Now, my idea is that we shall have to take that thing off, cut down that heavy top piece, which overweights the whole design, and put on some carving like that on the sides, which is rich and handsome. I believe we shall have to do all that before we can sell it. I know I said that the odd and unusual things were the first to go; but this is an exception to the rule. Nobody seems to want a hall stand with so many fixings."

And the frank speaking salesman proceeded to expatiate upon the beauties of a handsome quartered oak table, with carved and twisted legs, on which he was prepared to make a reduction of 20 per cent. from the price marked on the card.—New York Tribune.

Parsley Root and Superstition

Some weeks since a lady purchased from an old colored woman in the market some parsley, and then asked the vender to bring her some roots of the herb next market day.

"Parsley root!" exclaimed the old woman. "Parsley root! Why, ma'am, I wouldn't give you a piece of parsley root for $5."

"Why not? Is it as dear as all that?"

"No, ma'am," was the answer, "but you can't get me to sell or give you any parsley root. Don't you know if I brought you a piece there would be a death in one of our families in less than a month?"

A lady who heard the conversation remarked to the applicant for the root: "I don't believe in that stuff, and if you will send to my place I will give you all the parsley root you want." The applicant for roots took the lady's address and sent after them, and in less than a month the lady who gave the parsley root died. This circumstance is not calculated to cure the superstition.—Washington Star.

The principal picture galleries of Europe, and consequently of the world, are ranked according to the number of pictures which they contain: 1, Versailles; 2, Dresden; 3, Madrid; 4, Louvre; 5, London; 6, St. Petersburg; 7, Berlin; 8, Vienna; 9, Munich; 10, Florence; 11, Naples; 12, Venice; 13, Antwerp; 14, Turin.

Peculiar Reasons.

There was once a schoolmaster of such a peculiar disposition that he constantly reproved his favorites, and treated with a polite indulgence those pupils for whom he felt a personal indifference. "Everybody knows you're his pet, Harry," said one boy to another in discussing the matter. "I!" cried Harry, still smarting from an application of the ferule, "I should like to know why you think that." "Why? Because he bangs you about so, stupid!"

Another lad, a curly haired, sweet faced boy, had a somewhat similar reason for trusting his teacher's affection.

"Does she have any favorites?" a visitor asked him one night.

"Well, she likes me pretty well," answered Harry innocently.

"Why, you conceited young man! What makes you think so?"

"Because she keeps me every night till 5 o'clock and lets the others go home," quoth he, and so honestly that no one could tell whether he knew himself to be the most mischievous boy in school or whether he really considered his punishment as a mark of affection.

Another novel reason for discipline was that vouchsafed by a third child, whose school record was a grief to his parents and should have been to himself.

"Tommy," said his teacher one day in despair, "why do you think I scold you so much?"

"'Cause you get sort o' fretful keeping school," was the evidently honest and quite unexpected reply.—Youth's Companion.

Luck of Hugh Williams.

In the year 1651, on the 5th day of December, the English ship Menai was crossing the straits and capsized in a gale. Of the eighty-one passengers on board but one was saved. His name was Hugh Williams. On the same day, in the year 1755, a pleasure schooner was wrecked on the Isle of Man. There were sixty persons in the boat, among them one Hugh Williams and his family. Of the threescore none but old Hugh Williams survived the shock. On the 5th day of August, 1820, a picnicking party on the Thames was run down by a coal barge. There were twenty-five of the picnickers, mostly children under 12 years of age. Little Hugh Williams, a visitor from Liverpool, only 5 years old, was the only one that returned to tell the tale.

Now comes the most singular part of this singular story: On the 19th of August, in the year of our Lord 1889, a Leeds coal barge, with nine men, foundered. Two of them, both Hugh Williamses, an uncle and a nephew, were rescued by some fishermen, and were the only men of the crew who lived to tell of the calamity. These are facts which can be substantiated.—Illustrated American.

Curiosities in Windsor Castle.

Among the many rare curiosities with which Windsor castle abounds is a very antique clock that goes for a whole year when once wound up and keeps excellent time. It is in the Zuccurelli room, which derives its name from the fact that the walls are hung with masterpieces by that artist. Another curio is the huge malachite vase in the grand reception room, which was presented to the queen by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and which up to last year was the largest in England.

Now, however, Lord Revelstoke is the possessor of one even larger. The Windsor vase is made of a mosaic of small pieces of malachite so carefully fitted together that it is only in a good light that the joints can be seen. The vase is appropriately placed in the great north window of the grand reception room, so that the light is always behind it. There are two other big malachite vases at Windsor, the one placed in the Rubens room, and the other in the crimson drawing room.—Montreal Star.

Garfield Killed the Rat.

Rev. Mr. Wakefield, of Warren, O., has secured the home formerly occupied by the Garfields as a residence. Among the numerous things therein is a bullet hole in the wainscot in the library. The story thereof is that home on a furlough Garfield was writing late at night, when he went to his wife's bedside and asked, "Crete, are you awake?" She said she was a little, and he told her not to be frightened when she heard the report of a pistol, for he was going to fire at a confounded rat that was worrying him by gnawing away at the woodwork at his feet. He got the rat located by the sound, and fired through the board and killed it.—Exchange.

THE TRYST.

They kiss in the gray of the dawning.
The lips of dark and light;
They kiss again in the gloaming,
The beautiful Day and Night.

The king in his star girt palace,
The queen in her glorious pride,
Stand twice in the sweeping circle
A moment side by side.

"Wing dawn to eve till I meet him.
O fleet winged hours, ride high!"
"Speed eve to dawn till I kiss her
Through black of the midnight sky!"

Spin fast, O world, through the seons,
With ever this word to say,
"The Day kissed Night at the dawning;
At twilight Night kissed Day."

And it seems to speak to my spirit,
"The lips that once have pressed
At the trysting place of the morning
Shall meet again in the west."

O Heart of my tryst of the morning
Adroop in the heat of noon,
Bear up, for the Night will be kissing
The Day in the twilight soon.

Yet, lips of the darkness, whither?
Yet, lips of the daylight, whence?
O Death, hold your answer for longing?
O Life, is there recompense?

—Charles Washington Coleman in Harper's Bazar.

ARE YOU A DOOR BANGER?

Don't Say "No" Too Quickly, but Just Think Over Your Sins.

"Are you a door banger?"

This question, addressed to every person with whom we came in contact would probably be met by an indignant negative, yet if they paused to cast a glance even half way backward they would instantly regret that involuntary fib.

The art of door banging is one that apparently comes by divine right to every human being, and that art, less more carefully developed than many other natural gifts that would, with proper cultivation, enable the happy possessor to make quite as much noise in the world and with less inconvenience and annoyance to others.

Most houses are peculiarly adapted for the display of the door banger's ceaseless activity, a fact which the man who set the fashion for portieres had doubtless in consideration when he first made up his mind to introduce that innovation. To him indeed we should be very grateful, for the fewer doors there are the less likelihood of and opportunity for such Wagnerian discord.

The man or woman who would not take your life, even under the greatest provocation, does not hesitate to imperil your hearing, and the worst of this sort of thing is that we meet with it generally at the hands of those who are nearest and dearest.

The relative who is up first in the morning—well, that's the one who has the best show at the door, and the arms of Morpheus must exert a double horse power pressure if they would guide your slumbers successfully through that reverberating bang. It is true that in sickness an effort is usually made to subdue this peculiar instinct, or to repress this native talent; but behold, when the sufferer is convalescent, the pent up energy once more displays itself in the direction from which it momentarily lapsed, and the music of the present once more offers odds to any that the great German masters can originate.

People who are evolutionists can doubtless trace the early development of his historic disposition to bang. They will point to far off ages when man in his natural state used to close his jaws with a far echoing snap upon the human flesh he devoured; to a little later period, when in a more enlightened state, he swung heavy prison doors upon his captives; to even a later age, when, his first musical inclinations beginning to blossom, he heralded to his victims their approaching death through the enlivening strains of the tom-tom.

Now in this age of seeming cultivation the foregoing methods of proclaiming our immediate personality are happily forbidden, but there is no law, written or unwritten, against that evil, which is apparently inherent and irradicable. But perhaps that Utopia, toward which present writers declare we are progressing, will be a land innocent of other than tent like accommodations for family life, where, consequently, the restlessness which has hitherto found vent in door banging may spend itself in pursuits which will be beneficial, not annoying, to the human race.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

She Knows the Market.

American Novelist of the Realistic School—Well, Maria, there isn't a penny in the house, and as for writing, why, I haven't an idea in my head.

Maria—Goodness gracious, Edward, then don't wait a minute! Sit right down and turn out a novel; you'll take the country by storm and make your fortune.—Life.