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SUNSET.

Slowly on all attainment or defeat
The day dies out far in the darkening west;
Leaving the earth, its golden stage complete,
To muse an hour away, then sink to rest;
Dark earth—the heavens yet touched with sunset glow;
Brightness above, and hushed, submissive calm below.

Hushed is the world of toil. In every place
A wealth of healing silentness doth lie,
Or sounds more still than silence fill the space
Beneath that far infinity of sky;
And softly shines the evening star on one
Whose day lies spent, a chronicle of things undone.

Even regret, in this calm air and mild,
Bears little of its wonted anguish deep;
One long drawn breath of sorrow, as the child
Preludes a sad, sweet sinking into sleep.
Then peace. Night registers defeat again;
But what was I that I should struggle and attain?

ON THE SANDS.

Such a delightful ride as it is from Bayeux to Arromanches in blossom time! And, if one does not soon become tired, it is quite as pleasant when one walks. There are apple blossoms all the way, and bright fresh grass by the roadside. For a long time, when one looks back over the flat country, the three tall spires of the cathedral at Bayeux loom up above the apple blossoms and everything else; but one loses sight of them at last, and thinks only of the great drifts of apple bloom which fill the air with sweetness. By and by the Chateau de Tracy is seen, half hidden by the trees about it; and soon after the road turns, and there is a single long street of Arromanches before one on the edge of the cliff, and in front the wide, curving bay. Perhaps it is August when one goes to Arromanches, and in that case he will see red apples gleaming and twinkling among the leaves, and the gardens at Arromanches will be ablaze with tall spikes of hollyhock or lurid with gigantic sunflowers. If one likes hollyhocks and sunflowers better than apple blossoms, it is better to see Arromanches in August. But the people who go to Arromanches and lodge at the Auberge Chretien, go there for the sake of the bathing and not for apple blooms or sunflower disks. They are mostly people from the larger Norman towns, with a sprikling of English tourists, and now and then a stray American or two.

Wilfred Avery is one of these last. Brought here by some random freak of travel, he has found the quiet life at the Auberge Chretien and on the silvery plage below the cliff so agreeable that he has stayed here week after week, with the time of his departure still undetermined. Scattered about on the firm white sands are many little red and white tents, in the shade of which people sit through long summer hours reading, talking with each other, or, what is far more profitable to a contemplative mind, watching the sea. Wilfred does not find the time hanging heavily on his hands down here on the plage. He knows every one about him; and as he is fairly good looking, with cheerful, agreeable manners, he is a general favorite, and a welcome guest under any or all of the red and white tents. The fishermen like to have him stop and chat with them while they are busy about their boats, and the bare legged fisher girls, crossing the sands with their nets across their shoulders, often exchange a cheery bon jour with him when they see him under the shade of his tent. He is a simple natured, generous soul, who would suffer tortures himself rather than pain any one else by word or deed. Every day, nearly, he writes a letter there in his tent to his far off fiancee in America; and when the year of waiting is over in which he has promised not to see her, to gratify some absurd whim of her mother's, he will return to America, and they will be married in due time.

Meanwhile he is amusing himself in finding out all sorts of attractive nooks and corners of travel, with the intention of bringing Eleanor to them next year. Eleanor will be sure to like Arromanches, he thinks, as he paces the hard white sands or rambles along the cliff. Sometimes at evening he leaves the Auberge Chretien for a chat with the fishermen sitting about on their updrawn boats, just out of the reach of the tide. The lights on the cliff above twinkle cheerfully, and through the line of spars and tangled rigging the sea flashes white in the moonlight. The young man takes a placid enjoyment in it all—the gleaming sea, the twinkling lights, the gossiping talk of the fisherfolk. He knows by this time the family history of half the dwellers in Arromanches. He knows why Jeanne Vauvray will not marry either Simon Cauchon or his brother Alphonse, both of whom have been in love with her from their childhood; why Louis Dumont goes every Sunday to Bernay; how much money Henri Serment made from his fish the year before; and just what fish the cure prefers for his Friday dinners. At least, if he does not know all these things, it is not for want of hearing of them often. And he is communicative in his turn, and tells them much about America and of the many places he has visited in his travels, to all of which they listen intently, but with an inward conviction that Arromanches is better to live in than any one of those strange foreign places. But of Eleanor he says nothing. Perhaps it might have been well to have told them of her also.

One day he loses a little keepsake that she gave him—a small gold eyeglass hook—and all the youngsters in Arromanches scamper about on the plage the whole morning in search of it for him. But they fail to find it, and Wilfred feels a little vexed over the loss, for he remembers well the foolish little talk, foolish yet so sweet, when she first fastened it upon his coat, months before. Mme. Chretien takes a personal interest in her lodger, like every one else in Arromanches, and is quite distressed to hear of his loss.

"But what would you?" she says. "Every one must lose something in the course of his life, and when it is not one thing it is sure to be another. The week before monsieur came she lost a silver pin that she had had for twenty years, and about the same time her cousin at St. Aubin lost his best cow, and so it was, and she was very sorry for monsieur, but what would you? If one did not lose things sometimes, perhaps one might be happier than le bon Dieu intended—who knows?" Wilfred laughs softly to himself at this bit of philosophy, and madame hastens into the inn yard to speak to Pauline, the maid, who is clattering about the pavement in her wooden shoes, quite forgetful, apparently, that it will soon be time to serve the dinner. The look of vexation returns to Wilfred's face when he is alone.

"I would rather lose almost anything else," he says to himself. Just then there is a knock at the glass door of his room, which opens upon the gallery encircling the auberge on the inner or courtyard side. A tall, good looking fisher girl stands there, bare footed and bare legged, holding in her hand the missing eyeglass hook.

"Is it this which monsieur has lost?" she says, somewhat timidly. Wilfred eagerly responds that it is.

"I found it on the plage but now," says the girl, "as I was coming back to the cliff with my net. Alphonse Cauchon, it was he who said to me that the American monsieur at the Auberge Chretien had lost it, and monsieur will see that I have brought it at once to him."

"It is very good of you to take so much trouble," said Wilfred, gently, and he is about to offer her a coin for the service she has rendered him, when the girl shakes her head decidedly.

"But no, monsieur, it is not necessary to pay Elise Rigault for doing a simple duty that costs her no trouble or pains."

"True, true," assents Wilfred, "but Elise will not mind, I hope, taking some little things from me that will help to keep the American in mind after he has left Arromanches." And, saying this, he hands her a small, velvet framed picture of the Sistine Madonna which stands on a table by him, and on which his eyes happen to fall at that moment.

Elise takes it hesitatingly.

"Surely," she says, "monsieur cannot mean for me to have this!" And she looks from the picture to Wilfred, and from Wilfred back to the picture, in bewilderment.

"Yes, that is just what I do mean," answers the other with decision.

Elise looks about the room, with its many little devices for comfort and luxury—for Wilfred has something of the sybarite in his composition—and then at the good looking owner of them all, and seems for a moment lost in thought.

"Monsieur is very kind," she says at length, "and he may be sure that Elise will not forget him." And then she bids the American good evening, and goes down the steep gallery staircase to the inn yard, and disappears in the twilight holding the velvet frame fast in her hard hand.

Wilfred is too glad to regain Eleanor's gift to think very much about the manner of its restoration, but the next morning, as he sits under his tent, he sees the fisher girls crossing the sands not far away from him. Among them is Elise. "Bon jour, monsieur," they call out as they pass. Elise is the last one, and she turns her head for another look at him. He waves his hand kindly, and she smiles and hurries on to her companions.

The days go on quietly at Arromanches. One day is just like another, but the young man does not mind that. The walk down to the plage after breakfast; the reading and writing under the red and white tent; the chats with the occupant of the other tents; the walks toward Bayeux or elsewhere in the afternoon; the evenings spent among the fishermen and their boats—these things are what fill up his harmless, if not severely profitable days. Every day the line of bare legged fisher girls crosses the silvery sands, and every day he waves his hand lightly to Elise and thinks of her not again till the next time he sees her.

Elise's memory is longer. Indeed, he is never far out of her mind. When she is alone she repeats softly to herself the words he said to her, and wonders vaguely if all Americans are like him. So the days go by with her; each with a little pain, the cause of which she does not quite know; each with a little sweetness in it when she sees him under his tent on the plage, or catches a glimpse of him in the village.

But August comes at length to its end, and Wilfred makes up his mind to leave Arromanches. Every one is sorry to hear that he is going, and fully half of the village gather about the diligence in front of the Auberge Chretien on the morning of his departure. All the Chretien household are there in full force, of course, and with them many of the fishermen and fisher girls, and a greater number of small children than one would have believed existed in the entire hamlet. It is an exceedingly pleasant thing to be young and a general favorite, and Wilfred enjoys very much this spontaneous evidence of his popularity. The farewells take up a good deal of time—so much, indeed, that the diligence is at least twenty minutes late when it starts for Bayeux.

"I shall come again next year," calls out Wilfred from the diligence, and then, amidst a general cry of "Bon voyage, monsieur," the diligence rolls away.

At the Chateau de Tracy the diligence stops to take on another passenger, and here, by the roadside, Wilfred sees Elise. He does not dream that she has taken an early walk along the Bayeux road that she might see him once more after all the others have said their farewells. But so it is, and fortune has been kind to her, for the stopping of the diligence has given her an opportunity for a word with him while the luggage of the new passenger is being taken on. She has on her sabots now, and is very neatly dressed.

"Monsieur must know that I had an errand at the chateau, and so I could not bid him farewell, as the others said they should do, at the Auberge Caretien."

She smiles as she says this, and Wilfred answers her with a few kind words, hopes he shall see her there next year, climbs back into the diligence, and she is left standing alone at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy. Then, and not till then, her eyes fill with tears.

A year goes by, and Wilfred is once more in Arromanches. Things have gone well with him meanwhile, and Eleanor accompanies him this time. Every one is anxious to see the wife of the young American. She would be very nervous if she knew how critical are the eyes of these Norman villagers who look at her so closely. But she knows nothing of this fortunately, and, without any effort to do so, she wins their hearts as completely as her husband had done the year before, and the general verdict is that she is quite worthy to be the wife of the young American. They are walking together on the sands the morning after their arrival. One of the fisher girls is returning to the village. It is Elise, Wilfred perceives, as she approaches them.

"See, Elise," said Wilfred, gayly, "here is my wife; she who gave me the little hook you found last summer."

Elise stops short. "His wife!" She shivers slightly, although the day is warm. She tries to smile, but does not speak. Wilfred takes her silence for timidity, but there is a look in her eyes, as she gazes from him to Eleanor, that Eleanor understands better than her husband can.

"My husband has told me of you," she says, kindly, "and we are both glad to see you."

She wins the girl to say a few words, and then they move away, and Elise is left alone as she was a year ago at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy, but this time not even the faintest gleam of a shadowy hope stays with her to brighten the future. And Wilfred will never know. The secret is safe with Eleanor, who read it instantly when she looked into the eyes of Elise. She is sure of it when they meet Elise again with the same look of dumb pain in her eyes. They leave Arromanches in a week or two, and from behind a hedge on the Bayeux road Elise watches their departure. She has never put her thoughts into words. She is conscious only of suffering that she cannot help, suffering that is no one's fault, unless it be a fault to be handsome and kind and—unobserving.

A month after the Averys leave Arromanches there reaches him a packet from Madame Chretien inclosing some articles left behind by accident, and in an accompanying note the writer says: "Monsieur will be grieved to know of the death of Elise Rigault. It was but a day or two after monsieur and his wife left Arromanches. It is thought by some that she left one of her nets on the rocks behind the plage, and, going to look for it at high tide, she may have fallen on the stones and into the water. It was Alphonse Cauchon who found her floating in the water, in a narrow place between the rocks which, perhaps, monsieur remembers. It is very strange to us at Arromanches, for Elise could swim, like all the girls who go out with the nets. It may be that the fall on the rocks made her unconscious, but le bon Dieu only knows."

"Poor Elise!" says Wilfred, pityingly, and by and by goes out of doors and forgets.

"Poor Elise!" says Eleanor, and when Wilfred comes back he sees she has been weeping.

"Tender little heart!" he says, "weeping for one whom you saw but two or three times, and of whom you knew so little."

And Eleanor is silent.—Oscar Fay Adams in Christian Union.

Be More Than a "College Man."

When you get out of college, young man, get clear out. You can get back for half a day or so any time—at a boat race, a football match, at commencement—whenever there is a reasonable excuse; but in your daily walk and conversation be something more than a college—be a citizen. Be even an alderman, if you can. Take the world to be yours, as Bacon took all learning to be his, and don't forever limit your view of it by what was once visible from some point in New Haven or in Cambridge.

Go and be a man somewhere. Don't be satisfied to be a mere "graduate" for all time. Of course you owe your alma mater a debt that you are always ready to pay, and a loyalty that should have no breaks in it. When you have grown to the size of Daniel Webster, and your Dartmouth asks you to defend her in court, you are going to be proud when you do it. That is all right. You can't do too much for her, or do it too well. If you accumulate any reputation that is worth having, feel honored indeed when she offers to share it with you, but don't be too persistently anxious to strut in her plumes to the disparagement, it may be, of worthy men who have no claim to any similar privilege.—"The Point of View," in Scribner.

Cephas and the Coon.

Coon hunting still gives great enjoyment to hunters in the mountainous districts of Massachusetts. The skin of the animal sells for a dollar or more, but this reward is a mere trifle compared to the pleasure the hunter finds in tracking and treeing the coon and finally bringing him to the ground. Few men ever appreciated sport of this kind more keenly than a certain old farmer named Cephas Green.

He and his wife were one day jogging along toward the town in the carryall, their business in the city being of especial importance, nothing less than the signing of papers which should transfer half of their farm to a neighbor.

They had still four miles to go, when an acquaintance hastily crossed the road in front of them, his gun on his shoulder.

"After a coon," he said, hastily: "my boy seen one in the woods up here."

"Is that so?" cried old Farmer Green, excitedly. He passed the reins to his wife, leaped from the carryall, and disappeared after the sportsman.

Six hours later a neighbor, driving over the road, found the carryall drawn up under a tree, the horse turned out to grass, and Mrs. Green sitting in the shade, with a look of disgust and weariness in her face. Usually the most placid and even tempered of women, she now said, with pardonable sharpness:

"If you see Job Sanders in town, please tell him that Cephas Green has smelt a coon, and that that trade of ours won't be made as long as that coon is alive. If you're hurried for time you needn't say anything but 'Cephas Green' and 'coon.' Job'll know the rest."—Youth's Companion.

Measuring Air Temperature.

A novel method of determining the temperature of the air at great heights has been proposed by a German physicist, and is to be adopted by the Berlin society for ballooning. Small balloons are sent up at night, each provided with a thermometer arranged to give flashes of light by the closing of an electric circuit when certain temperatures are reached. A so called "phototheodolite" is affected by the light and gives a photographic record of the temperatures, while the corresponding altitudes are indicated in a mechanical way. A more accurate idea of the rate of decrease of temperature with height is expected with this method.—New York Telegram.

An Indian man grinds corn stalks and coarse prairie grass, moistens them with water, reduces them to a coarse pulp and then subjects the mass to a heavy pressure, compressing them into blocks 12x14 inches thick. These, when thoroughly dry, furnish more heat than ordinary bituminous coal.

NAILED IN A COFFIN.

An Express Messenger's Recollections of a Daring Train Robbery.

The tightest corner I ever got into said the express messenger, was when I was traveling on the Southern Pacific road. I had just woke up out of a nap in the express room when I saw something that froze the blood in my veins. There was a coffin in one end of the room, and I could just catch a glimpse of the cruel face turned toward me. It belonged to a train robber, I was sure, and my rifles were on the other side of the car. If I made a step he would shoot me dead, and then notify his associates, who were probably in the passenger car.

We had enough gold on board to make a man rich. I felt the responsibility, and I knew I must act at once. I pretended to awaken by making two or three movements with my hands, and to my intense relief, the cover of the pine box quickly and quietly dropped to its place. Without making any hurried motion I rubbed my eyes, gaped once or twice and slowly rose to my feet.

"Well, well," I said aloud, "I've been asleep."

Then I proceeded to rummage around the car as if nothing had happened, but my nerves were not relaxed an instant. Before the train had gone five miles further I had some nails in my pockets. A quick, careless glance showed me a hole in the side of the box through which the robber was undoubtedly watching every movement I made.

I did not go near the revolvers or rifles. It would have taken a second for him to have raised the lid and shot me, and I knew he would do so if I approached them. Instead of that I carelessly assorted a pile of express matter near the box, with a view to what I was to do.

I was terribly excited, though I tried to keep cool. When all was ready I threw several heavy packages on the lid, sat down on the box, and hastily nailed down the lid. I heard a noise within, and felt a pressure as my prisoner endeavored to raise the lid. The weight was too great, and I soon had all the nails driven in to hold him fast. He was secured, but to make sure of him I surrounded the box with heavy bundles, and piled upon it the heaviest boxes the car contained.

I sat down for a minute to recover myself; then taking down a rifle I cocked it loud enough for him to hear.

"How many more are there aboard the train?" I asked, placing my mouth to a crack between the bricks.

In reply I heard a muffled sound resembling a curse, and as all the holes through which he might shoot were covered with gold and silver, I put my mouth nearer and asked the question again.

I received no reply, and, going to the other end of the car, I quietly opened the door leading to the platform. The night air rushed in, and the noise of the train came with it, making a din in my ears. We were running at a high rate of speed around the hills that abound in that region.

I stepped to the platform of the next car. It was a smoking car. The train robbers were already at work. Two men, in the forward car, within five feet of me, commanded a view of every passenger with their leveled revolvers, and two more were going down the aisle for the valuables.

It was a terrible moment to me. I felt a keen sympathy for the passengers, whose terror stricken faces I could see in the dim lights from the lamps, but I was helpless; doubtless a similar scene was being enacted in the other passenger and sleeping cars.

Already the two robbers had nearly reached the farther end of the smoking car; thousands of dollars were in my care; I must save it.

Without any more hesitation I stepped to the platform of my car, grasped the lever that operated the Miller coupling, and with a quick, strong pull, separated the two drawheads. I was not a moment too soon. Before the engine and express car had shot 200 feet ahead of the train, the door of the smoking car opened and the robbers stepped out. I heard their cry of rage, saw the flash of their revolvers, and the bullets struck the woodwork behind me. Hurrying forward, I told the engineer what had happened.

He heartily approved of my action and his words assured me. I had taken a desperate course, but I had saved a great deal of valuable property.

We hurried on through the darkness and soon reached the next station, from which the news was telegraphed to the company's offices in San Francisco and Tucson. The robber in the pine box was then secured, but refused to say a word, and with a gang of trackmen, armed, we returned to where we had left the train. The robbers had departed, taking everything valuable with them, and the passengers hailed us with shouts of joy and sighs of relief.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Revival of an Old Color.

How many years is it since claret color was in fashion? To look back it seems an age, since it was worn in dresses and bonnets, like reading of the Crimean war or the Indian mutiny. It really is not as far back as either of these events, the last heyday of this pretty color, but it is so remote that dating it is difficult. In those days dress materials were few in number, and the choice of one for a winter costume was limited to about as many as could be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Now we should look out for a centipede, if that kind of calculation were to be made, for there seems to be no end to the varieties of textiles offered by enterprising manufacturers. In the time of claret color the best stuff was French cashmere, though there were imitations known as coburg, French twill, etc., and there were other mixtures with a good deal of cotton interwoven, the color of which was fleeting and went out, leaving red spots, if a drop of warm liquid fell on any part. The new claret is to be seen in cloth, velvet and plushes, and very beautiful it is. Our eyes for color change their standard from year to year, but to present taste the new claret in a sadder tone, with the old brightness dimmed down. What colors may be worn with the new claret is a natural question. Oddly enough some of the present reds suit it; and, stranger still, old rose does not hurt it in the least, maize harmonizes, not perhaps the old color, contemporary with claret, but the new one known to the French modistes as ble.—Nottingham (England) Express.

An Elephant's Affection.

Jumbo was so much attached to Scott, his keeper, that the man was forced to be always within reach. Once when a stampede of elephants belonging to the menagerie took place, Jumbo caught him in his trunk, and held him a prisoner between his forefeet until the danger had passed; and just as Jumbo himself was struck by the engine which killed him he seized Scott with his trunk, and pushed him to one side of the track.

Cato, an elephant belonging to a menagerie, was noted for his bad temper. He had killed three keepers and crippled others. One afternoon, as the performance was about to begin, Cato broke loose from the post to which he was chained, and began to tear and smash things. Among the performers was a boy of 11, named Scott. The elephant threw him from his horse, picked him up, held him high in the air, swung him backward and forward, and suddenly put him down, caressed him for a moment, and then went on with his work of destruction.

One of the men, knowing the nature of elephants, threw the driving hook to Scott, shouting: "The beast will mind you!"

The boy picked up the hook, ran to the elephant, who was tearing up the benches, and called him off. Cato obeyed, followed the boy to the post, and allowed himself to be again chained to it.

From that hour the boy had to be the elephant's keeper. So attached was Cato to Scott that the lad had to sleep with the beast, and for three years was never out of his sight for four consecutive hours. He would take food and water from the other men, but if any one but Scott undertook to command him, he would fly into a rage.

While the menagerie was going from place to place Scott was taken sick, and had to be left with a nurse. Cato missed him at once, and it was with difficulty that he was driven to the next town. During the show he was chained by the hind feet, and sulked all the afternoon.

A suit of Scott's clothes was placed before him and he grew calmer; but as soon as the menagerie moved, the beast, not finding Scott beside him, became angry, broke away, upset three wagons, killed a horse and a camel, and then rushed into a piece of woods.

All efforts to control him were futile, and after watching him for several days, during which he destroyed much property and blockaded travel on the highway it was determined to kill him.

As he was very fond of apples a man on horseback rode as near Cato as he dared go, and dropped in the road a basket of apples, several of which were filled with poison. In five minutes the elephant was eating them, and the next morning he was dead and stiff; but not for several weeks did they dare to break the news to the sick boy.—Youth's Companion.

Thieves Aided by Chance Remarks.

A cause of many of the successful robberies by sneak thieves, said a veteran detective recently, is the habit not a few New Yorkers have of unguardedly divulging secrets to chance acquaintances and to friends. "Would you be kind enough to tell me the hour, I've left my watch in my other waistcoat pocket in my room," and various similar remarks are common, particularly on street cars, and sneak thieves are always on the alert to hear such disclosures. They even ride on cars to overhear them. For instance, a man might be riding downtown on a car, and dive into his pocket for his fare, when he would suddenly remember that he left his purse on the dresser in his room, and would apologetically tell his friend so. There might be some thief in the car who, overhearing this, would follow him up, learn his name and address, and then all would be plain sailing. The thief would go to the house and tell whoever came to the door that the man had sent him for the purse which he left on the dresser. The wife, finding the purse in the place described, would be thrown off her guard and in nine cases out of ten would give it to him and pay him besides for taking it. The boldness of the plan allays all suspicion with even the shrewdest housewife.—New York Tribune.

The Vanderbilt Linen.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gets all her house linen from Paris, woven and decorated from select patterns submitted by the manufacturers. Her sheets are considerably finer in texture than the tablecloth that a $10,000 a year housekeeper could afford, and the drawn work, fringing and edging with which they are finished are models in needlework. These wonderful pieces of the loom are made with a lap end some sixteen inches deep, to be turned over the edge of the bedclothes as a finish for the spread. Some have an arabesque pattern in open applique, others are embellished with laid embroidery and some have the monogram in Kensington or drawn work. The sheets for the empire beds are trimmed with a thread lace flounce or a ruffle of open embroidery, and each, when laundered, is folded the size of a handkerchief, tied with colored ribbons and laid away between sachets of sweet lavender. The pillow cases, also of the very fruit of the loom, are trimmed at the open end with lace, some of it a hand deep and as lovely in texture as the ruffles of a pictured marquis, and in one side is the monogram representing a sort of mosaic in thread and the labor of months.—Detroit News.

Men's Women.

To begin with, she is old enough to know her world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness? she half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. An adept in the subtlest form of flattery, she would force the meanest of us to shine even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book. She respects convention, knowing well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreproachable. In return, he adores her.

THE CAMERA AND THE HEAVENS.

The Methods Employed and Uses of Photographing the Stars.

A mariner, who drawing near port at night, is guided by the two entrance lights to the harbor. As he approaches he sees these two lights separate, while when he leaves the harbor at night the further he gets away the closer do the lights appear to draw together. In a similar manner the astronomer observes the lights of the universe to learn whither the great solar system is tending. His beacons are the stars, and in that region toward which the sun is approaching the stars seem to spread away from each other, while in that opposite region from which the sun is retreating the stars seem to draw in more closely together. Indeed, it is only by observing these changes in the apparent places of the stars that we learn the fact of the sun's motion. To investigate the subject properly we must employ a large number of stars, and we must wait a very long time in order to measure their displacements with precision. This is exactly the kind of work in which the photographs may be expected to help us. Every plate will be carefully treasured up, to be compared with the plates taken in subsequent years, and from the changes in the apparent places of the stars we shall learn with more accuracy than we have hitherto been able to acquire the true facts with regard to that mighty voyage through space on which our sun and all his system is journeying.

But there are many other aids which photography renders to us in our efforts to learn more of the skies. One of the most difficult problems is that of determining the distance of stars. This depends upon very careful measurements made between a star and other stars in its neighborhood. It often takes an hour to measure the apparent distance between two stars in the ordinary way, but in that hour the telescope might much more profitably be employed in taking a photograph on which 100 stars, or perhaps more, would be found, and the distance between every pair of which would admit of being determined with accuracy.

Still, other and more marvelous applications of photography to the heavens have been made. The greatest telescopes are often directed to the observation of the nebulæ, or stains and patches of light situated at incredible depths in space. There are thousands of these objects known to those astronomers who assiduously cultivate this branch of their science, and the nebulæ are all so faint that, with a single exception, they are invisible to the unaided eye. The exception is the Great Nebulæ, in Andromeda, which appears like a dull spot of light, just visible as a glimmer on the darkest night. For ages this object has attracted the attention of astronomers, and numerous drawings have been made of it. But the nature of the Great Nebulæ was never understood until Mr. Isaac Roberts obtained a marvous photographic picture of the nebulæ, after an exposure of four hours. It was then seen to be composed of a number of rings of gaseous material, apparently in a highly heated state, and doubtless going through some great process of transformation.

Hardly less wonderful is the photographic picture of the Pleiades. This well known group of little stars exhibits no nebulosity in the telescope, but after a long exposure a nebulæ is depicted on the plate. Here photography has been the means of telling us of the existence of a mighty nebulæ surrounding the Pleiades, but which was quite unknown till the photograph showed it. Even now it has never been actually seen in the telescope.—Sir Robert Ball in Liverpool Courier.

An Invitation to Dance.

If you chance to be a visitor at a Mexican "baile," quietly sitting on a bench minding your business and watching the show, do not be surprised if some bewitching senorita, with raven hair and roguish eyes, trips lightly up to where you are sitting and unceremoniously smashes an egg over your head. Don't be alarmed or frightened, but take it all in good part. The egg is not addled, nor has it contents of any kind save some sort of sweet smelling perfume, sachet powder, or perhaps bits of fine gilt paper, all of which drop about your head and shoulders in a perfect shower.

This curious action is merely to show her preference for you, and means an invitation for you to get up and dance with her. The ceremony described is to Mexican "bailes" as our German favors are to our ball rooms. This little diversion is carried to a harmless extravagance at times, especially at private "baile" parties, when the eggs, possessing shells frescoed and decorated in the most delicate extremes of art, oftentimes contain valuable contents, and even perhaps gold dust. If the noble who gives the ball is a man of wealth and consequence then the favors are likely to be so costly as to reach the verge of extravagant nonsense.—Mexican Letter in Cleveland Leader.

The Weight of the Whale.

Nilsson remarks that the weight of the Greenland or right whale is 100 tons, or 220,000 pounds, equal to that of 88 elephants or 440 bears. The whalebone in such a whale may be taken at 3,360 pounds, and the oil at from 140 to 170 tons. The remains of the fossil whale which have been found on the coast of Ystad, in the Baltic, and even far inland in Wangapanse, Westergothland, betoken a whale which, although not more than 50 or 60 feet in length, must at least have had a body twenty-seven times larger and heavier than that of the common or right whale.—Exchange.

Bridging the Tiber.

Most of the old houses on both sides of the Tiber at Rome have been removed, fine embankments of masonry have been erected, slightly deepening and widening the river to an average width of sixty-five yards, and on top of the embankments, on both sides, esplanades are formed as on the Thames embankment at London. One of the new bridges crossing the stream is thirteen yards wide, and near it, at either end, stand new buildings seven stories high, completely shutting out the views of the Janiculum and San Pietro hills.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Long Search.

Mean Business Man—Seems to me you take a good while for lunch. You've been gone an hour and a half, and yet restaurants are thick as hops about here.

Poorly Paid Clerk—I was hunting for a place within my means.—New

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