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THE SIGN-POST.

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace,
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

THE MAN FROM NOD.

The shock-headed boy threw another stone at the butcher's dog, and then falling back on his base of supplies by the old well curb, found himself close upon the man in the hammock, under Miss Denny's apple-tree.

"See here," said the man, as the urchin came to a strategic halt, "I wonder if your mother would sell you to me, and would she haggle over the price. How does it strike you?"

"That depends. Wot would you do with me?"

"Really, I don't know. You admit you are fat, and I might want to ship you to the Cannibal islands as a speculation. Or I might want to make a choir boy of you, if a little of that hoarseness could be taken out of your voice, and your hair persuaded to stay anywhere. There are lots of ways of using boys in the place I came from."

"Say," said the boy, with a new show of interest, "do you know wot my mother says?"

"I must confess that I do not. The versatile female tongue—"

"She says that she guesses you don't live nowhere. She says that you may be a pirate and you may be a preacher for all anyone knows. She says that you do nothin' but eat and sleep, and that 'fore you come here they must have kept you awake all night with nothin' to eat. Say, mister," and the wheeling tone of the mother was unconsciously adopted by the boy, "where did you come from, anyway?"

The man in the hammock dropped back with a smile, and, shading his eyes from a spray of sunshine that fell down among the apple blossoms, said lazily: "I have been told that your interesting mother is a sort of missionary of personal intelligence for this neighborhood. I like to encourage home industries; and just to help her along, you may tell her that Miss Denny's lazy boarder, who certainly does eat and sleep a great deal, is just out of the Land of Nod."

The boy was true to his mother's example. Comprehending the one phrase that could be of service to her, he shot homeward like an arrow, that it might be safely delivered before being jostled out of his heedless little head. And before the cows were well asleep in their beds or dew-besprinkled grass that night the people of Farmdale, from the red school-house on the hill to the tannery in the hollow, were in full possession of the first admission as to himself yet made by the mysterious stranger who had fed the fires of their curiosity through four long weeks of the budding spring.

The moon that looked into the eyes of the peaceful kine that night, found time also to touch the white shawl that hung about little Miss Denny as she sat on the steps of the old farmhouse, around which the village had grown. The hammock hung empty near by, while back under the honeysuckle vines, sat the man from Nod, not asleep and not eating, but as indolent in attitude and speech as when negotiating for the purchase of sixty-odd pound of shock-headed boy.

The woman was pulling a spray of green to pieces with a vehemence that showed her protest against the thought to which his lips were giving form.

"Believe me, Miss Denny, that you are giving yourself a courage and faith you don't possess—that one woman in ten thousand cannot possess. You see that when Rebekah of Mesopotamia followed the chosen servant of Abraham into a strange land it was no great venture on her part. He had told her of the home to which she was to go, of the man she was to wed. It was a family affair, you see, and her father was a relative of the father in-law which was to be. Now, do you really mean to say to me that even though you love a man with all the love that such women as you can give, you would take him on perfect trust—would give him your future on a chance, and, placing your hands in his, walk fearlessly with him out into the dark?"

"I would. And why not?"

"It is against nature—against woman nature."

"But if I loved him? If I loved him as a woman should love before she weds, I could trust him with all that it was best I should not know, and go with him into bonds of exile."

"I believe that. I know it. But martyrdom, my child, is nothing beside a right to knowledge that goes unsatisfied. You would meet a lion unmoved, but let this mysterious and undescribed lover refuse to tell you of himself, his profession, his mother, his past and his income, and you would lay a bar before him beyond which he could not advance. You would say to him: 'You will not trust me, and I dare not trust you.' The marriage license would never be put to use."

"You do not understand me, sir," she said simply. "I could not give the love until I had given the trust—such trust as the child gives to its father in the dark. I could then close my eyes and be led. Perhaps this sounds foolish to you, but you asked me a question, and I have given you an answer."

If Farmdale knew little of this man, there was less of Miss Denny that it did not know. Its knowledge of him could be briefly summed up: That he had ridden into it one night on the down stage-coach, and asked at the postoffice to be shown a quiet place where board could be had for a week or so; that the next morning found him at the cosy table of Miss Denny, beside the clerk of the village store, flanked right and left by the manager of the tannery and the schoolmaster, and opposite the mistress of the house, who sat entrenched behind the daintiest of her household gods; that he had slept, lounged and eaten with the air of one who, at thirty-eight, had thrown off some great mental or business strain that had already grown streaks of gray in his hair; that he spent money as freely as need be in the narrow ways and close economies of this small Ohio town; that his chief delight and one known vice was to fire good humored tirades at the urchins of the neighborhood, in words far beyond their comprehension; that he had given to no man and to no woman one hint as to his past or his home, and that the bravest of them had not cared to question him.

Laid beside these mysteries, the life of Miss Denny was an open book that even the children could read. Its lesson was pure and simple. Even that missionary of personal intelligence, who had taken upon herself the responsibility of being mother to the shock-headed boy, could find no broken letter in it that venom would lie upon. "Know Janet Denny?" she would have answered you. "Well, I should say so. She was thirty-one last December, 10th, I believe—perhaps the 9th—it was a Tuesday, anyway. Her father gave up and died ten years ago—didn't amount to much with his readin' in the haymow, and a sermonizin' at the woodpile. Her mother has been gone, too, goin' on five years. Smart gal. Takes boarders, and her folks didn't even leave her the house she lives in. She taught school once, in the seminary at Mayfield, but gave it up to nurse her mother. Reads poetry—not that I can see the good of it, but 'spect she does, or she wouldn't do it. She always says what she means, does her own work like the rest of us, and makes her own bonnets. Heard she had the chance to marry a jabbering Dutchman, one of them professors over at Mayfield, but don't believe it. 'Twould take a braver man than a little Dutchman with a long name to make love to her. She had a beau onct, when she was seventeen or eighteen, but he died 'fore anything was said, and Janet kept kinder quiet for a few years. No, she'll live and die an old maid. I've always said that. But see here! What did that dodgin' fellow in the speckled suit mean by tellin' my Bill that he come from the Land of Nod? My man says there aint no such place in these diggings; and my old man has traveled."

Janet had indeed answered his question with honesty, but she was too much of the woman to confess that when the argument began to take shape between them some weeks ago, her position had been assumed for that argument's sake. But by dint of much repetition, and the searching of all the nooks and corners of her heart for pleas in support of her theory, she had unconsciously become her own first and most steadfast convert, and burned with all the zeal of the martyrs of old.

Had she known—had she dreamed for a moment—of the love that had sprung up in the heart of the stranger who had halted for rest at her gate, and that he was only hiding it until such time as confession should be the most certain to win success, not all the eloquence and all challenges that his lips could utter would have led her to promulgate or defend the faith to which she had given her discipleship.

She knew it all a week later. For the first time in his life, he called her by the name her mother had given her. And as she looked up with a flush, in which there was no touch of anger, he took her hand, and, turning toward the western sky, said gently: "Janet, there may be glory and there may be storm behind bank of clouds. God sends his burdens and his gifts as he chooses, and we must take them as they come. I have had my share of each in the years behind me. I had thought the way was plain ahead—that I was approaching the summit of hill, and in a few years would begin to go down on the other side, a new, a sudden, a blessed light has shown into my heart, and I bless the road that led me here. I love you, Janet. Will you be my wife?"

It came with the lightning stroke of an absolute, a blinding surprise.

Though, in looking once, she might have seen it in his eyes, she might have heard it in his voice and felt it in his presence, she had been blind, and deaf, and had not understood.

I will not chronicle the answer she gave him. There are some things so simple in their honesty, and yet so sacred, that they cannot be written. She opened her heart to him, and laid it bare in his presence; and as he heard the tale of a sweet and lonely life, the tears stood in his eyes, and he was a better man and a nobler man in that hour than he had been in all his life before.

She made one condition. It was simple, but from it no eloquence and no entreaty could move her.

"You must leave me for three months. In that time do not see me. If you find you have misread your heart I shall know it and hold you in no blame, and you will not come back to me. If I see you here when the day of banishment has ended, you will have my answer."

When the clerk, the schoolmaster and the superintendent of tanners came to breakfast on the following morning, one chair was vacant, and all the answer Miss Denny could give had no consolation in it—for they had come to like the fellow, and to defend him stoutly against the insinuations of baffled curiosity. "He bade me good-bye last night," she said, "and left on the up coach at dawn. He did not tell me where he was going, and he may never come back." And then a wave of speculation swept over the village for nine days and was still.

The shock-headed boy was at the post-office when the night coach dashed up, and when the man from Nod alighted, it was the boy who took his smallest satchel with the unconscious commandery of old acquaintance; and it was the boy's sturdy legs that, of their own volition, started the brief procession toward Mrs. Denny's house. But as the man and the larger satchel meekly followed, it is to be presumed that on this occasion the juvenile instinct was not in fault. At the gate the guide was feed handsomely and dismissed.

The man from Nod was certainly not asleep this time. Dropping his satchel on the grass, he passed through the empty and unlighted parlor, went into the dining-room only to find it deserted, and passed from thence on into the kitchen, where he heard a well-beloved voice singing softly to itself.

If, as he afterward told her, his heart "had grown hungry for her," it must have been feasted and fed on the manna of heaven then. Her white arms were bare to the elbows, a huge apron hung as a shield between the dishpan and the spotless lawn about her, there was a blue ribbon at her throat, a flush on her cheek—and into her eyes flashed a sudden light, that the dullest "laggard in love," of all the land could have translated.

The China teacup in her hand was in danger, when he closed in upon her. If he had not kissed her then, or had felt that his duty was done in kissing her once, all the dark insinuations of the woman over the way ought to have been true against him, for the very credit of mankind.

"I have done your bidding," he said an hour later, as they stood together under the honeysuckle vines. "I have not written to you. The road has been a hard one, but it has been good for my soul, and it has brought me back to you. It has shown that there is no doubt and no shadow of turning in my love for you."

"You missed me, then?"

"In every moment of the time."

"You love me, then?"

"On my soul, I love you. I knew it when you sent me away. I know it better now. And you?"

All the answer that she gave, and all the answer that he sought was this: She laid her hands in his, and with her head upon his breast, she whispered: "I have given my life into your keeping. My faith goes with it. Lead me where you will."

"But of me—my home, my life, my past—."

"I ask you nothing. Let the future tell. Where love can go, faith must have strength to follow!"

The minister who had baptized her when a babe, stood before them in the morning's dawn, and pronounced the sacred words that welded two lives as one. The early coach that brought three passengers into town carried five away; and the dear places that had known Miss Denny for these many years, knew her no more forever.—*J. H. Kennedy, in Chicago Current.*

The Products of Natural Gas.

An open letter on "Natural Gas Wells," in the *Century*, contains the following: "The products of natural gas are numerous. The most important thus far are lamp or carbon black and carbon points for the electric light. There are ten carbon-black works in operation, making 3,000 pounds of black per day. At a remote point, in Armstrong county, Pa., a Boston firm has large works, locally known as 'the mystery,' on account of the secrecy with which it is conducted. Here they make the black, and it is supposed coloring matter also, from the gas. At Stuartson furnace, in the same county, is another 'works' where the carbon points are made. Both these works are guarded, and a stranger is not permitted to be about them. A number of persons are experimenting with the gas, with as many different objects in view. It is impossible to learn what has been accomplished, as they are quick to see the advantage of keeping secret any discovery they may have made. What the future of this wonderful fuel is would be difficult to foretell. Natural gas springs are known to exist in many parts of the United States. This would seem to indicate a wide distribution of it. In August last a large well was struck at Crestline, Ohio, which may open a vast territory. Where gas may or may not be found can only be determined by the drill. How far it may influence the manufacturing interests of the years to come depends upon its supply."

A Bear Caught With a Lasso.

John Aldridge and another young man were riding after stock a few days ago in the pine timber on the Upper Deschutes, when they espied a large bear. Neither being armed they decided to capture him if possible with their riatas. The first throw was unsuccessful, Aldridge catching him by the hind leg. The other horseman was quite as successful. The first throw he made the rope settled over the bear's head and tightened around his neck. Then the stretching began. In the struggle, the bear, being a large one, was about to drag the saddle from one of the horses, when Aldridge hastily swung around a tree, and, securing his rope to it, hurried to his companion's aid. With his help Bruin was kept stretched until he choked to death.—*Prineville (Oregon) Courier.*

Five thousand patents have been granted on churns, but perfection is not yet. The desideratum in churns is one that will strain out the hairs.

FOR FEMININE READERS.

A Mistaken Girl.

I thought she was a lovely sight,
As daintily arrayed in white,
With rosy cheeks and glances bright,
That summer day
She played croquet.

Until beneath a shady tree,
I stopped to rest, which chanced to be
Where in the kitchen I could see
That summer day
She played croquet.

And there a'one in that hot place
Her mother stood with careworn face,
And ironed a gown all frills and lace,
That summer day
She played croquet.

A gown, the very counterpart
Of that she wore with witching art;
And so she did not win my heart
That summer day
She played croquet.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Grain Lady.

D. H. Moses, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Emigration Department, has forwarded to the officials of that road at Milwaukee one of the most ingeniously contrived specimens of decoration it was ever our privilege to see. Mr. Moses engaged Mrs. J. M. Palmer, of this county, to prepare a design of some kind and decorate it with the products of Dakota soil. Last Saturday Mr. Moses invited us to visit his office and he would introduce us to the "Queen of the Prairies," or the "Grain Lady." Imagine our surprise upon entering the room to be met face to face by what seemed to be a lady dressed in the height of fashion, in a suit of rich, golden-hued material, which proved to be grain and grasses, ornamented with flowers, etc. A minute description of the arrangement of the dress will be interesting, and we made a close inspection of it that we might tell the readers of the *Pioneer* what a Dakota lady can do.

The figure was that of a lady of medium height and well proportioned. Upon her head was a crown, the band of which was made of flowers and buds, and it was about two inches in width. Rising above the band was a crest of grass-heads of various kinds and colors, tastefully arranged so as to blend the different shades, beneath which the unbound tresses of golden hair hung full down to the waist, and were composed of fine grasses, almost as fine in texture as human hair, while over the forehead the fastidious "lady" allowed her "bangs" to drop down over her eyebrows. The eyes were of a dark hazel color, and remarkably bright. Her basque was made of oat straw, with the full head of oats on each straw, which formed a trimming about the bottom of the basque. Over the shoulder dropped a cape of wheat heads. Let it be borne in mind that all the wheat and oat straws were united by threads, and laid close one to the other, presenting the appearance of a closely woven fabric. Over each shoulder was a spray of colored grasses, surmounted by an epaulet of black sunflower seeds. A fichu of fine colored grasses was thrown around the neck and bound down at the waist by a belt of gray-colored sunflower seeds. She wore a necklace and pendant of the same kind of seeds of natural color. A bouquet of light-colored flowers was pinned to the left breast. The skirt was indeed beautiful, made with three flounces, the lower one wheat over which was one of oats, while the upper one was composed of wheat. On all three of the flounces the heads of the grain formed a border of trimming. The front was reviered by colored fine grass, each revier being held back by a buckle of sunflower seeds. The sleeves of the basque were of oats, and the full heads dropped as gracefully about the fair arms as do the richest laces which adorn the devotees of fashion. In her left hand she carries a bouquet of wild flowers and ferns. The right arm is bent at the elbow, bringing the hand directly in front of the figure. In this hand is a bunch of flax buds, while perched upon the wrist is a prairie pigeon, taxidermized by Mrs. Palmer.

Grain-houses, engines and passenger coaches are completely outdone by this piece of decoration. The figure was perfect, the adornment tasteful, and the colors so arranged as to blend perfectly, and we but state a fact when we say we saw no room for improvement in any portion of the work.—*Aberdeen (Dakota) Pioneer.*

Fashion Notes.

Gold beaded net fronts are very popular on black silks.

Plain China silk in light evening shades is fashionable.

Ecru, brown and drab are the colors most used in felt hats.

Collars of dark silk surah are worn with sashes of the same.

Garnet bead necklaces have become fashionable again in England.

Folds of colored silk, dark red or yellow, are sometimes basted in the neck and sleeves of dresses.

Gloves are black, white, drab, fawn and tan. The Suede is still the most popular and handsome.

Very dark red velvet is used for dog collars almost as much as black, and is more generally becoming.

Rings of flowers are used on thin evening costumes instead of metallic clasps and slides. They are made of very small blossoms in delicate colors.

What is called the Mother Hubbard cloak this season is a wrap which reaches to within a few inches of the skirt hem, is made of the richest materials and bordered with fur.

A pretty English garment is a piece of brown velvet made up in loose folds on a shield-shaped foundation long enough to reach from the throat to the waist and bordered with fur. It is worn with a muff matching it, and transforms a tailor-made suit into a fur-trimmed costume immediately.

The Alsatian bow is displaced in favor by a bow with three loops and three ends, and this is very often made of a color contrasting with the material of the bonnet, even cream white being employed sometimes when a very striking effect is desired. Two-inch ribbon is generally used for these bows.

Baths in New York.

"Eighteen years ago," said the physician in charge of a bath, "another doctor and myself started the first bath in the city, and I think the first one in the country, in the basement of the old Hygienic hotel in Laight street. It is still there, and may be called the cradle of Turkish bathing in this country, for half the men who are now running swell baths in this and other cities served their apprenticeship there. Now there are a round score of places in this city and a half-dozen in Brooklyn. There are, at a fair estimate, four or five thousand regular patrons distributed among the twenty in New York. On our books you will find the names of bankers, merchants and brokers, men whose sedentary existence and high living render the bath necessary to their comfort. The constantly recurring autographs of Dr. C. R. Agnew and other physicians show that we are not tabooed by the regulars of the medical profession; and, although the bath is taken most frequently for pleasure, it is often regularly prescribed. Every establishment has a furnished room to be placed at the disposal of patients who wish to take a regular course of the medicated baths."

A tour of the various baths in the city reveals the existence of three general classes. Those in the southern and eastern parts of the city are the least elaborate in their fittings. In some of them the couches, plunge-bath, shampooing slabs and cashier's desk are all crowded into one large room, to which the hot-room is an insignificant appendix. The price is fifty cents, rising as you go uptown on the east side to one dollar. The habitual bather will, however, often get better satisfaction here than in the more luxurious baths if he is not unpleasantly affected by discolored walls and a slightly musty odor given by age and use. In the neighborhood of Broadway and Fortieth street there is another cluster of baths, well fitted up and moderate in price. The most elaborate of all are those near Broadway above Twenty-third street. Here are to be had the pleasures derived from soft couches, thick carpets and rich hangings, for $1.20 or $1.50, with as much more as the bather is pleased to give the attendant. And experience teaches that it is not wise to stint the functionary. The contents of a cafe, bar and cigar counter are placed at command by electric bells, etc. Some of these places are fitted up for the Russian bath alone, and some for the Turkish, but the majority combine the two. In the Russian bath the hot room is filled with steam, which by its condensation keeps the temperature down to 130 degrees Fahrenheit, while the perfectly dry air of the hottest room in a Turkish bath sometimes goes up to 180 or 200 degrees Fahrenheit. Some of the baths are for men only, others have separate apartments for women, and still others, having but one set of apartments, reserve certain hours for each sex.—*New York Tribune.*

Music in the Circus.

A circus man says in the St. Louis *Republican*, that bands are an absolute necessity for a circus. Not only would the best tricks, if performed without music, seem dull and lifeless, but the sounds of the band are an absolute necessity, because all tricks are learned, and also performed, according to certain tunes. It is for this reason that one hears, year in and year out, under a circus canvass, the same tunes used to the same tricks and feats. The nervous system gradually comes under the influence of these tunes, until they become a necessity like other stimulants. There is here and there a lull in the music, the tune seems to limp along, as it were; it becomes dull, and often we feel as if the players were either going to sleep or had made a mistake in distributing the music. In the mean time, however, the trapese man was simply getting ready, and just when the band struck up a loud chord, cymbals and drum chiming in, he drops down head foremost, as if he were about to fall. "The music," said the trapese man, "is a double necessity in the circus. First, it gives the proper time when to drop, and secondly, the musical crash helps to startle the people, and make the feat appear ten times as grand and dangerous as it is." The St. Louis writer gives an instance, while he was acting on the trapeze, when the band, instead of playing the accustomed tune, performed another, unusually heard when four white horses enter the ring. This so completely upset his nervous system, that he allowed the lady who acted with him to fall. Upon inquiry, he learned that one of the musicians, who had left the band the day before, had taken his music along and thus the band was compelled to play something else. He instantly provided a new copy, and ever afterward carried it in his satchel, giving it to the band just before he went upon the trapeze, so that he might not be deprived of its magic influence.

What is thus a musical necessity to the intelligent actor, becomes a still greater necessity to horses and elephants. If the rope-men find it difficult to perform their feats to strange tunes, horses and elephants seem to consider it impossible. We have been told by circus men that the same tune to which these animals were trained must always be played at shows, else they are completely out of time and make blunder after blunder.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Two cases of the successful joining of divided nerves have been reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences, function being restored in one case to a nerve which had been divided for fifteen years.

It is maintained by certain astronomers that the apparent diameter of the sun varies periodically, and Dr. J. Hilfiker, of Neuchatel, contends that the periodicity coincides with that of the sun-spot minimum and vice versa.

A student of the colors of flowers, M Schnetzler, contends that only one coloring substance exists in plants, and that the various colors of flowers are due simply to the modifications made in this substance by the acids or alkalines contained in the plants themselves.

According to Professor Young the central portion of the sun is probably for the most part a mass of heated gases, the photosphere is a shell of luminous clouds, the chromosphere is composed mainly of incondensible gases, and what constitutes the corona is entirely unknown.

The *Photographic Journal* reports an ingenious way to prevent forgery of banknotes. This is the employment of an invisible actinic ink, of which no trace can be seen on the paper or upon the image on the focusing screen. As soon, however, as you come to develop your plate, the word "forgery" appears in bold letters across the negative.

The littleness of any one person's scientific knowledge is astonishing. "I do not even know an astronomer," says Mr. Richard A. Proctor, "who is not ignorant in some department of his own subject; nor any chemist, geologist, botanist, entomologist, or other specialist, who—if really a master—will not admit that there are departments of his special subject about which he knows very little. How much more ignorant must he be of subjects outside the few he can have made his own."

Recent soundings over the bed of the Atlantic ocean prove the existence of a sunken ridge often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of 3,500 fathoms. The elevation of the ocean's bed to a height sufficient to make it dry land would therefore bring up a range of mountains, varying from 9,000 to 15,000 feet in height. The higher points of the sunken ridge now form the Azore islands.

In recent experiences, the images of candles were seen through the clear water of Lake Geneva when sunk to the depth of about 100 feet, the electric arc being still visible when some ten feet lower. At greater depths the clear images disappeared, being replaced by diffuse light, faintly perceptible when the luminous bodies had reached a little more than 200 feet in depth. Sunlight affects photographic plates after passing through a thickness of about 800 feet of the water.

Curious Locks and Keys.

In the middle ages locks for church and cathedral doors were often rare specimens of art metal work. Elaborate scrolls, the images of saints, and other ambitious efforts of the true artisan of those days, entered into the design of locks which were really an ornament to the magnificent doors and cabinets of those times. A design for the escutcheon surrounding the keyhole frequently had two guardian angels with the figures of outspread wings.

Locks of very curious construction, known as "Apostle locks," were also common in medieval times. These locks had on the front the figure of one of the apostles, and on touching the hand of the figure the bolt flew back. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth one Mark Scalist, a smith, constructed a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, all of which, with a pipe key, weighed only two grains of gold. The great inventor, the Marquis of Worcester, who flourished in the reign of King Charles I., devised a lock containing a steel barb, which was perfectly harmless so long as the right key was used, but if a wrong key was inserted the barb sprang through the keyhole, and "caught the hand of the intruder as a trap catches a fox." It is said that while the inventor was experimenting with this curious lock he was scarcely nimble enough in removing his hand, and was caught in his own trap.

At Willenhall, in Staffordshire, which is the great seat of the lock trade, silver padlocks the side of which are much smaller than a three-penny piece are still made, and are quite perfect in their mechanism. Locks containing single bells, and even chimes, which sound an alarm when tampered with by a false key, are among the modern curiosities of the trade. Common padlocks are largely made for the natives of India and Africa at Walsall. A lock and key complete are sold by the maker for a half penny, and merchants abroad state that many of the native string these locks together so as to form necklets, and wear them as "charms."

A Migratory Sandhill.

In Churchill county, this State, there is a queer sandhill which possesses the power of moving. It is nearly four miles long, about a mile wide, from 100 to 400 feet high, and must obviously contain millions of tons of sand. In it it is impossible to find a particle of sand larger than a pin's head. The hill is not stationery, but rolls slowly eastward, the wind gathering it up on the west end, bearing it along the ridge and then depositing it again at the east end. This wandering habit is so decided that in the course of several years the hill had moved more than a mile.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Woman first tempted man to eat; but he took to drinking on his own account.