

It is said that the mining output in Colorado this year will exceed anything ever known in the history of the State. The snows on the mountains will furnish plenty of water for the gold placers this summer, and the silver deposits are rapidly being developed.

One of the train despatchers in the service of the Georgia Southern Railroad is a woman, Mrs. Willie Coley. "It is a remarkable innovation in railroading," observes the *New York World*, "and it shows that woman is gradually capturing all the strongholds of masculine labor."

Canada's new banking law, which recently went into effect, makes the sale of stock on margin a penal offense. It also fixes the minimum capital at \$250,000, restricts dividends to eight per cent. and provides for a redemption fund of five per cent. on circulation to pay the notes of suspended banks.

Another depressing prospect of doubt and misunderstanding presents itself, exclaims the *Washington Star*. A Chinaman was arrested in New York for passing a counterfeit note. But when it came to a question of identification, the main witness was nonplussed by the fact that a large number of Chinese had the same facial peculiarities and could not be distinguished. Here we are with a large population of people among whom alibis may at any time grow like grass in summer.

"Singular as it may appear," says the *Paris American Register*, "the German capital has and pays an official bird-catcher. The catching of birds is prohibited, but the collections and educational institutions of the university frequently require, for scientific purposes, birds' eggs, nests, etc., and the taxidermist Lemm is the only person commissioned to furnish them within the precincts of Berlin, and the districts of Teltow and Niederbarnim."

A very pretty idea is carried out in London which aims to bring about a love of plants and flowers among the poorer classes. A fund is raised out of which prizes are paid for the best display of window gardening or potted plants, and the scheme has become so very popular that thousands of cottage homes are now beautified by floral effects, and it is no uncommon thing to see a window set out with plants growing in old teapots, cans or cigar boxes marked as a prize winner.

Harper's Weekly says: The impression made by Bismarck's personality has certainly been disturbed by his course since his removal. Apparently he has somewhat mistaken his hold upon Germany. It was not that of a popular leader, but of a ruler of great resources and despotic will. Consequently when he fell from power, and it was seen that there was no interruption of the usual course of events, that the situation was, in fact, unaltered, there was no strong personal feeling and loyalty upon which he could rely in opposition to the Government. It is not to be expected that Bismarck will greatly influence affairs when he reappears in the German Parliament. In the conviction of Germany, undoubtedly, his day is past.

The Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Asylum, near Philadelphia, has discarded the use of sign language and will adhere hereafter to the so-called oral system of instruction. An account says: "Moses Moses, a boy of Easton, Penn., who has been in the institution since 1885, is one of the marvelous products of the 'oral instruction' system. He was born deaf, and has never heard the sound of his own or of any other person's voice. But he can now move around among his fellows in the world outside of the institution, and no one would ever know that he was either deaf or dumb. By a laborious process he has been taught how to move his lips and vocal chords and how to frame sounds, and now he talks like one who has heard conversation on every hand since the cradle. He has been taught to understand what is said to him by watching the movements of the speaker's lips and throat, and now he can 'hear,' or come near enough to it, for all the activities and duties of life."

A Tribute to the Sheaves.
All day the papers on the hill
Have piled their task with sturdy will,
But now the field is void and still;
And, wandering thither, I have found
The bearded spears in shrikes' well-bound,
And stocked in many golden mound.
And while cool evening suavely grows,
And o'er the sunset's dying rose
The first great white star throbs and glows,
And from the clear east, red of glare,
The ascendant harvest moon floats fair
Through dreamy deeps and purple air.
And in among the slanted sheaves
A tender light its glamour weaves,
A lovely light that lures, deceives—
Then swayed by Fancy's dear command,
Amid the past I seemed to stand,
In hallowed Bethlehem's harvest land!
And through the dim field, vague descried,
A homeward host of shadows glide,
And sickles gleam on every side.
Shadows of man and maid I trace,
With shapes of strength and shapes of grace,
Yet gaze but on a single face—
A candid brow, still smooth with youth;
A tranquil smile; a mien of truth—
The patient, star-eyed gleaner, Ruth!
—[Edgar Fawcett.]

DAPPLE'S MISTRESS.

BY EMMA G. JONES.

"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this."
The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farm house; the speaker a slight, bright-faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.
The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away, down the silver bend of the Accoeeck came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.
Old Virginia, the queen-mother of the sunny South, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of civil war.
Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home, in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion, and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.
Cantering across the grounds, an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.
"Stop, Dapple, we must look to this!"
Dapple stopped and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.
It was a tall, soldierly figure clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face, and an abundance of curling, chestnut hair.
Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.
"Poor fellow," she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow; "I wish I could help him."
The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes; and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh; she smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.
"My poor fellow," she said, "can I do anything for you?"
He struggled up to his elbow with a stifled groan.
"My horse threw me," he explained, "and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."
Irene smiled, a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty.
"I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you; at least, I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."
She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny silver whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.
Dapple pricked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored man-servant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier, "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the house, and then ride for Doctor Welter to dress his limb."
James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old Southern mansion.
Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene kept watch, he slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her flossy, raven tresses floating on the winds.
By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp of advancing troops.
Irene's dark face flushed, and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.
"They are coming," she whispered; "they will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."
The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the door-post, faint and gasping for breath.
"I can't walk!" he cried; "there's no hope of escape!"
But Irene held out her little, young arm.
"Yes, there is," she said, cheerfully. "Lean on me; I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river-road, and you shall overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry! there is no time to lose!"
The soldier leaned upon the brave, helpful young arm, and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.
"Dapple!" the young girl called, in her clear, silver notes, "come here!"
In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the gentle creature, and then threw her arms about his neck.
"Oh, Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from you. Good-by, Dapple!"
In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears.
"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you to mount. Dapple, take this gentleman down the river-road, and at your utmost speed."
Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny, but the soldier hesitated.
"Why, don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl, impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?"
He vaulted into the saddle without a word.
"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.
The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolated homes of Virginia peace and freedom reigned.
Captain Rutherford made it his business to go back to the Potomac hills, and to Colonel Moreton's farm-house the moment he was discharged from service; but where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could he obtain.
Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle, and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the steep Swiss steepes.
One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close, somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc, he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madame Lenoir, her son and two daughters, and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.
Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the trees, he lay amid the long, rustling grass, listening to madam's

pretty feminine chatter, and in his turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experience for her edification.
Among other things he told her of Dapple, and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia. Madam was intensely interested.
"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eyes.
"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.
"Miss Moreton," cried ma'am, "will you have the kindness to pass the coffee? And pray, Captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?"
The captain raised himself to a sitting posture.
"Dapple, Dapple," he called, "come here!"
From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the coffee pot in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry, and wasted all the coffee on the rustling leaves at her feet.
"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried.
Dapple heard the sweet voice, and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh, and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.
"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"
Madame Lenoir, comprehending the denouement, looked on with glistening eyes.
Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madame and her party were going back to France.
"And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by the right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come, now, give me your final decision—are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"
Irene looked up with her old glorying smile.
"I could bear to part from you," she said, wickedly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."
And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.—[New York Weekly.]

Building an Electric Carriage.

A novelty among vehicles in this country, an electric carriage, is now being constructed at the factory of M. W. Quinlan, in Brookline, Mass., from plans drawn from a photograph of a similar carriage in present use in London. The battery contains thirty-two cells, and is placed in the rear end of the body of the carriage. The motor, which is of foreign manufacture, rests between the hind springs, where it is attached to the body by two hinge claps in such a manner as to allow it to swing when the motion of the carriage is irregular, although this swing is regulated by a connecting rod. The driving shafts of the motor extend on either side beyond the springs, and are fitted with cog-wheel attachments which connect by an endless chain with larger cogwheels on the inner side of the rear wheels. The steering apparatus is on the left side of the carriage platform. In case of accident to the motor, shafts can be fitted to the carriage, and horses attached. When completed, the whole carriage will weigh about 2500 pounds. All the electrical work is done by the Holtzer-Cabot Company.—[New York Tribune.]

To Use Molasses for Fuel.

The large crop of sugar which Louisiana is raising this year has greatly complicated the problem as to what to do with the molasses. There will be 700,000 barrels, or 27,000,000 gallons, or 300,000,000 pounds of molasses which the planters do not know how to get rid of. The output of molasses in Louisiana is now so great that there is no market for the lower grades. The Planter, the organ of the sugar interests here, proposes that the molasses should be used for fuel in the sugarhouses in place of coal. It calculates that molasses would be much cheaper than the cheapest coal, and would be a good fuel.—[Chicago Herald.]

UNCLE SAM'S FISH DISPLAY.

The World's Fair Will Have the Greatest Aquarium Ever Known.

The fish exhibit at the World's Columbian Exhibition is to be a wonderful one, and not the least interesting portion of it, naturally, will be the Aquarium or Live Fish Display. This will be contained in a circular building, 135 feet in diameter, standing near one extremity of the main fisheries building, and in a great curved corridor connecting the two.

In the centre of the circular building will be a rotunda sixty feet in diameter, in the middle of which will be a basin or pool about twenty-six feet wide, from which will arise a towering mass of rocks covered with moss and lichens. From clefts and crevices in the rocks crystal streams of water will gush and drop to the masses of reeds, rushes and ornamental semi-aquatic plants in the basin below. In this pool gorgeous gold fishes, golden loaches, golden tench and other fishes will disport. From the rotunda one side of the larger series of aquaria may be viewed. These will be ten in number, and will have a capacity of seven thousand to twenty-seven thousand gallons of water.

Passing out of the rotunda by the entrance a great corridor or gallery is reached where on one hand can be viewed the opposite side of the series of great tanks and on the other a line of tanks somewhat smaller, ranging from 750 to 1,500 gallons each in capacity. The corridor or gallery is about fifteen feet wide. The entire length of the glass fronts of the aquaria will be about 575 feet or over 3,000 square feet of surface. They will make a panorama never before seen in any exhibition, and will rival the great permanent aquariums of the world not only in size but in all other respects.

The total water capacity of the aquaria, exclusive of reservoirs, will be 18,725 cubic feet, or 140,000 gallons. This will weigh 1,192,425 pounds, or almost 600 tons. Of this amount about 40,000 gallons will be devoted to the marine exhibit. In the centre salt water circulation, including reservoirs, there will be about 80,000 gallons. The pumping and distributing plant for the marine aquaria will be constructed of vulcanite. The pumps will be in duplicate, and will each have a capacity of 3,000 gallons per hour. The supply of sea water will be secured by evaporating the necessary quantity at the Woods Hall station of the United States Fish Commission to about one-fifth its bulk, thus reducing both quantity and weight for transportation about 80 per cent. The fresh water required to restore it to its proper density will be supplied from Lake Michigan. In transporting the marine fishes to Chicago from the coast there will also be an addition of probably 3,000 gallons of pure sea water to the supply on each trip.

A Lobster's New Shell.

At the most extensive aquarium in England, the Brighton Zoo, the female lobster recently cast her shell. She screwed herself up together on the toes and tail, and suddenly bent her body. Snap went the shell in its centre, and the case of the back came away in one piece. The claws were her next care, and she worked away at them for a long time.

It was a proceeding of extreme delicacy, considering that all the flesh of the great claw had to be passed through the small base. During the operation one claw off altogether, and this must have seemed to the lobster lady a serious misfortune, as it will not grow to its full size again until the second year. The tail and legs gave very little trouble, and the body, when thus undressed, proved to be of a pale blue.

The shell-casting over, the lobster sank on the sand, and this action seemed a signal for the attack of every creature in the tank.

The defenceless victim bade fair to succumb to the fury of her enemies, when the male lobster suddenly came to the rescue. Standing over his shell-less better half, he fought her assailants relentlessly. Day and night did he watch over her, until her shell was sufficiently hardened to protect her in fighting her own battles.

When this happy moment arrived, he deliberately picked up the old claw, broke it in his nippers, and ate the meat. He then dug a hole in the sand, placed in it the broken bits of shell, buried them, and piled a number of small stones above the grave.

Milk as a Fire Extinguisher.

Lightning recently struck the flag pole on the Eastford Hotel, at Oxford, Md., a large building which was formerly the Maryland Military and Naval Academy, and set fire to the cupola, causing much consternation among the guests and threatening to destroy the house. This would have been the case but for the rain which was falling at the time and the efforts of the proprietor, who used milk as an extinguisher. It is stated, in accordance with an old superstition that water will not put out fire caused by lightning. How long this antique fallacy has clouded the minds of the superstitious is not known, but that it has come down from remote times will hardly be questioned. The hotel proprietor, believing that water would not save his premises, was at his wits' end for an effective extinguisher until he noticed a milk wagon filled with cans of the lactical fluid standing just at the moment in front of the house, a ready-to-hand method of salvation, providentially supplied. Seizing one of the cans, the non-believer in water lugged it to the top of the hotel and poured it out on the lightning-kindled flames and then went back for further supplies, until he had the satisfaction of seeing the last spark smothered and the burning hotel saved.