

The snake liar and the fish liar, both bowed in their gray old age. Came unswerving back from their journeys wide, from their earth-wide pilgrimages. A tear drop stood in the snake liar's eye, and the fish liar gazed in pain. And a death-like look of infinite grief came over the face of the twin.

"I cannot compete with the modern liar," the snake-liar said. "In its limitless length and breadth and depth, and I wish that I were dead. For I stand rebuked with a shame-faced look 'neath the triumphant gaze of the eye. Of the newspaper affidavit liar, with his circulation of low degree."

"For the snake liar and the fish liar and the horse liar own his way. And the oyster-going liar who work by the job, and the liar who work by the day. The travelling liar, old inhabitant liar, and liars of low degree. And liars who lie for the fun of the thing, and liars who lie for a fee."

"The horse liar, the peach-crop liar, the sea-serpent liar and all. With the wide, untravelled wastes of cheek and their soulless seas of gall. All bend the knee to the expected sway of this crowned and peerie one. And the father of lies looks tenderly down on his most accomplished son."

—Printers' Ink.

The Red-Haired Girl.

Chicago Post: Oh! golden locks of yellow so attractive to a fellow. So full of light and loveliness our vision to beguile. Dame Fashion has decreed it. And it follows you must heed it. Her latest sweeping verdict is that you are out of style.

Henceforth though we adore you We can no more love before you; You cannot in the future hold an undisputed sway. For fashion now expresses Preference for darker tresses. Your golden hair a chestnut now, you're out of date, please.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS."

A Tale of the American Revolution.

CHAPTER II.

In a few moments a negro girl who had been bustling in and out of the room, bearing various hot dishes, announced supper. As soon as they were seated Miss Clementine entered and took her place, without saying a word, at the head of the table.

Her face was strong in its individuality and expression of command. Years of authority had intensified the natural masculine element in her temperament and countenance, with its long upper lip slightly shaded, dark, heavy eyebrows overhanging piercing and restless black eyes. Her grizzled hair curled high above her narrow, cony forehead, and her large figure was clad in a mannish redingote furnished with huge horn buttons, and fastened at the throat with a man's white cravat.

In her presence Miss Barbara, faced her own personality, and sat, a pale little apparition, studying her younger sister's mood, which seemed not a very happy one this evening, for she tapped her fingers on the board in a preoccupied manner. Miss Bab poured out the tea, and the meal proceeded silently. Betty was gazing absently at her plate, absorbed in anxious cogitations about the party. Miss Stacy, who, in common with the rest of the neighborhood, stood in salutary awe of "Clementine Vaughan's vagaries," silently sipped the contents of her cup.

"Too much sugar, Miss Bab," she said softly, passing up her cup. "Please put in more tea." She took another draught and passed it up again: "More cream, please." This was repeated several times.

"Well," she said aloud, "I can even be moderate and drink only one cup of this tea, despite its being so fragrant and grateful."

"Too!" exclaimed Miss Clem, in a voice which was a surprise, so deep and sweet was it; "tea! Why, Anastasia Anderson, you'll get no tea in this house, I'll warrant. This is sage tea. I never drink the weak wash myself."

"Lud," said Miss Stacy, glibly, trying to change the unfortunate subject, "did you hear what happened to the brig Peggy Stewart that brought Tom Rozier over? It had some packages of tea on board, and Mr. Anthony Stewart, the owner, paid the duty; but the people raised such a hubbub about it, called a meeting, and made Mr. Stewart apologize and burn the vessel—set fire to it with a torch and burned the fine ship. Such another blaze and fuss about a few packages of tea! Hard enough to get tea, Lord knows!"

Miss Clem cast a withering glance on her. "Think of the principle involved, and not of your stomach, Anastasia. I hear that some base souls, submitting to the excruciating imposed upon us by our blood-sucking tyrants, have paid the tax and smuggled tea into the country; but I'll have none of it in my house. You can go to the houses of such creatures as Mr. Wilmer and Bob Rozier, things that are neither Whig nor Tory, nor fan, nor flesh, nor good red herring, if you wish to find the detestable weed; but not on the table of one who loves liberty. So let me hear no more of tea!"

Miss Bab felt very guilty at the subterfuge she had practised to procure her favorite and proscribed beverage, which the ladies in the neighborhood were in the habit of absent-mindedly extracting from a concealed caddy in Mr. Atkins' store; leaving a bonus on the counter, or diffusing the equivalent among more innocent articles on the bill, in order to elude the myrmidons of the State Convention.

This was not an auspicious prelude to the would-be petitioner, whose whole soul was engaged in wily plans for the fulfilment of her hopes.

"I hear," said Miss Clem severely, "that worthless Bob Rozier is going to give his son an assembly on Thursday night. Betty purged up her red lips, and looked dreamily at the portrait of her grandfather's peruke. "You have received an invitation; do you want to go, Elizabeth? Do you want to go to the house of that man, who has no principles of political or personal honesty—as he evinced in the affair of the brindle cow?"

Betty lowered her gaze to her aunt's curls.

"Why, Aunt Clem, of course I do. I want to dance and meet the neighbors, and not stay shut up all my life like a—slave in an Eastern harem."

"Fie, fie, unhappy child!" faltered Miss

Bab; "where do you pick up these equivocal allusions? Clementine, this comes of allowing her to read every book in the bookstore."

"Forward mix!" exclaimed Miss Clem, "you shall go. It shall not be said that I keep Edward Vaughan's orphan child sequestered from the world, and will not allow her to take her place among its gayeties. Barbara, you shall go, too. I'll not set my foot in that house. No doubt the son's 'a chip of the old block'; a worthless boy he was, over here from morning till night, keeping hawks hidden in the cubby and feeding them my chickens."

"Why, aunt, they were falcons, and he was the falconer and I the lady of the castle."

"What will she wear?" asked Miss Stacy. "I am to wear my new red petticoat and sacque trimmed with saracens ribbons."

"I'll stand no outlay of money on your gewgaws," said Miss Clem, contemptuously; "it is too hard to get now. Tomorrow, go to the big carved chest in the hall, and select any one of your mother's brocade, to be made over in the mode; and you can get Mrs. Wilmer's black Susan—I hear she's a first-rate milliner—but no outlay."

"Did you see the lovely gown worn at church last Sunday by Miss Ramsey, of Philadelphia, staying at the Paces?" asked Miss Stacy. "That was stylish, the way she handled her smelling-salts, so daintily! She'll be at the party, and something fine to see."

"I was trying to hear dear Dr. Wells's sermon," said Miss Bab. "I saw her," answered Miss Clem; "a mincing girl fool, with her fine lady airs."

"Oh, aunt," pleaded Betty, "mayn't I have my hair built up by the barber from Annapolis, and get a new set of cherry ribbons and feathers to wear with the white brocade?"

"No," thundered Miss Clem; "you must think I have a mint of money to waste on fool-erie. You'd be a fine fool with your hair piled up like the tower of Babel, and smeared with bear's grease, and furnished up like a bird's nest with rags and bits of fluff. Wear your own pretty red curls"—Betty winced—"and I'll warrant you'll be sweeter than any monkeyish miss. Of all the insane ideas that ever visited the poor, weak brains of the female kind, this top-heavy mania is the worst. Let Anastasia follow the lead if she choose, and Bab, no doubt, will want her pink wool decked out; but you are a minor and under my care, and you shall not."

"Then I'll not go," said Betty. "I'll not go to be flouted at by strangers as a country girl."

"Don't then. Cut off your nose to spite your face."

The table was cleared, and Amanda brought in a pan of hot water to Miss Barbara, who always washed the tea-service herself, allowing no scrupulous hand to imperil her precious china. She made one exception in favor of Miss Stacy, who, in a long dimity apron, the face-simile of that which invested Miss Bab's slight form, deftly handled the dish cloth.

Miss Clem seated herself with account-book, pen and ink at the other end of the table, and Betty retired from an unfeeling world to the west window, where, shut in by the red moreen curtains, she could lean her forehead against the glass and mope unseen. Miss Bab and Miss Stacy kept up a low whisper, accompanied by the clatter of the china, and the quill scratched loudly over the paper.

Beside the faint gleam of the stars there was no light to be seen outside, save that of Lord's Gift, shining across the dark expanse of the great stretching between. Profoundly disappointed that she was not to attend the party, Betty determined that she would not make her appearance unless screened from notice by absolute conformity to the existing style, for she had an inkling as to the opinions in the neighborhood of the "oddities of the Vaughans" in general, and Miss Clem in particular, which had served to estrange them from many of their connections.

She wondered whether Tom was the same dare-devil, lovable fellow; whether he would like her, or they would see much of each other. Then, indignant at Miss Clem's tantrums, she tapped restlessly on the pane.

"Cease that exhibition of your wicked temper," said Miss Clem's voice, breaking her reverie. "Come forward sulky girl, and say good-night to Miss Anastasia."

Miss Anastasia departed, enveloped in mantle and hood, escorted by a negro boy with a lantern.

"Well," said Miss Clem, as soon as the door was closed, taking up her stand with her back to the fire, "you are two wise-aces to start any manner of discussion before that woman, the greatest sittle-tattle and gossip in the neighborhood, and such a natural as I have rarely seen; with her 'gauze ribbons' farrowth, and her gabble 'la mode.' Old Dr. Anderson's daughter, too, a man whom my dear, departed father—"

"God rest his soul," said Miss Bab, wiping her eyes.

"Stop sniffing, Barbara, he's dead. We've all got to die, but what's the use of crying? There's where women make me sick, with their eternal weep, weep. We're all fools, and I would that I had been born a man."

"I am sure, Clem," said Miss Bab, "you're as clever as any man."

Miss Clem made no immediate reply, but broke out a few seconds later in a slow, sweet voice:

"God knows we are all mad, wasting our lives on gewgaws and trumpery affairs, when we are to die and rot—and I am the maddest of all! Child, what will you do, go or stay?"

"Aunt," said Betty, coming near and speaking firmly—there was a strange resemblance in the two voices, Betty's lacking the occasional harshness—"I will not go unless I can take my right place among the other gentry, and my right place as becomes your niece."

"And all this fuss about a mere's nose atop of your head. You have the very Vaughan stubborn will, and I like you not the less for being the very moral of what I was when a girl, though better looking—not that looks are here or there when the end comes. What am I, to set my face against the world? Be young and silly, and pile your hair a mile high on your empty noodle. Good-night." She took a lighted candle and left the room.

Betty caught Miss Bab around the

waist and danced off with her, panting and tremulous.

"Oh, Bab," she said, after an embrace which amounted that damns little person's mob-cap on one side, giving her a rakish aspect, "isn't the white brocade going to look sweet? See how I will make my courtesy to Miss Rozier. And how fine you will look in your brown brocade, dancing the reel with fat Dr. Wells."

"Betty, he's a clergyman!"

"Oh, then maybe he won't reel, but perform a clerical pas seul, like this."

"You are a wicked child, making fun of a poor withered old—"

"Darling," interrupted Betty, kissing her again, and taking up her candle for bed.

CHAPTER III.

The door and windows were open, and the cheery autumn sunlight streamed in on the bare rafters, where hung strings of peppers and onions, drooping like a nimbus. Betty's head and glowing cheeks as she stood on the hearth at one side of the huge fireplace, where logs blazed under a skilful filled with a mysterious mixture, which she stirred with a long stick.

"Miss Betty," said the old man, appealing to a higher authority, "jes' fetch me my pipe, honey; she won't lemme come in."

Betty and Amanda were both stifling their mirth.

"Don't yer walk on my floor, chile; Moses bin jes' do widout, or he kin fly over. Yer must be an' good 'nuff ter fly, wid yer preachin' an' gal'ivantin' wid de debil, like a field nigger fer all de world, spite o' yo' privileges o' consortin' wid de gentry. Jes' fly, Moses."

On the other side sat Mammy Lar, Betty's old nurse, who reigned supreme in these precincts.

They were on an island, for between them and the door was a flood of suds and water, where Amanda, on her hands and knees, was scrubbing the boards in a manner which would have been quite unsatisfactory to Mammy Lar, had not her attention been absorbed in a marital squabble with Uncle Moses, standing in the door.

"Jes' lemme come in an' get my pipe," he pleaded; "it's up dar on de jamb."

"Don't yer walk over dat floor, Moses. Don't yer see whar Mammy's 'zistin' her efforts fer ter clean it? Lawd sakes, gal, is dat all de bes' yo' kin scrub? Put more elbow-grease in yo' work an' make dem boards shine, or I 'low I'll lam yer. Don't yer come in, dat's all, don't—yer—come—n', slowly and warily."

"I'll come an' git it," said Moses, goaded to extreme measures.

"Ef yer come, I'll scold yer, sure's pop."

The consequences were averted by Miss Clem, who, hearing the loud words, entered with all the majesty of the law, striding ruthlessly with muddy boots across the debatable ground.

"What's all this hubbub?" she demanded. "For shame, Mammy, give the old man his pipe." Then, spying the mysterious caldron and Betty's flushed face: "Whar in heaven's name is that noise?"

"This is a compound of simples and herbs which I am preparing," said Betty, with an attempt at dignity.

"What for? What are you going to do with it?"

Betty laughed, and faltered something about "freckles."

"Humph! That's it, is it? A cosmetic! Some of Anastasia Anderson's poisonous recipes, I'll be bound." She took the sassafras and poured its contents out of the window. "Your complexion is good enough; it would doubtless have taken the skin off, and left you flayed for the party. Don't get such maggots in your brain, or you'll be another crazy Vaughan."

She departed as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving Betty gazing ruefully at the empty sassafras. "Lawd sakes," said Mammy Lar, reflectively, "I can't help making great mirations as Miss Clem, she's such a sopsale character."

For several days the wide halls upstairs had been the scene of busy dressmaking, where two negro girls, under the direction of Mrs. Wilmer's Susan, had been working upon Betty's gown, which was at length completed.

Betty was in a fever of excitement, which reached its climax at the arrival of the barber, upon horseback, bringing with him the utensils to put the crowning finish to the toilet.

She was enveloped in a sheet to protect her gown, and then, before the dressing-table, the barber, or, as he called himself, the *coiffeur des dames*, completed his fearful and wonderful edifice.

The hair was drawn, with two rows of puffs on either side, over a tall cushion, the whole smeared with pomatum, powdered, and surmounted with frills of lace, bows of cherry ribbon, and two cherry ostrich tips. Then the barber, who was a Frenchman, with the manner of a courier, crossed his hands on his heart, bowed, and said: "C'est accompli; Mademoiselle est charmante."

The doors were thrown open, and a group of dark faces beamed admiration upon Betty as she stood, like a statue being unveiled, stately, and conscious of her head-gear.

Her robe of white brocade was draped over quilted cherry, hooped petticoat, and her beautiful white throat, erect and well poised, under its towering structure, rose from a cloud of delicate lace, which also shadowed over the rounded arms.

There was a murmur of admiration. Mammy Lar came in and surveyed her from head to foot.

"Thar won't be a pesson that kin hold a candle ter my chile. Honey, yer jes' too sweet ter live; somebody jes' ought ter take yer and bury yer 'live."

"Well—well—well," murmured Miss Stacy, who was to accompany them.

"Ain't she sweet? I think we'll out quite a tolerable figure."

before on horseback bearing a lantern, to open the gates and light the muddy roads. Betty's head-gear being the tallest, she was allowed the whole back seat, where she sat, and held her head obliquely to avoid knocking against the top of the coach.

The two ladies kept up a perpetual chatter about chickens and preserves, while she watched night deepen in the fleeting woods, here and there a home light, or the gleam of stars in some forest pool.

The half-dreamy state she had fallen into, lulled by the monotony of the creaking vehicle and the low voices, was broken by the cessation of locomotion, and the bright lights from the open door of Lord's Gift; but she had not fully awakened until she found herself in the dressing-room, where they were divested of their wraps by the assistance of two negro maids.

The music sounding from below made Betty impatient to enter the ball-room, but there were numberless touches to be given to Miss Stacy's toilet. The ship having sailed away from the rouge, she took out a small pill-box, and extracted thence two elaborate fac-similes, with one of which she decorated herself, and the other Betty's white forehead, before they descended to the parlor.

There they made their way at once to Mrs. Rozier, standing near the door. The look of condescension on her aquiline features, and her affability, oppressed Betty, who was dazzled by the glare of the many wax tapers, the hum of voices, and the bright gowns and coats of the groups around her.

A hundred fears and misgivings assailed her. Everything was so fine, so like fairyland. She was certain that she was looking ugly, and that she would not have a pleasant time. Dr. Wells, panting in a tight, new black suit and clerical neckcloth, had engaged Miss Bab and Miss Stacy in conversation.

Across the room, a young lady on a sofa was the centre of a circle of gentlemen. She was tall and blonde, arrayed in silver brocade in the latest fashion, and conspicuous by having, on top of the structure built above her haughty face, a parrot of the most brilliant colors.

Betty watched her with interest as she occasionally inhaled a bottle of salts.

"That is Miss Ramsey, of Philadelphia," said Mrs. Rozier. "She is a most engaging girl, very charming, and her countenance betokening such truly feminine and gentle sensibility. She is talking with Tom, who is really smitten."

She was looking up into the face of a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow in blue velvet and gold lace, with a white embroidered waistcoat, who leaned over her with an air of devotion, and must have said something very pleasant, for she tapped him on the sleeve with her fan, saying: "Oh! fie! fie! What an arrant rogue!"

He turned, and catching Mrs. Rozier's eye, came across the room at her nod. His regular features were stern, his eyebrows straight and decided, and the mouth full and rather large. He was handsome, doubtless, but not like the old, merry-faced Tom.

This Miss Elizabeth Vaughan, Tom, said his mother, "whom you must remember quite well."

Betty was disgusted that he should have been called to speak to her. She imagined that the low, grave how he made was one of polite impatience at having to leave Miss Ramsey for a country girl. She swept him a stately little courtesy.

"Of course, I remember my little playmate, though you have grown prodigiously, I faith."

"That is very natural," said Betty, coldly, some demon of perversity prompting her; then she shut her lips tight and remained silent. He should not think she was trying to keep him from Miss Ramsey.

"How is Miss Vaughan?" he asked.

"My aunt enjoys excellent health. I thank you."

"And is the dog alive that we used to call Cassius, because he had a lean and hungry look?"

"He is still alive, but quite fat now."

"Good heaven!" she thought, "how insipid he must think me. He can go back to his Miss Ramsey."

"That is quite gratifying," he said, gravely. Looking up, Betty caught a merry flash of his dark eyes, but his features remained impassive.

"Oh, he is laughing at the Provincial Miss," she thought.

"Have you seen Will Ringgold yet?" he asked.

"No; is he here?" maintaining her taciturn precedent, though disgusted with herself.

"That is he, yonder, the macaroni talking to the youngest Miss Pace."

The young man he indicated was short, with a slight figure, arrayed in a red-silk coat, with a peach-bloom satin waistcoat. His features were delicate, and on his cheeks there was an evident *sous-pour* of rouge.

"He is monstrous genteel," said Betty. "Egad! nothing if not that; but someone should tell him that in the provinces no one wears a red coat but a creole or a dancing-master. He will want to meet you, for he has been asking for you, and I did not know you had come. Let me fetch him."

"What a hurry to get away," thought Betty.

Mr. Ringgold advanced with his hand over his heart, making a low bow. He held a quizzing-glass in the other hand, through which he stared impudently, saying, with a sinner of affected surprise:

"Parbleu! Is this the same little girl with whom I once played, or one of Diana's nymphs strayed into human reveries? Oh! speak, nymph, I pray."

His voice had a drawl which, in addition to his conscious starts and poses, combined to make him such an extraordinary figure to Betty that she quite forgot her role of indifference and looked at Tom quickly, when a glance of veiled amusement passed between them.

"Pardi! he continued, 'I dream. Have I come from Paris, the centre of the globe, to find in this remote spot a paragon of beauty and grace? I am your *serviteur humble*. You have wounded me with one glance of those eyes *vous brillantes*. Command me, I am yours, adorable and charmingly being."

Betty was struck dumb by this torrent of words, and amazed at her first glimpse of the fashionable affectation of the day, which was Francomania.

Tom bowed and excusing himself, returned to Miss Ramsey, who had summoned him with a wave of her fan.

"Suppose I should take you at your word?" said Betty. "Since you are mine, I command you to tell me all about yourself and what you expected to find in 'this remote spot.'"

"Ah, mon Dieu! What is there to tell? After a happy existence in that adorable capital of the greatest nation in the world, a life full of pleasure—*et desolée*—to be banished to this spot, where there is not even a decent hairdresser. Why, adorable creature, they cannot dress hair even in that dreary island, England. Nowhere, nowhere, save in *la belle France*. *Ma foi!* Am I not an ingrate to bewail my lot? Have I not found on this desert shore *une ange-belle et riante*—"

"To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain" with the charming inconsistency of your sex.—Smile, please, smile! How unbecomingly fair you would look in a French dress. He closed his eyes and seemed lost in an ecstasy of imagination. "I protest, you are so conceivably what an addition a French dress would be to your beauty."

Betty had by this time fully obeyed his injunction to smile, and was dimpling with amusement.

"Sure," she said, with a simple stare, "you see me at my best. You should see how we dress here in the provinces every day. I wear *deshain* and feathers like the Indians."

"No, now, do you? How droll and *degage*! 'For honor, how fair you must look! What is your temperament now—give a hint to an adorer—are you melting or searing?'"

"It is the same as that inscribed on the tombstone of my great-aunt, buried in Limerick: 'Here lies the body of Lady Honoria O'Donoghue. She was passionate, pious and deeply devout, and painted in water-colors; of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Pardi!" he cried, "you are sprightly enough! Your lips barb the arrows shot from those heavenly orbs."

Through the door of the next room, where the older people were engaged at cards, advanced Mr. Rozier, rubicund and pompous.

"Well, here is my charming young neighbor gracing our social evening. Good evening, dear child. I faith, if there was not so many people around I would avail myself of the privilege of kissing your blooming cheek. So much for being an old man. Now, Will, despite your superior attractions, could not claim that. Age has its compensations."

Betty held out her hand to the gentleman, of whom she was very fond, despite the absurd feud which waged between him and Miss Clem, based upon some trifling cause which both had forgotten. He bent over it, saying, "May I?"

"He that will not when he may, When he will, he shall have nay," laughed Betty.

"Have you seen my boy, Betty?" he asked. "Here, I'll call him here. No? You don't want to see him? Why, isn't he a pretty enough lad? Oh! he's no pleasing these young misses. Don't trust her, Will, she's an arrant flirt; promised me last summer she'd come over to play chess, and never has come—an arrant flirt."

"My flirting is like my chess-playing," said Betty. "In both I only act on the defensive, and never carry war into the enemy's quarters."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Rozier, loudly. Miss Bab, who was standing near, looked around and smiled proudly, withdrawing her attention from Dr. Wells, who was electrifying Miss Stacy by a narrative about a cow which, to use his words, "put her head into the window and roared, ma'am, roared like a Numidian lion!"

(To be Continued)

Crop Estimates.

The crop of winter and spring wheat for 1890, as estimated by the United States Government bureau, is 402,000,000 bushels, which with wheat and flour estimated at 40,000,000 bushels on July 1st makes a total of 442,000,000. The amount required for home use is 256,000,000 bushels, and for seed and other uses amounts making the total 326,000,000 bushels. This leaves 116,000,000 bushels available for export. The wheat in sight last Saturday was 44,132,000 bushels, being an increase of 3,361,000 bushels over the previous week, and a decrease of 646,000 compared with a year ago.

Would Amend the Decalogue.

Chicago News: All attempts to interview Mr. Hayes proved futile. He has the faculty of avoiding interrogations by getting behind a bulwark of cold and fixed stares. To an *Evening News* reporter, who fired questions at the ex-president for fifteen minutes, Mr. Hayes replied: "I have heard the story credited to the 'Old Roman,' Thurman. He is said to have said at one time: 'Had I the power to amend the ten commandments, I would add another: Let all interviewers be killed.'"

A Misapprehension.

New York Mirror: Miss Terrint—When mommer and I were in Yucorop, oh the awfulest thing happened! There was a prince—and a count—and they fought a duel—about poor me—with pistols Yabeley—Ah! were they loaded? Miss Terrint—No they weren't. They were just as sober as could be.

Depend on the Pitcher.

Rochester Herald: The woman who offered to kiss Susan, the faster, was denied the privilege by the watchers. These fellows are medical college students and know what they are about. The little Italian could live an extra week on a kiss delivered right over the plate.

A little 4-year-old girl in England writes with her left hand and writes her words backward, as they are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by means of a looking-glass. The highest church spire in the world has just been completed. It is that of the cathedral at Ulm, Wurtemberg, Germany, and is 530 feet high. The top of the cross on the dome of St. Peter's, Rome, is 445 feet above the pavement.

In the treasury of the sultan of Turkey is a gold orricle, studded with diamonds. It is kept under guard in Constantinople, and in it a dozen sultans have been roched. Age for age, girls are taller in Sweden and heavier as well.

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