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Feb 1, 1873—23w


## WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh,
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fairy young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl,

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestless a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one,
Nobody weighed the threads of care.
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail: God only knows
Its value in eternity.

—*Living Age.*

## A SPORTSMAN'S PREDICAMENT.

He was out on the plains in the winter time, and by some accident separated from his party; night came on, and with it the most intense frost, and he found his vital energies failing, and saw nothing, until a bison came to his assistance, but destruction starting him in the face. The friendly bison approached without any idea in his shaggy head half so extensive or comfortable as pertained to the uses to which he was presently to be put; and my adviser, with just strength enough left in him to level his rifle, numbed fingers and all, was lucky enough to hit the bison just through the heart, and drop him dead conveniently for future operation. Having refreshed himself with a bit of warm, raw flesh, my adviser then cut the bison open and took out the entrals; as it was just getting dark, to save his life from the intense frost, he replaced the entrals with his own body, and crept into the carcass of the animal with his head toward the tail, and his feet pushed up the windpipe, the skin where it had been divided, being permitted to fall as a curtain to the ground.—Here he revelled in animal heat, not in the least incommoded by that enormous quantity of blood and moisture which I have since seen contained in the carcass of an animal of this size, and at last fell asleep. How long he continued in comfortable oblivion, he is not quite sure, always desirous of being exact, but he awoke with a sensation of cold, and found that every limb save his hands, which he had fortunately kept folded under his chin, was not only benumbed, but the blood and moisture had become a frame of ice, and the severed skin of the animal itself had frozen firmly and immovably to the ground. Thus, then, he was iced for the rest of his life—a sort of forced meat, in fact, in the bovine "rissolo" which surrounded him, no white capped and aproned cook to deliver the buffalo of his burthen. Simultaneously with his awakening from his sleep, however, he had been aware of a strange noise outside the frozen case which compassed him; so, with ears sharpened by necessity, he endeavored to discover the cause. The external rattling and scratching continued, till slight openings admitted a gleam of the intensely cold morning moon, when through the crevices he could plainly distinguish the gnawing, crunching of bones, snarling and fighting of a large drove of wolves. Here, then, was a Scylla to the Charybdis which already contained him, and a more active or pending dissolution was thus fearfully around; for sportsman as he was, he well knew that there was always an immense and hasty scramble among animals of prey, for the choice intestines of a body. Bold, not with brandy, but whisky (for he at once and on the moment emptied his flask), and desperate with distress, he resolved on action, and abided time; and here again, in this his dreadful hour of need, his knowledge of sport and the habits of wolves did not desert him.—He recollected that the easiest portion of a bison's frame, by which for a wolf to gain a hold of the intestines, was from beneath the tail; so he awaited the result, and kept his hands in readiness. All at once, with eagerness only equal to his hunger, an immense old wolf rent the flanks asunder sufficiently to thrust his head and shoulders into the bison, in search of, to him, a delicious reward. The wolf's horror, however, at once may be conceived, when my friend as suddenly seized him on either cheek, and clung to the head of his deliverer for dear life. So surprised at this unwonted reception was the beast, that he yelled with terror, while, with all the strength of his back and haunches, aided by his fore feet, he contrived to withdraw, pulling the human appendage along with him. The result of the yells of the master wolf, as well as his great strength, were alike favorable to my friend; the former so frightened the rest of the wolves that they fled away, and the latter brought my friend forth from his "lodging on the cold ground," and rendered him up to the grey light of the coming dawn. And as soon as he pulled my friend out of the carcass of the buffalo, he fled after his scared companions.—*English Sportsmen in the Western Prairies.*

## THE STEEPLE-CLIMBER.

It would be rather hard for me to tell you exactly how I learned to do it. I suppose it came to me natural. You see early in life I worked in a quarry, in one of the New-England States, and had the fixing of the tackle we used to sling round the big stones with. Ropes would be getting foul in the derricks, and I being a thin and spare boy, I used to have the climbing of them to put them to rights. The place itself, on a steep mountain side, was mighty precipitous, and when there was a blast, it used to be my job to see how the stones lay around. That, I suppose, taught me how to climb and get a sure footing. Trees ware nothing to me; when I was fourteen, I could go up most anything, just like a stairs. After a while I learnt to be a rough kind of a mason, and as hands was rather obliged in the section of country I was born in, which was Maine, to be kinds of Jacks of all trades and masters of none, I got to doing bits of rough carpentering. I always was good on getting up scaffolding, and generally workmen used to rely on me for that kind of work. You think, Sir, men don't care how they trust their lives on a lot of scantling 100 feet up in the air? There may be some fools among 'em, but they mostly takes a good look at where they must work before trusting themselves. Well, I worked at house-building until I was nineteen, then—why I can't tell you, unless it was to spite a girl that I was sweet on, who took up with another man—I went to sea, and what with a voyage to China and back, if I didn't come back a good sailor, at least I got a good knowledge of knotting and splicing, and hanging on by your eye-lids. When I came back I did a stroke of work in one of the Government shops as a rigger, and that, I suppose, helped to make me cool-headed and steady in the nerves. I ain't exactly temperate, and don't belong to any society. When a job's all over, I don't mind taking a glass of ale, but I have passed through all my life, so far, without ever having been tight. My business won't allow of it. A man that's the least bit shaky had better not try my line of work, which is climbing up steeples and fixing things which is out of order, arranging weather-cocks and vanes and lightning-rods, and furbishing up such ornaments as they decorates the top of high buildings with. Sometimes the telegraph people calls on me, and six year ago I worked for 'em steady.

I got into my first job by accident. I know'd a man as boarded in the same house as I did. He was a painter and a drinking man, and was a grumbling one morning over the job his boss had put him on, which was to paint a pretty high steeple in Boston. Says he, "If the wind blows the least bit to-day I'll see the boss and the whole church congregation further, (that wasn't, sir, exactly what he did say, but it expressed pretty much the same thing,) afore I ventures my life again on that old rotten steeple." "Bill," says I, "it ain't nice day for your work, for it's blowing now." Says he, "That's so, and I strikes work for to-day; and, what's more, there ain't a man in the shop that will undertake to do it." Says I, "Bill, I ain't no painter much, but I suppose people isn't very particular how a fellow daubs on the color up on a steeple, is they?" "Not a bit," says he. "I just work as quick as I can to get through. It's piece-work, and when your up 150 feet, there ain't no specifications as holds good as high up as that.—But what are you asking all these questions for? If you want the job of painting that steeple, you're welcome to it."—"That's just it," says I. "Then you may take it off my hands and welcome. I can't do the work without three or four stiff drinks to start on, and whilst I'm painting I gets the horrors up there."—Straightways we went around to the boss and I got the job. All I bargained for was $25, and that I was to select my own rope and spars, which he was to pay for. For a first job of the kind it was an ugly one. I lashed to a window-frame, with plenty of good three-eighth rope, a springy spar as thick round as my leg, and to the end of that I reeved a pully, and to that a sling. It wasn't far I had to go out on that pole, not more than eight feet, but that had to be done by taking the spar and going along it hand over hand; but I didn't mind it much, though to settle myself down in the sling, and get the paint-pot and the brushes all right without upsetting them, was a job. I managed quite well, and did it all without a helper, crawling back to the steeple for more paint when I wanted it. The wind did spurt some, for when them northeasters blow around Boston it makes things howl; and the boss comes up, and I heard him sing out, "to give up the job for the day, for if I was killed they would read him out of church for exposing another man's life for pay." He was a religious man, was the boss, but I pretended not to hear him. Anyhow, in three days I got through painting the steeple, and the boss gave me $25 in addition to what he had promised, and kept me on steady work, a picking out the tough jobs for me when they was offered. Oh, there are plenty of men who do this kind of thing, who are real bosses in the line of working on spots where most hands is afraid to venture.—There is a party in Philadelphia that's quite as good as any; sometimes he goes as far as New Orleans for a particular job. I believe that man has got suckers to his feet like they say a fly has. I ain't afraid to give him credit, because I am accounted to be no lubber myself in the business. I ain't given much to brag, but I do believe if you was to stretch a five-inch plank across Broadway, from the top of one house to another, so it was braced and wouldn't spring, I'd go across it without trip, slip or stumble. It's all habit, and command of one's nerves. Of course there if things which annoys me, and one is to have a big gaping crowd of fools a looking up and starting at you. It's a mighty big temptation not to spill a pot of paint accidentally, or to let a piece of slate or so fall among 'em. I seed a woman with an opera-glass a looking at me once, out of a top-story window, and following every motion of mine. I ain't queer, sir, but that woman's inquisitiveness bothered me. I made up my mind I'd get shut of her and her opery-glass, if I had to sicken her. So I took a good chance, where there was an ugly place, and did one of them common circus tricks. I let go my hands from a cross-beam I was holding on by the hands, let myself fall some five feet, and caught hold of another one below—an ugly kind of looking drop. I couldn't a hurt myself anyhow, as there was a scaffold a little ways underneath. Where she was a looking at me was most half a block, but I heard her scream all that distance. She didn't use her opery-glass any more. When I was young that used to be one of my jokes, sir. You had been believe I am careful. Rope that I use, sir, I looks all over before and after every job. When there is any hanging work to be done, I don't allow any body to put hands on the scaffold I uses; if it breaks it ain't nobody's fault but mine. When a fellow's dangling between heaven and earth, and all he's got to hold him there is an inch, or inch and a quarter rope, he is a fool if he don't take his precautions.

It's not an unpleasant kind of work to be up ever so high of a summer's day. It may be sweltering on the pavement, but up on the steeple, a working, comes mostly a cool breeze, blowing all the time. Then, in them undisturbed places, there are little bits of grasses and mosses that don't grow down below. Then it's so quiet; for the noise of the street-cries, and the rumbling of the vehicles comes up to you in a hushed and softened kind of way. It's good pay, sir, for the risks—and there are risks—for there ain't none of the steeple-climbers as hasn't had their shocks now and then. It's only summer work, for when the cold comes the chill would freeze all the strength out of you, and when it blows hard we don't try it on neither. I've been ketched a half-dozen times in a regular summer storm, when I've been hanging from a steeple without a scaffold, and it ain't nice to take. Yes; I have had some narrow shaves. Once it was a scaffold. Just as I had finished the job—it was the setting up of a cross on a new church—and I had screwed the bolts all well in, I was getting my tools together. It's a kind of habit I have, whenever I am working up very high, to pass a slip-knot of thin rope around my waist, which I secure to something which I know can't give way. It being an easy job; this 'ere cross, I hadn't used my rope much. There was a wrench I had mislaid, which I saw just out at the furthend of the scaffold. I walked out to get it rather careless. The stuff must have been rotten, for it went all to splinters under me, and I thought I was gone, and the fact is I did say amen. The first thing I knowed I was hitched up under the arms by my own rope and was hanging quite comfortable. When I had put the rope round me, I never knew; it was force of habit, I suppose. I got a scare, but it was over again in a moment and I haven't given it a thought since that day. But once, sir, I was frightened, and I ain't afraid to acknowledge it. I was working on a church had a spire of a shape which ain't common. What kind of architecture it is I have been told, but forgotten. It goes up ever so straight, and ends with a kind of swell, like an onion or a turnip, and I had to work on the under side. The party as was repairing the church wasn't paid what the job was worth, by the congregation, and things was being pared down fine. I wanted a scaffold, but they wouldn't stand the two or three extra days' work it would have cost to rig it, so I thought I'd do it with only a rope. It was the slating as had been badly done, and the wind was a ripping them off, so that the work had to be patched up at once. It was mighty high up, and as tough a job as I most ever worked on. I studied it up, as I mostly does all the jobs I have, and I was obliged to work from the top down, and crawl under the lower part. I let myself down with a new inch and a quarter rope, and getting my feet against the largest part of the round, pushed off a little, lowering myself some six feet, so that when I swung in I should get to the under part, when I would get a clutch and hold on to a couple of big iron bands and get a secure footing. Though a ticklish job, I had done the same before, and so I got all right after the first trial. Well, I worked away steady, taking out the old slate and putting in new, and nailing down those that were loose. I must have been two hours at work when I wanted to go up for more nails, so I commenced to haul away, kicking myself from time to time clear of the swell of the dome. So far so good.—When I was almost half way up I thought I'd stop just a minute to take breath, as it was a hot, sultry day, and warm even up as high as I was.—My toe was on a level with one layer of slate, when I thought I noticed I was lowering an inch or so, when it stopped; then it began again, and I went down most 8 inches; then stopped again for a minute, and lower I went by half a course of slate. I was thoroughly alarmed. Of course, I reasoned, it could only arise from one of four things—either the rope was stretching, and that wasn't possible, or the double-hitch I had given to the rope round the head of a stair-case was slipping, which, again, too, wasn't possible, it being contrary to the rule of knots, or the staircase was getting pulled out, which wasn't likely, or, what was worse, and which struck me must be the fact, the rope was cutting, and I settled on that. I watched to notice if there was any inclination to twist in the rope, but couldn't see it. Now, I knew that if I made any violent motion, I might increase the damage. I clutched all I could to sides of the slates, trying to take advantage of even a nail that might be sticking up, but I couldn't get more hold than agin glass. I was now under the larger part of the swell of the dome, with a hundred feet clean under me. To get below to where I had been working was impossible. I was afraid to swing out on the rope now, which would have caused a jerk. It was no use to holler, for no one could have heard me; and there was no use of making signs, as I was on the side away from the street, and nobody could see me. Up I must go, and may be, I thought, if the rope will hold, I may get up yet.—Slowly I went up, with a quiet steady pull. It was about sundown, and as I got up, inch by inch, I saw the sun shine on a bit of jagged tin, about twenty feet above me, and I saw it was that which had been cutting slowly but surely into my rope. With the strain I had given it, three or four of the strands looked as if they had been cut through with a sharp knife, and I was hanging now by maybe a strand. All along I had held fast to my tools; now I let go my hammer first, and then some twenty slates, and I heard them smash with a clatter below on the tombstones. Slowly I crept up, nearing the point a little where the rope was cutting. Just then I got my head over the top of the round. I had a pretty strong knife in my pocket, so I jabbed it in between the edges of the slate, until it took a hold in the wood-work, and I braced my heel against it. If I had had two knives, I could have managed first-rate, using one for one foot and the other for the other, so as to take the strain off the rope. I tried all I could to throw the rope off the tin, but seeing it was still under a strain, with my heft to it, I couldn't budge it. Well, I never should have known to this day how I would have pulled through if it hadn't been for a woman who just then stuck her blessed old head out of a little window in the church below me.

"Mister," says she, "don't you know your trade better than to be a throwing down slate and things that way? And my child as came as near as could be having his head split open with a slate, and I'm the sexton's wife, and just see if I don't report all about it to the vestry as it meets to-night."

Says I, "For God's sake don't scold for I am here in a scrape. My rope is cut, and getting cut all the time I'm talking to you, and you are just as likely as not to be the last person as will hear my final will and testament."

"Lord a mercy," says she, "I'll scream."

"Don't," says I. "Is there any men about here?"

"Not a soul but me. What shall I do?"

"Got any rope—no rope in the Church?"

"We don't run this Church with bells, and there ain't no bell ropes, and there ain't no shop as keeps any around here."

"Well, see here," says I, "It's a matter of five minutes, or ten at most, with me."

"I've got a clothes-line. I dries the clothes sometimes in the loft up there, but it ain't a new line, nor it ain't very long."

"That will do," says I, "Now come up, and be quick about it, with the clothes-line." She was gone a minute, and presently I could hear something a-moving inside of the little dome, and soon she was at the window.

"Now," says I, "stretch out your cord, and just where the middle is, pass it three times round the upright at the head of the staircase, make a good double knot at the loose ends, just as you would on a double thread when you are sewing, and throw the ends to me." How the poor old woman flustered, and wiped her face with her apron, and how the old clothes-line, for I could see it plain, was all tangled and twisted! Presently all was ready, and taking good aim at me, she flung the knotted end toward me. It wouldn't reach me by nearly three feet. I managed to get my knife-blade some few inches higher up, but even this exertion and the strain I had given on the rope stretched out the fibres. It was a jump I had to make, and it wanted nerve, and thank God I had it, and got a good hold, with one hand, of the clothes-line. In a second I was up ten feet and above the cut in the rope, and now I was all right. That old lady—she was worse off than I was when I was by her side—she kissed me first, and then went off into a conniption. After it was all over I hauled in my old rope. You have heard tell of the man who was in the mine, as was lowered down by a rope, and then left hanging until his strength gave out, and at last he let go, thinking he was to be smashed to atoms. When they did pick him up he had fallen six inches, but was in a dead faint. Well, Sir, my case wasn't like his. I hauled up the old rope, and the old lady, she took hold of one part and I of the other, and when she jerked it, she snapped the last bits of the strand like darning-cotton; that was all I was hanging to. I'm quite careful ever since that time. Business is now over for the season. Wages is by the job, and when I do work it's $10 I make a day. Wife don't like it, and is always wanting me to quit it; and she never fixes up my kittle now with my dinner in it that she don't look like as if she was putting me up something to eat for the very last time. But I like the work, Sir, and just as likely as not there is many a steeple I shall swing from in New-York, doing a bit of repair on it, before my time comes.

## THE CONDUCTOR'S DREAM.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

*From the Methodist.*

He had been on the train all day, had met all kinds of people, received all sorts of treatment, punctured all kinds of tickets, shouted "All out!" and "All aboard!" till throat, and head, and hand, and foot were weary. It would be a long while before we would get to another depot, and so he sagged down in the corner of the car to sleep. He was in the most uncomfortable position possible. The wind blew on his neck, his arm was hung over the back of the seat, he had one foot under him, and his knee pressing hard against a brass hinge. In that twisted and convoluted position, he fell asleep, and soon began to dream.

It seemed to him, in his sleep, that the car was full of disagreeables. Here was a man who persisted in having a window up, while the rain and sleet drove in. There was a man who occupied the whole seat, and let the ladies stand. Here sat a man smoking three poor cigars at once, and expectorating into the beaver hat of the gentlemen in front. Yonder was a burglar on his way to jail, and opposite a murderer going to the gallows. He thought that pickpockets took his watch, and ruffians refused to pay their fare. A woman traveling alone shot at him a volley of questions: "Say, conductor, how long before we will get to the junction?" "Are you sure we have not passed it?" "Do you always stop there?" "What time is it?" Madam, do keep quiet! "None of your impudence!" "How far from here to the junction?" "Do you think that other train will wait?" "Do you think we will get there in time?" "Say, conductor, how many miles yet?" "Are you looking out?" "Now, you won't let me go past, will you?" "Here! conductor, here! Help me out with my carpet bag and band-box and shawl and umbrella and this bundle of sausage and head-cheese." What was worse, the train got going one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and pulling the connecting-rope, it broke, and the cars got off the track, and leaped on again, and the stove changed places with the wood-box, and things seemed going to terrible split and unmitigated smash. The cities flew past. The brakes were powerless. The whistle grew into a fiend's shriek. Then the train began to slow up, and sheeted ghosts swung lantern's along the track, and the cars rolled into a white depot, which turned out to be a great marble tomb: and look back to see his passengers, they were all stark dead, frozen in upright horror to the car-backs

Hearing by the man's snore, and seeing by his painful look, he was having an awful dream, we tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Conductor! turn over that seat, and take my shawl, and stretch yourself out, and have a comfortable nap." "Thank you, sir," he said, and immediately sprawled himself out in the easiest way possible. He began his slumbers just as an express-train glides gracefully out of Pittsburgh depot; then went at it more earnestly, lifted all the brakes, put on all the steam, and in five minutes was under splendid headway. He began a second dream, but it was the opposite of the first. He thought that he had just stepped on the platform of his car, and a lady handed him a boquet fresh from the hot-house. A long line of railroad presidents and superintendents had come to the depot to see him off, and tipped their hats as he glided out into the open air. The car was an improvement on Pullman's best. Three golden goblets stood at the end, and every time he turned the spigot of the water-cask, it foamed soda-water—vanilla if you turned it one way, strawberry if you turned it the other. The spittoon was solid silver, and had never been used but once, when a child threw into it an orange peeling. The car was filled with lords and duchesses, who rose and bowed as he passed through to collect the fare. They all insisted on paying twice as much as was demanded, telling him to give half to the company and keep the rest for himself.—Stopped a few minutes at Jolly Town, Gleeville, and Velvet Junction, making connection with the Grand Trunk and Pan-Handle route for Paradise. But when the train halted, there was no jolt, and when it started there was no jerk. The track was always clear, no freight-train in the way, no snow-bank to be shovelled—train always on time. Banks of roses on either side, bridges with piers of bronze, and flagmen clad in cloth-of-gold. The train went three hundred miles the hour, but without any risk, for all the passengers were insured against accident in a company that was willing to pay four times the price of what any neck was worth.—The steam-whistle breathed as sweetly as any church-choir chanting its opening piece. Nobody asked the conductor to see his "time-table," for the only dread any passenger had was that of coming to the end of his journey.

As night came on, the self-adjusting couches spread themselves on either side; patent bootjacks rolled up and took your boots off; unseen fingers touched the damask covers all about you, and the porter took your pocket-book to keep till morning, returning it then with twice what you had in it at nightfall. After awhile, the train slackens to one hundred and seventy-five miles an hour, and the conductor in his dream announces that they are coming near the terminus. More brakes are dropped, and they are running but ninety miles the hour; and some one, looking out of the window, says, "How slow we go!" "Yes," says the conductor, "we are holding up." Now, they have almost stopped, going at only seventy miles the hour. The long line of depot-lamps are flashing along the track. On the platform of the station are the lovers who are waiting for their betrothed, and parents who have come down to greet their children, returned with a fortune, and wives who have not been able to eat or drink since their spouse went away three weeks before. As the cushioned train flashes into the depot and stops, wedding-bells peal, and the gong of many banquets sounds, and white arms are flung about necks, reckless of mistake, and innumerable percussions of affection echo through the depot, so crisp and loud that they wake the conductor, who thought that the boisterous smack was on his own cheek, but finds that he is nothing but a bachelor railroad-man, with a lantern, at midnight getting out into a snow-bank.

Application: Get an easy position when you sleep, if you have any choice between angels and gorgons. At midnight, seizing a chair, I ran into the next room, resolving to kill, at the first stroke, the ruffian who was murdering a member of my household. But there was no ruffian. The sweet girl had, during the day, been reading of St. Bartholomew's massacre, and was now lying on her back, dreaming it all over again. When dreams find any one lying flat on the back, they cry out: "Here is a flat surface on which to skate and play ball," and from scalp to toe they sport themselves. The hardest nag in all the world to fight is the nightmare. Many think that sleep is lost time. But the style of your work will be mightily affected by the style of your slumber. Sound Asleep is sister of Wide Awake. Adam was the only man who ever lost a rib by napping too soundly; but when he woke up he found that, instead of the twelve ribs with which he started, he really had nigh two dozen. By this I prove that sleep is not substraction, but addition. This very night may that angel put balm on both your eyelids five minutes after you touch the pillow!

## ANOTHER WONDERLAND.

GORGES, FORESTS, TORRENTS, AND WATERFALLS OF THE TUOLUMNE CANON.

The diadem for scenic grandeur has heretofore been worn by Yosemite, but the explorations in the Sierra Nevada have revealed some half dozen contestants for that honor. Among these may be mentioned Mount Shasta, the canon of the South Fork of King's River (on the shadow of Mount Whitney), and the great Tuolumne River canon, John Muir, the lonely, adventurous explorer and geologist of the Yosemite valley, and Calen Clark, State Guardian of that valley last month penetrated and explored the last mentioned canon, which Professor Whitney and Clarence King did not enter, the former expressing a doubt, in his State geological report, whether it was possible to get into it at all. Mr. Muir reports that this canon lies about eighteen miles in an almost due notherly direction from Yosemite Valley.—Its beginning or mouth is below Hetch Hetchy Valley, and the main Tuolumne runs through it. It curves in an unbroken line for over forty miles, and runs up to and ends in the very heart of the summits of the upper Sierra Nevada. The uneuphoneously named Hetch-Hetchy Valley constitutes an expanded portion of the great Tuolumne canon, which properly begins at the eastern end of Hetch-Hetchy, and has, from thence to its head, a length of twenty miles of continuous unbroken vertical walls of granite, similar to, but more clear cut, and with much greater depth, than those of the Yosemite Valley. Yosemite Valley has an average width of half a mile, and is in one place a mile wide; but the Tuolumne canon has nowhere a width exceeding a quarter of a mile, and is in some places much narrower than that.—The Tuolumne River which runs through it, has twice the width of Merced. The falls of the Merced-Yosemite surpass those of the Tuolumne canon in unbroken volumes of descending water; but, in endless variety of cascades and water-shoots, the Tuolumne canon is far superior. The great walls of the canon are seamed by water-worn fissures down which rivers leap, churn and thunder, brawl and sing with all possible varieties and expression of sound. There is one water-leap, 1,800 feet high in the Tuolumne canon but it is not unbroken like the Upper Yosemite, and is in that respect, inferior to the latter. The Upper Yosemite falls are 1,600 feet high. In the spring when the river is full that fall tumbles into its great, water-worn, rocky bowl with a sound resembling the fall from the sky of gigantic cannon-balls on massive and tightly stretched drums. This sound closely resembles yet hardly rises to the noisy dignity of the loudest peals of thunder; but the noise produced by the Tuolumne waterfall is as deafening as the loudest thunder—a thunder which is brought directly home to the ears by the narrowness and vast depths of the great ice-covered fissures and the unsurpassed facilities it affords for ponderous echoes. One of the waterfalls spreads out at first like a great filmy fan of silvery-threaded water, but, after a descent in this shape of about 200 feet, it is whirled over, closed up with lightning-like rapidity, changed in color, shot down a narrow groove of rocks, like an arrow of steam. The great sculpture marks of glacial action are much newer and more easily read in the Tuolumne than in the canon, for, though called a valley, it is really a cannon of the Yosemite. The glacial alphabet by which the history of the glacial action can be read is very much blurred in Yosemite by the subsequent action of rain, snow, sun, winds, and earthquakes; but in the Tuolumne cannon the page is fresh from the glacial workshop on the summits of mounts Lyell, Dana, Gibbs and Ritter. The glacier on the latter has a length and width of about half a mile, and a depth of about 800 feet. The glaciers from these mountains, Mr. Muir thinks, at one time not only filled the great Tuolumnes canon, but lavishly over-flowed it as a river over-flows its banks in spring time.

Messrs. Muir and Clarke had a rough task in exploring this great canon and its surroundings. They were forced to wade rushing, icy torrents the sides of which brushed the foot of perpendicular rocks of granite. They camped one night in their shirt sleeves, and went supperless to bed. One of the walls mentioned is 4,000 feet high.

Those who have come out of Yosemite by the Coulterville trail will remember what a magnificent view of the Bridal Veil Falls is had from it. These falls are by no means the largest, but they are the most beautiful and appropriately named of all the falls of the great valley. The wind swings them and disarrages their falling folds and silver threads just as it would a veil of the most gauzy texture. There are many of these bridal veil falls in Hetch-Hetchy Valley and the Tuolumne canon.—There is a greater display and variety of water-shapes, hues, tints, motions, and expressions in the latter canon than in Yosemite. One imagines that he has seen and heard all the possible combinations into which water can enter to delight the eye and charm the ear, after a visit to Yosemite, but Mr. Miur states that the exploration of the Tuolumne canon has revealed innumerable discoveries in this respect, even to his eye, which has for years been familiar with all the waterfalls of the Yosemite region.

It is evident from these and other recent discoveries in the Sierra Nevada that there is a wealth of wonders there, outside of and in many respects far surpassing those regions on which the eyes of tourists have heretofore rested.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

METALLIC WALL-HANGINGS.—Paper-hangings for walls are known to everybody. It is now proposed to use hangings made of metal; and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tin-foil, in sheets about 16 feet along, and from 30 to 40 inches wide. The sheets are painted, and dried at high temperatures, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, imitations of wood, and landscapes. Tin-foil is in itself naturally tough, and the coats laid upon it in preparing it for the market, increase its toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hanging, except that the wall is varnished with a weak kind of varnish, and the sheet applied thereto. Thus in this way a room or a house may be newly painted, without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates. Moreover, the tin-foil keeps out damp; and, as the varnish is a damp-resister, the protection to the room is two-fold.—*Industrial Monthly.*

NO REPENTANCE IN THE GRAVE.—A Scottish clergyman, happening to go into the church-yard while the beadle was employed neck deep in digging a grave, thus accosted him:—"Well, Saunders, there's a work you're employed in well calculated to make an old man like you thoughtful. I wonder you don't repent of your evil ways." The old worthy, resting on the head of his spade, and taking a pinch of snuff, replied, "I thought, sir, ye ken'd that there was nae repentance in the grave."

—Our future is always before us. The past is fixed. No tears can wash away its facts. Let us waste no vain regrets upon it; but from the wisdom its mistakes and sins have bequeathed us, start afresh on the race. Though yesterday we were weak, selfish, indolent, let us to-day—at this moment—begin to be strong, brave, hopeful, just, codsiderate, generous, tender, truthful, pure, patient and forgiving. "Now" is a glorious word. "Henceforth" is always within our grasp.

☞ Some time since a young minister in the West End wished to impress his Sabbath school with the dignity of life by reference to the fact that men have souls while ordinary animals have none. "Now, children, what is the great difference between a monkey and a boy?" "The tail, the tail, the tail!" came from all parts of the house, and the minister was satisfied.

☞ The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, when piercing winds and drifting snows tempt loving wives to remark: "Oh, what a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l set of furs Mrs. Jones has got. Only $250—dirt cheap; and mine, you know, are hardly decent."

A SAILOR'S LOGIC.—"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Yes, sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! what do you mean?" "Why, while I wur in the room he axed where my hat wur, and it wur on my head all the while."

☞ "Be there a letter for Mary Flannigan?" said a buxom Irish lass to the lady-clerk at the post-office, the other day. "Has she a middle name?" inquired the clerk, as she rapidly shuffled over a handful of F's. "Faith, no; she's a single girrel!" was the genuine Irish reply.

☞ "Short engagements and short wedding trips are fashionable now." Short wedding trips have long been fashionable in Chicago, where they usually consist of a foot-race to the nearest divorce court.

☞ A man died suddenly from intemperance and a Western jury found that the deceased came to his death by "drinking between drinks."