to distil honey, nor were there any dewy lips to taste it in that sultry, foggy era.

But all this took time, and as his rural auditor showed signs of coma he suddenly recollected that the day was nearly gone, and with uplifted hat and never-to-be-forgotten bow he took his leave of this lily of the mountain vale, gave up further explorations for that day, and returned to the village rendezvous.

Now, for his companion. He, less susceptible to maiden charms and filled with professional enthusiasm, scoured the hills in search of "indications," and at last brought up on the bank of a cool river. He could see that the rocky strata he had traced to this point dipped into the water, and desirous of tracing their continuation, was not to be thwarted by such a small obstacle as a river. Without more ado he doffed his garments, deposited them on the grassy bank, plunged into the clear waters and dived down to continue his geological researches. Many times was this refreshing operation repeated until our youthful miner was satisfied that nothing but mud rested peacefully upon this river bed, the result of erosion higher up. But, while our hero was thus placidly making an amphibious study of the regimen of the stream, the less scientific but more practical native prospector wandered da bei with his divining-stick in his hand. This unerring instrument pointed to the mass of modified drift, called beinkleider, and the native stooped for a closer inspection. Excavating a little of the strange earth he made a trial pan which showed color, but not of Au; it was Cu and Ni, with a trace of Ag. Dumbfounded at the result from such a small placer, he essayed a second panning, and lo! the two coupon tickets showed up with cabalistic inscriptions darüber. This puzzled him sorely, but thinking they might be the keys to the long lost language of the extinct moundbuilders, he laid them carefully aside to dry, preliminary to selling them to an antiquarian crank who lived in the village. A third pan was excavated, and protracted washing displayed a nodule of Ni, with an indentation on one side, as if made with a drop-hammer, and showing certain characters around the margin, and these strange marks across the diameter, "Waterbury, Conn., $2.35."

Our native dropped this strange object and was astounded to hear a whirring sound like the flight of a partridge, and at the same time hearing a plash from our hero under the bank, he superstitiously jumped to the conclusion that the place was haunted, frantically grabbed at his favorite divining-stick and unconsciously caught up the detritus of the aquatic miner and dragged it after him in his insensate fright. Whether he has stopped yet or not is unknown. But when our miner came up to where he had left his bodily raiment, he comprehended for the first time the mathematical definition of a point, for there was "position without length, breadth or thickness"; and to add to his horror the abounding native had aroused the slumbering anger of a family of hymenoptera, commonly known as yellow-jackets. These added their persuasive, impulsive forces to the nascent energies of our mining hero who was soon describing an epicycloidal orbit through bushes, over fences and fields in the general direction of the preconcerted meeting-point. After his velocity had been diminished by the friction of the earth and the resistance of the air, it suddenly dawned upon him that this was not the Garden of Eden, and he hastened to shield himself in a friendly copse to await the coming of darkness to shroud our planet. His friend, disturbed by his non-appearance, sallied forth and found him, and by means of an ample ulster succeeded in smuggling him into his lodgings.

Pathetic appeals to a cheery professor enabled our disheartened miners to obtain sufficient klein geld to reach home, wiser but less enthusiastic.

The Bridge of Sighs — The gallows Life.
Teacher,— What then do we learn from this story of the foolish virgin? Pupil (girl),— To wait for a husband.—Die Fliegende Blätter.