Little Robbers.

"THE BUTTERCUP VERDICT."

Forgive Your Enemies.

It is an old Knickerbocker custom to call and exchange good wishes on the first day of the year, not only with present friends, but those between whom and the visitor there had been any coldness or misunderstanding. He who can sit down by his fire on the last night of the year, and look back as he must on the track of his personal feelings, and remember the offence he has given and taken—both perhaps unforgiven—and not wish, in his calm blood and ebbing resentment, that his enemy were there to sit down with him and exchange pleasant regrets, and renew the old and familiar intercourse, must step on the threshold of the new year with little hope and less prospect of coming happiness. And it is not the express differences we have had with our friends and neighbors—not the most aggravated provocations, which come up the thickest, and are the most difficult to forgive. It is the cold look, the inattentive courtesy, the forgotten respect, the slighted opportunity of kindness, the doubtful and unresentable injury—the thousand touches which our pride and self-interest get in the unavoidable hurry and press of the thronging world. These fester when a deep wound heals. It is not less a magnanimous duty, still, to array them all at the year's close and calmly dismiss them.

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The so-called "Two Ocean Water" in the valley of the Upper Yellowstone River, said to have been discovered by Lewis and Clarke, in their celebrated journey of 1805, has been regarded by many geographers as mythical. The statement by these travellers as to its existence has been verified, however, by the Government exploring expedition to North-Western Wyoming. A description of the phenomenon is furnished to the *Naturalist* by Mr. Theodore B. Comstock, the geologist who accompanied the party. It is a stream flowing down the side of a mountain, and dividing into two distinct streams at its base, one of which flows northerly and the other southerly. The waters of the northern branch find their way into the Atlantic Ocean by the Upper Yellowstone, the Missouri, and the Mississippi, and the southern branch leads by way of Snake River and the Columbia to the shores of the Pacific.

An aged pelican (*pelicanus onocrotalus*) died recently at Dublin, and was the subject of remark at a meeting of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland. The bird had lived forty-two years in the gardens of the society, and was supposed to be eight years old when brought there. The Rev. Professor Haughton expressed the belief that his enclosed for some weeks towards its close by a diet of live eels and whiskey punch. In Mr. E. Ray Lankester's essay on longevity, the age assigned to pelicans and herons is from forty to fifty years; but a note of interrogation suggests a doubt as to the authority for the statement.

We have received from Mr. S. W. Burnham of Chicago an interesting catalogue of the double stars which were discovered by him last year. It lately appeared in the monthly notices of the Royal Astronomical Society. A six-inch refracting telescope, constructed by Alvan Clark, was used in the observations, and with this, between the 25th of April and the 28th of October inclusive, Mr. Burnham noted one hundred and ninety-nine double stars, of which seventy-six were ascertained to be new. This is the third catalogue of new double stars for which astronomers are indebted to the same observer.

The proposal to break up the Descubridora Meteorite of San Luis Potosi, in order to ascertain whether ordinary earth is not enclosed in its cavities, has been disapproved by the commission of the Mexican Natural History Society, appointed to investigate the subject. Iron and nickel are the principal constituents of the meteorite. Its surface is black, but the portions not exposed to the air are of a silvery whiteness.

THE CROSSING SWEEPER

THE DEAD POET.

At the recent meeting in Boston in honor of the late Bayard Taylor, the following poem, written for the occasion by Mr. Longfellow, was read:

Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks.
As the statues* in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
So those volumes, from their shelves,
Watch him silent as themselves.
Ah! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er!
Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs however sweet!

Let the lifeless body rest;
He is gone who was its guest—
Gone as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveler, in what realms afar:
In what planet, in what star:
In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what garden of delight,
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! Thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse;
Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Denkalion's life thine own.
On the ruins of the past,
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend! But yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;
And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea—
Lying dead among thy books;
The peace of God in all thy looks.

*In the Hofkirche at Innesbruk.

THE YOUNG DRAUGHT PLAYERS.

A PATHETIC STRAIN.

The following beautiful, pathetic little poem is from the pen of an old room-mate of more than twenty years ago, HUGH F. MCDERMOTT, Esq., now editing a paper in the State of New Jersey. We always liked the good heart of HUGH. This beautiful poem will endear him to the hearts of many who have never known him personally:

DO NOT SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

Do not sing that song again,
For it fills my heart with pain;
I am bending to the blast,
And it tells me of the past,
Of the years of long ago,
When my days were young and fair,
And my heart as light as air
When one feeling filled the breast,
And one immage gave it rest,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
I have lived my years in vain,
And my hair is thin and gray,
And I am passing fast away;
On the dark and downward streams
I'm a wreck of idle dreams;
And it puts me on the rack
At the weary looking back,
At the ebb and at the flow,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
There's a tear in its refrain;
It brings sadly back the time
When my manhood felt its prime;
When the comrades, dear and true,
Closer, warmer, fonder grew
In the hour of friendship's proof,
When the false ones stood aloof,
And their friendship was but show,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
It distracts my weary brain,
Ah, too well, alas! I know
It is time for me to go,
And to leave to younger eyes
The mild myst'ry of the skies,
And this mighty world I tread,
And the grander age ahead.

There's a mist upon the river,
And there's bleakness on the shore;
And in dreams I pass forever,
While sad music wafts me o'er.

IN THE WOODS.

INDUSTRIAL.

CLAY weighs 135 pounds to the cubic foot.

THERE are usually 225 sheets in a box of tin.

ONE THOUSAND bricks, closely stacked, occupy fifty-six cubic feet.

THE best timber in a sound tree is always the part near the ground.

THE tensile strength of lancewood is double that of beech or chestnut.

AUNT N'OMI.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

'Twas a queer old face in a queer old hat,
At the foot of the pulpit stair;
Through the summer's heat, or the winter's cold,
It was sure to be early there.
The sexton told how Aunt N'omi sat
On the steps when he came to chime,
And the twilight lovers her figure saw
Long before evening "meeting time."

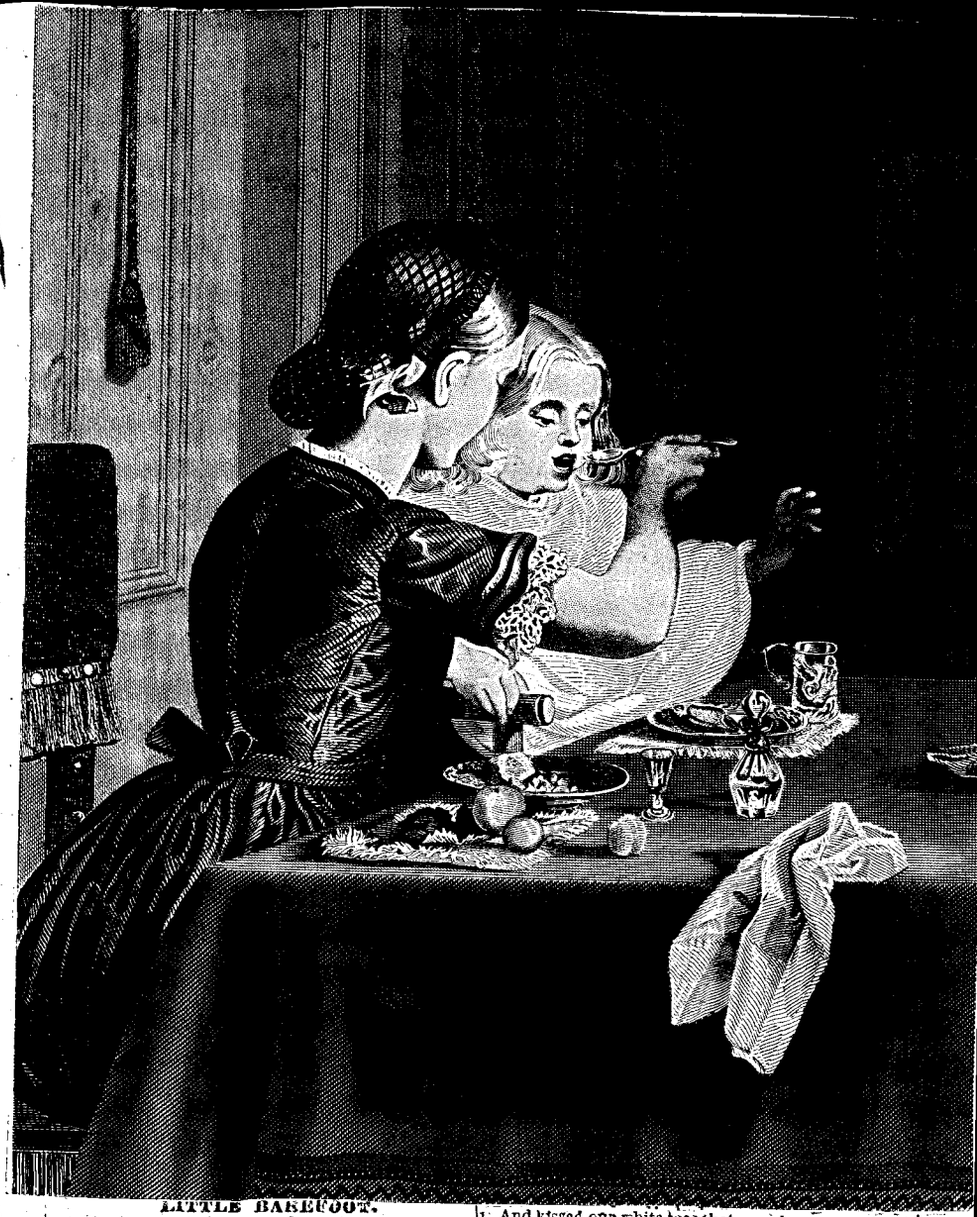
Very quaint and dim were the clothes she wore,
For Aunt N'omi was old and poor,
And the fitful care of a thoughtless world
Is not tender, alas! nor sure;
But the lifted face and the tear-dimmed eyes
Brighter grew with a light serene
When the man of God gathered souls in prayer,
Full of trust in the things unseen.

Kindly neighbors gave her a lodging place
And her food when she came to bide,
For the dullest cared for her earnest prayer,
Though she gave nothing else beside;
But the thrifty ones, "busy up and down,"
Shook their heads in a solemn way,
And declared "'twas better if N'omi White
Were to labor as well as pray."

With a sad forecast for her latter days,
When her faltering feet should faint,
With a good excuse why the speaker's self
Should not shelter the friendless saint;
And some, more rough, bid her busier be,
Not knowing as God knoweth all,
And then her comfort Aunt N'omi found
In His care for the sparrow's fall.

But lo, when the shadow grew dark and deep,
And the walls of the alms-house near,
A message came from the Heavenly home
For the child that was homeless here.
There were no possessions to leave on shore,
All her treasures were safe above,
And the swift recall of a sudden death
Was a kiss full of peace and love.

So the Lord took care of Aunt N'omi's soul,
While the body was softly laid
In the "meetin' house," close beside the spot
Where Aunt N'omi had, waiting, prayed;
And the worldly-wise, as they saw her there,
Whispered, each to his soul within,
Whether poor Aunt N'omi were not more wise
Than they all, in their way, had been.



LITTLE BAREFOOT.

AIR—"DEN BOLT."

Oh, don't you remember the old hill-side farm,
And the farm house with clapboards so gray?
And the garden of roses and sweet pinks and balm,
And the meadows with buttercups gay?
And don't you remember how, in doors and out,
And under the old orchard trees,
The gay, laughing children went skipping about
With bare feet, as busy as bees?

How we all played together, the girls and the boys,
And had houses and workshops and stores,
Rag babies and "earthens," and just as much noise
As our voices could make out of doors?
How we loved through the pastures and woodlands to roam,
To gather bright mosses and flowers!
We thought then, as now, there was "no place like home,"
And no home so delightful as ours.

And don't you remember the pleasant school road,
And the school house, so sunny in June,
With the lessons we learned and the mark that we toed,
And how we played "pizen" at noon?
Our sun-bonnets, crumpled, hung over our necks,
The summer wind played with our hair,
While the sun paid our faces the warmest respects
And kissed our white toes that were bare.

How we climbed the steep hillside, as nimble as goats,
And skipped o'er the ledges with glee;
We mimicked the wood-lark and whippoorwill's notes,
And sung with the chick-adee-dee.
We waded the brooks when the water was low,
And shouted to make the woods ring—
Or played on the banks in the Summer's soft glow,
Light-hearted as birds on the wing.

You remember the pond where the geese used to swim,
How we called it the ocean, so wide;
And, in an old hat that was minus the brim,
We sailed our rag-dolls on its tide?
And, when they had cruised all the wide ocean through,
And outdone both Magellan and Cook,
We drew them all home in an old ragged shoe,
And called it a coach ride they took.

How we danced in the mud with our bare, naked feet,
And played 'twas the Dutch way to churn!
We made us mud biscuits, and plum-cake so sweet,
Without any cook-book to learn,
How we pitied the children whose stockings and shoes
Forbade them to share in our fun!
While we stirred up our puddings and pastries and stews,
And left them to cook in the sun.

THE SOUNDS OF THE BELLS.

Oh, no! there is no flaming hell!
Said the Universalist bell;
Look up to heaven this holy day,
Attend *this* church and learn the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The hope within the heart that's right;
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!
Said the Universalist bell.

Do well! do well! do well! do well!
Said the Unitarian bell;
Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began,
Do well! do well! do well! do well!
Said the Unitarian bell.

Swell! swell! swell! swell! ye waters, swell!
Exclaimed, in peals, the Baptist bell;
While faith in Christ alone can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith;
Swell! swell! swell! swell! ye waters, swell!
Exclaimed, in peals, the Baptist bell.

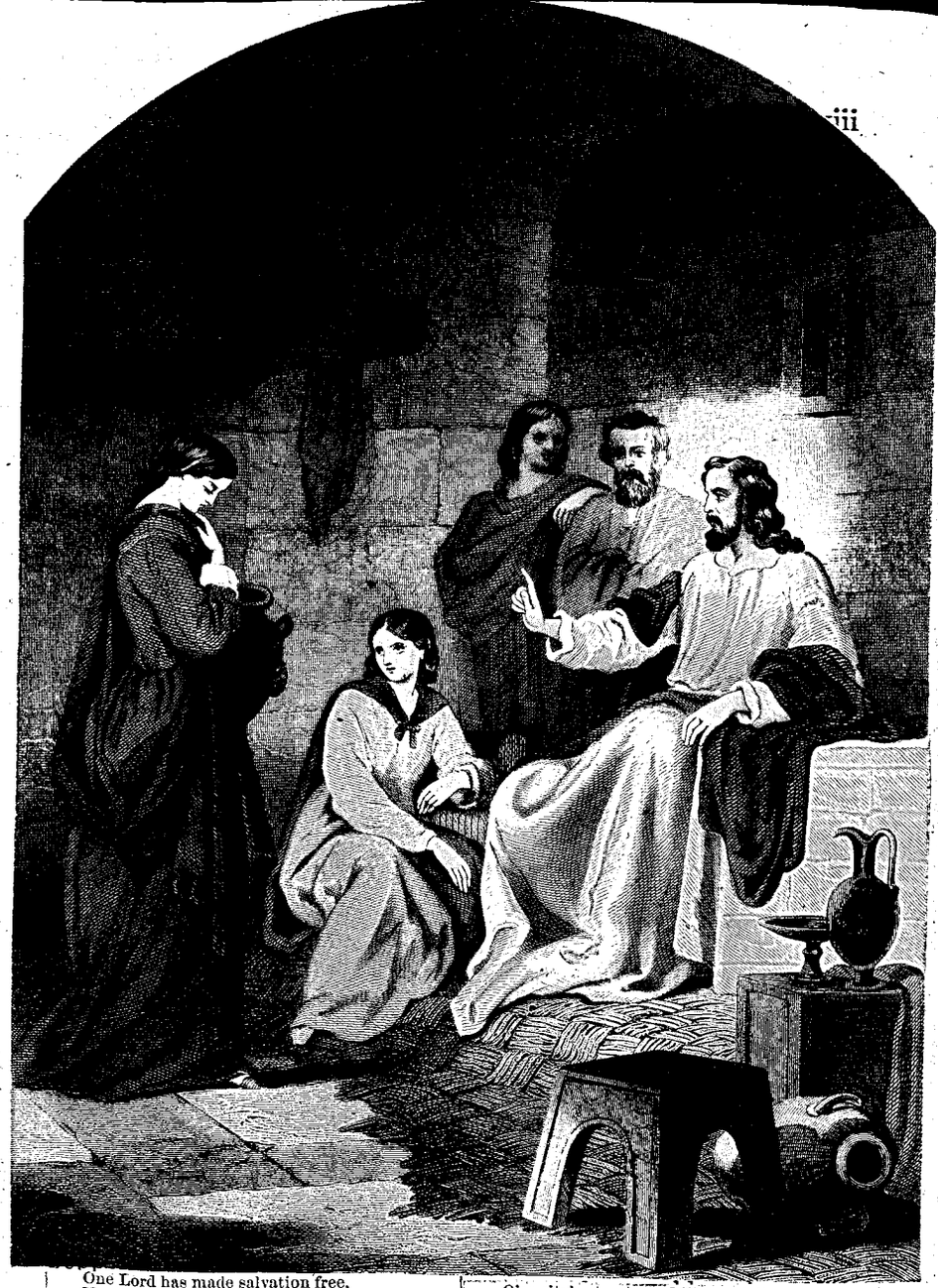
Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!
Cried out the Presbyterian bell;
Life is a boon to mortals given,
And there is nothing left but Heaven;
Do not provoke the avenging rod—
Come here and learn the will of God;
Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!
Cried out the Presbyterian bell.

We tell the truth! we tell! we tell!
Shouted the Methodistic bell:
One Lord has made salvation free,
None need be lost on land or sea;
Repent, believe, have hope, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord—Amen!
The truth we tell! we tell! we tell!
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

Excel! excel! in love excel!
Chimed the Episcopalian bell;
This is the church—not built on sands—
Emblem of one who built with hands;
Its forms and rules and rites revere
And worship here—come worship here;
Excel in faith and works, excel!
Chimed in the Episcopalian bell.

Look down, ye saints, in heaven that dwell!
Shouted the Roman Catholic bell;
Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before the shrine,
Here is the water, here the wine;
Look down, ye saints, in heaven that dwell!
Exclaimed the Roman Catholic bell.

O'er city's streets, or hill-side dell
Ring on, each Heaven-assuring bell!
Press forward, pilgrims, to the shrine
Of Calvary and Palestine;
These paths that lead through earthly dross
All meet at last beneath the Cross,
The Christian does not fear the knell
As angels toll the funeral bell.



A BARREL of hydraulic cement contains 300 pounds, equal to four struck bushels.

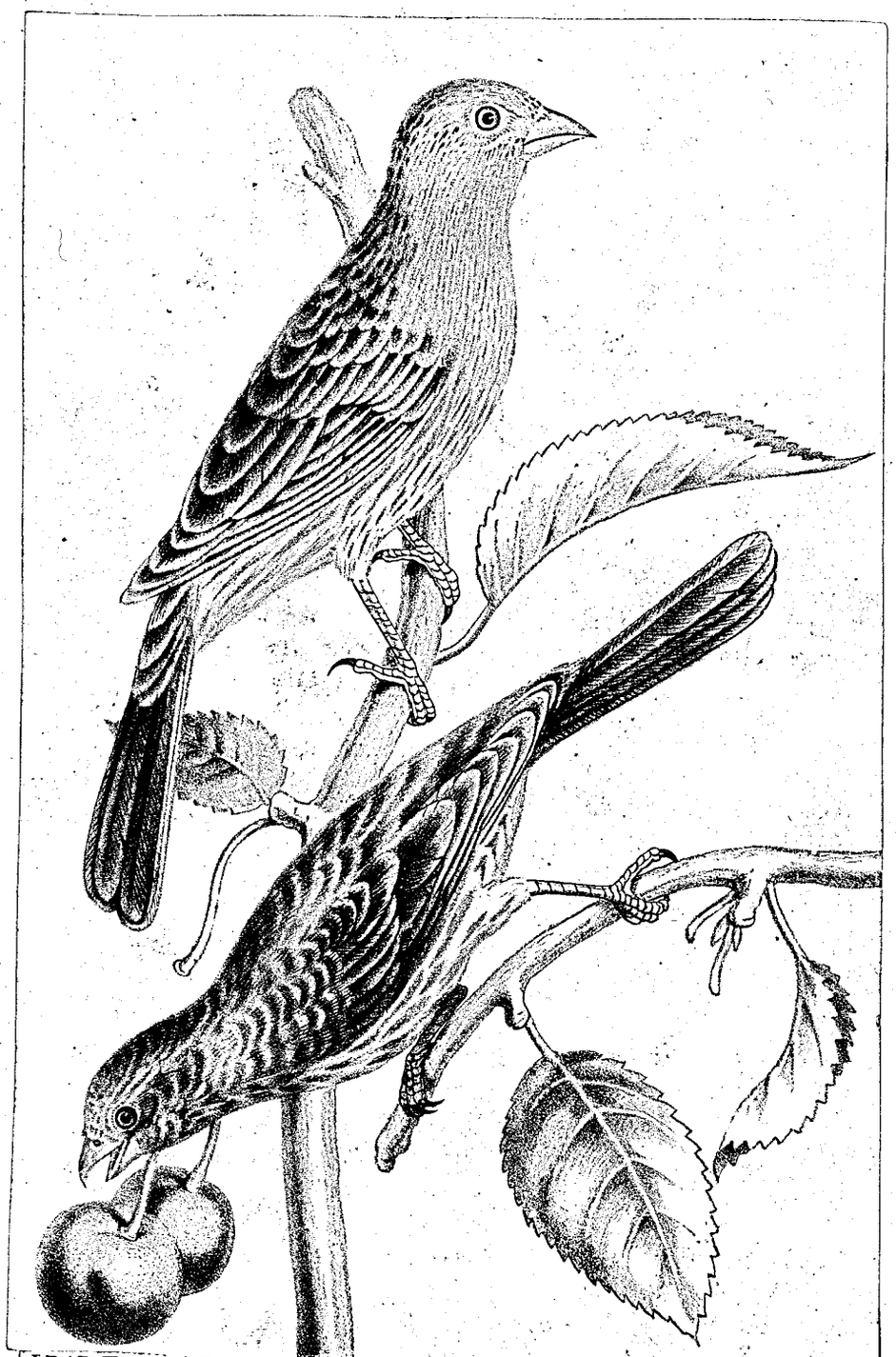
A NEW coating for the bottom of iron ships consists of brown paper attached by a suitable cement.

SPARS are usually purchased by the inch diameter; all under four inches are considered poles.

A CUBIC foot of ash, which weighs fifty-eight pounds when green, will weigh fifty pounds when seasoned.

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

A STRING OF PEARLS.



LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

SAVIOR, Thou to pray did'st teach us,
Hear while we Thy words repeat:
Safe deliver us from evil,
From temptation guide our feet.

From the paths of sin and folly,
Paths of death and sin's deceit,
Lead us by Thy arm most holy,
From temptation guide our feet.

When, by earth's false flatteries blinded,
Worldly pride and false are sweet,
Teach us to be lowly-minded,
From temptation guide our feet.

When in darkness, lost, forsaken,
Satan's victory seems complete;
Doubts dispel, new courage waken,
From temptation guide our feet.

Blessed Savior, Thou wast tempted,
Satan's buffetings did'st meet;
By Thy grace upheld we conquer,
Safely Thou wilt guide our feet.

—*Margaret A. Burdell, in N. Y. Observer.*

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Again He comes! From place to place
His footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

One by One.

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one
Their brows are clothed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed with white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the water of death they enter life,
One by one;
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one;

We, too, shall come to the river side,
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one;
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the flood o'er the banks o'erflow;
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer! we look to thee,
One by one;
We lift up our voices trembhingly,
One by one;
The waves of the river are dark cold,
We know not the spots where our feet may hold;
Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight
Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light,
One by one.

Plant thou thy feet beside us as we tread,
One by one;
On thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one;
Let thy mighty arm round us be twined,
We 'll cast all our fears and cares to the wind
Savior! Redeemer! with thee full in view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through.
One by one.

THE LAST BOUQUET.

MARRIED.

PRINGLE—STURTEVANT—In Oakland Nov. 12th. 1874, by the Rev. O. V. Anthony, Wm. V. Pringle to Miss Ella Sturtevant. Both of Santa Cruz.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still persuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

NEW YEAR EVE.

IN THE WOODS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

What an unselfish thing is a mother's love for her baby! No other ever equals it. Children love their parents partly because they are so necessary to them—because all good things are the gifts of their hands—because they are the wonderful, powerful creatures who keep danger away, and bring about their pleasures. The all-absorbing love of after-life is never quite unselfish. We love both passionately and tenderly, perhaps, but it is because we know ourselves to be beloved—because of the personal charms or fine mental

baby—what does a baby do to win such all-absorbing love from its mother? If any grown mortal gave her such ceaseless anxiety, such pain and toil and trouble, and such wakeful nights, and in return gave no greater meed of love or gratitude, how long would her affection endure? Yet this small red thing, not yet beautiful, so helpless that it cannot hold its head up properly—that is almost always in a paroxysm of grief from unknown causes, save when it has such legitimate reason for woe as the colic, or an ill-placed pin—something that robs her almost entirely of all her former pleasures: this she adores—this she lavishes her heart's wealth of tenderness upon—would wake for, toil for, starve for if

The Recognition.

It is such an unselfish love that purifies the soul as nothing else does.

An uncharitable woman, cold to others' woes at most times, will become a Lady Bountiful while her babe lies at her breast. She will be very generous to ragamuffins of all sorts, because "once they were babies." A little thing just like hers, perhaps. All the beggar-women in creation can have a dole from her if they will but whisper, "I buried the like of that babby last week, mum." Oh, if *she* should lose *her* baby, she could not live—could not, could not. But we do live, do we not, mothers? For the little graves are legion, and only mothers' hands would dress them for years and years with such fond care. We live, but there is nothing in our lives for ever like that little snow-drop that withered in our heart's garden. It has as much individuality to us as any man or woman we have ever known, and we expect to meet it in the other world, *our baby* still, not some glorified spirit past all recognition.

I knew one dear old woman who had lost parents, husband, and all other relatives; she could talk calmly of them all; but when she spoke of "little Eliza," she always burst into tears. And "little Eliza" died at five months old, before her mother was eighteen.

The woman who has never had a baby of her own is only half a woman, and only half knows the sweetness of life. And even when our babies leave us, the memory of the love we once felt perfumes the heart forever.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

Original.

My Home by the Sounding Sea.

I'VE a home by the sea, the beautiful sea,
Where crested billows are dashing free;
Where rarest of gems lie under the waves,
And sea-flowers blossom in ocean caves;

Where the sea-bird soars in his freedom wild,
Companion meet for the ocean child,
And the waters glisten like burnished gold
As the sun sinks down in his chariot old;

Where fairy creatures fearlessly rove
Through the crimson light of a coral grove,
Or gayly ride on the billows' swell
In the pearly case of a pink sea-shell.

At night, in the halls of the misty deep,
The mermaids sing their babes to sleep;
And their wavy voices are sweet to me
In my lonely home by the sounding sea.

When waves leap up to mountains' height,
And lightnings flash through the starless night,
And the storm-king rides on the waters free,
I glory then in the grand old sea.

You may boast of your palaces rich and rare,
And of the gold and jewelry lavished there;
But wealth and power are naught to me
In my beautiful home by the sounding sea.

I love it, I love it, at night, at morn—
The sigh of the ripple, the scream of the storm:
I live as happy as a king could be
In my lonely home by the sounding sea.

JOHN G. HART.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The Royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

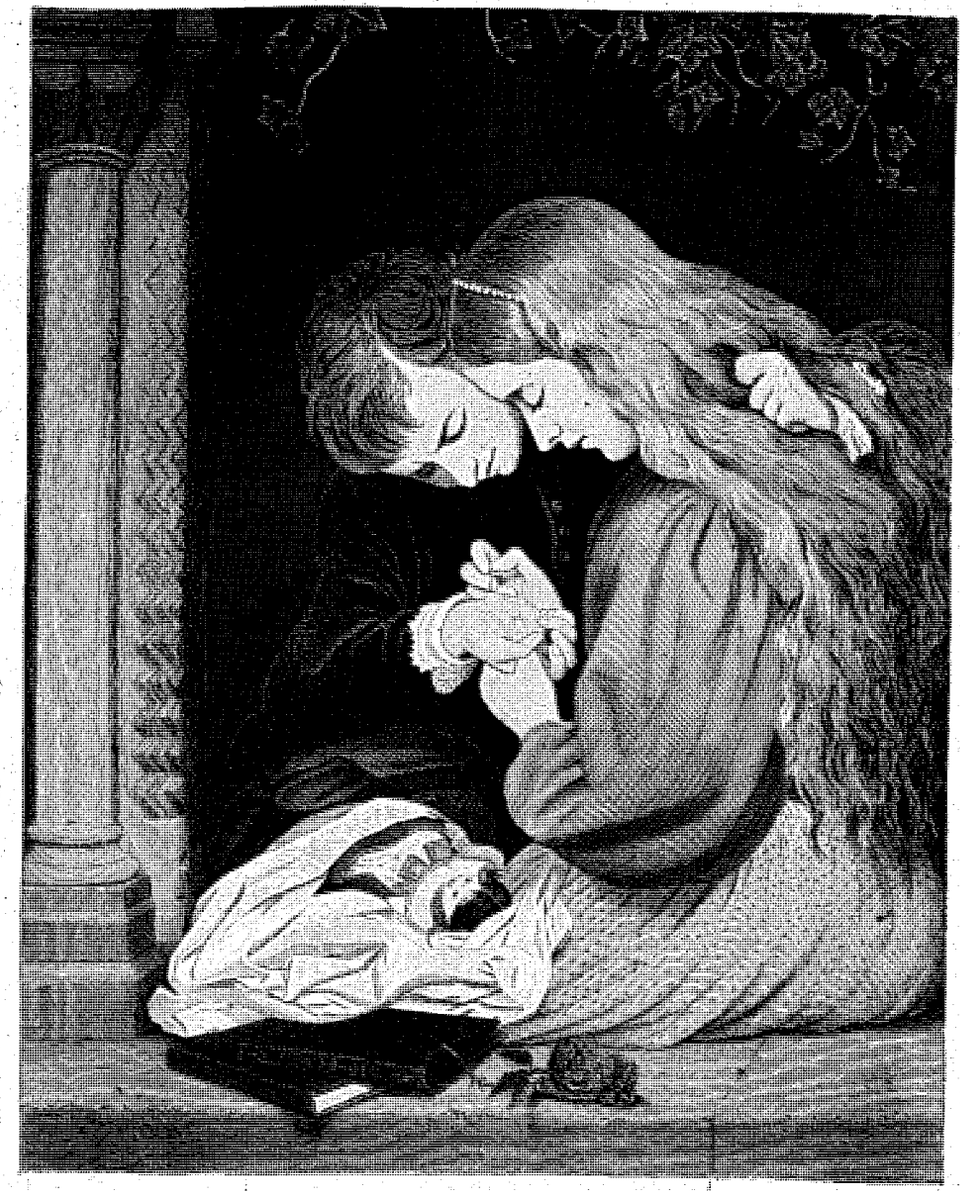
Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—*Atlantic Monthly for April.*

Bric-a-Brac.



"NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

BETTER.

Better, O mother, the soiled little hands,
Than the folded ones, lily white,
That never again will clasp your neck
In baby caresses so light.

Better the garment that shows that the earth
To the wearer speaks never of gloom,
Than the snowy robe in the satin-lined house,
And the mound where the white daisies bloom.

Though oft it may cost you a throbbing brow,
'Tis better the child's noisy mirth
Than the still, cold life when the Death Angel

Illman Brothers, Engravers.

CHICKS.

smiles,
And the blossom is rooted from earth.

Better the patter of merry feet,
Though it call forth a weary sigh,
Than the ocholess home with o'ershadowed rooms,
The silence from which you would fly.

Aye, better the worry, and trouble, and care
That a mother can never but know,
Than the empty hands and the lonely heart—
All beauty deprived of its glow. A. M. D.

Through the Lilacs.

Among the unfortunate victims who perished at the late Ashtabula disaster was Mr. Frederick W. Marvin, a young man about twenty-two years of age, a nephew of the senior editor of this paper. Mr. Marvin was a young man of much promise and the only child of a more than widowed mother, in enfeebled health and altogether dependent on him for support. He was among those who could not be identified. Some few years ago his mother, who is an occasional contributor for different publications, penned the following lines, which have never before been in print; but which have now a touching significance. She will never more watch for his coming "through the lilacs;" but she has the consolation of knowing that when he left her "to seek a name for good or ill," he returned in due time with unmistakable evidence "that all was right," and she saw "through the lilacs" that her boy was "pure." He will come no more to her, but she will go to him.

By a low window stands my easy chair.
Many pleasant hours I have rested there,
Watching, through the lilacs, up the little hill
Where the road comes winding down, for my Will,
With a mother's searching eye, reading well
Whether tale of joy or woe he would tell.

"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

When he came with bound and with lips closed tight,
I knew it had been better than—"all is right."
When he came whistling, loitering by the way,
It had been "just an ordinary day."
But when he came with a slow, measured tread,
Looking straight at my window, I would dread
To hear the story of that day. I knew
There had been chiding—by his conscience, too.

At length, not long ago,
He reached his early manhood—it must be so
With every mother's boy—and went away
To seek a name for good or ill. Some day,
If he lives, he will come back. I shall s.e
Him thro' the lilacs, coming, and shall be
Perhaps wild or faint with a mother's joy,
To welcome back my long-gone, darling boy.

Ah, *then*, by what sign can I nightly tell
If it hath been better than "all is well"—
An ordinary day, or a sinful one?
I know not *now* how I shall read my son,
But I know there *will* be a way, true and sure,
To see, thro' the lilacs, if my boy be pure.

MY BROTHER.

Who was it picked up all the chips
And strewed the floor with strings and whips,
And in the washtub sailed his ships?
My Brother.

Who was it ate the currant-jell,
And threw my kitten in the well,
And made me promise not to tell?

ON THE TERRACE.

Who was it taught me how to skate,
And sat me on the ice to wait
While he went home with Cousin Kate?
My Brother.

Who was it, when he older grew,
To tops and marbles bade adieu,
And tried, but could not learn, to chew?
My Brother.

Who does a tiny mustache wear,
And oils and colors it with care,
And in the middle parts his hair?
My Brother.

Who is it tumbles up my curls,
And buys me bracelets, rings and pearls,
And flirts with all the pretty girls?
My Brother.

And talks to me about his clothes,
And all my little secrets knows,
And teases me about my beaux?
My Brother.

Who is it that I love the best
Of all the boys in East or West;
Although he is a perfect pest?
My Brother.

IT IS I—BE NOT AFRAID.

[The following poem by Mr. C. F. Whitaker comes to us from beyond the equator—that is to say from Melbourne, Victoria, in Australia.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*]

I.

In Life's tempests, cold and dark,
When our frail and storm-tossed bark
O'er the loud wild waves is driven;
And when ne'er a ray from Heaven
Breaks the clouds that overpall
Life and hope and joy and all
Save a faintly-groping faith:
When we seem to be with death
In the stillness—Jesus comes
Through the darkness, to our aid,
Jesus comes. "Be not afraid;
It is I!"—the Savior said.

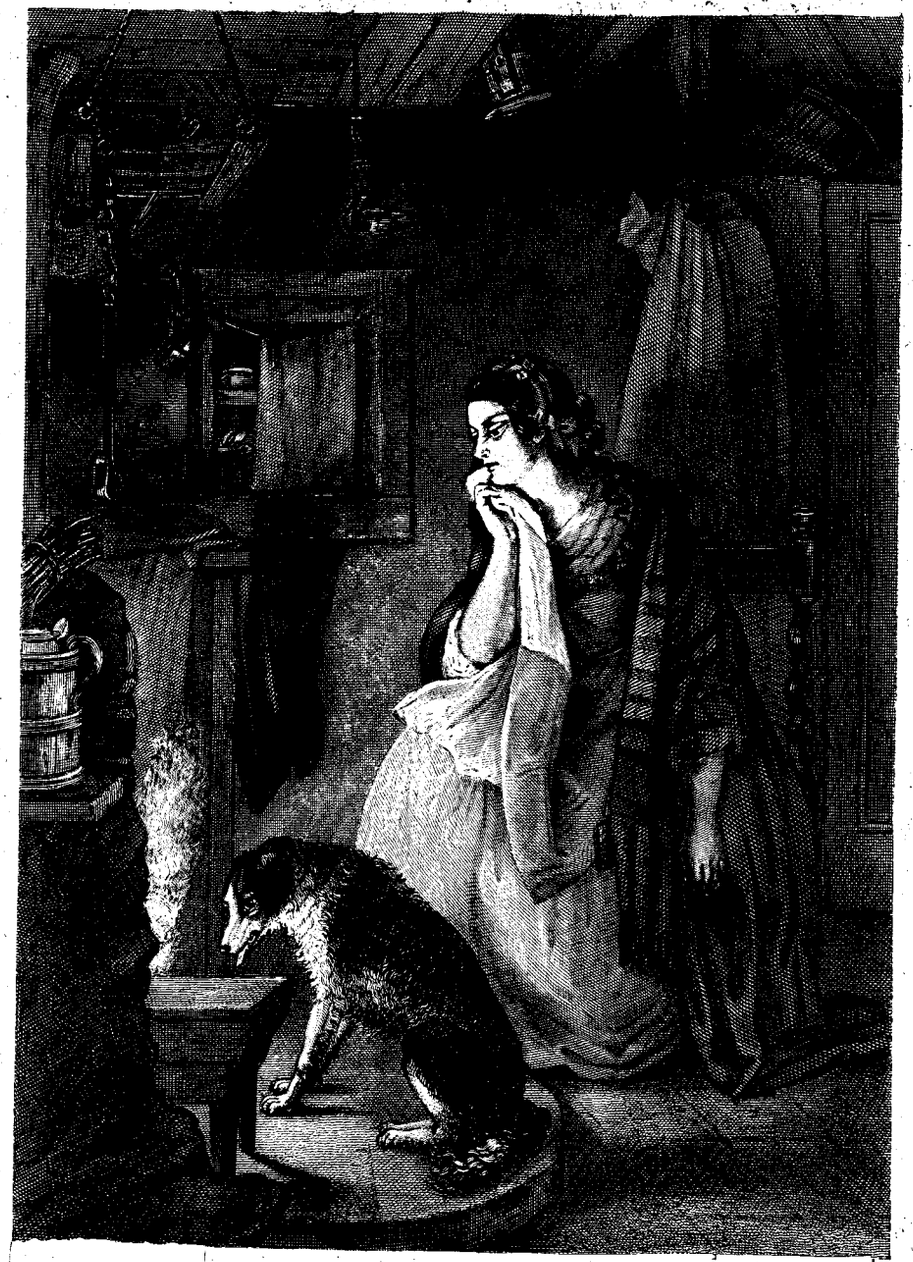
II.

Let the tempest wildly roar,
Let the storm burst more and more
O'er us; let the sky be black
With big clouds; let each cloud-rack
Swoon above us terribly;
Let the ever-raging sea
Rise more furious and make
Each dark wave in thunder break;
Yet, howe'er the storms may roar,
Jesus comes; and to the shore
He will guide our tossing bark,
Though the night be wild and dark.
Through the wildest tempest-glooms,
And, to cheer our frightened hearts,
Whispers words whose tone imparts
Comfort to us—heavenly aid.
"It is I; be not afraid:"
These the words that Jesus said.

III.

These the words the Savior spake
On the Galilean lake,
Cheering His disciples' souls
With such joy that, though there rolls
Onward still the ocean storm,
Yet their hearts have grown so warm
Through the influence of His words
That they fear not though the swords
Of the tempest flash around.
And the pleasant echoing sound
Of their music lingers still.
Guarding us 'mid fear and ill.
Thus our minds in peace are stayed
On those words the Savior said:
"It is I; be not afraid."

A NEW YEARS GIFT.



THE WOEFULL HEART.

Christian Advertising.

I'm a poor, hard-working farmer, that's never done no harm,
But have labored hard for fifty years to clear my little farm;
And my dear wife has churned, and spun, and toiled with all her might,
From long before the break of day till after candle-light.

We read our Bible. Sundays, and the Christian paper, too;
As our paper recommended some bonds at ten per cent,
I called my woman to me to see if she'd consent
To selling off our homestead, that we might thus invest,
And, living on the ten per cent., to end our days in rest.

Our pastor came to see us, and approved of the idee;
"I'll put five thousand dollars in, 'tis all I have," says he—
"The savings of my three score years, for I am growing old,
And 'twill make me independent while I watch my little fold."

I'm stopping at the poor-house now; somehow my bonds don't pay,
Thank God! my darling did not live to see this dreary day;
For when she heard the neighbors say we'd come upon the town,
It somehow broke her noble heart! she kinder wilted down.

But most of all I pity them who put the notice in;
For how their homeless children must now be suffer-in'!
Their wives must take in washing, and must scrimp in every way,
As the bonds they had such faith in don't somehow seem to pay.

When I heard the old man's story, a vision rose to view
Of splendid brown-stone mansions on a spacious avenue,
And how their pious owners must enjoy the text to see:
"As to the very least of these you did it unto me."

—[G. B. Bartlett, in Christian Register.

A TABLEAU PICTURE.

To SOFTEN cast-iron for turning, steep it in one part of aqua-fortis to four of water, and let it remain in twenty-four hours.

In clapboarding, one bunch, laid three and one-half inches to the weather, will cover twenty-six square feet. Use five-penny nails.

A COMPOSITION of three parts tin, five parts bismuth and two parts lead will melt at 212 degs. Fahrenheit. This forms a good fusible plug for boilers.

"MINNIE'S PET."

Babylonian Antiquities.

The main portion of the Babylonian antiquities, just received at the British Museum, as the result of the last expedition of Mr. George Smith, was found near Hillah, a town about three miles north from the site of Babylon. They are chiefly contract tables, mortgage loans, promissory notes, records of the sale of lands, shares and other commodities, representing, in fact, all the various commercial transactions of a Babylonian firm, who may be approximately described as Messrs. Gabi & Sons, bankers and financial agents. Many of the tablets represent the renewal of loans and mortgages, so that the documents referring to the first and the last of continuing transactions bear the dates of several reigns. The dates thus extend from the fall of the Assyrian Empire to the reign of Darius Hystaspes, including dates in the reigns of Nabopolassar, father of Nebuchadnezzar, Evil-Merodach, Cambyses, and the elder and the younger Cyrus. The dates of the tablets, therefore, furnish very important chronological land-marks, and they are, in many respects, subversive of the recent chronology. The rate of interst current in Babylon on loans was generally ten per cent., and much light is thrown on the social life of the Babylonians from the circumstance that witnesses of deeds are always described by their trade or profession. One of the tablets is dated in the reign of Belshazzar as King, being the first time his name has been found in connection with the royal dignity, previous

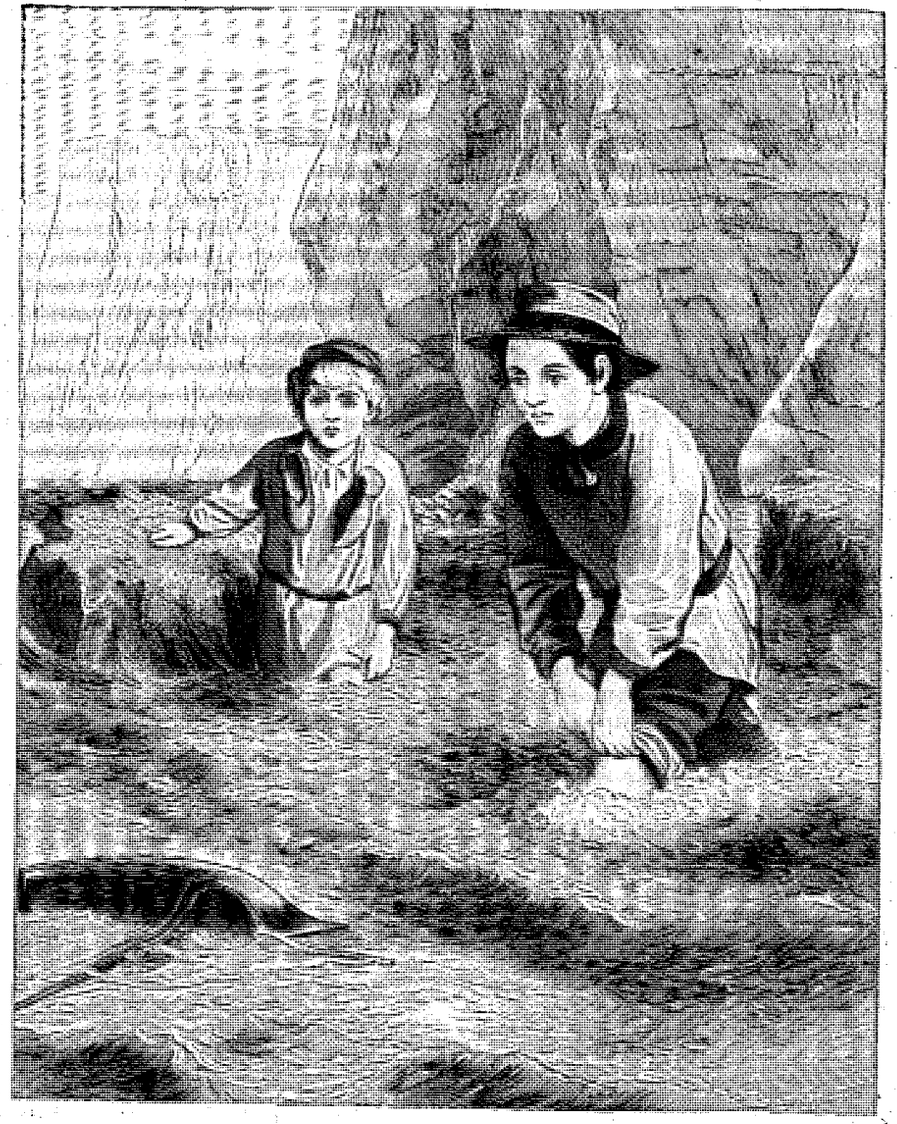
altogether dependent on him for support.

RIDING-LESSON.

inscriptions having had reference to the time when he was described as the son of Nabonidus. There are a large number of mathematical tablets, giving calculations of considerable intricacy. One curious and beautiful tablet presents a calendar for the entire Babylonian year—or would if a fragment had not been lost—and for every day in the year, distinguishing the days as lucky or unlucky, whether for feasting, fasting, marriage or the building of houses. The calendar further indicates in what respect the several days affect or influence person and property, health and fortune. Among the antiquities are some early Babylonian bricks and fragments of statuary of a King hitherto unknown in the city of Zergul, called at this day by the slightly varied form of Zerghul. There are also specimens of pottery, and two small bronze statuettes of gods, with inscriptions. The whole series of tablets may be said to be, all things considered, in a fair condition as to their integrity.—*London Cor. Manchester Guardian.*

A Curious Coin Found in an Oak.

While chopping on a white oak tree, one day last week, in the pasture of Mr. Joseph Guggenmoos, in the edge of town, Mr. August Antimiller found a silver piece imbedded eight inches in the wood. The piece of money is either French or Spanish, and was made in the year 1774. It was about three feet and a half above the base of the tree, and had been put there by a hole being bored into the tree and afterward plugged up. The money was wrapped in paper, on which



"BOYS AND BOAT."

there had been writting, but as it crumbled to pieces immediately after being removed from the wood, only two or three letters on it could be distinguished. The coin had evidently seen much service before it was ever placed in the tree, as it was almost smooth from use, though it had evidently been buried where it was found for many years. Why it was there and who put it there is a mystery that will perhaps never be known. —*Warrenton (Mo.) Banner.*

MY SON.

To the Editor of the Inter-Ocean (Chicago):

Longfellow's little poem, "Absalom, My Son, My Son," which you published last week, touched a very tender chord in my heart. The inclosed lines will briefly tell the story, and hundreds of mothers with similar sorrows may weep in unison. A son, seeking his fortune out West, is not heard from; careless, discouraged or disabled, he does not write, while his mother's heart is torn by a thousand fears and anxieties. Perhaps if you will publish these lines, "my son" may see, and write to me; or some other young man may be led to write to a long-neglected mother. If so, you will be blessed for publishing. No name, please. Willie will know if he should see them; no other will care to know:

In that desolate "chamber over the gate,"
Like David, the King, I pray and wait
For tidings to come from my wandering child
O'er the sunset plains or the mountains wild,
With ever a cry from my aching heart,
As I vainly strive with the hidden part,
"Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

Wearily plodding the busy round
Of daily duties, yet ever the sound
Of that aged father's wailing cry
Comes from within, like a spirit's sigh,
Echoing round my pathway lone,
The sad refrain that is all my own,
"Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

Ah! well I remember that sunny day,
When the light of his presence passed away;
And home grew strangely dark and chill,
And my heart beat feebly, and then was still;
For half of my life went out with the cry
That tried to answer thy last good-by,
Oh, Willie—*my* Absalom!

A DEUM "MINOR."

Out in the world, so hard and cold,
Striving for place with the strong and bold,
Is my gentle, thoughtful, noble boy,
A mother's solace and care and joy;
Toiling perchance for a crust of bread,
Filling my dreams with a nameless dread,
"Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

Has he forgotten, poor homeless one,
That he is a widow's only son;
That she must watch and weep and wait
Alone in the "chamber over the gate."
Ah, me! how the months creep wearily by,
Echoing ever that bitterest cry,
"Would I had died for thee, my son!"

Oh! Father in Heaven, pity me;
Groping in darkness, I cannot see
The hand that is leading me and him
In paths diverse; through vistas dim,
In mercy hear my anguished cry,
And send good tidings, or ever I die
For Willie, my son—my Absalom.

COMPARED with cast iron, the strength of wrought iron is 1.12 times greater, its extensibility 0.86 times, and its stiffness 1.3 times.

THE first piano manufactured in the United States is believed to have been made by John Belmont, in Philadelphia, in 1775.

TWO WORDS on which even good spellers generally are caught are "separation" and "maintenance." They spell them "seperation and "maintainance."

CRAIGHILL—BENNETT—At Felton, July 10th, by Rev. J. L. Trefren, C. W. Craighill to Kesper Bennett, both of Felton.

A FALSE ALARM.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

"Well—what do you want?"—'twas a beggar there,
With a sullen brow and a hang-dog air;
And as I turned my half-raised head,
These were the words the fellow said:
"I'm a jail-bird loose, as perhaps you see;
I've served my sentence, and now I'm free.
Free! No one will give me of work a stroke—
I'm prison-bred, and I'm spirit-broke.
Of all the chances my life has known,
But three are left me, and three alone:
To starve to death, and I don't like that;
To steal, which I won't do, boss, that's flat!
To beg, and that I'm trying to do—
Will you give me a trifle to help me through?
If you don't, why, where is a wretch to go?"
And I testily answered, "Under the snow!"

The door was slammed, and he left in a huff.
No wonder! I'd answered him sharply enough.
So I settled me back to my writing again,
But a pound of lead had grown to the pen;
My heart grew heavy, my head grew light;
I could neither think as I should, nor write;
My mind seemed wrapped in a sudden gloom;
So I paced awhile the lonely room,
And then to the curtained casement passed,
And looked without at the whirling blast—
Upward I looked with a listless eye
At the dull and lowering leaden sky.
Nothing alive in that storm was seen;
The sleet too heavy, the cold too keen—
Leaden above, and icy below,
And every thing hidden under the snow.

Next morning I started at work again,
And hour upon hour I hurried my pen—
I was writing an essay on kindness and love,
How they gave us a foretaste below of above—
When another visitor opened the door,
A well-meaning man, but a terrible bore,
And he took him a chair, and his legs outstretched,
And a dolorous sigh from his midriff fetched;
Then said he had seen a most pitiful sight,
That had given him a mingled shock and fright.
They had picked up a wretch in the meadow there,
Want-pinched and haggard—a thing of despair.
Whether with hunger, or only with cold
The fellow had perished, it couldn't be told;
All that the people were likely to know
Was—they found the man frozen dead, under the snow.

I left him sitting, and off I ran
To take a look at the frozen man.
I am not curious; but there came
A sense of terror, reproach and shame,
As I thought of the wretch whom, hours before,
I had driven with a sneer through my office door;
And I sought the place where a heartless crowd
Were around the body in converse loud.
They were not moved at the fearful death—
He was merely a stranger devoid of breath;
And no one there in my look could trace
What I heard as I saw the pallid face;
And no one heard, past that rigid chin
And close set teeth, slide sharp and thin,
A terrible whisper, sad and low:
"I went where you sent me—under the snow!"

HER MAJESTY EMMA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDRICKS & CO.

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is meanness.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that pou will not meet again in life.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other, which is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and then preclude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

WANDERING MINSTRELS.

For Baby's Sake.

The weary night has worn away
  In troubled dream and start of pain;
And groping through the shadows gray,
  Morn lights my darkened room again.
How can I meet this bitter scorn,
Life's anguish left, its hope forlorn?
How can I bear the thoughts that wake
From sleep with me? *For baby's sake!*

The brightest of the morning beams
  Seeks out the darling lying there;
It lights the sleep-flushed cheek; it gleams
  In tangled waves of sunny hair;
Flies from the hand that grasps in vain,
Then kisses the soft lips again;
No shadow of my sorrow lies
In those forget-me-nots.

I check the signs that quickly come,
  Drive back the tears that haste to spring
I will not cloud, with look of gloom
  The little one's awakening;
His father's face he ne'er shall see;
More bright his mother's smile must be;
My bark of joy gone down—its wake
Must glitter still—for baby's sake.

Dear baby-arms that clasp my own!
  The soft embrace removes my power;
Sweet voice, I hear in every tone
  God's message to my darkest hour,
He knew the grief my soul must stir,
And sent my little comforter;
A baby's hand to help me on,—
A baby's love to lean upon!

Nor all alone, I'm sometimes sure,

My joy in this fair child can be;
From holier home with love more pure,
His father watches him with me.
To grasp heaven's hope, by faith and prayer,
To train his boy to meet him there,—
For *this* I live! For *this* I wake!
Help me, dear Lord! for baby's sake!

—*The Aldine.*

DIED.

COOPER.—In Santa Cruz, November 20th, 1874, Thomas C. Cooper, son of W. F. and M. A. Cooper. aged 21 years, 1 month, and 21 days.
[The funeral took place from the Congregational Church, at 12½ o'clock, on Sunday.]

THE PICTURE BOOK.

ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

"ALL things work together for good to them that love God."—*Romans, 8:28.*

Midst the thousand gems of promise
Studded o'er the sacred page,
One there is whose undimmed luster
Brightly gleams from age to age;
Like a strain of sweetest music—
In the Christian's troubled mood—
Come the words of hope and comfort,
All things work for good.

All things, whether joy or sadness,
Health or sickness, loss or gain,
Days of gloom or days of brightness,
Nights of weariness and pain,
All are but the rough materials
In the Master-workman's hand,
And shall form a glorious building
Evermore to stand.

All that seems to thwart and hinder
In the journey of our life,
Swollen stream and rugged mountain
Foes to meet in constant strife—
Shall but make us stronger, braver,
If victorious through we come—
And, however rough the pathway,
Still it leadeth home.

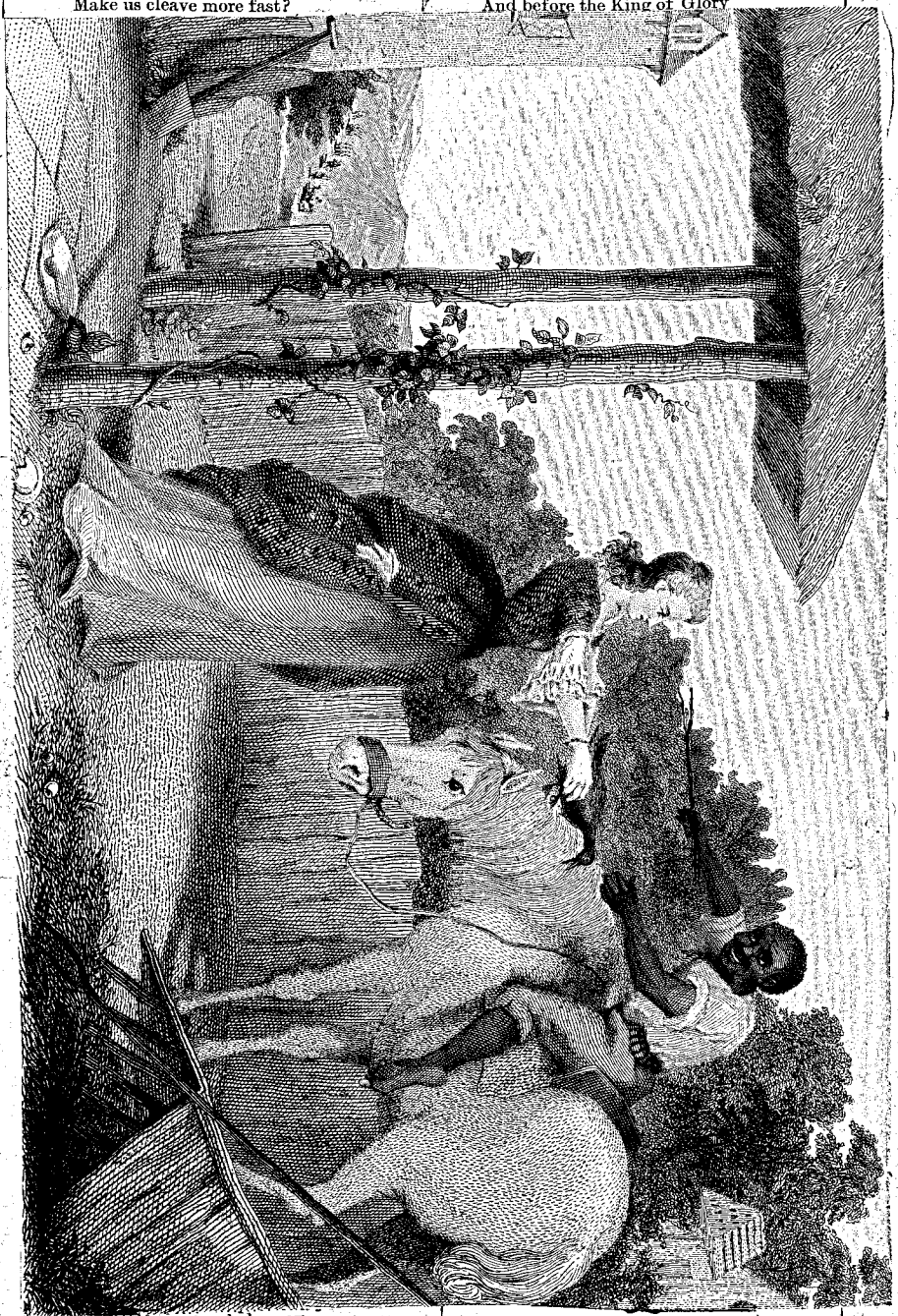
In a rich and glowing painting,
Which admiringly we view,
Mixed with shades of brightest color
There are those of somber hue;
So whene'er the finished picture

Of our earthly course we see,
We shall only find the shadow
Where 'twas best to be.

'Tis the beating of the tempest
Makes the oak so firmly stand;
Then it strikes its roots more deeply,
Clinging closer to the land;
And shall we, when storms are raging,
Murmur if the wintry blast
Unto Him whose arms support us
Make us cleave more fast?

'Tis the battle makes the soldier
More than peaceful times of ease;
'Tis the storm that trains the sailor
More than calm, untroubled seas;
And if we, when sorely tempted,
Shall with courage still endure,
Victory, when we're next assaulted,
Will be made more sure.

So when, like a fleeting vision,
Earthly things have passed away,
And before the King of Glory



We are met in glad array,
All that now seems painful mystery
Will be clearly understood,
And we shall with joy acknowledge
All things worked for good.

—*H. Robson, in London Baptist.*

PACIFIC COAST PIONEERS.

Regular Meeting Last Evening—Hour of Meeting Changed to 7 P. M.—Notice of Amendment to Constitution—Etc.

held a regular meeting at their hall on B street at 7:30 last evening. President Tyrrell in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

J. H. Moulthrop of the Fulton foundry made application for membership. Referred to the regular committee.

President Tyrrell announced that at the next regular meeting he would appoint a committee on sick.

Laura J. Hecox of Santa Cruz donated to the society two beautiful abalone shells, a collection of other shells and three sea urchins. A vote of thanks was tendered her by the society, and the secretary was instructed to communicate the same by note.

Vice President Noyes gave notice in writing that at the next meeting he would move to amend the constitution of the

A RUSTIC SCENE.

society, so that at any regular or special meeting of the society fifteen members should constitute a quorum for the regular transaction of business.

A resolution was adopted changing the hour of meeting from 7:30 to 7 o'clock P. M. from November 1 to April 1.

Adjourned to meet Thursday, November 8, at 7 o'clock P. M.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you till them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band,
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still,
For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault

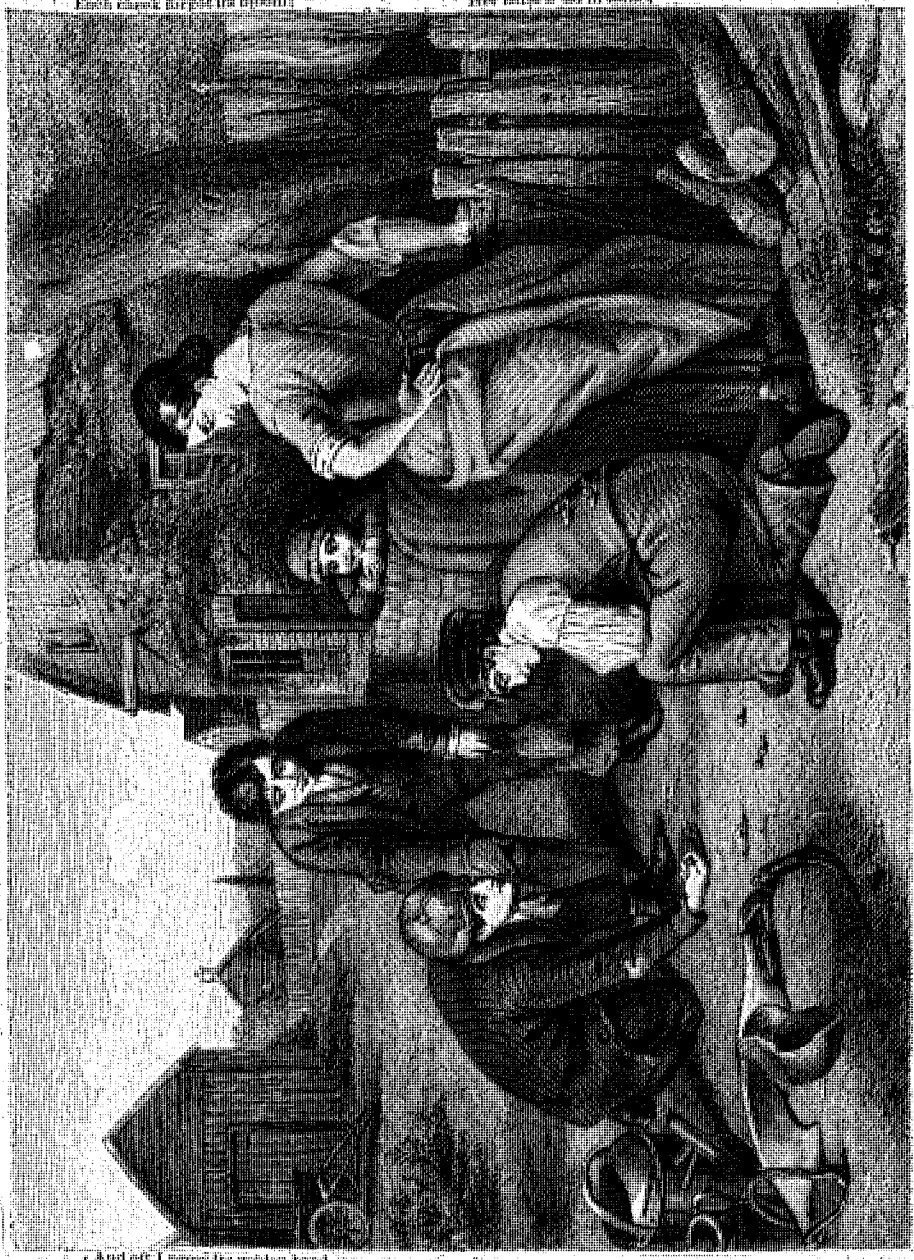
Our masts were gone, the sails were rent,
Lee bulwarks swept away,
The compass stove, the wheel was bent,
And thus we helpless lay;
When downward came with horrent hiss,
One bolt in vengeance dire,
And lent to added horrors, this,
It set the wreck on fire.

I cannot paint that awful scene,
And would not, if I could,
When hurst these flames, like demons lean,
Around me where I stood;
The pumps were choked—the boats were lost,
Each wreck forgot its friend;

That fatal line our bark had crossed,
And this, our fearful doom.

One gentle girl, faint with alarm,
Mutely appealed to me;
I clasped her with my strong right arm,
And plunged into the sea;
A floating spar came to our aid,
I grasped its bolted cup,
And when the moon its light displayed,
A cruiser took us up.

Ah! this old ring so quaintly made,
Was with that maid divine,
When bursting like a rose, she laid,
Her little head in mine;



And oft I press its golden band,
That lately wrought to sever,
Emblem of love eternal, and
The endless and forever.

C. F. HOSMER.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, has given his valuable library, including many manuscript works in Oriental languages, to the Burritt School, in New Britain, Conn.

The largest oyster on record in the United States was one taken from the beds in Mobile in 1840. It measured 3 feet and 1 inch in length and 23½ inches in breadth across the widest part.

Original.

To the Right be True.

MID life's conflict, do your duty,
Let thy heart be light and free;
Wisdom's path is one of beauty,
Tread it then with joyous glee:
Though thy foes do hard oppress thee,
Taunting thee with words of hate,
Great is the reward that waits thee
At the bright and golden gate.

He who would in life's hard battle
Strive to earn a hero's name,
Must amid the death-shot's rattle
Fearlessly Right's cause proclaim;

The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on clay-cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms,
For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

—*Christian Register.*

This Old Ring.

I HOLD within my trembling hand
A quaint, old jewelled ring,
A diamond sparkles on its band,
And pearls around it cling:
Whilst graven deeply in the frame,
Beneath those gems, so rare,
In mystic cyphers is a name,
As I translate it—Clare.

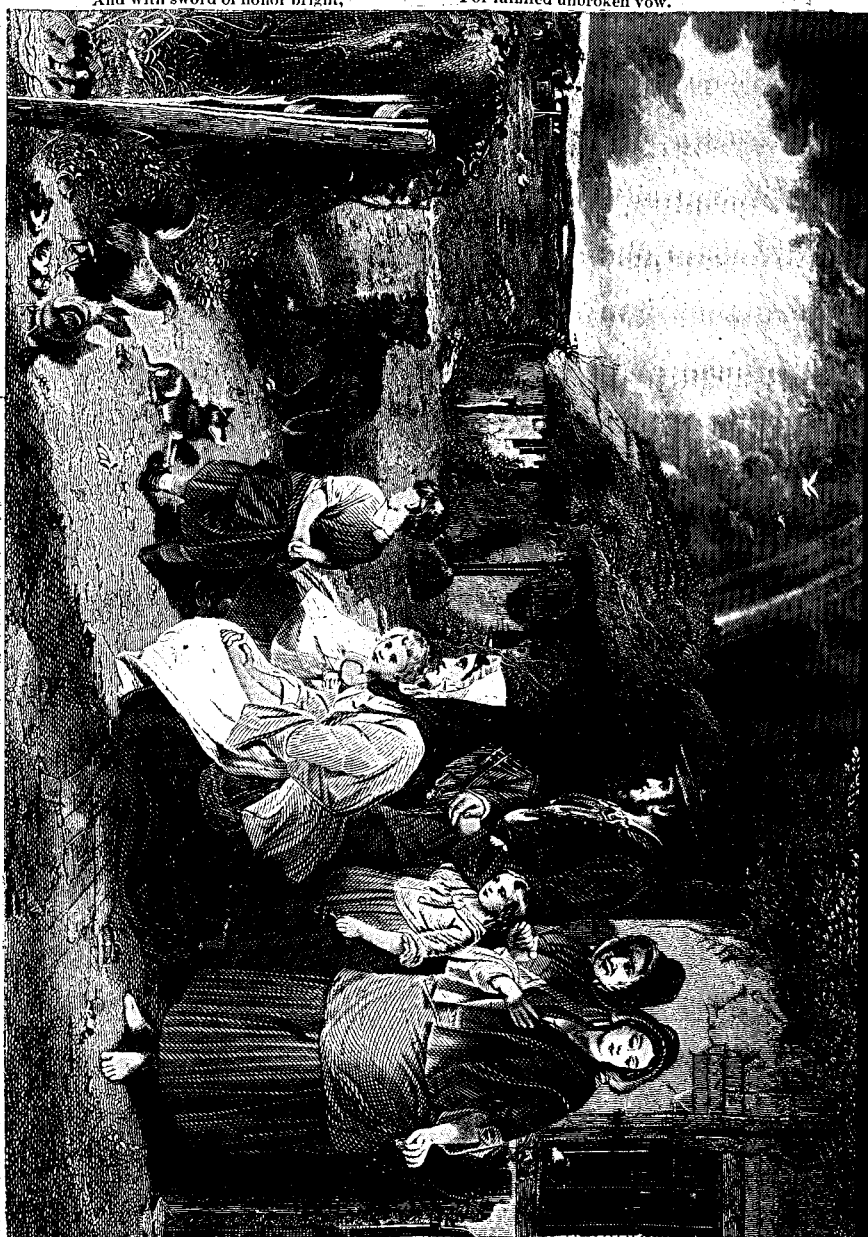
It was a gift from one, now dead,
In the lovelit long ago,
And brings a scene methought had fled
With time's wild ebb and flow;
And even yet, I scarce can bear
That fearful, backward view,
Filled with the shrieks and dumb despair
Of a burning, drowning crew.

It was a time of storm and dread,
The waves rose mountain high,
While in the black void overhead
No star lit up the sky;
But now and then with hissing sweep,
Through darkness, storm and rain,
The red bolts plunged within the deep,
And all was black again.

Cheer his comrades, weary, fainting,
Onward toward the destined goal;
In proud colors bravely painting
Deeds of an undaunted soul.

There are scorners, scoffers ever
Hov'ring 'round the path you tread,
Ready to each dear tie sever,
Showing forth a hydra head;
Yet with brave determined spirit,
And with sword of honor bright,
The true manliness you inherit
They appalled will shrink from sight.

Let not fear cause thee to falter;
If a man, why, be a man;
Never once thy true cause alter,
Nobly onward lead the van;
In the future lies the token
That shall crown the victor's brow,
Gems of love, for lances broken,
For fulfilled unbroken vow.



Heaven will shield the brave defender
Of the right, 'gainst wrong and sin;
He who acts as a contender
'Gainst the many foes within.
Then as onward thou'rt pressing,
With a soul to dare and do,
If thou would'st expect a blessing,
Ever to the right be true.

DAVID B. METCALF.

A CONTRADICTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEDICATED TO GEORGE S. KNIGHT BY HIS FRIEND E. W.

"The mill will never grind
With the water that has past:"
A maxim of the elder time,
That will forever last.
This theme, in verses written,
Preaches a sermon to all;
But critically weighed with wisdom,
How does the lesson fall?

The mill upon a slope doth stand,
It bears an antique shape;
Waters from the mountain-land
Seem happy to escape,
And, rushing by the old mill's wheel,
Causing it to grind,
Bound madly on the vale beyond,
A level there to find.

The race now o'er, with calmness
Into a lake the water flows,
And, mingling with the tranquil flood,
Seeks peace in sweet repose.
The bright sunbeams then visiting
This realm to Somnus given,
The tiny globes in vapors rise
To space above in heaven.

Once in air, they congregate,
Fantastic clouds to be,
And, wafted by the Summer breeze,

Soon the mountain-tops are reached,
There they cling for rest;
Each rugged peak is hid from view,
Each in vapor dressed.

As morn the clouds would fain ascend,
And leave this dreary plain;
But, chilled through by the frigid air,
Condensed, they fall in rain.

They dance about with glee,
For are they not of earth again,
Just as they used to be?

They prance, they skip and race along
O'er pebbled brook and rill—
When lo! they reach familiar ground,
And pass the same old mill,

Imbibing as they turn the wheel,

With sparkling spray o'erlaid,
Then greeting that the mill does grind
With water that has past.

Philosophically the lesson's taught,
Bidding us beware,
Although a chance unheeded pass,
Not to incite despair.
Labor on with redoubled zeal
Lost hours to redeem,
And teach your conscience thus to feel—
That things *are* what they seem.

Opportunities appearing lost
And numbered with the slain,
By providential agencies
Will surely come again.
Now bear in mind, although the Fates
Your hopes continually blast,

Kind nature's mill will grind again
With water that has past.

Don't Leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper it low:
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions!
But think of the vices and sins—
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt;

And like vapor heavenward tending,
They fall in showers
Making parched and barren deserts
Cheerful with spring flowers.
Mingling with flowers,
As we pass them by,
We can give but friendly greeting,
Or the kind reply.

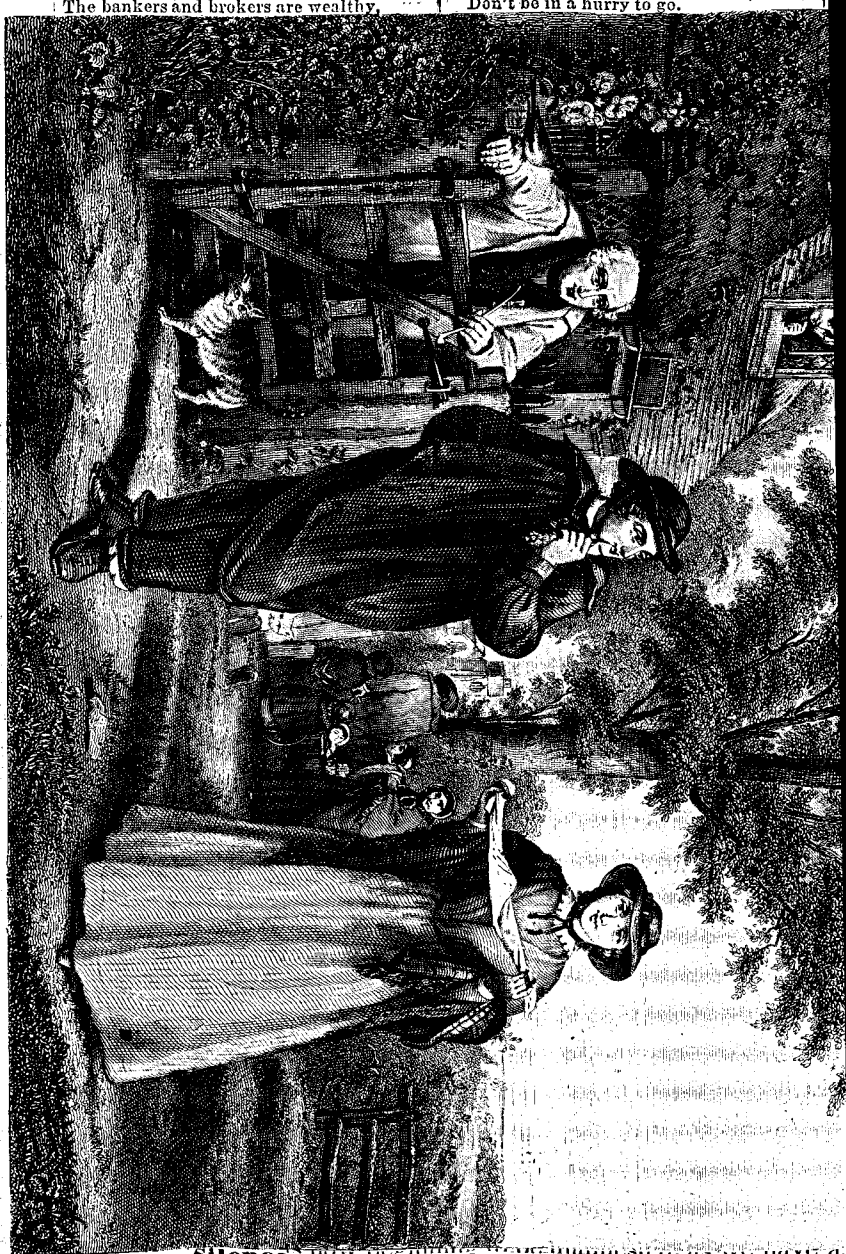
Why should these be ever feeding
Upon words alone,
When the heart's most precious feeling
Is to each unknown;
Ah! how many social gatherings,
Were we simply true,
Would enrich and bless our spirits
More than now they do!

OLD LETTERS.

But, ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If you will but shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great stirring world has inducements,
There is many a gay, busy mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are budding to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey;
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits should come rather slow;
Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys—
Don't be in a hurry to go.



KEEPING COMPANY.

Silence

Sacred Silence! All thy power
Have we ever known?
No! we lavish upon LANGUAGE
Praise that is thine own.

Thought is silent, in its dwelling
Deep within the breast;
Speech is but the outward clothing
In which thought is drest.

Speech is but the upper current
Of a deep, deep sea;
Far below, in sacred silence,
Must the treasures [illegible]

Calmness, coolness dwelt with silence;
Silent falls the dew;
Silent roll the stars above us,
In the unfathomed blue.

Silent worship! 't is not merely
Found by sitting still;
This is but the outward symbol
Of the silent will.

Silent waiting! not the body,
But the soul, that stands
With bowed head and ear attentive,
For its Lord's commands.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Thought and speech would flow together!
And when these were not,
Silence like the heavenly manna,
Feels again the thought.

We should often find at parting,
That a heavenly guest
Known by breaking bread among us
Had our gathering blest.

—Friends' Intelligencer.

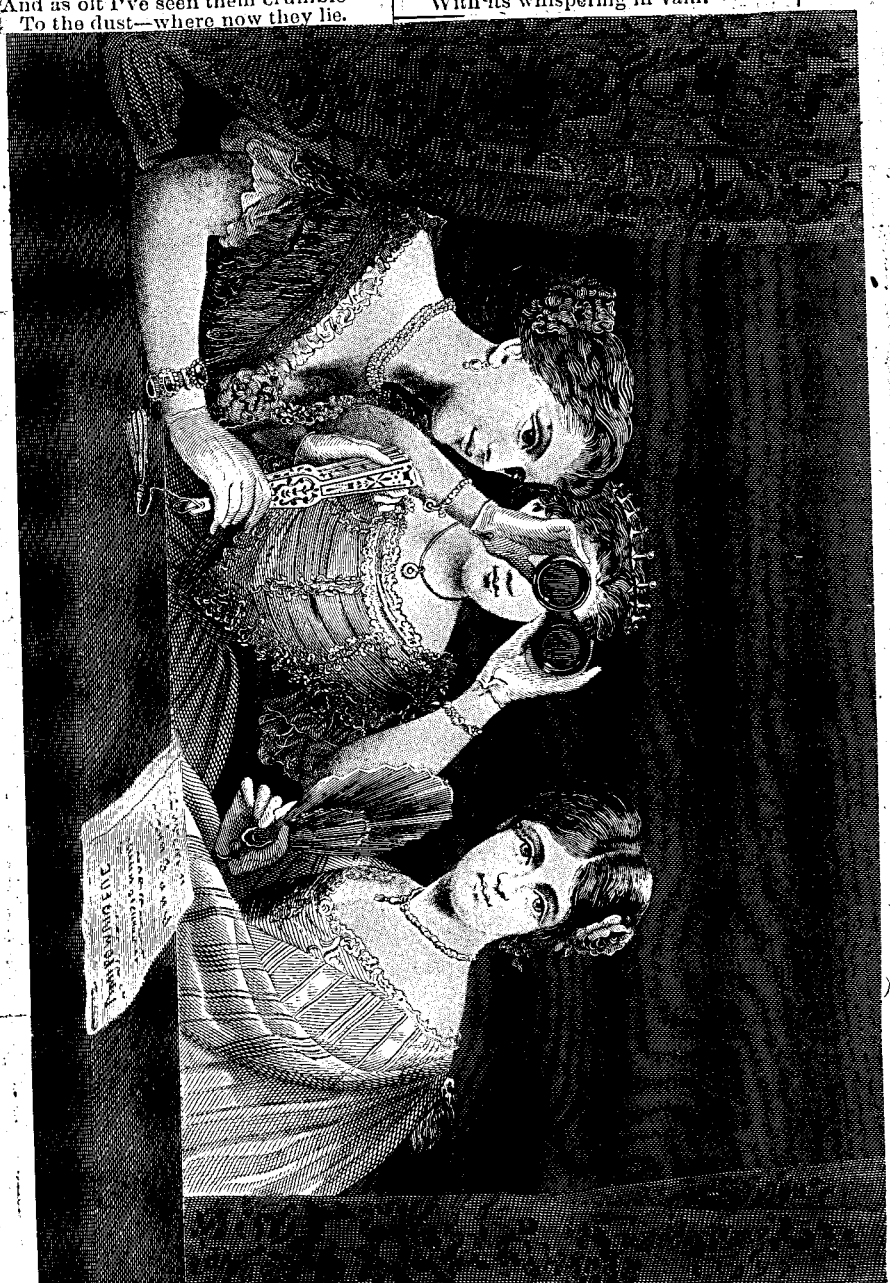
THE FAR-OFF HIGHT.

Oft in fancy I have builded
Airy castles to the sky,
And as oft I've seen them crumble
To the dust—where now they lie.

I have longed to climb the mountain
That is called the Mount of Fame,
And upon its lofty summit
There to write an honored name.

But to-day I view the ruins
Of so many shattered dreams,
And the far-off Hight of Glory
Gray within the distance seems;

Yet the ceaseless, quenchless longing
Grows with disappointment—pain,
And it may not fill my spirits
With its whispering in vain.



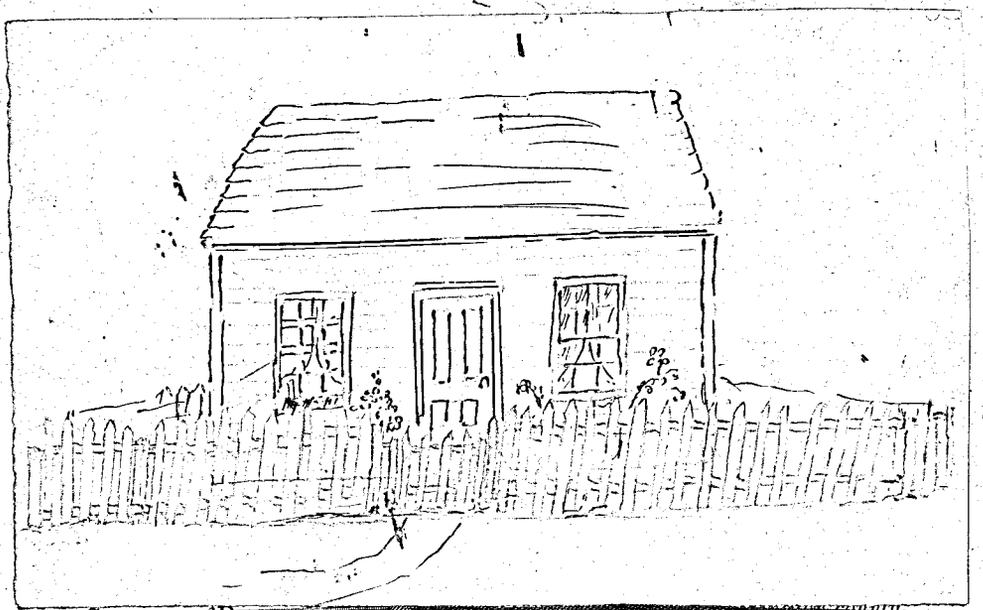
It may bid the shapeless marble
Rise in beauty, grand and real,
And each sorrow prove a chisel
That may shape the fine ideal;

Or, perchance, the inmost feeling
That would ne'er have had a being
Had the soul not tasted woe;

Or, perhaps, should language fail me,
Grief in broken strains would sob,
And the pulse which beats in music

unt

THE OPERA-BOX, BETWEEN THE ACTS.



PLANT WHILE IT IS SEED-TIME.

To-day and not to-morrow
Is the time that we should prize
For in the living present
The golden promise lies;
We must be busy sowing,
Must improve the hours, fast going,
If we would reap the harvest which is gathered
by the wise.

Who waits will come to sorrow;
He must not drive away
The vantage of the present,
The offer of to-day;
He must be up and doing
Some steady aim pursuing,
And while the sun is shining must not fail to
make the hay.

Many are lost by hoping,
Hoping that "luck" at last
Will some day come and lead them
To anchorage safe and fast;
For "luck" is e'er deceiving,
And only leads to grieving,
Who trusts to it will be
vainly cast.

Faith in his honest purpose
Is what the worker needs,
Faith in his own persistence,
Faith in his self-wrought deeds;
For 'tis only self-reliance,
Only willing, firm compliance
With the law of right and labor, that to a certain
victory leads.

Plant, then, while it is seed-time,
That your work may not be in vain;
Plant, while the sun is shining;
The harvest-yielding grain;
Wait not the coming morrow,
For it may bring you sorrow,
And the opportunity that's lost will never come
again.

—*Caleb Dunn, in N. Y. Ledger.*

Some One's Servant Girl.

She stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain;
The red lip gave a curl—
Really, I don't know her name;
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street,
With burden trudged along;
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng.
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care,
A market basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man I'd thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye,
For there was no necessity,
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
To some one's servant girl.

Ah! well it is that God above
Looks in upon the heart;
And never judges any one
By just the outer part.
For, if the soul be pure and good,
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
In which the forms were dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

"IN THIS WHEAT BY AND BY."

The road out of sight and the stars gone home,
Lost hope or lost heart, lost Pleiad or child,
Remember the words at the nameless tomb!
Bewildered and blind, the soul finds repose,
Whether cypress or laurel blossoms and blows,
Whatever betides, for the good "God Knows!"
"God knows" all the while, our blindness His
sight.
Our darkness His day, our weakness His might!
—*Benjamin F. Taylor, in Youth's Companion.*

"GOD KNOWS."

An emigrant ship recently foundered in a storm, and of the two dundred and twenty who went down, only one—a little child—drifted ashore. When the waif was laid at rest from her troubled baptism, somebody asked the question, "What name?" and the reply was, "God knows." A gentleman present, touched by the words, caused a headstone to be erected bearing only this: "God Knows."

An emigrant ship with a world aboard
Went down by the head on the Kentish coast,
No tatter of bunting at half-mast lowered,
No cannon to toll for the creatures lost.
Two hundred and twenty with speechless lip
Went staggering down in the foundered ship!

The heavens were dark and the Lord was dumb,
The cloud and the breaker were blent in one,
No angel in sight—not any to come!
God pardon their sins for the Christ His Son!
The tempest died down as the tempest will,
The sea in the rivulet drowse lay still,
As tame as the moon on a window-sill,
The roses were red on the rugged hill—
The roses that blow in the early light
And die into gray in the mists of night.

Then drifted ashore in a night-gown dressed,
A waif of a girl with her sanded hair,
And hands like a prayer on her cold blue breast,
And a smile on her mouth that was not despair.
No stitch on the garment ever to tell
Who bore her, who lost her, who loved her well.
Unnamed as a rose—was it Norah or Nell?

The coasters and wreckers aronnd her stood
And gazed on the treasure-trove upward cast,
As round a dead robin the sturdy wood,
Its plumage all rent and the whirlwind past.
They laid a white cross on her home-made yest,
The coffin was rude as a red-breast's nest,
And poor was the shroud, but a perfect rest
Fell down on the child like dew on the west.

A ripple of sod just covered her over,
Nobody to bid her "Good-night, my bird!"
Spring waited to weave a quilt of red clover,
Nobody alive had her pet name heard.
"What name?" asked the preacher, "God
Knows!" they said,
Nor waited nor wept as they made her bed,
But sculptured "God Knows!" on the slate at
her head.

The legend be ours when the night runs wild

DON'T DRINK TO-NIGHT.

I left my mother at the door,
My sister by her side,
Their clasped hands and loving looks
Forbade their doubts to hide.
I left, and met with comrades gay,
When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

Long years have rolled away since then,
My jetty curls are gray,
But, oh! those words are with me yet,
And will not pass away.
I see my mother's loving face,
With goodness radiant bright,
And hear her words ring in my ears,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

My mother is now resting sweet
In the graveyard on the hill;
But her kind words come back to me
And haunt my memory still;
I've often, often passed the cup,
Oh, then my heart was right
Because I heard the warning words,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

HOME.

It is not by walls, be they humble or grand,
That the dearest of words in our tongue
we define—
No measure or lesser or larger of land
Can hold by its firman a thing so divine.
Home! sweetest of places beneath the broad
sun,
Who is it thy sweetest of sweetness has won?

Nay—the lord in his palace, though smooth
acres sweep

his own—
Though sunshine his senses delightsomely steep—
Thy beautiful grace he may never have known.
Home! the brightest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy brightest of brightness has won?

And the cotter who rests him on Saturday night,
When the snow-sheeted world wins a glow from the fire,
When thrift all about him is smiling and bright—
Not always for him is there crowned his desire.
Home! rarest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy rarest of rareness has won?

Ah! the hamlet or hall may be equally blest
With comfort and welcomes, with welcomes that cheer,
And better than any may each be confest,
Yet home that is home finds no anchorage here.
Home! subtlest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy subtleness truly has won?

They only have won thee—they only have known
Why thy four little letters express of pure bliss,
That dwell amid sweetness whose seed has been sown
In a region above, ere transplanted to this!
Home! Eden that blesses, though veiled be the sun,
It is love, and love only, thy essence has won.

The flowers of the garden may all fade away;
Through exile, love's landmarks be mistily lost;
But the spirit of home is not mortal as they,
And it lives howe'er sadly our longing is crossed.
Home! rest of the soul under shadow or sun,
Whoever has won thee, forever has won!

—*Aldine.*

"ONLY THE BRAKEMAN."

"Only the brakeman killed"—say, was that what they said?
The brakeman was our Joe; so, then—our Joe is dead!
Dead? Dead? Dead?—but I cannot think it's so;
It was some other brakeman, it cannot be our Joe.

Why, only this last evening I saw him riding past;
The trains don't stop here often—go rushing by as fast
As lightning—but Joe saw me, and waved his hand; he sat
On the very last old coal-car; how do you 'count for that—

That he was killed alone and the others saved, when he
Was last inside the tunnel? Come, now, it couldn't be.
It's some mistake, of course; 'twas the fireman, you'll find;
The engine struck the rock, and he was just behind—

And the roof fell down on *him*, not on Joe, our Joe—I saw
That train myself, the engine had work enough to draw
The coal-cars full of coal that rattled square and black
By tens and twenties past our door along that narrow track

On into the dark mountains. I never see those peaks
Thout hating them. For much *they* care whether the water leaks
Down their big sides to wet the stones that arch the tunnels there
So long—so black—they *all* may go, and much the mountains care!

I'm sorry for that fireman— What's that? I don't pretend
To more than this: I saw that train, and Joe was at the end,
The very end, I tell you! Come, don't stand here and mock—
What! it was *there*, right at his end, the tunnel caved, the rock

Fell on him? But I don't believe a word— Yes, that's his chain,
And that's his poor old silver watch; he bought it—What's this stain
All over it? Why, it is red!—O Joe, my boy, O Joe,
Then it *was* you, and you are dead down in that tunnel!—Go

And bring my boy back! He was all the son I had; the girls
Are very well, but not like Joe. Such pretty golden curls
Joe had until I cut them off at four years old; he ran
To meet me always at the gate, my bonny little man.

You don't remember him? But then you've only seen him when
He rides by on the coal-trains among the other men,
All of them black and grimed with coal, and circles round their eyes,
Whizzing along by day and night.—But you would feel surprise

To see how fair he is when clean on Sundays, and I know
You'd think him handsome then; I'll have—I God! I forgot—O Joe,
My boy! my boy! and are you dead? So young—but twenty. Dead
Down in that awful tunnel, with the mountain overhead!

They're bringing him? Oh, yes, I know; they'll bring him, and, what's more,
They'll do it free, the company! They'll leave him at my door
Just as he is, all grimed and black.—Jane, put the irons on,
And wash his shirt, his Sunday-shirt; it's white; he *did* have one

White shirt for best, and proud he wore it Sunday with a tie
Of blue—a new one. O my boy, how could they let you die
Crushed by those rocks! If I'd been there I'd heaved them off—I know
They could have done it if they'd tried. They *let* you die—for, oh,

"Only the brakeman!" and his wage was small
The engineer
Must first be seen to there in front.—My God! it stands as clear
Before my eyes as though I'd seen it all—the dark—the crash—
The hissing steam—the wet stone sides—the arch above—the flash

Of lanterns coming—and my boy, my poor boy lying there,
Dying alone under the rocks—only his golden hair
To tell that it was Joe—a mass all grimed, that doesn't stir—
But mother'll know you, dear, 'twill make no difference to her

How black with coal-dust you may be, your poor, hard-working hands
All torn and crushed, perhaps; yes, yes—but no one understands
That even though he's better off, poor lad, where he has gone,
I and the girls are left behind to stand it and live on

As best we can without him!—What? A wreath? A lady sent
Some flowers? Was passing through and heard—felt sorry—well, 'twas meant
Kindly, no doubt; but poor Joe'd been the very first to laugh
At white flowers round his blackened face.—You'll write his epitaph—

What's that? His name and age? Poor boy!—poor Joe!—his name has done
Its work in this life; for his age—he was not twenty-one.
Well-grown but slender—far too young for such a place, but then
He wanted to "help mother," and to be among the men.

For he was always trying to be old—he carried wood
And built the fires for me before he hardly understood
What a fire was—my little boy—my darling baby Joe—
There's something snapped within my breast, I think; it hurts me so,

It must be something broken. What is that? I felt the floor
Shake; there's some one on the step.—Go, Jennie, set the door
Wide open,—for your brother Joe is coming home. They said,
"Only the brakeman"—but it is my only son that's dead!

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson, in Appletons' Journal.*

THE KEY TO THOMAS' HEART.

Ride with me, Uncle Nathan? * * * *
I don't care an' I do.
My poor old heart's in a hurry; I'm anxious to get through;
My soul outwalks my body; my legs are far from strong;
An' it's mighty kind o' you, doctor, to help the old man along.

I'm some'at full o' hustle; there's business to be done,
I've just been out to the village to see my youngest son;
You used to know him, doctor, ere he his age did get,
An' if I ain't mistaken, you sometimes see him yet.

We took him through his boyhood, with never a ground for fears;
But somehow he stumbled over his early manhood's years;
The landmarks that we showed him he seems to wander from,
Though in his heart there never was a better boy than Tom.

He was quick o' mind an' body in all he done an' said,
But all the gold he reached for, it seemed to turn to lead;
The devil of grog it caught him an' held him, though the while
He has never grudged his parents a pleasant word or smile.

The devil of grog it caught him, an' then he turned an' said,
By that which fed from off him, he henceforth would be fed,
An' that which lived upon him should give him a livin' o'er;
An' so he keeps that doggery that's next to Wilson's store.

But howsoe'er he wanderod, I've al'ays so far heard
That he had a sense of honor and never broke his word;
An' his mother, from the good Lord, she says, has understood
That, if he agrees to be sober, he'll keep the promise good.

An' so when just this mornin' these poor old eyes of mine
Saw all the women round him a-coaxin' him to sign,
An' when the Widow Adams let fly a homespun prayer,
An' he looked kind o' wild like, and started unaware,

An' glanced at her an instant, an' then at his keg of rum,
I somehow knew in a minute the turnin' point had come,
An' he would be as good a man as ever yet there's been,
Or else let go forever an' sink in the sea of sin.

An' I knew, whatever efforts might carry him or fail,
There was only one could help God to turn the waverin' scale;
An' I skulked away in a hurry—I was bound to do my part—
To get the mother who carries the key to Thomas' heart.

She's gettin' old an' feeble, and childish in her talk,
An' we've no horse an' buggy, an' she will have to walk!
But she would be fast to come, sir, the gracious chance to seize,
If she had to crawl to Thomas upon her hands an' knees.

* * * * * * *

Crawl?—walk? No, not if I know it! So set your mind at rest;
Why, hang it! I'm Tom's customer, and said to be his best!
But if this blooded horse here will show his usual power,
Poor Tom shall see his mother in less than half an hour.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.*

UP IN THE GARRET.

Up in the garret I sit and gaze
At the rusty relics of other days;

Broken and worn, they are stowed away
Under the rafters rough and gray.

The dust of years that will come no more
Lies thickly over the creaking floor.

The slender wasps on the windows crawl,
The spiders creep on the dingy wall;

They weave their webs in the corners bare,
And nothing human disturbs them there.

I look at the time-worn trundle-bed,
Where once I rested my infant head;

'Tis broken and old and thrown away,
To fall, like the old house, to decay.

Now, while I kneel o'er its broken frame,
I think of a long-lost mother's name;

Of a happy time, when by her chair
I knelt to utter my infant prayer;

Of the loving words she kindly said
When she laid me to rest in that trundle-bed.

One day I saw her like one at rest
With white hands folded upon her breast,

While sorrowing friends stood weeping round,
And words were said with a solemn sound;

Then sadly away her form they bore,
And I looked on her lovely face no more.

These are the dreams I dream to-day,
Under the rafters rough and gray.

I turn away with a sense of pain
To the toilsome tasks of my life again,

Leaving the garret and broken ware
To the slender wasps and spiders there.

—*Eugene J. Hall, in Our Fireside Friend.*

An Interesting Relic.—Major Stephen Cooper will carry in the procession on the Fourth a small flag, used at the first Fourth of July celebration ever held in California. The flag was made by his daughter, Mrs. Van Winkle, then a little girl, and consists of a small piece of plain muslin on which there are three bars of red silk ribbon sewed on with very fine thread, and in the upper left hand corner is what was then a bine square, on which was fastened a white star; across the upper part of the flag is written on a slip of paper; "California is ours as long as the stars remain." This strip of paper is pinned on, the pin never having been removed since it was first used. The place of the first celebration was under a large oak on Yount's farm, near Napa. Among those present at the celebration were Commodore Thomas Catsby Jones, Major Samuel J. Hensley, Thomas O. Larkin, Captain Swift, Major Cooper and family. They had a grand barbecue, oration, and everything in regular style. The Society of California Pioneers have had this flag, but the Major sent and got it to carry in this Centennial procession.—*Colusa Sun, June 24th.*

"An Old Subscriber" is informed that the loss by the Chicago fire was $188,000,000, and by the Boston fire $80,000,000.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

DEATH OF CHARLEY PARKHURST, THE EX-STAGE DRIVER.

The Astounding Discovery Made That Parkhurst Was a Woman—Details of Deceased's Career.

Wherever stage roads are known, the stage driver is a person of importance. He is expected to have and generally is possessed of the qualities of a splendid driver, a ready ease to meet a difficulty, to be brave, reliable and in every sense trustworthy. Not only is there always more or less valuable matter with which he is intrusted and for which he is responsible, but the very lives of his passengers are often in his keeping, and upon him rests the actual responsibility of maintaining the regularity of the mails. In California all these responsibilities are not only intensified, but are allied to dangers that are sometimes mortal. This, of course, more especially refers to the old staging days, but even now the papers not infrequently contain accounts of stage coaches stopped by the knights of the road, of passengers lightened of their spare coin and of the treasure-chest either thrown out pacifically or retained at the expense of some faithful servant's death. The enticements for stage-stopping were infinitely greater in the old mining days, for then the treasure-box was lumpy with yellow nuggets and dust, while each passenger had his buckskin belt crammed with the virgin metal. Now the riches under the driver's feet generally consist of chance payments from one merchant to another, or some city bank's remittance to its country branch. Besides being of importance as the principal hero in these highway epics, the stage-driver is generally a gazeteer authority upon all points of scenery, the value of land, the population of a town, the probabilities of the harvest, and a thousand and one things, geographical, historical and biographical. As stages go in California, too, it is no particular pleasure to pass a long journey cooped up in the inside; so that for the matter of personal comfort and convenience alone

A SEAT BESIDE THE DRIVER

Has always been considered a choice place, In the early days of the State when the traffic was mostly up and down the great brown mountains and engineering skill in road-making was confined mainly to digging out a path over which the horses could scramble, the man who had to "tool" six mustangs down a grade like the roof a house, with the hub of one wheel grazing the hillside rock and the tire of the other hanging half over a precipice of a few hundred feet, or when the lengthy team had to be urged through a blinding snowstorm that hid the leaders' ears and blotted out the trail; or, when, in some Sierra zephyr the pine trees were cracking and bending before it—in such times, weathers and roads, it was an exciting pleasure not soon to be forgotten to hang on to the box-seat rail and watch the wonderful coolness of the man holding the ribbons and his fellow creatures' lives at once in his hand. The stagedrivers of California have, by their intrepidity, sangfroid and dare-devil recklessness, mingled with cool calculation, become historical characters. Hank Monk, with his memorable "Keep your seat, Horace, I'll bring you thar on time," and Ben Foss, in his wild drive along the Geyser road, are familiar personages to all who ever heard of or lived in the Golden State. A third worthy is to be added in the person of Charley Parkhurst, who at his death achieved a celebrity which, by its attendant strangeness and romance, places him first in the trio. To the miners of the pioneering days Parkhurst was known as a stage-driver of renown, whilst to us of later date he will henceforward be remembered as a personage who kept a secret all his life long unsuspected and intact, and only gave it up to a power which either buries it forever from sight or strips away all mystery and makes all plain. Everything is common before the great leveler, Death. There are many who, upon reading this sketch of a living and dead mystery, will remember Charley Parkhurst on the box-seat of the stage-coach running from Oakland to San Jose; others who will remember him driving from Stockton to Mariposa, and again others who recollect him as sending the dust flying along the road from San Juan to Santa Cruz. The stout, compact figure of about five feet six, broader across the hips than across the shoulders; the sunbrowned face, beardless save for a few straggling dowdy hairs; the bluish gray eyes, and sharp, high-pitched voice; the set but not unpleasant features moved now and then with a rare smile, the deliberate movement which seems to be a fashion of the fraternity, were as familiar to the passengers on these routes as the chuck-holes in summer. How he drifted to California in the first days of the gold-mining fever is not exactly known, for in that time of hurry, bustle and struggle the ordinary unassuming man was very likely to be overlooked. Moreover, so far nothing has been definitely discovered as to where he came from or who are his friends in the Atlantic States. His true name even, in the light of present circumstances, has become a matter of conjecture. The generally-accepted story of the late Charles Parkhurst is, however, as follows: He was born, it is stated, in New Hampshire, and worked on a farm with his uncle until a quarrel arose between the two, when Charley moved to Providence, R. I. There he remained for some time as coachman in the employ of a Mr. Childs. From Providence he went to Georgia, and became a stage-driver, continuing in that State and occupation for two years. He used further to state that one Jim Birch, noticing his capabilities as a driver, brought him to California and placed him upon an opposition line to drive from Oakland to San Jose. Unfortunately Birch was drowned in the good ship *Constitution*, so that the verification of this volunteered sketch is not possible, while the facts that have recently come to light lead one to imagine that it was a plausible story which Parkhurst found useful as a foil for too strict interrogations. Whatever question there may be about this story there is none as to his efficiency on the driver's perch, nor as to the unfailing nerve that lay beneath his ordinary exterior. An incident in his early career as stage-driver will illustrate this. Once in winter when the rain was coming down in sheets, as it had been for three days past, and the coach was laboring along through mud almost to the hubs, Parkhurst was hailed by a stray wayfarer and told that the bridge across the Tuolumne River was in a shaky condition, and that it would be wise not to risk driving over it. Parkhurst answered never a word, but gathering up the lines with one hand, he cut the swings and wheelers across the haunches with the other, and pushed on. Soon the swollen stream came in sight. It was swashing and roaring like a mill-race. The bridge was next seen, and Parkhurst, clearing the rain from his eyes, perceived that in a very short time there would no longer be any bridge, for it was already shaking on its foundation. The solitary passenger begged of Parkhurst not to venture on the creaking structure, but Charley, setting his teeth together, and gathering the reins in a firm grip, sent the long whip-lash curling about the leaders' ears and eyes with so vicious a swing that, giving a wild leap, they plunged forward on to the bridge. The planks trembled under the horses' hoofs and rocked beneath the wheels, but with a final effort, a cheering cry from Parkhurst and a flying lash, the opposite shore was gained in safety; gained only just in time though, for looking back at the turn of the road the further end of the bridge was seen to

SWAY OVER THE STREAM

For a minute and then go tumbling into the waters. There were other dangers on this Stockton and Mariposa road than those of flood, for highwaymen abounded, and one could never tell where progress might be stopped by a leveled shotgun, a masked man grasping the leader's head-stall and the hoarse command to throw out the treasure-box. Parkhurst had not long been running when such an interruption occurred. The choice was offered him in the gloaming of a certain evening between receiving the contents of two double-barreled shotguns delivering up the contents of a strong chest. Parkhurst looked at the figures disguised with hideous-looking caps and masks made out of legs of drawers pulled down over the face, with two holes cut in them for the eyes, and was disposed to parley. The ominous fingering of two triggers and the knowledge that his little gun was inaccessible very nearly decided him, whilst a pistol-barrel inserted in the near leader's off ear afforded him convincing proof that for the nonce, discretion would be the better part of valor. The box was dropped, but with it Parkhurst gave the robbers a warning that he would not let matters stop there, and that some time or other the same gentleman or any of the kind should hear from him in a less pleasant way. After that Parkhurst was not only forever on his guard, but was always on the lookout for a chance to get even with the road-agents. The chance was not long in coming. There was at that time a noted desperado known as Sugar Foot. Going here and there, terrorizing the passengers on a dozen routes, Sugar Foot at last decided to change his base of operations to the Calaveras road. It is probable that he had heard of Parkhurst's threat, for he associated with himself for the enterprise quite a posse of highwaymen. The moment of attack was chosen, the choice being influenced by the report of a heavy booty to be obtained, and whilst Parkhurst was one day driving back home from Mariposa to Stockton, Sugar Foot and his band leaped into the road. There was the usual demand, the usual tactics of wicked muzzles pointing at the driver and a rough hand at the leaders' heads. But there was a change from the usual programme when Parkhurst, drawing a pistol, let fly right and left, and with a pull on the reins and a call to the horses sent them flying through the discomfited robbers. Charley had aimed at the man who appeared to head the gang, and had the pleasure of seeing him clap his hand to his breast and tumble backward.

THE SHOT WAS FATAL

To Sugarfoot's predatory excursions, for whilst his campanions fled he crawled into a miner's cabin and gave up his sinful ghost. There are other stories told of Parkhurst to show the daring conduct of the man in the face of difficulties and dangers. It is told that once, while driving a fractious four-in-hand from Oakland to San Jose, the team ran away so suddenly as to throw Parkhurst from the box. Still retaining his grasp on the lines he was dragged along until he succeeded in turning the runaways into the chapparal, where they were caught among the bushes and stopped. To show their admiration of the driver's pluck the passengers made up and presented him with a purse of $20. Again, when drivers were scarce he did double duty by driving both ways over the road, keeping on the box night and day, and earning double pay for months. During his career as stage-driver he was kicked by a frisky horse in the left eye so violently as to destroy the sight. It was from the loss of this organ that he received the nick-name of "One-Eyed Charley," by which he was commonly called. Leaving the Calaveras road he took the position of boss driver on the Oakland and San Jose stage-road, where, as on the Calaveras line, he made himself a favorite with all who traveled with him by his pleasant, quiet behavior and cool resolution. He added to this reputation on the San Juan and Santa Cruz road, where he was known as one of the crack drivers and best whips in California. Altogether he sat on the stage-coach seat for fifteen years, and only abandoned his petty throne when the steam horse invaded his province and he saw that Ichabod was written over the palmy days of staging. Even whilst driving Parkhurst had occasionally in winter time varied his employment by following the trade of lumberman. In the woods, as behind his six-in-hand, he gained the name of being expert and thoroughly reliable. The heaviest work was never shunned. He wielded the ax with such vigor and skill that he was reckoned

AN A NO. 1 WOODMAN.

Farming, too, was a calling which he seemed at home in, so when he stepped down from the stage-coach for the last time, it was not to be shiftless and idle for want of any other employment. About the year 1858 he dropped the whip and reins and opened a stage station and saloon on the road between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, at a point about half-way between the Aptos Laguna and the first heavy sand-hill as you go toward Watsonville. At this place he furnished the hay and grain for the stage horses on contract, got also fair wages per month for taking care of the teams, etc., and kept his bar and stopping-place beside. He smoked, chewed tobacco, drank moderately, played a social game of cards or dice for the drinks, and was "one of the boys." Parkhurst, however, was never addicted to loose life. Though always cheery and agreeable with those into whose society he was thrown, he was always inclined to be reticent about his affairs. That is, he was social but never communicative; a pleasant but never a jovial companion. He had no particular friends either on the road or in the fields, and was not disposed to be what is known as chummy. Especially was he not a love-maker; and petticoats, even when surmounted by a trim bodice and a pretty face, were without special attractions. There was, however, at one time an owner of both petticoat and face who seemed to have made a little deeper impression than the rest of her sex. Near the ranch on which Parkhurst first settled lived a widow with an only daughter. Somehow or other they did not prosper, and misfortune at last overtook them in the shape of a Sheriff's sale. Parkhurst bought the place and gave it back to the widow, and though it was said at the time that the good deed was prompted by the daughter's good looks, the report is nullified by the fact that soon after he left the neighborhood and settled near Watsonville. Parkhurst's celibacy was not enforced by poverty, as the neighbors very well knew, for being of a saving disposition he had amassed a comfortable fortune of some thousands of dollars; that is, a comfortable fortune inasmuch as it was sufficient to insure him a competency. In course of time he rented out his station and went into the cattle-raising business on lands belonging to F. A. Hihn of Santa Cruz. After raising quite a herd of cattle he sold out of that business, and being a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism he sought a less laborious avocation, and went to raising chickens in the hills back of Aptos. In this last occupation he continued for some years, but finally yielded to his rheumatic troubles, sold his ranch to a Portuguese, deposited the proceeds, or a part of them, in the Bank of Watsonville, and retired from active life to live on the interest of his money. Near the Seven-mile House, out of Watsonville, is a little cabin, and there, during the latter years of his life, Parkhurst has resided. He was well known to the townspeople and those on the surrounding farms as a quiet

LITTLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

Of about 60 years of age, badly afflicted with rheumatism, not given to talking much but apparently contented to live unnoticed and alone. This rheumatism was the natural result of the extreme exposure and hard work to which he had been subjected all his life-time. The winters' snows in the woods, the years passed with his face turned unflinchingly to the wind and rain, and his general carelessness as to results, played havoc with what must originally have been a constitution of iron. His rheumatism grew from bad to worse, until it resulted in the withering of his members, and he grew almost helpless. Then, as if his ills were not crushing enough, he became afflicted with a cancerous tongue and mouth. This was his death-wound, so to speak, and feeling that this world was slipping from his grasp, he very quietly hired a man to attend to his needs, and telling a friend that he was going to die, directed him what to with his belongings and waited patiently for a relief to his sufferings, which had now become most acute. That relief came on Sunday last, December 29th, when Charles Durky Parkhurst, reputed native of New Hampshire, voter of the State of California, aged 67, departed this life. With his last breath Charles Parkhurst, the daring driver, the fearless fighter of highwaymen, the strong lumberman, passed out of existence, and in his place was found something gentler and more tender. With the death of one who was always more or less a mystery, was born one that shadows the other into utter insignificance. The dead man was being prepared for his last resting-place when the astounding discovery was made by those fulfilling the sad office that the clay beneath their hands was that of a woman! With astonishment at a deception so marvelously carried out comes the sad thought of all she must have suffered. It is useless to waste time in conjectures as to what led the dead to take up the cross of a man's laboring life, but whether from

NECESSITY OR PHANTASY

The certainty remains that in the latter years there must have been many dark hours when poor Charles Parkhust longed for a little sympathy which is accorded every woman. The story of the discovery was at first refused credence, but medical science furnished irrefragible proof of the real state of the case when an examination attested the fact of the dead woman having once been a mother. The keen businesssagacity, which had been a distinguishing feature throughout the whole of Parkhurst's life in California, was unwavering up to the end. The money matters of the deceased were found clearly arranged. Certificates of deposit on the Watsonville Bank to a considerable amount were left behind in the charge of Otto Stoessen, and the will, which was only a concise statement of the way in which the money was to be disposed of—chiefly in gifts to those in attendance at the latter days—was shrewdly signed "C. D. Parkhurst." And as C. D. Parkhurst the enigma of stage-driving history lies in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Watsonville, where the body was deposited on the afternoon of December 30, 1879.

Japanese Coin.

Yokohama Gazette.

The standard weight of the five-sen piece is 20.8 grains of 800 fine, and the quantity of silver is consequently 16.64 grains pure. The yen weighs 416 grams and is of 900 fine, containing 374.4 grains of silver pure. The five-sen piece in weight is exactly one-twentieth of a yen, or 20.8 grains; its purity is only 800, which exactly accounts for the deficiency of pure silver between twenty five-sen pieces and one yen, namely, 41.6 grains. The American standard silver dollar weighs 412½ grains of 900 fine, consequently its quantity of pure silver is 3.15 grains less than in the Japanese yen.

Santa Claus.

Yes, it was years and years ago,
So long, in fact, I hardly know
As I can tell exactly when
It was that I heard Uncle Ben
Relate to little girls and boys
The source of all our Christmas joys.
Then I was young, the tale was new,
One Christmas eve, I heard it through,
And climbed from off my uncle's knee
And went to bed reluctantly,
But not to sleep. My sister May
I well remember went to sleep,
For she had run so hard at play
Along the length of all that day
With me, that she could hardly keep
Her peepers open anyway.
So she asleep and I awake
Lay waiting for the dawn to break.
Why, there was something in the air
Around, above, and everywhere
That night that kept me wide awake;
I tried to sleep, but failed to make
My heart be still, you see, because
I thought so much of Santa Claus.

The air was keen, the night was still,
The moon had climbed the highest hill
That huddles 'gainst the Eastern sky;
How eagerly the hours sped
As I lay in my trundle bed
And heard the plodding kitchen clock
Strike and sing tick, tock! tick, tock!
O what a dread monotony!
Tick, tock! Tick tock!
And that's the way the plodding clock
Put in the time, from six till two,
When something past my window flew.
Then I jumped out of bed, because
I knew it must be Santa Claus.
And lo! I saw what other boys
Would give the world and all to see—
The veritable Saint, with toys
Enough to sink a ship at sea.
He drove an antlered team, and rode
In majesty upon his load
Of dolls, and drums, and toppled toys,
And sugar plums for girls and boys.
And then I heard each prancing hoof
Upon my neighbor's shingle roof;
I looked and saw them standing high
Against the blue ridge of the sky.

His eyes were keen as flashing steel,
His face was rounded full and fair;
His portly form, from head to heel,
Was covered with a coat of hair.

His beard was like a bank of snow
And lay upon his ample breast
In drifts, extending down below
In wavy drifts below his chest.

His hair was whiter than a shroud,
And denser than a thunder cloud,
And floated on the air in swirls;
And as he laughed, two rows of pearls
Peeped from his mouth and laughed as they
Came down upon a pipe of clay,
From which an incense rich and rare
Was wafted on the frosty air.
Eagerly I waited there,
Until I saw him disappear
Adown the chimney, loaded down
With toys not made in any town,
But wrought by little fairy hands
And brought by him from fairy lands,
Where coin is not, nor greed, nor bond,
Beyond the stars and still beyond.
And then in haste I ran away
To wake my pretty sister May.

I wakened May and heard her say,
"Bob, lie still, lie still! I pray!"
But sister May knew more than I,
And now I know the reason why
She failed to jump and run to see
The Christmas curiosity.
She said, "Now Bob, you must be still,
Or Santa Claus will think us ill,
And pass our house and go away
And leave yourself and sister May
Without a single pretty toy—
Now go to sleep, you pretty boy!"

I cuddled down as best I could,
For sister May was understood;
And then I wept, and wept because
She would not look at Santa Claus.
But when the morning's golden gleam
Shot through the window, sister said,
"Pa, Bobbie had an awful dream—
He raised right straight up in the bed,
And called for me and cried because
I would not look at Santa Claus."

O Santa Claus! O sister May!
Both, both have vanished like the spray
That rises on a Summer day!
But retrospection lifts the screen—
The mazy vail that lies between
The present and the past—and then
I live my younger life again.

And each returning Christmas day
Brings back to me my sister May;
And even now I weep because
I want to see Old Santa Claus.

HOOD ALSTON.

SAN JOSE, Christmas, 1875.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE happy day has come again,
The happiest of the year!
When at the old, familiar home
Loved faces reappear.
Here gray-haired grandpa sits enthroned
The sovereign of the day!
While all proclaim with one accord
His undisputed sway!

No blither spirit moves the game
Nor stirs to ready mirth
The frolic-loving boys and girls
Who gather round the hearth,
And listen to the olden tales
Which children love so well,
And every grandpa in the land
As dearly loves to tell!

Dear grandma's hands are quite too full
As hostess of the day
To join in grandpa's laughing tales
And merry freaks of play.
Her placid face is full of love
And gratitude and peace,
Once more to meet them all before
Her ministrations cease.

And so, with merry games and tales,
The hours pass swiftly on,
Till, crowning element of all,
The dinner time has come.
Then all with glad alacrity
Obey the welcome sound
And gather round the table where
Thanksgiving joys abound!

Oh, worthy scions of our race!
Forefathers passed away!
Could you but see us celebrate
This glad Thanksgiving Day,
You'd pardon all our wanderings
From puritanic folds
And think that still some zealous hearts
The *nineteenth century* holds!

Mrs. R. N. Turner, in Youth's Companion.

Noms De Plume.

FOLLOWING is a list of noms de plume used by American and some famous foreign authors, which may be of interest to many readers.

"Abel Shufflebottom," Robert Southey.
"A. Crowquill," Alfred H Forrester.
"Alcofribas Nasier," Francois Rabelais.
"Allan Fairfield," John Kent.
"Anna Bronte," Acton Bell.
"Anthony," John Williams.
"Anthony Parquin" John Williams.
"Annie Thomas," Mrs. Pender Cudlip.
"Anna Matilda," Mrs. H. Cowley.
"Artemas Ward," Chas. F Brown.
"Aunt Fanny," Mrs. Fanny Barrow.
"Augustus Dunshimner," Prof. W. E. Aytoun.
"Aunt May," Mary A. Lathbury.
"Backwoodsman," Dr. Wm. Dunlap.
"Barry Cornwall," William Proctor.
"Barry Gray," B. G. Coffin.
"B. Dadd," J. H. Williams.
"Bibliophile Jacob," Paul Lacroix.
"Bon Gaultier," Prof. W. Aytoun and Theodore Martin.
"Boston Bard," Robert S. Coffin.
"Boz," Charles Dickens.
"Brick Pomeroy," M. M. Pomeroy.
"Buffalo Bill," W. F. C dy.
"Carleton," C. C. Coffin.
"Carl Pretzel," C. H. Harris,
"Castara," William Habbington.
"Capt. Cuthbert Clutterbuck," Walter Scott.
"Charlotte Bronte," Currer Bell.
"Christopher North," Prof. John Wilson.
"Christopher Crowfield," Mrs. H. B. Stowe.
"Christopher Caustic," Thomas G. Fessenden.
"Cinna," Justice R. B. Sullivan.
"Cornelius O'Dowd," Charles J. Lever.
"Courtney Melmoth," Samuel J. Pratt.
"Cousin Alice," Mrs. Alice B. Haven.
"Cousin Kate," Catherine D. Bell.
"Cousin Mary Carlton," Miss M. A. Earlie.
"Culpepper Crabfree, Esq.," the Rev John McGeorge.
"Daisy Howard," Myra D. McCrum.
"Daniel Stern," Marie de Flaviguy.
"Democritus, Jr.," Robert Burton.
"Devonshire Poet," O. Jones.
"Della Crusca," Robert Merry.
"Dick Tinto," Frank B. Goodrich.
"Doesticks," Mortimer Thompson.
"Dora D'Istria," Helena Ghika.
"Edward Kirke," J. B. Gilmore.
"Edward Larch," Abraham Tucker.
"Edouard Laboulaye," Dr. Rene Lefebvre.
"Edwin," Thomas Vaughan.
"Elia," Charles Lamb.
"Emily Bronte," Ellis Bell.
"English Aristophanes," Samuel Foote.
"E. Marlitt," Miss Eugenie Johns.
"Fanny Fern," Mrs. James Parton.
"Fanny Forrester," Emily Chubbuck.
"Florence Marryat," Mrs. R. Church.
"Florence Percy," Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.
"Frank Forrester," Henry W. Herbert.
"Gail Hamilton," Abigail Dodge.
"George Eliot," Mrs. M. J. Lewes.
"George T. Phillips," January Searle.
"Geore Sand," Mme. Dudevant.
"Geoffrey Crayon, Esq.," Washington Irving.
"George Fitz-Boodle," W. M. Thackeray.
"Grace Greenwood," Mrs. S. J. Lippincott.
"Grace Wharton," Mrs. A. T. Thomson.
"Graduate," Dr. McCaul.
"Guy Pollock," R Douglass Hamilton, M. D.
"Harriet Parr," Holme Lee.
"Hawser Martingale," John J. Sleeper.
"Harry Gringos," Capt. H. A. Wise.
"Herbert Ainslie," Edward Maitland.
"Howard Glyndon," Laura C. Reddan.
"Ik Marvel," Donald G. Mitchell.
"Isidor," Isidor G. Ascher.
"Isaac Bickerstaff," Dean Swift.
"Jack Downing," Seba Smith.
"Jean Paul," Jean Paul F. Richter.
"Janet Gordon," Mrs. Hardy.
"Jehu O'Cataract," John Neal.
"Jedediah Cleishbotham," Walter Scott.
"Jennie June," Mrs. Jennie Croly.
"Jeemes Pipes," Stephen Massett.
"John Phœnix," George H. Derby.
"Josh Billings," H. W. Shaw.
"K. N. Pepper," James M. Morris.
"Kirwan," the Rev. Nicholas Murray.
"Laurie Todd," Grant Thorburn.
"Launcelot Temple," John Armstrong.
"Laurence Templeton," Walter Scott.
"Legion," Justice R. B. Sullivan.
"Leonidas," Dr. Edgerton Ryerson.
"Libertas," Peter Drown.
"Louisa Muhlbach," Clara Mundt.
"Lucasta," Richard Lovelace.
"Lyndon," Miss A. Bright.
"Mace Sloper, Esq," C. G. Leland.
"Mark Twain," Samuel Clemens.
"Mary Clavers," Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.
"Marion Harland," Mrs. Terhune.
"Malachi," Walter Scott.
"Mary Powell," Anne Manning.
"Maria dell Occidente," Maria Brooks.
"Miss Muloch," Mrs. D. M. Craik.
"Meta Lander," Mrs. Prof. Lawrence.
"Mentor," Dr. Stewart.
"Miles O'Reilly," Charles G. Halpine.
"Meg Dods," Mrs. Johnstone.
"Mignonette," Emily H. Moore.
"Michael Angelo Titmarsh," Thackeray.
"Minnie Myrtle," Anna C. Johnson.
"Mit Yenda," Thomas Adney.
"Mrs. Ramsbottom," Theodore Hook.
"Mrs. H.," Mrs. W. H. Holstein.
"Mrs. Margaret Caudle," Douglas Jerrold.
"Mrs. Partington," B. P. Shillaber.
"M. B. Draper," Dean Swift.
"Mother Goose," Elizabeth Goose.
"M. Quad," C. B. Lewis.
"Ned Buntline," E. Z. C. Judson.
"Nerva," Justice Gale.
"Nimrod," Charles J. Apperley.
"Novalis," Freidrich von Hardenberg.
"Old Humphrey," George Mogridge.
"Oliver Oldschool," Nathan Sargent.
"Oliver Optic," W. T. Adams.
"Old Moore," Henry Andrews.
"Orphens C. Kerr," Robert H. Newell.
"Ouida," Louisa de la Rame.
"Owen Meredith," S r E. B. Lytton.
"Parson Brownlow," Rev. W. G. Brownlow.
"Patrick Swift," Lyon Mackenzie.
"Peter Parley," Samuel G. Goodrich.
"Peter Pindar," Dr. Wolcott.
"Peter Plymley," Sydney Smith.
"Philip Wharton," John C. Thomson.
"Peter Morris," John G. Lockhart.
"Petroleum V. Nasby," D. R. Locke.
"Porte Crayon," David H. Strother.
"Phiz," Hablot K. Browne (S. C.).
"Rev. M. S. Haskins," Margaret Ballon.
"Reckoner," Dr. Strachan.
"Richard Saunders," Benjamin Franklin.
"Saxe Holm," Ruth Ellis.
"Sam Slick," Judge Haliburton.
"Shirley," John Skelton.
"Shirely Dare," Susan Dunning.
"Sophia May," R. S. Clarke.
"Sir Morgan Odoherty," Dr. William M giun.
"Sir Minimus Pigmy," John Kent.
"Sydney Yendys," Sydney Dobell.
"Silverpen," Eliza Meteyard.
"The Tinc'arian Doctor," William Mitchell.
"The Bard," Edward Jerningham.
"The Disbanded Volunteer," Joseph Barber.
"Thomas Ingoldsby," the Rev. Richard Barham.
"Thomas Brown, the younger," Thomas Moore.
"Tony," John Williams.
"Tirso de Molina," Gabriel Tellez.
"Ubique," Parker Gilmore.
"Uncle Will, V. M.," the Rev. W. F. Crafts.
"Vetus," Edward Sterling.
"Village Schoolmaster," Charles M. Dickinson.
"Walter Barrett, clerk," J. F. Scoville.
"William Wastle," John G. Lockhart.
"William and Robert Whistlecraft," John H. Frere.
"W. Savage North," Wm. S. Newell.
"Wycliffe Lane," Mrs. E. Jenings.
"Whistler at the Plough," Alexander Sommerville.
"Veritas," the Hon. John Richardson.

F. N.

"Harry Castlemon," Charles Fosdick.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a "loss;" O, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O, we of little faith!
Let us look round, argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and, lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging wave he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad;
I'll bring him with Me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Or rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the Heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—*Church of England Magazine.*

BUNNY AT MALVERN HILL.

AN INCIDENT OF BATTLE VERSIFIED BY BRET HARTE.

Bunny, lying in the grass,
Saw the shining columns pass,
Saw the starry banner fly,
Saw the chargers prance and fume,
Saw the flapping hat and plume;
Saw them with his moist and shy,
Most unspeculative eye,
Thinking only in the dew,
That it was a fine review—
Till a flash, not all of steel,
Where the rolling caisson's wheel
Brought a rumble and a roar
Rolling down that velvet floor,
And like blows of autumn flail
Sharply threshed the iron hail.

Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,
Raised his soft and pointed ears,
Mumbled his prehensile lip,
Quivered his pulsating hip,
As the sharp, vindictive yell
Rose above the screaming shell:
Thought the world and all its men,
All the charging squadrons meant,
All were rabbit-hunters then,
All to capture him intent.
Bunny was not much to blame:
Wiser folk have thought the same—
Wiser folk, who think they spy
Every fit begins with "I."

Wildly panting, here and there
Bunny sought the freer air,
Till he dropped below the hill,
And saw, lying close and still,
Men with muskets in their hands.
(Never Bunny understands
That hypocrisy of sleep,
In the vigils grim they keep,
As recumbent on that spot
They elude the level shot.)

One—a grave and quiet man,
Thinking of his wife and child
Far beyond the Rapidan,
Where the Androscoggin smiled—
Felt the little rabbit creep,
Nestling by his arm and side.
Wakened from strategic sleep,
To that soft appeal replied,
Drew him to his blackened breast,
And—

But you have guessed the rest.
Softly o'er that chosen pair
Omnipresent Love and Care
Drew a mightier Hand and Arm,
Shielding them from every harm;
Right and left the bullets waved,
Saves the savior for the saved.

Who believes that equal grace
God extends in every place,
Little difference he scans
'Twixt a rabbit's God and man's.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Pease, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I's tired of the kitty;
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Writing letters, is'ou, mamma,
Tan't I write a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
No, no, mamma, me write letters—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait,
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead, high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news;"
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee;
"Mamma's writing lots of letters—
I's a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door;
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find another office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there;
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold.
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a foot had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Baby in Breeches.

It was all owing to the other baby. There was no call for that baby that I know of. There were babies enough before. When, as breakfast neared its close, Harry was heard thumping slowly down the stairs, pit-pit-pit-pattering through the parlors and the library, and presented himself at the dining-room door, in fresh, white frock and radiant face, emitting angelic war-hoops of delight; the old house seemed full of babies. And when he rushed around the room with fixed eyes, bent head, and shoulders thrust forward in frenzied eagerness for a chair, and when he had made good his divine right to a seat at the table by pushing his chair headlong into a place regardless of what broadcloth or ruffles might interpose; when he had painfully climbed up into the adult chair, and had brought his precious nose very nearly to a level with the table, with what serene delight—with what entire self-approbation and world-satisfaction—did he gaze around upon us, his aspiring, ambitious, unsatisfied elders! With what frankness he poked his sudden fingers into the peach preserve! With what sublime abstraction did he upset all the cups and saucers in his endeavor to reach the oranges! What a small thing it seemed to him, in flashes of adventureousness, to rise up in his chair, climb up on the table and creep along to the otherwise unattainable sugar-bowl! And when a blind and unreasonable prejudice interfered with this, his simple and honorable ambition, what hearty howls attested to his keen sense of right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of sugar, until some true friend, more open to conviction than his bigoted progenitors, set the sugar-bowl on the floor and restored the equilibrium to the universe!

Certainly, Harry was the baby, though, to satisfy a reasonable mind. His ignorance was of the most approved pattern, and penetrated every fastness in the whole province of knowledge. He not only, like Sir Thomas Moore, did not know Greek at three years of age, but he was very imperfectly acquainted with English. He had never so much as heard whether there be any Alphabet. He knew how to tumble all the collars, ribbons and trinkets out of the upper drawer into kaleidoscopic confusion. He could toss Billy, the fireman, toward the ceiling in such eccentric orbits that he would be sure to strike against the vase and upset the flowers on his way down. But of any useful knowledge, or of any knowledge that promised to be useful, he was destitute to a degree that would have charmed the heart of the most devoted believer in vital statistics.

But another king arose who knew not Joseph. Another baby must needs come peeping and prying into the world, and baby Harry must abdicate. The badges of his royalty must go. All his little cambric flounces—all his lovely, silken-stitched flannel petticoats—the folds and tucks, and ruffles and ribbons of his infantile grace, the insignia of his innocence, the vestiges of his heavenly creation—were to be ruthlessly rent away, and he was to make his *debut* in the straight lines and plain surfaces and monotonus hues and unmitigated bifurcations of the unbeautiful sex—the sex which is not lovely in itself, and which borrows no loveliness from its dress—for even the most thorough advocate of the equality of the sexes must admit that the handsome man is but a rough and primitive creation compared with the handsome woman; and that while the plain woman, by correct combinations of color and outline, can at least reduce her plainness to its lowest terms and sometimes combine it altogether out of sight, the plain man has nothing for it but to put on his hat and coat and fight it out on that line.

Of course, we all know that Harry must come to it in time; but why array him prematurely in the sombre garments of manhood? Why put his awful baby ignorance and innocence in such grotesque contrast with his manly garb? It is only for his brief blossoming that he can have the beauty of drapery. Once out of it, he returns, he returns, he returns no more. Once robbed of his cambrics and muslins, and there remains for him through life nothing but a dreary waste of trowsers—a pitiless stretch of dun broadcloth scarcely brightened, certainly not relieved, by the stiffness of starched and uncompromising linen. The time may come in the floodtime of youth and love when he will put a bouquet in his buttonhole. In his famished craving for color he may possibly indulge a blue-bordered handkerchief; but not for him the broad expanses of lustrous hues; never for him the rainbow tints, the sunset blendings, wherein his sister may luxuriate. It is only the short, sweet morning of his babyhood that can be tricked out in curve and color, in feathers and flowers, and all fantastic finery.

But the decree goes forth. Off come the bobbing little petticoats that I love, the chunky little sleeves so full of the chunky little arms, the baby waist that has nothing in common with the tyrant man, and never so much as suggests the arrogance and domination of the oppressing sex—and Baby Harry goes into breeches and ecstacies.

But I have my revenge. With the robes he has not put on the soul of manhood. His awful innocence is too fresh from Heaven to be smothered by jacket and trowsers. He has by

no means yet unlearned the contortions and climbings, the crawlings and rollings of his lost estate, and his clothes have hard work to stay on. It is only by the skin of their teeth that the trowsers keep connection with the jacket. He emerges from his dressing-room dainty and decorus, "close buttoned to the chin," collar straight, shoes tied, stockings fast—a little man.

An hour passes, and the little man has one shoe off, the string of the other gone. One red stocking has been displaced by a black-and-white striped one, with the heel cocked defiantly over his instep, and the other stocking is reefed around the ankle. Both bare, brown, battered knees are surmounted with a white cotton crown, and the minute breeches are tucked up as high as they will go around the minute legs. Buttons have treacherously parted company with button-holes, and alow and aloft bears Harry his flag of truce. Dear, little dilapidated man—comical mockery and travesty of a man—minikin, midget, baby-in-breeches—such and so great confusion comes upon all impatient and evil-minded parents who are not content to wait the flower's slow unfolding, but will have the tiny and tender bud spring suddenly into the broad-bannered rose.

"Harry Midget, come here and be reconstructed. What did you see at the circus yesterday?"

"A leffalent and a baby leffalent!"

"And where is Katrina gone?"

"Gone to Frank-an-cisco!"—pulling out for freedom.

"Stop! Tell me what is the Japanese embassador's name."

"I—*hack*-u-ra!"—tugging mightily away.

"How much do you love me? Then you shall go.

"*Tin* dollar."

"That's all?"

"And a gold locket!"

Bless the baby, with or without his "troublesome disguises," which, after all, rather emphasize than disguise his babyhood!

THE OLD TRAMP.

Good mornin,' boys, and how is biz? I'm a seedy-looking tramp,
You see, last night my little bed was just a trifle damp;
I missed the train—that's funny, too—and then I walked the rail;
I found my bed, as I always do, when inn-connections fail.

Last night I dreamt a dream, and I wish I'd never woke—
Yes, boys, I dreamt I lived again before I took this yoke;
I saw the forms of other days—they've climbed the golden hill;
I mingled with a homely throng—I wish it were so still.

'Twas a banquet spread in that old home, and all were gathered there
To crowd around the festal board—parental blessings share:
You see I lived my life again, O happy days so bright,
As I slept on my dew-damp bed, in the shadows of last night.

A poor tramp printer has a heart beneath his ragged garb,
Hard Times is roaming through the land, and we have felt his barb;
And, strangers, when I woke this morn, with cramps and mental pain,
May God forgive my wicked wish—to never wake again.

I've made some justification in this ancient, battered form,
And my benzine wash I've thrown aside, it's brought to me much harm;
My proof has been corrected, a revise will needed be,
For He that searcheth every heart will many errors see.

My tramp is almost ended now—old age will win the race,
You see my hands are trembly, and I cannot hold a case;
But I've made an application at the City built of gold,
And I long to hear the anwer: "'Tis a case that you can hold."

—*Newspaper Reporter.*

THE STOCKING-BASKET.

Cosily thron'd in her cushion'd chair,
A mother reclined from toil and care,
Except the darning of a stocking,
And her chair's perpetual rocking.
I thought I had somewhere seen it styled.
The plague of life, such a basket piled
With tiresome, everlasting stitching,
With work so very unbewitching,
And as she broke the thread asunder,
Weaving in and out, over and under,
I wished the rents in human life,
Could be mended with as little strife.

She took in her hand a tiny thing,
All striped with a white and scarlet ring,
And smiled as she thought of the silken hair
And laughing eyes of her darling fair;
Of the rosy lips and dainty hands,
The pleading cries and the loud demands.
She sighed as she thought of the world untried,
And up and down her needle plied.
She knew it said, Oh! blessed are such!
And stroked her work with a tender touch,
Softly folded and laid it away,
As the little feet in slumber lay.

But on the next a tear-drop lingers;
The mother wrought with trembling fingers,
And sadly bowed with an anxious face,
Appealing on High for strength and grace
To guide the steps of her wayward son,
To bless and protect her erring one,
Nor suffer the wand'ring feet to roam
Forth from the love of his early home
To shield him from the glittering net
The tempter with costly jewels had set;
To save him from the sparkling bowl,
And all the dangers that scar the soul.

As on the third her looks were bent,
The face wore a smile of sweet content,
For the fair-haired girl whose gentle ways
Were extolled by all with voice of praise:
For her the sunshine ever glowed,
And from her lips rare music flowed;
With graceful carriage and modest mien,
She moved through life like a fair young queen.
The mother said, with a fervent prayer,
May Heaven shield her from harm and care,
From cruel want, and the stings that smart,
From the bruises of a blighted heart.

The next were for those whose feet had trod
For many summers the earth's green sod;
And the storms of many winters felt,
In joys had smiled, and in sorrows knelt.
No cloud so dark, but the glimmering hue
Of the sunrise ever struggled through;
No gloom so deep, faith could not brighten;
No toil so hard, love could not lighten.

The last for one who was passing down
To her narrow home with a silver crown
Of wondrous luster, that seemed to shed
A light of glory 'round her head.
Peacefully sinking to the quiet rest
Awaiting those of the truly blest;
For her she plead the right to share
All tender aid and watchful care.

And thus the stockings all were mended;
With each stitch a thought was blended;
With ev'ry thread for future wear,
The weaving-in of a silent prayer.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Earl of Antrim has discovered an uncommon type of flint implement in the county Antrim, Ireland. These ancient flints are supposed to have been used as saws. Each one has a semi-circular notch in it, the edges being delicately serrated.

Only Little Dot.

BY OLIVE S. BROWN.

[The touching incident that gave rise to the following lines occurred in one of our large cities. Crouched upon the curbstone in a blinding snow-storm was a little match-girl, apparently not more than six years old. Attracted by her sobs, an old gentleman approached her and kindly asked, "Who are you, my little girl, that you are here in this storm?" Raising her large, brown eyes, brimming with tears, she sobbed, "O, I'm only little Dot!":]

Crouching on the icy pavement,
Sobbing, shivering with the cold,
Garments scant around her clinging,
All her matches still unsold;
Visions of a cheerless garret,
Cruel blows, not soon forgot,
Wake, through choking sobs, the murmur,
"O, I'm only little Dot!"

Deeper than the icy crystals,
Though their keenness make her start,
Is the hungry, aching longing
In the little match-girl's heart.
No kind voice to cheer and comfort;
Ah! by fortune quite forgot,
Who can wonder at the murmur,
"O, I'm only little Dot!"

Far above all clouds and snow-storms,
Where the streets have pearly gates,
In that home a sainted mother
For the little match-girl waits.
By the throng of waiting angels,
Little one, you're ne'er forgot.
In the home of many mansions,
There is room for little Dot.

—*Youth's Companion.*

My Wife's Sweet Love.

I'd rather own my wife's sweet love,
Than all the world could give beside;
There is no love can equal prove,
With that of love's devoted bride.
The maiden love may be withdrawn,
As shining meteors pass away;
But wifely love comes like the dawn,
The whole of life's long day to stay!

I'd rather own thy love, sweet wife,
Than princely smiles, and gems so fair;
With thee I spend the whole of life,
And need that thou my all shouldst share.
Go, tell the flowers they need no rain,
And need no sun with warmth and glow;
Yea, tell them that, and just as vain,
Persuade my heart from thee to grow.

Oh, wife! I need thy love for e'er,
Not now so dark and hid in cloud,
And then a moment sun-like fair,
But ever free from speck and shroud;
Thy love was sworn; are oaths for nought;
And vows to be of no regard?
Thy love, my wife, my heart has sought,
Oh, be thy love my dear reward!

Thy love is sweet as life itself,
The sweetest joy my frame can feel,
A million times before all pelf,
And idols where we foolish kneel.
Oh, fire my soul with its delight,
And bid it never more depart;
My sun by day, my moon by night,
The guide and comfort of my heart!

The Apple Bee.

Twenty years and three! Ah me! Twenty years and three.
And there we sit—a basket of apples on my knee;
Busy fingers pare and slice, but busy thoughts will go
Beak to a happy, blissful time, twenty-three y'rs ago.

The scent of the fragrant apple, the scraping sound of the knife
Take mack ck o'er a lapse of time to a scene in earlier life;
Take me back to a country home, a home I no more may know.
Back to a rustic apple-bee, twenty-three y'rs ago.

Back to a farmer's kitchen, in Autumn eventide,
The basket of apples is on my knee, and the dear one at my side;
Happy, smiling girls and boys as thick as they can stow,
Paring and slicing apples, twenty-three years ago.

I live again those golden hours, I see again that happy throng
I listen again to the sound of mirth or the long-forgoten song;
Blushing apples and blushing cheeks, like visions come and go,
And I steal a glance at those bright eyes, twenty-three years ago.

Do you remember, dearest, the words we whispered then?
And does the spell of the golden hours come back in dreams again?
Do you remember those apple peels we o'er our heads did throw,
Anb the letters they made on the sanded floor, twenty-three years ago?

I wonder if the boys and girls keep up those gath erings yet,
Those good old-fashioned apple-bees they surely don't forget;
I wonder, wife, if our bonny boys will ever, ever know
The joys of that rustic apple-bee, twenty-three years ago!

The Absurdity of It.

It is all very well for the poets to tell,
By way of their song adorning,
Of milkmaids who rouse to manipulate cows
At five o'clock in the morning;
And of many young mowers who bundle out-doors—
The charms of their straw-beds scorning—
Before break of day, to make love and hay,
At five o'clock in the morning:—

But, between you and me, it is all untrue—
Believe not a word they utter:
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of five
Bring beaux—or even bring butter.
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
Would do so, perhaps in a horning;
But the sweet country girls, would they show their curls
At five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
Or the moon—if anxious to settle,
To kneel in wet grass, and pop; but, alas!
What if he popped on a nettle?
For how could he see what was under his knee,
If, in spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed and his house and his head,
At five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well for such stories to tell,
But if I were a maid, all-forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop in the clover, to pop,
At five o'clock in the morning,
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at three;"
If not, I'd turn on him with scorning:
"Don't come here, you flat, with conundrums like that,
At five o'clock in the morning!"

The colors of starfishes cannot be permanently preserved. So Professor Agassiz said, at the second meeting of the Natural History Club on Penekese Island. Certain shades of color are more evanescent than others, but though specimens kept in alcohol or glycerine will retain their colors for a short time, all will eventually disappear. It is not known to what the colors of starfishes are due; and Professor Agassiz said the same was true of all marine animals.

Original.

To My Mother.

OF all the tender ties that bind
My heart to any other,
The sweetest, gentlest and most kind
Is that which will forever bind
My heart unto my mother.

The first of all my earthly friends,
Her love she'll never smother;
Day by day as the years go by,
Firmer, closer is drawn the tie
That binds me to my mother.

Far back to early childhood's hour,
The first of any other,
I saw a sweet, fond, anxious face,
Bending o'er me with angel grace,
I know it was my mother.

Since then I never can forget,
How, more than any other,
She has been patient, gentle, kind,
Of all true friends to me I find—
The best has been my mother.

And though I have to manhood grown,
And learned to love another,
Yet first of all is still to me
The tie which binds so tenderly
My heart unto my mother.

Then let in future come what will,
Ne'er to any other
I'll give that place within my heart,
I keep as sacred and apart,
To give unto my mother.

JULIAN JOHNSON.

Poor.

What! poor you say? Why, save you, friend,
I've more than half the world can show;
Such wealth as mine you cannot boast,
Such bliss as mine you cannot know.
I've more than keenest head can sum—
Could ever dream of night or day;
I've treasures hid from sordid hearts
No cunning thief can take away.

My riches never bring distrust
Between me and my fellow-men;
No evil passion stirs my breast,
To yield me hate for hate again.
But pleasure, peace and joy they bring;
They soothe my cares, they make me glad,
They give delight I cannot name,
And buy me comfort when I'm sad.

Come here and open wide your eyes:
You see earth's glory at my feet,
You see the sky above my head,
The sunshine on my garden seat;
You see the love that lights my home,
The children round my cottage door—
The birds, the bees, the grass and flowers—
And you have dared to call me poor!

Come here and open wide your ears,
And hark the music morning makes,
When from the hills and from the woods
Her high and holy anthem breaks.
Come here and catch the grand old songs
That nature sings me evermore—
The whispering of a thousand things,
And tell me—tell me, am I poor!

Not rich is he, though wider far
His acres stretch than eye can roll,
Who has no sunshine in his mind,
No wealth of beauty in his soul.
Not poor is he, though never known
His name in hall or city mart,
Who smiles, content beneath his load,
With God and Nature in his heart.

"IN-AS-MUCH."

"Blow, wild winds of the winter, blow!
What care I for the storm?
What care I for the whirling snow?
My fire burns bright and warm.
Without are tempest, storm and night,—
[illegible] light and cheer.
The hungry cold may gnaw and bite,
It ne'er can reach us here!

"Shutters are closed, the curtains drawn,
My children in their beds;
Thank Heaven that never one is gone
From the row of golden heads!

"Howl, wild winds of the winter, howl!
Nothing have I to fear;
Though storms may rage, and skies may scowl,
My fire is bright and clear."

Stay, but one moment, selfish heart!
Bar not the doors so tight!
Stay, for thy Master, Jesus, walks
Your city's street to night.

Oft Judah's lonely lanes he walked,
Homeless, in days of old,
And still by city homes he waits,
Shelterless, worn, and cold.

Faint, suffering, tempted still and tried,
With quivering lips and white;—
Is there no room at thy fire-side
To welcome him to night?

Oh, that some angel's hand would tear
The scales from blinded eyes,
That we might know the dear Lord Christ
Beneath His beggar guise!

In every alley, and lane and street
His suffering poor we see,—
"As ye did it not to one of these,
Ye did it not to me!"

THE CRIPPLED CHILD.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I.

Oh the strange patience and the pale sad look
That set their seal upon the cripple's face!
The eyes that gaze far off, as if they took
No conscious image from the crowded space,—
Seeing, as those who see not; or, as those whose heart
In all earth's pageant had no place or part.

II.

So gazed a crippled child into the street
In the calm twilight of a summer day
When all the air with scent of flowers was sweet
And happy children had come out to play,—
Their fluttering ribbons, and their snowy dress
Adding fresh charms to youth's fresh loveliness.

III.

They roll'd their hoops, with tinkling bells set round,
And laughter filled the intervals of sound;
Or in a charmed circle breathless stood
To hear the story of some fairy-wood;
Till shades fell deeper—then the merry throng
Joined hands and fill'd the welkin with this song:

("Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street,"
etc., etc.)

IV.

But though the cripple heard the chiming lay,
And seem'd to watch with grave and pensive eyes,
He heard as one that hears when far away,
And watched like one who still in watching tries
To see some other sight—or hear some tone
Whose grace and music are for him alone.

V.

"You are not sorrowful, dear child!" I said.
He turned unto me with a swift surprise,
Shaking, in grave denial, the fair head
Lit with the beauty of his star-like eyes.
"I am the happiest! howsoe'er it seems,
For if they have their play *I have my dreams.*

VI.

"And yet their play is pleasant, clear and long,—
List to the merry jingles that fill the street:

('Draw a pail of water,
For my lady's daughter.
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green,
Playing with grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.')

And I *have* wished that I were straight and strong
To time the happy chanting with my feet;
But all that bitterness is past; God sent
Me dreams that fill me with content.

VII.

"I dream of angels, oh! how fleet and strong!
They whisper 'Patience! 'tis not very long.'
But oh what they have told me, and what shown,
I cannot tell, *it was for me alone.*
I shall have life through death, through pain win rest,
God chose my portion, and *He chose the best.*"

VIII.

Paler and frailer grows he, day by day,
Waiting, he knoweth well for *Whom* and *What;*
Watching the drifting clouds, the children play,
Not of *this* world, and yet not quite of *that.*
And I shall seek him soon, and hear them say
"The angels came for him at break of day!"

The Grave.

What is the grave?—A pillow of repose,
Where all must rest, and never more awake
To the world's toil. Sinner and saint alike,
Emperor and slave, king, peasant, lord and vassal,
Pomp, poverty, humility and pride,
Ambition that disdains to tread the earth
And mounts among the stars—lo! here they lie!
Empty distinction! Honors, titles, power,
Unite with meanness, beggary and shame;
The grave alike receives them—while it mocks
At the survivor's grief, who in *his* turn
Awaits the mandate which he now deplores!
Others shall weep for *him*, and in their fall
They shall be wept by *others*. Thus the world
Moves onward in its melancholy march,
One vast extended funeral, fraught with tears!
None cease to mourn but those who cease to feel,
In the kind refuge of the grave's embrace,
And yet we shun it; *shudder* at our *friend;*
Cling to the flitting phantoms that delude us;
Build in the winds; confide upon the waves;
Nor see the tempest that shall wreck our hopes,
Nor dream of changing tides or hidden shoals
That lie beneath the smiling treachery
Of Ocean's glassy surface! Others sink;
We wonder—yet we fear not, though the storm
That blasts *their* hopes increases in its rage,
[illegible] thunders against
Each, self-secure, beholds its ravages
Now here, now there—on every side of him—
And rushes thoughtless, heedless, on his fate.

Old Times.

There's a beautiful song on the slumberous air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair
That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure, and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A rosy leaf, and a dimpled hand,
A ring and a plighted vow;
Three golden rings on a broken hand,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the summer air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng
Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingles with matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth so swiftly away,
And we call it now "Old Times."

THE OLD HOME.

An out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy pace,
With the clinking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gift,
In the flickering fire-light, as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the big book on his lap,
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk-pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when falling years
Make thin my voice and thrapple,
Find my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet as children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

THE BARN WINDOW.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

The old barn window, John,
Do you remember it?
How just above it, on the beam,
The tame doves used to sit;
And how we watched the sunshine stream
Through motes and gossamer,
When down they fluttered, John,
With such a breezy whirr?

I think the sunsets, John,
Are seldom now as red;
They used to linger like a crown
Upon your auburn head,
From the high hay-loft looking down
To tell me of the nest
The white hen hid there, John—
The whole brood's handsomest!

Those times were pleasant, John,
When we were boy and girl,
Though modern young folks style them "slow";
Alack! a giddy whirl
The poor old world is spinning now,
To stop, who guesses when?
Be thankful with me, John,
That we were children then!

Have you forgotten, John,
That Wednesday afternoon
When the great doors were opened wide
And all the scents of June
Came in to greet us, side by side,
In the high-seated swing,
Where flocks of swallows, John,
Fanned us with startled wing?

Up to the barn-caves, John,
We swung, two happy things,
At home and careless in the air
As if we both had wings;
The mountain sides lay far and fair
Beyond the blue stream's shore;
I cried: "Swing higher, John!"
And fell upon the floor!

Next time I saw you, John,
You stood beside my bed;
Tears trembled in your clear boy-glance,
I thought that I was dead,
But felt my childish pulses dance
To be beside you still:
I lived to love you, John,
As to the end I will!

We swing no longer, John,
We sit at our own door
And watch the shadows on the hill,
The sunshine on the shore;
But the window in the barn is still
A magic glass to me,
For through its cobwebs, John,
Our childhood's days I see!

THE CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a word, a careless word;
As thistle down it seemed as light;
It paused a moment on the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a haughty sneer;
It gathered weight as on it sped—
That careless word, in its career.

Then rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it weight,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then that word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain;
For soon it fell like lava drops
Upon a wildly tortured brain.

And then another page of life
With burning, scalding tears was blurred,
A load of care was heavier made—
Its added weight, that careless word.

That careless word, O how it scorched!
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart!
'Twas like a hungry fire that searched
Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountain stirred;
It calmed, but bitter ashes mark
The pathway of that careless word.

—*Pine and Palm.*

TO BRYANT AT FOUR-SCORE.

NOVEMBER 3, 1874.

Among the many noble tributes to Bryant on his recent birthday, none is purer or sweeter, or more in Bryant's own vein and mood, than that which comes from Rev. Henry C. Badger, principal of the Newbury Street Ladies' School, in Boston. We congratulate its author on furnishing a gem to literature, and on regaining powers which severe illness and very deep affliction have threatened to cloud.—*Liberal Christian.*

Poet, whose voice is of the winds and woods,
Whose calm verse flows as does the mountain rill,
Rippling and murmuring through the shade and sheen
And o'er the cool, clean stone;
Poet, whose voice is of the ocean floods
When thou dost hear, along the wooded hill,
The footsteps of the Lord, and thou may-'st lean
To listen, stilled, alone,—
Nature's Interpreter,—the wind, the stream, the tree,
The human soul, all find a friend in thee.

Thine is the music of the fountain's flow,
Or Autumn's wind, fresh in the fading tree;
Men quicken at thy word; they feel thee nigh,—
One dear to childhood's day.
Thou art a stream born of the mountain snow,
Which sought, unsoiled, the city by the sea,
Winding where fair things fail and pure things die;
And springing, white with spray,
A Fountain, where, despite the multitudinous tread,
Faith is refreshed and faint hearts comforted.

Bryant! thy word is best when thou dost write
Of life, of hope, of human destiny,—
Of the grave joy which keeps the heart content,—
Of Nature's constant calm!
Comforter, thou dost show the Infinite,
Thou dost unseal the fount when eyes are dry
And hearts are breaking! Thy wise words are blent
With weeping; and a Psalm
Of Life goes up, and not unheard: while thou dost sing,
Hearts grateful, though unseen, still listen lingering.

So shall men listen when all th[illegible]
gone;
Still shalt thou sing when the invisible veil
Hath wrapped thee from man's vision.
Lightly lie
On thee thy years four-score!
In thine eternal youth thou shalt sing on;
Thy strain, a voice of Nature, shall not fail;
And thee labor and sorrow come not nigh!
But when the silent oar
Of Charon stirs, not too late or soon, that voiceless sea,
Wake to thy two-fold immortality!

By the Winter Fire.

BY IRENE CONNELL.

Draw the curtains, draw them closer,
Wheel the chairs around the fire,
Watch the red coals growing brighter,
And the quick blaze leaping higher

Close outside are night and blackness,
Starless skies and drifting rain,
While the dreary wind is sobbing
Like a living thing in pain.

Let no heart be sad or drooping,
Sorrow should have nought to do,
Mirth can thrive 'neath winter's grayness
As it did 'neath summer's blue.

Bring we hither book and ballad
Of the famous days of yore,
Merry tales of court and castle
That the world shall see no more.

Open wide the gates of Romance,
Let the Past come trooping through,
Hither led by Don Quixote,
Lion-heart and Ivanhoe.

Read to me some strange old poem,
Treasure of a by-gone time,
Every word a quaint-wrought jewel
Richly set in antique rhyme.

Read till we call back the blossoms,
And the yellow sunshine warm,
Till the spell of calm October
Charms away December's storm.

What care we for night and darkness,
What care we for wind and rain,
Here 'mid winter's wildest revels
Summer days shall live again.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled
Where the blades of the new grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and under the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the acre the blue,
Under the willow the gray.

These in the robing of glory,
These in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of Eternity meet.
Under the sod and under the dew, etc.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and under the dew, etc.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and under the dew, etc.

So when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of rain.
Under the sod and under the dew, etc.

Sadly, but not unbraiding,
The generous deed was done:
In the storms of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and under the dew, etc.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and under the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

WHAT AGASSIZ IS ABOUT.—The *California Teacher* for March has the following interesting paragraph: Prof. Agassiz is preparing for an institute of ten or twelve weeks in midsummer at Nantucket, to be occupied with Natural History. The Professor is to be assisted by some of the ablest naturalists of the country. He hopes eventually to secure the co-operation of the common schools to such an extent, that of those which can not each afford a teacher of Natural Science in one or more departments, several will unite in securing a competent instructor who shall divide his time and instruction amongst them. There is not a more healthy, jolly or busy man in Cambridge than he. Prof. Gray lectures four times a week, is as hearty as he can be, and when not lecturing, is busy in his study, the herbarium, or in pushing along the special students. Prof. Whitney is to be met quite often with a preoccupied look on his face and a bundle under his arm that is very likely a map of California. Hon. G. B. Northrop has entered upon an interesting course of lectures on "American and Foreign Systems of Education," at the Lowell Institute. Miss Peabody discusses Kindergartening, Saturday afternoons. Dr. I. I. Hayes is just about closing a very entertaining course on "Arctic Discovery." Prof. N. S. Shaler has gone to England for his health, and will not return before June next. Dr. Gray says it will not be long before we shall have a Botany of California.

Out From the River.

Close her eyes tenderly, do not despise her—
Gone is the spirit for judgment above;
She was destitute—none to advise her,
She was so beautiful—true to her love.

Homeless and penniless, he who adored her
Stricken in youth by the cold hand of death;
Gone was all comfort the world could afford her;
Soon she grew weary, and sickened to death.

She was a stranger to shame, but the tempter
Plied her poor soul with his subtlest arts,
Bravely she conquered—but God will exempt her.
Some said that she with dishonor had part.

It was false; but the slanders filled her with sadness
Pointed the finger of scorn at her head!
She in wild agnoy, driven to madness,
Rushed to the river; and here she lies dead.

Close her eyes tenderly, thou who art wiser,
Peacefully fold the poor hands on her breast;
Do not be merciless, do not despise her

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

A Backwoodsman Story.

Well, boys! you mayn't believe me,
But what I tell you's true;
I've signed them women's pledges!
Ef you'd been there, so'd you.
I'll tell you how it happened,
And then I want your name
Put right down here 'longside of mine
To take away our shame.

You think I'm joking? Well—may be
You have a right to doubt.
Now hear me, boys—*So-help-me-God*,
My drinking is played out.
But I'll go on and tell you all
Just how the thing began,
And then I know each one of you
Will sign this, like a man.

Well! We was down at Murphy's—
Bill and me and Cap'in Black
And Jo, (he held a stavin' hand),
A-playing "High, Low, Jack."
You know how we was planning,
(T'was just the other day)—
What fun we'd have among ourselves
Ef the women come to pray.
And Jo, he said, he'd walk right up
And give a rousin' treat,
Asking the ladies what they'd have;
And do the job up neat!

Bill said, he'd ask what game they' like
And hand them each a chair,
And tell 'em just to stake their plles—
He'd see the thing done square!
While Murphy said, "If they come *thar*
A-prayin' round his gin,
He'd give 'em such a piece of jaw
They wouldn't come agin!

Now, Cap'in Black and me, you know,
Are kinder slow of speech,
And tho' we laughed and jolned the joke
We felt no "call to preach."
Well, boys! you should a biu thar;
It would a done you good!
Though I ain't sure, ef I'd a see'd
Them coming—as I should.

We was sittin' round the table,
A playin' out them cards,
And having of a lively game;
(Cap'in Black and me was "pards,")
My back was towards the door
And I watched the Cap'in's face,
For I'd played "low," and Jo, the "jack,"
And I thought he held the "ace!"

When, all at once, it flushed and paled
As ef he'd seen a ghost!
(And the Cap'in ain't no coward—
You know he'd face a host!)
Bill's face was white; and Murphy
Was trembling like a thief.
Their eyes were sot upon the door—
Thar stood the cause of grief.

Them shetters opened softly,
(I thought it was the wind)
And thar stood them two women
A fearin' to come in!
Their faces, they was pale like;
And their lips, a kinder set,
And in their eyes a curious look
I never can forget.

It made me think of mother!
And boys, I just tell you,
Her like you won't find often
Ef you hunt the country thro'!
It wasn't dress, nor feature,
Nor was it shape nor size,
But something else that seemed to look
Clean through me, in their eyes!

Jo rose right up—his face as white
As e'er you saw a sheet,
Then he struck off a han'some bow,
But he never mentioned "treat."
And Bill, (it kinder made me laugh
For all I was so skeered,)
To see the way he fumbled round
And pocketed each "keerd."

As to that little game, you see
He wasn't up to chalk;
And when he went to say "take seats,"
Why! he could hardly talk.
And Cap'in Black, brave fellow!
Rose up and bared his head,
And stood uncovered by them
Till all their say was said.

They hadn't come to pray, boys,
They'd said their prayers before—
Tho' I saw their pale lips moving
As they stood thar, at the door.
I can't tell all they said, boys,
Their words, they burnt like fire
Deep in my heart, and seemed to wake
A burning, strange desire

To be a better sort of man—
To lead a different life,
And when the past was all wiped out,
To have a home—and wife!
Now I don't care for liquor, lads!
And ain't *dead set* for play—
But I go thar to meet the boys
When work's done for the day.
And Murphy is a low-lived cuss,
No man can that deny;
He sells us all bad liquor
And drugs it on the sly.

But then I always felt 'twas mean
To use his light and heat,
And then get up and git, you know,
And never say, "let's treat."
And so, I've always done, you see,
And more than done, my part
To keep this cursed traffic up
That breaks so many a heart.

I had no thought that I did wrong;
And cared not who might see.
"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Had never troubled me;
But when I come to look at it
Just once, thro' woman's eyes,
I saw myself the thing that most
Of all earth I despise—

A man, who gloried in his power
To keep upon his feet,
Tempting the weak ones every hour
By offering them a "treat."
If you'd said that I'd a harmed
A woman or a child,
I'd rammed the charges down your throat
Or called you drunk, or wild!

But now, I see their very bread
Was given up to me,
When fathers paid the charges
That sent the "treat" round free!
And then these women told us
Of lonely nights of dread,
Of curses, carried home to them
Of children, wanting bread—

Of gray haired mothers waiting
For boys that never come;
Of all the horrid baiting
Throughout the world, by rum!
And prayed us, in their weakness
And in their sore despair,
To help to lift this burden,
Which now the helpless bear;

To save the little children
That follow us so soon,
By closing up the road to death
That lies thro' the saloon;
To live the lives our mothers
Had hoped and prayed we might,
And leave a better record
Behind us in God's sight!

Their pledges not to *drink* or *treat*,
They asked us all to sign.
The first name down was Cap'in Black's—
The next one—it was mine.
Then all the rest but Murphy
Came up and made their mark.
But when the women came to him
I tell you, he looked dark!

And when he read that we had signed
A pledge to drink no more,
He turned upon them women
And pointing to the door,
Ripped out some mighty ugly words
For women's ears to hear.
Then Cap'in Black first spoke to them
And told them not to fear.

"We'll keep our pledges, sure," said he,
And led them both away.
Then he turned back on Murphy—
A lion on his prey!
But I was nighest, and was first
Across the bar, you see.
And thar wasn't room for Cap'in Black
Just then, twixt him and me!

* * * * * * *

I needn't tell about the row,
I reckon you have heard—
But come! You've got to sign this, boys,
Without another word.
Here! pass this paper, Barney;
Ah! Tom, my boy, that's right!
And Ned—and Jim—and Uncle George;
(I can't believe my sight!)

Now doctor, put your name down thar!
Good! See 'em how they sign.
When Cap'in Black leads off, boys,
You needn't fear to jine.
What! All? Now boys you please me;
And may be this will be
Some making up for all these years
Of wrong, we didn't see.

And maybe since these women
Have thought it worth their while
To come and plead with such as we,
That God in heaven will smile,
And in his mercy, help us
In some way to atone,
By double work in half the time
For all the harm we've done!

Children.

A GEM FROM LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye upon the Eastern windows
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the bird and the wind are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with young caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

Garlands upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheafe of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart,
Borne like a warrior on his shield!
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

WHO ARE THE POOR?

BY CALEB DUNN.

Who are the poor? Not always those
Who have the least to show,
Nor are they always found among
The darkest haunts of woe;
For one may wear the richest dress
And roll in wealth's galore,
And still in Heaven's perfect sight
Be poor, aye, very poor.

The brightest skies may ever shine
Above the mansion proud,
And he who dwells within its walls
With want may ne'er be bowed;
The sweetest music ever heard
May feed his listening ear,
And mirth and pleasure fill the cup
Of all the gladsome year.

Yet poor indeed must be the man
Who owns such joys as these,
If e'er his heart is coldly closed
To others' miseries;
And vain is all his store of gold
If selfishly he lives,
And, always reaping harvests new,
No charity e'er gives.

Real poverty is in the heart,
'Tis want of love for man,
'Tis failure to perform a good,
To bless whene'er you can;
'Tis lack of love and lack of faith
In God and His decree,
That the greatest virtue one can own
Is loving charity.

So let us, then, do all we can
To help each other on,
And show that wealth of mind and heart
Which lives when gold is gone;
And let us keep this truth in view
Where'er our steps may lead:
A man may be a millionaire
And yet be poor indeed.

M. C. says: "Having observed your kindness in solving difficulties for your correspondents, I feel emboldened to ask for information on the following subjects: 1. Is 'Ginx's Baby' a story? and if so, by whom? 2. Why is one of the statues of Venus known as the 'Venus of Milo,' and another as Venus de Medici? By answering these questions, you will greatly oblige a warm admirer of your paper." 1. "Ginx's Baby" is a story with a moral, and is intended to influence legislation. The author is Mr. Jenkins, a London barrister, who has the reputation of being an excellent man, as well as a popular writer. 2. The Venus de Medici is a statue, partially restored, to be found in the *Uffizie* at Florence. It was discovered in the sixteenth century, in the Villa Hadriana, near Tivoli. The Venus of Milo is so called because discovered in the island of that name, the ancient *Melos*.

BUSINESS TABLES.

HOW TO LAY OFF A SQUARE ACRE OF GROUND.

Measure 209 feet on each side, and you will have a square acre, within an inch.

CONTENTS OF AN ACRE.

An Acre contains 4,840 square yds.
A square mile contains 640 acres.

LAND MEASURE.

144 square inches,	1 square foot.
9 square feet.	1 square yard.
30¼ square yards,	1 square rod.
40 square rods,	1 square rood.
4 square roods,	1 square acre.
640 square acres,	1 square mile.

MEASURES OF DISTANCES.

A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards in length.
A fathom is 6 feet.
A league is 3 miles.
A "Sabbath-days journey" is 1,155 yards—(this is 18 yards less than two-thirds of a mile.)
A "day's journey" is 33½ miles.
A cubit is 2 feet.
A great cubit is 11 feet.
A hand (horse measure) is 4 in.
A palm is 3 inches.
A span is 10⅞ inches.
A pace is three feet.

LENGTH MEASURE.

12 inches,	1 foot.
3 feet,	1 yard.
2 yards,	1 fathom.
16½ feet,	1 rod.
4 rods,	1 chain.
10 chains,	1 furlong.
8 furlongs,	1 mile.
3 miles,	1 league.

BARREL MEASURE.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork, 200 pounds.
A barrel of rice, 600 pounds.
A barrel of powder, 25 pounds.
A firkin of butter, 56 pounds.
A tub of butter, 84 pounds.

BUSHEL MEASURE.

The following are sold by weight per bushel:

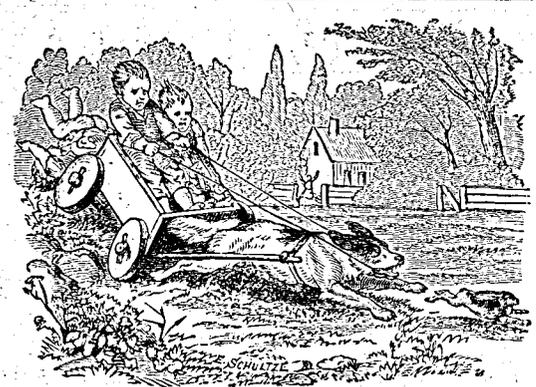
Wheat, beans, and clover-seed, 60 pounds to the bushel.
Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56 pounds.
Buckwheat, 52 pounds.
Barley, 48 pounds.
Oats, 35 pounds.
Bran, 20 pounds.
Timothy-seed, 45 pounds.
Coarse salt, 85 pounds.

COMMERCIAL WEIGHTS.

16 drams,	1 ounce.
16 ounces,	1 pound.
14 pounds,	1 stone.
28 pounds,	1 quarter.
4 quarters,	1 cwt.
2240 pounds,	1 ton.

VELOCITY AND FORCE OF WIND.

Description.	Miles per hour.	Feet per Min.	Force lbs pr Sq. ft.	Description.	Miles per hour.	Feet per Min.	Force lbs. pr Sq. ft.
Hardly percep	1	88	.005	High Wind....	30	2640	4.429
					35	3080	6.027
Just percept.	2	176	.020	Veryhighwind	40	3520	7.873
	3	264	.044		45	3960	9.963
Gentle breeze.	4	352	.079	Storm.....	50	4400	12.300
	5	440	.123		55	4840	14.883
Pleasant "	6	528	.177	Great Storm..	60	5280	17.712
	9	792	.400		65	5720	20.787
Brisk gale....	10	880	.492	Hurricane....	70	6160	24.108
	15	1320	1.107		85	7480	35.547
Very "	20	1760	1.968	Tornado.....	100	8800	49.200
	25	2200	3.075				



PLUCK—No. 1.

Baby's Tears.

O wipe away the baby's tears,
O calm the little troubled heart,
And soothe the little trembling fears!
O press the baby to your heart!
Too soon the time will come to part.

Two little snowy dimpled hands
As sweet and frail as rose-leaves white,
Are reaching up to mother love;
Just as we older children reach
Our arms for help to God above.

As yet the baby only knows
The tenderness of mother love:
The lily opens in the sun
And crickets chirp among the grass,
While days, like shadows, softly pass.

The singing birds may hush their lay,
And dark and dreary shadows rise,
To hide the glow of shining skies;
The sunshine of the baby's heart,
O mother, lies within your eyes.

So never let their light grow dim
While you are by the baby's side;
O keep the happy sunshine in!
Too soon the shadows will come down
Upon your darling's golden crown.

O, strange this wondrous world of ours
Appears unto the baby's eyes—
The Spring with buds and ardent skies,
The Winter's snow and Summer's sheen—
Yet all pass by as in a dream.

And baby laughs a little while,
A little while, and then—God knows
Life is so full of woes untold.
Some mothers press their baby's lips
Until their own grow white and cold.

The baby's tears are drops of woe
Wrung from a stainless heart of snow;
Let not their pleading be in vain,
But calm the bitter grief and woe
In the tender way that mothers know.

And sing sweet tender melodies
To soothe away the baby's pain;
For many mothers reach their arms
To take their darlings back again,
But reach their arms and call in vain.

—*Elizabeth Youngberg Hiscox.*

OUR FACES.

Not always do our faces bear
A faithful record of the wear
Of Time upon the inner life.
The ceaseless and the dreary strife
Of passions that within us roll—
The secret struggles of the soul—
May frequently impart
Their history to the human face,
But oh! how oft they leave no trace!
How oft there cometh to all men
The hour of gloom and sorrow, when
The placid brow does not express
The sense of utter loneliness
That rests upon the heart!

When cherished visions fade away,
Or those who loved us once betray,
Or when the earth is laid above
The still, cold form of one we love,
Our faces for awhile reveal
The bitter inward woe we feel;
But later on the seal
Of pride is set upon our grief,
That may not henceforth find relief
In outward seeming, but must dwell
Within the heart's most secret cell,
That careless eyes may not behold
The depth of misery untold
And agony we feel.

Is it because we idly fear
The heartless cynic's covert sneer,
And thus we veil our better part
In the still chambers of the heart?
Or is it that we hold our woe
Too sacred for the world to know,
And only for the eye
Of Him who reads all hearts to see?
I know not; yet it seems to me
The world were better could it know
That verdure bloomed beneath the snow;
Could it but rend the icy veil,
And see that, though the surface fail,
The surface is not dry.

Our Mother.

I say it softly as I weep,
And kiss the cold, hard stone;
She lies here but a fathom deep,
And I sit here alone.
She had not lost the girlish grace,
Yet wore the woman's crown,
And now the long grass marks the place
Of her they've coffined down.

I press my cheek down close to where
White daisy cups are seen,
And wish a bed some cubits square,
With coverlit of green;
A spacious bed, grass-roofed o'er head,
And wide enough for two,
Where she and I, though we are dead,
May love the long years through.

I reach out pleading hands, and fold
My arms about the stone;
I'd rather be here, still and cold—
The way's so dark and lone.
I call her, but she does not hear,
Nor speak a word, I ween;
I shudder with a sudden fear—
The grave dark is between.

My heart will sob aloud and moan
From out its darkening shiver;
My life has caught the minor tone,
And moans on like a river
That seeks in vain the far-off sea;
I gather up my woe,
And totter homeward o'er the lea
That smiles in bloom below.

—*Mem Linton.*

DON'T FORGET THE OLD.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving soft and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below.

Don't forget poor father,
With his fainting sight,
With his locks, once thick and brown,
Scanty now, and white;
Though he may be childish,
Still do you be kind—
Think of him as years ago,
With his master mind!

Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair and smooth and white
As the fresh young snow!
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her hearing poor?
Guide her gently till she stands
Safe at Heaven's door?

MURMURS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that naught ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

—*R. C. Trench.*

BUSINESS LAW.

1. Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
2. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
3. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.
4. An agreement without consideration is void.
5. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.
6. A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
7. The acts of one partner bind all the others.
8. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.
9. A contract made with a minor is void.
10. A contract made with a lunatic is void.
11. Contracts for advertisements in Sunday newspapers are invalid.
12. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.
13. Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.
14. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.
15. A note given by a minor is void.
16. Notes bear interest only when so stated.
17. It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."
18. A note drawn on Sunday is void.
19. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication cannot be collected.
20. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker, he must pay it.
21. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within 24 hours of its non-payment.

LEGAL RATES OF INTEREST IN THE UNITED STATES.

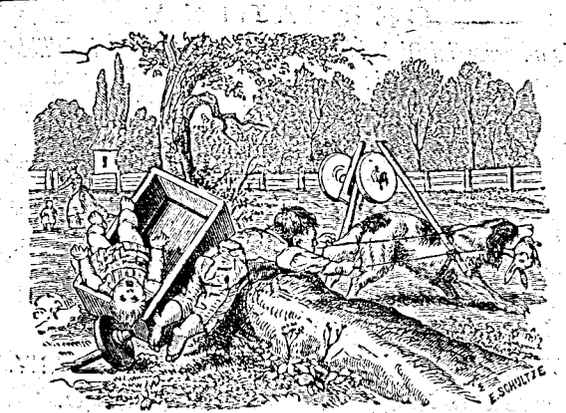
Heavy Penalties for Usury.

MAINE	Six per cent.
NEW HAMPSHIRE	" "
VERMONT	" "
MASSACHUSETTS	" "
RHODE ISLAND	" "
CONNECTICUT	" "
NEW YORK	Seven "
NEW JERSEY	Six "
PENNSYLVANIA	" "
DELAWARE	" "
MARYLAND	" "
VIRGINIA	" "
NORTH CAROLINA	" "
SOUTH CAROLINA	Seven "
GEORGIA	Eight "
ALABAMA	" "
MISSISSIPPI	" "
LOUISIANA	Five "
TENNESSEE	Six "
KENTUCKY	" "
OHIO	" "
INDIANA	" "
ILLINOIS, CONTRACT ON LOANS.	Ten "
MISSOURI	Six "
MICHIGAN	Seven "
ARKANSAS	Six "
FLORIDA	" "
WISCONSIN	Seven "
CALIFORNIA	Ten "
OREGON	Six "
MINNESOTA	Seven "
IOWA	Six "
UTAH	Seven "

We may liken the various phases of life by a board filled with holes of different shapes—some circular, some square, some oblong—and the people acting their parts may be represented by bits of wood of similar shapes. We shall generally find that a triangular individual has got into a square hole, an oblong into a triangle, and a square person has squeezed himself into a round hole.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUND.	Audible at a dist. of FEET.	MILES.
A powerful human voice in the open air and no wind	460	.087
Beating of a drum	10,560	2
Music of a heavy brass band	15,840	3
A strong human voice, with the breeze, the breeze barely observable	15,840	3
Report of a musket	16,000	3.02
Cannonading, very strong	475,000	90

LIGHT.—The velocity of light is 192,500 miles per second. Estimating the distance to be 95,000,000 miles, it passes from the sun to the earth in 8.2 minutes. It can pass through the distance of the circumference of the earth in ⅛ of a second.



PLUCK—No. 2.

Weight of Grain, Produce, Etc., per Bushel.

MINIMUM WEIGHT ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Wheat	per bush,	60 lbs	Clover Seed	per bush,	60 lbs
Corn, in the ear	"	70 lbs	Flax Seed	"	56 lbs
Corn, shelled	"	56 lbs	Millett Seed	"	50 lbs
Rye	"	56 lbs	Hungarian Gr. Sd.	"	50 lbs
Buckwheat	"	52 lbs	Timothy Seed	"	45 lbs
Barley	"	47 lbs	Blue Grass Seed	"	44 lbs
Oats	"	32 lbs	Hemp Seed	"	44 lbs
Peas	"	60 lbs	Fine Salt	"	55 lbs
White Beans	"	60 lbs	Salt	"	50 lbs
Castor Beans	"	46 lbs	Corn Meal	"	48 lbs
Irish Potatoes	"	60 lbs	Ground Peas	"	24 lbs
Sweet Potatoes	"	55 lbs	Malt	"	38 lbs
Onions	"	57 lbs	Bran	"	20 lbs
Turnips	"	55 lbs	Stone Coal	"	80 lbs
Dried Peaches	"	33 lbs	Lime, unslacked	"	30 lbs
Dried Apples	"	26 lbs	Plastering Hair	"	8 lbs

The number of United States bushels in a quantity of grain is equal to its measurement in cubic inches divided by 2,150.42.

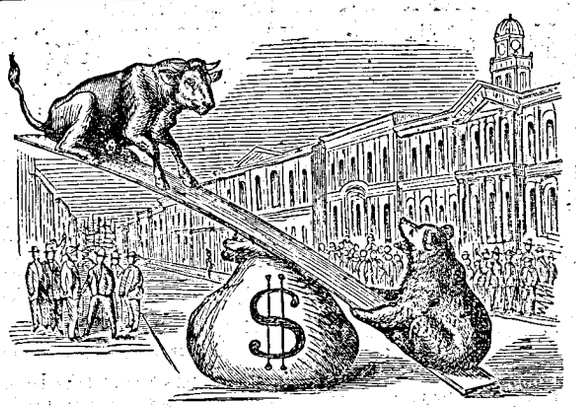
EXAMPLE 1. Required the number of bushels in a bin even full of grain, the inside dimensions being—length, 12 feet; width, 7 feet 5 inches; depth, 6 feet 6 inches.

Solution. Reduce to inches. 144×89×78÷2150.42=464.86 bushels.

In measuring fruit, vegetables and other substances, the "heaped bushel" is the measurement; for this divide the number of cubic inches by 2,747.7.

EXAMPLE 2. Required the number of pounds of wheat in the quantity as given in Example 1.

Solution. 144×89×78÷2150.42×60=27,891.6 pounds, or 278.91 centals.



California Street, San Francisco.

The Yellow-Hammer's Nest.

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's over-nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished and the brood was reared;
And then there came a pleasant Summer's day
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long in triumph, from its leafy hight,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest,
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

—*John W. Chadwick in Harper's Magazine for September.*

One Hundred Years Ago—Lexington—1775.

No maddening thirst for blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow, standing still,
The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call;
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood, save theirs, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove—

The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good.

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our Mother-land.

—*By John G. Whittier.*

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.

Four o'clocks, the resting time of the day;
Sunlight with shade a fantastic patchwork weaves,
But the shadows lengthen; the wind, while dying away,
Lingers to rustle the quivering aspen leaves.

I sit under the pear-tree, sitting all alone:
My garden is gay with asters, pinks and phlox,
And many a posy for others' pleasure sown,
But here, for myself, I have planted four-o'clocks.

"Old-fashioned," you think, and cannot my choice approve;
Rarer blossoms your fancy craves, no doubt;
But after all, it is n't the flowers we love,
But the dear old times that they make us think about.

It's a way they have of making us love them so;
We care not long how fragrant and gay they may be:
But deep in our hearts they strike their roots, and grow,
Tangled and twined with various memory.

Do you see that building yonder among the trees?
Years ago it was there that I went to school.
The master was good, but strict and hard to please,
And I was wayward and never would heed the rule.

Lois studied with me, but I was slow,
Though she always was ready to help me if she might;
But Lois was early through, and free to go,
While I was kept in the school-house every night.

Kept in, kept in! 'Twas a weary time to wait,
But Lois would never play until I was free;
I always found her down by the garden gate,
Watching the four-o'clocks closing, waiting for me.

We left the school, and our childhood, too, behind,
But we both had entered the Master's school for life;
And Lois loved the Master, good and kind,
And I loved Lois, and she became my wife.

The hardest lessons began when our children died—
Drowned they were, in the river. I see them now:
John, whose eyes of black were his mother's pride,
And blue-eyed Archie, my boy with the thoughtful brow.

They brought them home, but Lois did not cry;
Never a sob was heard, nor a womanish scream;
Pale as theirs was her face, but her eyes were dry,
And she walked about as one who is in a dream.

I spoke to her, and pressed her passive hand;
My tears flowed fast, for I hoped to make her weep;
But she only said, "I am trying to understand;"
And for days my Lois could neither eat nor sleep.

Four was my resting hour, and I loved this spot
Because of the tree which shelters and keeps it cool;
And my boys had planted this patch with four-o'clocks
To tell me when to expect them home from school.

After they died I sat here all alone,
Sat here and listened, knowing that they were gone,
But the mocking wind could whistle with Johnnie's tone,
And Archie's footstep rustled among the corn.

So Lois came one day and found me here;
Her smile was as sweet as ever, but more subdued,
And her sweet blue eyes now shone with the wished-for tear;
Lois had learned the lesson—she *understood*.

"Husband," she said, "I know why we lost our boys."
And she sought my face with never a shade of doubt:
"They are kept for us as the master kept our toys,
And our joy will be only greater when school is out."

Kept in, kept in! I was always dull and slow,
And my tasks are hard, for the world is a weary school.
My Lois finished and went home long ago;
She was quick to learn, was Lois, easy to rule.

So I sit and watch for the four-o'clocks to close,
While the lengthening shadows tell of the sinking sun.
For after the working cometh the sweet repose,
And my life is closing, my day is nearly done.

Perhaps my Lois is waiting at home for me,
As she used to stand and watch at the garden gate;
Perhaps—if it's right to think that this may be.
But who shall say it? I only watch and wait.

—*H. E. Sanford, in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE LOSS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

WHY should the good and the great be swept away
By death's rude, indiscriminating hand,
When in their life seem bound the destiny
And happiness of thousands in the land?

Why should the leader of the fight be slain
Before the awful strife has well begun?
And why the mightiest first embrace the plain,
Whose strength gave promise of a victory won?

Why should the well-skilled pilot of the state,
When civil discord's pointed rocks appear,
Or war's loud tempests rage with maddened hate,
Be chilled in death when needed most to steer?

Why should the hungry grave the fairest take?
The ruthless tomb first snatch the most beloved?
The household stay fell Fate his victim make!
And think of famished orphans' cries unmoved?

Oh! why should noble worth so soon be made
Forego the prospects of a bright career;
A wealth of knowledge in the dust be laid;
And earth be robbed of wisdom bought so dear?

While thousands, scarcely missed, to rest might go,
Nor leave the vestige of a blank behind;
E'en as unfailing rivers onward flow,
Nor make their unrolling waters less confined.

Why perish sprightly youth, when life is sweet,
And hopes of joyous days o'erfill the breast,
When palsied age, with weary, tott'ring feet,
Longs for the welcome of a well-won rest?

Men ask, and earthly wisdom cannot tell,
Profound philosophy gives no reply;
Earth, sea and sky the thrilling notes repel,
And echo back a universal "Why!"

Mysterious are the ways of God to man:
Dark gloom enshrouds us in our earthly night;
But light shall break and justify the plan,
And day immortal change the dark to light.

—*Paisley Gazette.*

The Undiscovered Country.

I.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

II.

Might we but hear
The hovering angel' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vision of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah! who would fear?

III.

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

Mexico, and then beat Scott for President, he receiving 254 of the 296 Electoral votes. Pierce opposed anti-slavery measures in every manner, but when the South seceded he espoused the National cause at the very opening of the late Civil War.

FIFTEENTH PRESIDENT.

James Buchanan was born in 1791, served from 1857 to 1861, and died in 1868. The "bachelor-President" served as Representative, Senator, and Secretary of State, favoring the annexation of Texas, coming in conflict with Clay and Webster, and he declared the object of his administration to be "to destroy any sectional party, whether North or South, and to restore, if possible, that national fraternal feeling between the different States that had existed during the early days of the Republic." His Presidential opponents in the canvass were Fillmore, nominee of the American party, and John C. Fremont, nominee of the Republicans. His Cabinet was in sympathy with the South. He declared his inability to constitutionally stop secession, and when the *Star of the West*, an unarmed steamer, bearing supplies to the troops at Fort Sumpter, was fired on, Dec. 26, 1861, and driven back, he seemed paralyzed with fear.

SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT.

Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809, served from 1861 to 1865, dying at the hands of the assassin Booth, on the 15th of April. His education consisted of one year's schooling; and he was successively a flat-boat hand, clerk, country postmaster and surveyor, and he became a lawyer by studying borrowed books. Was sent to Congress, canvassed with Stephen A. Douglas, thereby winning a national reputation. He was elected over John Bell, nominee of the Constitution Union party, S. A. Douglas, regular Democratic nominee, and John C. Breckenridge, nominee of a body of Democratic seceders, but who called themselves National Democrats. He received 180 Electoral votes, 57 more than all his opponents. Lincoln was tall, ungainly, and little polished by society, but honest and sensible. His great kindness, earnestness and sympathy; his bent form and sorrowful face, made him a marked and revered man.

SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENT.

At Lincoln's second election Andrew Johnson, who was born in 1808 and died in 1875, was chosen Vice-President. He never went to school a day, and only learned the alphabet and to spell before marriage. Resolved on obtaining an education, pursuing his trade as a tailor, his wife instructed him in the knowledge of books. He was successively chosen Mayor, Assemblyman, Presidential Elector, State Senator, twice Governor and thrice U. S. Senator. His nomination by the Republicans was an anomaly. He had been a Democrat all his life, and in 1860 used his influence to elect Breckenridge, who was notoriously the candidate of treason and the doctrine of States rights. But Lincoln made him Military Governor of Tennessee in 1862, he claiming that he had changed his views and loudly condemning the secession of the South. Hardly had he taken the oath as President before he locked horns with Congress respecting the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion. He was more friendly to its enemies than he was to his country. He removed Stanton, Secretary of War, and by a vote of 126 to 47 it was resolved by the House of Representatives that he be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors. His trial, lasting more than a month, was before the Senate, thirty-five Senators finding him "guilty" and nineteen "not guilty," and as it took a two-third vote to convict he was acquitted by one vote.

EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT.

U. S. Grant, whose correct name is Hiram Ulysses, the mistake having occurred at West Point, was born in 1822, served from 1869 to 1877, and can tell as much about his own death as any historian at the present date. His election to the Presidency rests entirely upon his military record. No evidence of this ability was shown at West Point, for he stood as low down as 21st in a class of 39, and yet he has fought more battles, gained more victories, captured more guns and took more prisoners than any General of modern times, and he came nearer being in nomination for a third term than any of his predecessors.

NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH PRESIDENTS.

R. B. Hayes, the present President, is in the prime of life, and his administration is one of the best the country has enjoyed, and of his successor, whose Presidential record is yet to be made, quite enough was said previous to his election. We prophesy that he will carry out Hayes' policy and that he will be his own successor.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

As Seen by our Genial County Clerk—Mountain Scenery—Judge Anson S. Miller's Residence—Santa Cruz the Long Branch of the Pacific—An Impromptu Bath in a "Tidal Wave"—Former Residents of Ogle County in the Golden State.

OCEAN VIEW, SANTA CRUZ CO., CALIFORNIA, Feb. 3, 1877.

ED. PRESS:—Your postal, after a journey of over 2000 miles found, me near the crest of the Santa Cruz mountains, from which we often look down upon the clouds. In your postal you ask me to "slop over" a little for the benefit of the readers of the PRESS. Excited by the wonderful scenery about me, and exhilerated by this stimulating, life giving air, I "slop over" frequently with my tongue in expressions of surprise and admiration; but to do this with my pen is a more difficult task.

I am again at Ocean View (the ranch of Judge Anson S. Miller, formerly of Rockford) having returned hither from San Jose a few days since. With my glass flung over my shoulder, armed with a long red-wood staff, and with Little Mack (the Judge's dog) for a guard, I climbed up the mountain side through the dark forest, to this elevated height. Wild flowers of every hue and sweetest fragrance were by the wayside. Birds to me new and strange, sang sweetest songs from the overhanging boughs. Flocks of pigeons darkened the air, and made the wood resound by the whirr of their wings. Little Mack started up whole bevies of qualls, most beautiful birds, their heads surmounted by nodding plumes. I never before saw so many pigeons and quails. These mountain forests are full of game, and the streams of trout. In the round-headed live oak above me a mocking bird, somewhat resembling that of the Southern States, is trilling notes of sweetest melody. While penciling these few lines to you I sit upon a beetling cliff that overhangs the valley. The grandest scene I ever beheld lies out-stretched before me. I look down upon huge rocks that cling to the mountain side; upon the tops of red-wood giants hundreds of feet below. Grand old firs, monarch live-oaks, picturesque *madrones*, beautiful laurels and bay-trees, clothe the mountain sides with their never-fading green. To the north and east mountains are piled upon mountains, but above all old Loma Prieta lifts his head majestically, his brow concealed from view by the floating clouds. Far below me is a dark deep gorge or canon, so dark that the brawling stream in its depths is concealed from view. To the west rolls old Pacific, mightiest of the oceans. For a hundred miles its coast is visible. Its broad expanse stretches away toward the setting sun, until it mingles its blue with that of Heaven. To-day it is hardly worthy of the name Pacific, for its bosom is broken into mountain billows, whose foaming crests I plainly see without my glass. The booming roar of its surf is distinctly audible on this distant, dizzy height. With my naked eye I see vessels under full sail; some steering in the direction of the Golden Gate, others bearing south and westward, outward bound. With my glass I see the sailors busy upon their decks. South of this moss-grown crag I look down upon Monterey bay. It is slumbering quietly as an infant. Its shores describe nearly a semi-circle. The ragged mountains that form its southern rim loom up sharply against the sky. Inside a rocky point, its most south-western extremity, is Monterey, the Mexican capitol of California. It is plainly visible with my glass. Inside the north-western extremity of the bay is situated the city of Santa Cruz, and three miles east of it the village of Soquel. I look down upon these towns from my lofty height.

A short time since my wife and I spent a very pleasant week at Santa Cruz. It is a beautiful little city of 5,000 inhabitants. It is a very old town, but for the past two or three years it has grown rapidly. During the past year its property has doubled in value, and is still on the up grade. Its main industries are the manufacture of lumber, leather, powder and sugar (from beets). Owing to its beautiful location and fine beach, it has become the Long Branch or Newport of the Pacific slope. During the past season over 15,000 persons visited it. Its outlook upon the bay and ocean is very fine. The shore of the bay here consists of a long sandy beach, which extends eastward to the mouth of the San Lorenzo river. This is a fine little stream, whose east bank is a bald, rocky bluff. This bluff, wedge shaped, extends beyond the mouth of the stream into the deep waters of the bay. Like the prow of some huge ship it cuts in two the mountain billows that are thrown against it. The spray of the waves is often thrown many feet into the air, and falls upon the bluff a shower, sparkling like diamonds in the sun. The sandy beach, smooth and polished by the waves like marble, is the resort of the pleasure seeker. After each storm it is beautifully ornamented with sea flowers,

thrown up from the gardens in ocean's depths. Sea mosses, most delicate in structure and beautiful and varied in color, form rich figures in the carpet of sand. At all times during the day fair ladies may be seen tripping over the sanded floor in quest of these delicate beauties.; the mosses and shells they pick up they weave into wreaths or other lovely ornaments. Here also during the summer days both sexes, old and young, throw themselves into the surf, and are embraced by the curling waves. This sea bath is most invigorating, and full of fun and health. My wife and I visited the beach early each morning, and kept old ocean company all day. She fell to work picking up mosses and shells; her activity in this direction astonished me. I became her pack horse, and ere many hours staggered beneath a heavy load of sea mosses and shells. When her back was turned, I shied many a pink-lipped beauty back into old ocean. Had I not thus slyly diminished my load about as fast as she increased it, I fear I should have fallen on the ocean shore, buried beneath shells and sea weed. I told her that were she a rag picker in Chicago I verily believe she would make us both rich. Westward from the town the shore rises in bold precipitous bluffs, which extend into the ocean, a high, ragged rocky point, a terror to the storm tossed mariner. Upon this point is the light house. A few rods from the point is a huge cube of rock, around which the billows incessantly rage and roar. This rock always holds an ocean menagerie, made up of sea lions, pelicans, gulls, loons and all the birds that frequent this part of the seas. Mr. Hecox, the keeper of the light house, told me that one day a monster sea lion was basking in the sun shine on the point; that he and his family cut off his retreat and drove him inside the the light house fence. They kept him for a pet a few days, but he cried so humanly, pining for the sea, that Mrs. H., moved by pity, opened the gate and let him out. He waddled to the cliff, looked down into the sea, and seemed to calculate the height. He thought it too great for a leap, and sought a lower place. This he examined with the skill of an engineer, and dropped himself tail first into the sea, not daring to risk his head in so great a fall. While watching a large sea lion on the cubic rock with my glass, a man stood near with a woman leaning on his arm. He drew his revolver, fired, and wounded the poor beast. He and the woman laughed to see the creature in agony roll off the rock. Had I been a pugilist I suppose I would have licked the man. As it was I gave him a little of my holy indignation. From light house point northward, the shore is marked by lofty cliffs and cragged rocks. The waves have eroded these, and formed in them caves and grotesque chambers. One rock that juts into the sea was bored through and formed into a perfect arch—resembling a fragment of ancient ruin. On this rock-bound coast, near the light house, the vessel Active, of San Francisco, in November last, was wrecked. Its hull is imbedded in the sand; the masts went overboard, save one which still stands upright. This wreck adds to the wild appearance of this storm lashed shore. It was low tide when we visited this part of the coast; it left a narrow beach between the sea and the rocky wall. Being anxious to view the coast north of a pile of rock that jutted into the sea, I leaped from boulder to boulder, whose heads appeared above the water, until I could look beyond the point. While standing with my back to the ocean, and admiring the wild frightful shore, a mountain wave rolled in, struck me in the back, submerged my rock, the other boulders and the shore, striking the perpendicular wall in the face; it then broke in booming thunder, and fell a wild raging sea about me. Imagine the feelings of a prairie boy under those circumstances. With difficulty I kept my foothold on the slippery rock, the waters foaming about my waist. My first impulse was to plunge in and swim for life, but judgment said "wait." I kept an eye on the treacherous sea, and also watched the receding surf; as soon as the boulders showed their heads I retreated a wiser but a wetter man. After my adventure I was told that a young lady, a school teacher, with more romance in her head than common sense, ran out on the rocks at Cypress Point, near Monterey, in a similar manner and was caught by a mountain wave, swept out to sea and lost. I here learned that, of the waves, every seventh one is of gigantic proportions, called the king wave. Miss Hecox, the daughter of the light house keeper, invited us in. She conducted us into the tower, from which we had a fine view of the ocean and coast. The prism of the lamp cost Uncle Sam some $5.000. Miss Hecox is a refined and courteous young lady. She has a fine collection of all the shells of this coast, as well as specimens from other seas. She has also rare collections in geology, botany, and ancient coins. Mr. H. and his family were formerly from Galena. The brother of Mrs. H., by name James Hamer, many years since lived in the city of Oregon. He died there 30 years ago, and was buried in the old cemetery. Mrs. H. extracted from us a promise that on our return we would look for the grave, and if found, write her.

The streets of Santa Cruz are objectionable, being narrow as well as crooked. It was laid out by the Spaniards, and its Yankee growth makes it look like a great green boy of 18 years, who has outgrown his clothes. In this city we met G. W. and J. L. Place, formerly of Creston, Illinois. Their bright, genial faces were indicative of good digestion and success in business. The "Sea-side Store," (theirs), is a fine one. Their courtesy to us we shall ever remember with pleasure.

The sun now looks as if it were taking an ocean bath; his disc being half submerged beneath the waves. Little Mack is pulling at my coat, saying as well as he can, "it is time to go." The frogs in the lagoon higher up the mountain have commenced their evening concert. I must then, Mr. Editor, leave this rock and you to hasten to our mountain home, the residence of the Judge. A. W.

The best copying pads now in use for copying letters, etc., quickly, is made as follows: Take gelatine, 1 ounce, and glycerine, 6 1-4 fluid ounces; soak the gelatine over night. In the morning pour off the water and melt both ingredients to a boiling heat, after the manner of melting glue. Pour off in a shallow pan and allow to stand ten hours or more, protected from dust, when it is ready for use. Over one hundred impressions may be taken from a pad made in this manner. To change the form, sponge off the face of the pad with the sponge and a little water.

In the five cent nickel we have the entire metric system of weights and measures. The diameter is two *centimeters* and its weight in five *grammes*. Two of these coins will weigh a *decagramme*, and five of them placed in a row will give the length of the *decimeter*. The key to the measure of length is also the key to measures of capacity, as the *kiloliter* is a *cubic meter*.

Their First Appearance.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

Anæsthesia was discovered in 1844.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1654.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Biblo was printed in 1488.

Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1783.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first watches were made at Nuremburg in 1477.

First saw maker's anvil brought to America in 1819.

First almanac printed by Geo. Von Furbach in 1460.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1852.

Percussion arms were used in the U. S. Army in 1830.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first glass factory in the United States was built in 1780.

The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge was organized in 1698.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first prayer book of Edward VI. came to use by authority of Parliament on Whit Sunday, 1549.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, in 1808.

The first coach in Scotland was brought thither in 1561, when Queen Mary came from France. It belonged to Alexander Lord Seaton.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on Sept. 25, 1790.

The manufacture of porcelain was introduced into the province of Hezin, Japan, from China in 1513, and Hezin ware still bears Chinese marks.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the

camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.

When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell and stone. When they saw iron nails they fancied them to be shoots of some very hard wood, and, desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

FIRST THINGS.

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The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

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The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach, in 1460.

The first chimneys were introduced into Rome from Padua in 1368.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

Glass was early discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over three thousand years old.

The first algebra originated with Diophantus, in either the fourth or fifth century.

The first society for the promotion of Christian knowledge was organized in 1698.

Gas was first used as an illuminating agent in 1702. Its first use in New York was in 1827.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first National bank in the United States was incorporated by Congress, Dec. 31, 1781.

Organs are said to have been first introduced into churches by Pope Vitalianus, about A. D. 1670.

The first glass factory in the United States of which we have any definite knowledge was built in 1780.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, New York, in March, 1808.

The first compass was used in France in 1150, though the Chinose are said to have employed the loadstone earlier.

The first machine for carding, roving and spinning cotton made in the United States was manufactured in 1786.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805 under the name of British and Foreign Bible Society.

The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1844.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper in the United States was published in Boston, Sept. 25, 1690. The first religious newspaper, the Boston "Record," was established in 1815.

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"Please Excuse All Imperfections." No!

A young lady of sixteen, addressing a long letter to us, concludes it with the request: "Please excuse all imperfections. I write this in a hurry, and have not time to read it over."

Only sixteen, and not time to read over a letter which she has written, to see that it is all right before it is sent! Not time at sixteen! Surely if she were ninety she would have time enough for that; or, at all events, she would have time enough to leave the letter at home, and unsent.

Such requests as this, especially from the young, are very common—quite too common—and we desire to say that they are entirely unreasonable. We wish to express our very decided and strong disapprobation of the prevailing habit of doing things in such a hurry as not to do them carefully and well. It is all wrong, all a mistake. If you have not time to correct a letter do not send it. In the first place, take time to write it as well as you can, and then *take* the time to read it over very deliberately, and correct the mistakes, if you have made any.

Young persons are very apt to fall into the habit of going through anything they have to do, impetuously, in great haste, and doing it very poorly. They should cure themselves of the habit, and discipline themselves out of it.

If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you ever had to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it. Then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more does depend upon the manner in which things seemingly trivial are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well. Make that the rule of your life, and live up to it, and you will find it most conducive to your own happiness and to the happiness of those with whom you are brought in contact or communication.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Roof of moss, or thatch, or crystal
Marble walls or humble cot,
Childhood, mindful but of pleasure,
Ne'er rebels at fortune's lot.
Happy, if the sun be shining,
Happy, if the rain-drops fall;
How the boy enjoys his childhood,
While the mother watches all!

What to him is worldly wisdom,
When his bliss is *just to be!*
What to him the sceptic's wrangles—
Kneeling at his mother's knee!
All *his* world is bounded, daily,
By the joys of ear and eye;
And the mother-love sufficeth
All his needs to satisfy.

Years may pass, and wealth and honor
May flow in his open door,
And the sheaves of Fame and Glory
May bow down *his* sheaf before;
But the *one* cup, ever dearest,
Shrined all other gifts above
In the golden wheat of memory,
Is the Benjamin cup of love.

Men may honor him with titles,
Millions his proud name revere,
And his praises may be ringing
Through a grateful hemisphere;
But whene'er these glowing plaudits
On his wearied spirit pall,
Memory cheers with childhood's pleasures,
And he lists the sweet home call.

Thrones may totter, crowns may crumble,
Swords and helmets all may rust;
Heads that wore them—hands that bore them—
May be humbled in the dust.
What the loss of outward pageants,
If the heart, all undefiled,
Mantled in Love's royal purple,
In home's palace still is child?

Always, somewhere, love is waiting,
Waiting but to crown its own;
And in love are years of absence
Spanned by one familiar tone.
Brows of wisdom, heads of silver,
Hearts of care, by love beguiled,
Fling aside man's dear-bought signet,
Glad to be somebody's child.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way;
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—Ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each other's sigh;
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could."
But a God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, "If we would."

"I Have Drank My Last Glass."

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life!
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow,
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered, "Good-bye."
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlord's won't wait

On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill,
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured;
But they kicked me out doors—I let that, too, pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

At home, my pet, Susie, with her soft golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
From her palo, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust of bread,
For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead,
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I've drank my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will! for you see,
I believe what I ask for!" Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
Next my heart lay the Pledge! You smile! Let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under that daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall ere pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

—*Louise S. Upham.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church, on the morrow, you know,
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it all right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to the fold;
Watching, they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going astray.
Ever more lead them to cling to the right,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

In Dr. Richardson's notes on vivisection, to which we have before referred, he continues an account of the progress in medical science which has alone been rendered possible by experiment upon animals. One of the most marvelous results is his own discovery of a remedy for tetanus, or lockjaw, the most terrible of spasmodic diseases. This remedy is the vapor of nitrite of amyl. Its use in the treatment of lockjaw was first suggested by Dr. Richardson at the Bath meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1864. His experiments with it first upon himself, and afterwards upon frogs and rabbits, had convinced him of its value. Mr. Foster, of Huntingdon, first applied it to a case of lockjaw in man. For nine days the threatened spasms were averted by the inhalation of the nitrite of amyl vapor, and finally the cause of the contractions became inactive, and the patient recovered. The remedy has been administered with still more remarkable success by Dr. Fowler, of New York. And yet, says Dr. Richardson, opinion is now divided on the question whether it is warrantable to produce and then cure lockjaw in a frog, in order to be able to cure the same disease when it occurs naturally in man!

The ninth meeting of the International Statistical Congress is held this year at Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary. It was proposed to hold it in this country, but the late M. Quetelet objected that "a year of jubilee and rejoicing would not be well suited for the calm consideration of questions demanding close reasoning, and as near an approach as can be attained to mathematical accuracy—subjects, indeed, which cannot be too far removed from all such disturbing influences as centennial manifestations." The programme of the congress embraces eighteen subjects for discussion, including statistics of population, justice, public health, agriculture, and industries. Essays on these subjects, by learned statisticians, in French and German, have been published in large volumes, and circulated with the programme. At the St. Petersburg meeting in 1872, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia presided; this year, the president is the Archduke Joseph of Austria.

There has been some discussion in London lately as to whether men who work in sewers are more subject to typhoid fever and kindred diseases than other people are; and Dr. W. H. Corfield, professor of hygiene at University College, writes to the London *Times* that the information on the subject is very incomplete and contradictory. Experiments have shown the air of large sewers to be much purer than was suspected, but when they are badly ventilated the injurious effects upon the workmen employed in them are undoubtedly very great. Thus, of thirty-two sewer laborers in Paris, in a period of six months, four suffered from typhoid fever, ten from various other complaints, including jaundice and erysipelas, all of them from asphyxia, extending in eight cases to complete loss of consciousness, and nearly all of them from ophthalmia; but none died.

Pure salt water is distributed to all parts of the borough of Tynemouth, in England, by means of ordinary lead pipes leading from a reservoir into which the water is pumped from the sea. The scheme of supplying the town in this way was adopted on account of the sanitary advantages supposed to result from the use of salt water. It is said to be a powerful disinfectant, and hence particularly valuable in flushing house-drains and sewers. At Tynemouth the streets and roads watered with it keep moist much longer than when dampened with fresh water; the salt seems to increase the capacity of the soil for absorbing moisture from the atmosphere. The use of sea water for this purpose also greatly cools and refreshes the air. Another advantage of the system is that it enables every resident to have a salt water bath in his house.

M. Alphonse de Candolle, the botanist, has been considering whether there is any universal characteristic of the vegetation of the world at the present day which would distinguish it from that of other epochs, if all existing plants should suddenly become fossils; and he has concluded that there is not. The succession of plants in past geological ages can be traced with considerable accuracy in comparatively restricted regions, but it is at least doubtful whether there ever were changes of vegetation affecting the whole face of the earth at once. "Who knows," asks M. de Candolle, "what was going on in Australia, South Africa, North America, or even Spitzbergen, at the very self-same period when conifers abounded in Europe?"

A wonderful meteoric flight is reported from Italy. At Supino, in the district of Frosinone, about fifty miles from Rome, a meteor with a fiery train fell from the sky to the earth, on reaching which its course became horizontal, and it made its way directly through a house without touching it, by means of doors which happened to be open on both sides of the dwelling. It was not seen afterwards, but some fragments, still warm, were picked up in the house. This occurrence, under date of September 14, 1875, is narrated in a semi-annual record of Italian scientific progress and events just published at Florence.

Many persons will be surprised to see it asserted that ants possess a vocal speech which, although inappreciable by human ears, enables them to attain the high state of social development which they manifest; yet this assertion is made and pronounced beyond all question by Professor Landois, who has just published a work on the voices of animals, at Freiburg.

Letters from the Norwegian scientific exploring expedition now dredging in the North Atlantic, mention that a new animal has been brought up from the sea-bottom off Norway, quite unknown to the naturalists on board. The weather has been very unfavorable, waves eighteen feet high.

There have been high winds within the Arctic circle during the summer, by which large fields of floating ice were driven southward; and it is hoped that this has been advantageous to the progress of the British Arctic expedition now in the vicinity of the Pole.

The theory that the earth's crust is denser under the bed of the ocean than it is under continents and mountains is sustained by the pendulum observations which have been made in India since 1865. They are said to offer incontestable evidence in confirmation of the hypothesis.

The discovery has been made in France that the aniline dye, magenta, is extensively used by dishonest wine-growers to color claret. Wine thus treated produces unpleasant symptoms, and experiments show that these are doubtless due to the magenta.

THEY THAT GO ARE HAPPY.

There's something in the "parting hour"
That will still the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part.
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind,
The one that goes is happier
Than those who are left behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep, or bleak frontier,
To solitude or war,
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind;
And they that go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubting and with fears;
But does not Hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy tears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this the gone is happier
Than the one she leaves behind!

Have you a trusty comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end.
And when you part—as part you will—
O take it not unkind,
If he who goes is happier
Than the one he leaves behind!

God wills it is, and so it is!
The pilgrims on the way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay:
And when at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

A SEA captain trading to the African coast was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked: "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied, "Yes, and every other thing they can lay their hands on."

A French treatise on the number of red corpuscles in the blood, just published by M. Malassez, states that the arterial blood of a rabbit contains five millions of corpuscles in a cubic millimetre, and the blood of the veins eight hundred more in the same cubic space. A millimetre is a little less than one four-hundredth part of an inch.

Mind reading: 1. Think of a number. 2. Add 306 to it. 3. Multiply by 4-11-44. 4. Divide by 329. 5. Square the product. 6. Extract the cube root therefrom—and then take the person who thought of the number aside and ask him to kindly tell you what number he thought of. If he complies with your request loudly announce the aforesaid number to the audience. If he refuses better give it up on the plea of not being *en rapport* with the thinker.—*Puck.*

THE FASCINATION AND UTILITY OF COIN COLLECTING.

Some of the Oldest Coins in America—Interesting Notes on the Subject—American Coins and Medals.

Robert Morris, LL.D., writes as follows to the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* So many erroneous views prevail upon this subject among those whose opportunities are limited that I beg leave to propose a few notes to remove false impressions. Although some look upon coin collecting and coin study as mere hobbies, yet thousands of persons, even in this country, are engaged in it. In all civilized countries people are fond of following a particular pursuit for mental occupation. The overwrought mind must have relief, and what subject worthier of leisure hours than the coins which afforded mediums of trade to nations now vanished? I am acquainted with the most of those who, in the United States, devote themselves with more or less zeal to this fascinating pursuit, and am of opinion that the study of historical coins (numismatics) trains the faculties, enlarges the scope of knowledge and encourages a sound taste for the useful and the beautiful. In this paper I propose, in a desultory way, to offer some corrections of errors and some suggestions upon the right basis of numismatic study. A few weeks since you gave a paragraph from a country journal describing a dollar of 1788. There were no dollars coined for several years after that date. Another amateur in coins boasts of possessing "one of the oldest coins ever made—over 1700 years old!" That is not to be reckoned as a very old coin. It would only be a coin of Marcus Aurelius, who was the seventeenth of the series of Roman Emperors, commencing with Julius Cæsar, B. C. 44. But we have coins 800 years older than Julius Cæsar, and nearly 1000 years older than Marcus Aurelius! Frequent mention is made in the press of American pennies, but pennies have never been struck by the United States. Our Government strikes cents, not pennies. It would be as proper to call our cents lepta or sesterces as pennies. Great Britain is the only country that strikes pennies. It has been claimed recently that the Confederate Government struck silver coins, and somebody in Alabama has a dime supposed to be a Confederate coin. This is not a coin, it is a medal. A coin is always struck by a sovereign power; a medal (token, medallet) by an individual. The Confederate Government never ordered a mintage of coins. Had her independence been achieved she would have done so.

THE STRIKING OF COIN IN AMERICA

Began (it is believed) at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1652, when the home Government granted the Colonial authorities leave to make a certain amount. The first were of the value of twelve pence, six pence and three pence. The small letter upon our silver money refers to the place where struck. C denotes Charlotte; D, Dahlonega; O, New Orleans; S, San Francisco, etc. Those having no letter were minted at Philadelphia, which is the mother manufactory of all. Turkish coins, which are very common and cheap in this country, are dated like our own, except that instead of A. D., they use A. H.—that is, the year of the flight of Mohammed, called the "Hegira." Visitors to Philadelphia at the Centennial were advised to go to the Mint, on Chestnut street, and see "the only specimen of the widow's mite in this country." The statement is a double error. There are hundreds of genuine copies of the *lepton* (or "widow's mite") in this country. I have more than 100 in my office to-day. On the other hand, the specimen at Philadelphia is most likely a Greek coin, and not Hebrew, for it has the Greek letter A upon it, which is never seen on the genuine Hebrew *mite.* A New York paper recently announced the discovery of a package of Roman silver coins struck by Romulus and Remus, B. C. 753. But the first silver money struck by the Romans was

in B. C. 269, some five centuries later than the twin founders of Rome. The motto *E Pluribus Unum* is first seen upon a copper medal struck in 1786. This was six years before the establishment of the Government mint, and was struck, it is believed, at Newburg, N. Y., where there was a private mint at the time. The beautiful copper coin styled "the Kentucky token" was struck in England to commemorate the introduction of Kentucky (1792) into the American Union. It is found in many collections, being not a very rare piece. But few persons have an idea of the cumbrous nature of specie, especially silver and cooper. When the British Government remitted specie to Boston to repay the Colonics for their disbursements in the Louisburg campaign, the bullion was brought in a ship of war and weighed twenty tons: the copper ten tons. The aggregate value was £183,700 (about $900,000). It filled 215 chests, and required thirty-five two-horse wagons to transport it from the docks to the Treasury. A Pennsylvania paper says in a late issue that one Boyd has dug out of his garden a Spanish coin dated A. D. 529, and therefore 1350 years old. There are two objections to this statement; first, that there was no Spanish Government A. D. 529, second, that coins were not dated "A. D." at that period. To which the third objection may perhaps apply that there is no such man as Boyd, and the whole story is a yarn. A Cincinnati paper has a correspondnt who claims possession of a coin dated A. D. 1226. Impossible. Coins with dates referring to Anno Domini cannot be found earlier than the fourteenth century. There is one dated in Roman numerals MIIILXXIV (1374), and one in Arabic numerals dated 1404. The first English coin referring to A. D. is that of Edward VI with MDXLIV (1544). The date of all coins struck earlier than the fourteenth century may be known by referring to the King in whose reign they were minted. It is generally supposed that the bronze cents and the nickel five-cent pieces are worth intrinsically the value marked upon their faces. Very far from it. Reckoning nickel at $2 per pound, the five-cent piece is worth a cent and a quarter. It weighs seventy-seven grains and a fraction. The proportions in the composition of it are seventy-five per cent of copper and twenty-five per cent of nickel. Copper is reckoned at forty-three cents per pound. If, then, a nickel five-cent piece is lost, the Government clears three and one-half cents on the issue! The word penny in the Scriptures and in ancient history refers to a silver coin worth, by weight, about fifteen cents. As the word penny in modern times is always applied to a copper coin, mistakes upon this subject are common in the pulpit and in the Sunday-school room.

Asleep.

BY BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

She heard their whisper, soft as breath
Could stir, and from the valley's shade,
Wet with the very mists of death,
Came back, and some sweet token made.
"Lay it upon my heart"—"May, sweet,
You are too weak"—"My love is strong,"
They could not question when the fleet,
Gray shadows grew so close and long.

Her slender fingers softly passed
Down tiny face and neck and hand,
The wee palm closed, and held one fast.
Sole anchor on an unknown strand.
"For I would know my babe again,
From out all heaven," she sadly said—
The while she spake, freed from its pain,
The child upon her heart was dead!

And so she slept; so soft, so white
The little fingers in her fold,
That she who held them close that night
Never awoke to find them cold.
O, wondrous mother-love! that thrills
To a babe's cry and seeks its own
Though mute to all beside—God wills
To make complete this dream half known.

And so she may not wake again
To feel her arms grown empty there,
As childless mothers do, in pain,
And sob out in a half-sad prayer.
Sweet, only solace we may keep,
To ease sore hearts that bleed, for aye,
"God giveth his beloved sleep"—
And ye may gain it by and by.

PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE.

Talk about persons of importance, will you? There's no one equal to the family baby. Never a king, or emperor, or president with his power. He knows it, too, before his tiny feet can patter over the floor. He is as sure of it as if he knew every language ever spoken, instead of none.

When he awakes in the morning, another sun rises. When he is carried away for the night, he must kiss every one, and every one rejoices in his kisses. His eating and drinking, his walking and his pantomime, are subjects for important bulletins every day. Ah, how strange it is that this important being must, one day, be let down to the position of an ordinary boy, expected to eat what is set before him, and do as he is told—perhaps to go into somebody's office and be snubbed; that he should come after a while to be a man, and find no one very anxious as to his kisses—nay, to have one refused him occasionally! Yet, it's true. If he lives, he will slide slowly down to the ordinary level.

He'll be "Our Baby" no more, but only a common human being, with faults in plenty; and even if he should stand at the top of the social ladder, be a great soldier, a renowned statesman, a genius—no matter what, he'll never be what he is now, a faultless creature, whose will is law to everybody, who has not an enemy in the world, and lots of lovers, and who has only to utter a series of shrill shrieks to be called a darling, smothered with caresses and comforted with flagons.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

A HAPPY COUPLE.

A man should always be a little bigger than his wife, and a little older, a little braver and a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him.

A woman should always be a little younger, and a little prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband. He should bestow upon her all his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt; but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burthen. Better live on a crust that he earns than on a fortune that she has brought him.

Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause for jealousy. Neither must encourage sentimental friendships with the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity.

A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly, even at home.

Fault-finding, long arguments, or scoldings, end the happiness that begins in kisses and love-making. Sisters and brothers may quarrel and "make up." Lovers are lovers no longer after such disturbances occur, and married people who are not lovers are bound by red-hot chains. If a man admires his wife most in striped calico, she is silly not to wear it.

AUNT POLLY.

DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

Two little ones, grown tired of play,
Roamed by the sea one summer day,
Watching the great waves come and go,
Prattling—as children will, you know—
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings,
Sometimes hinting at grave things.

At last they spied within their reach
An old boat cast upon the beach.
Helter skelter with merry din,
Over its sides they clambered in—
Ben, with his tangled, nut-brown hair,
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
Nearer, nearer the great waves creep;
Higher, higher upon the sands,
Reaching out with their giant hands
Grasping the boat in boisterous glee
Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down 'mid clouds of gold;
Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;
Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by:
And now across the summer sky
A black cloud stretches far away,
And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm comes on, flash and roar,
While all the sky is shrouded o'er;
The great waves rolling from the West,
Bring night and darkness on their breast,
Till floats the boat through driving storm,
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home bound vessel, "Seabird" lies
In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies,
Her captain paces restless now,
A troubled look upon his brow;
While all his nerves with terror thrill—
The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands;
And grasps his arm with eager hands;
"A boat has just swept past," says he,
"Bearing two children out to sea—
'Tis dangerous now to put about,
Yet they cannot be saved without."

"Naught but their safety will suffice—
They must be saved!" the captain cries;
"By every thought that's just and right,
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
I'll peril vessel life and men,
And God will not forsake me then."

With anxious faces, one and all,
Each man responded to the call;
And when at last, through driving storm,
They lifted up each little form,
The captain started with a groan;
"My God!" he cried, "they are my own."

—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

Two Curious Needles.

The King of Prnssia recently visited a needle factory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which, together do not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workingman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Bedditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic action in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of small size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief. — *The Household.*

PREHISTORIC GIANTS.

Opinion of That Distinguished Scientist, the Duke of Argyll, Concerning the Carson Quarry Footprints.

From the London Nature of April 19, we extract the following:

I have been surprised to see in the English scientific journals no notice taken of the very remarkable discovery reported from the California Academy of Sciences in a paper communicated to that body by Charles Drayton Gibbs, C. E, on the discovery of a great number of (apparently) human footprints of a gigantic size in the State of Nevada. It appears that in building the State Prison, near Carson City, the Capital of that State, there was occasion to cut into a rock composed of alternate layers of sandstone and clay. On several of the clay floors exposed in this operation great numbers of tracks of all sorts of animals have been exposed. These tracks include footprints of the mammoth or of some animal like it, of some smaller quadrupeds, apparently canine and feline, and of numerous birds. Associated with these are repeated tracks of footsteps, which all who have seen are agreed can be the footprints of no other animal than man, and the engravings and photographs which accompany the paper leave no doubt in the mind of any one who sees them. The most remarkable circumstance characterizing them is their great size. In one case there are thirteen footprints measuring 19 inches in length, by 8 inches wide at the ball and 6 inches at the heel. In another case the footprints are 21 inches long by 7 inches wide. There are others of a smaller size, possibly those of women. One track has fourteen footprints 18 inches long. The distance between the footprints constituting a "step" varies from 3 feet 3 inches to 2 feet 3 inches and 2 feet 8 inches, whilst the distance between the consecutive prints of the *same foot* constituting a "pace" varies from 6 feet 6 inches to 4 feet 6 inches. In none of the footprints of the deposit are the toes or claws of animals marked. As regards the beasts, this is probably due to the slushy state of the mud at the time the tracks were made. But in the case of the human

footprints, it is probably due to the use of some kind of shoe or moccasin.

I need not say that so far as the geological horizon is concerned, this discovery does not carry the existence of man beyond the Quarternary Mammalia, with which it has long been pretty clear that he was associated in prehistoric times. Nevertheless, it is, if confirmed, a highly remarkable discovery, especially as connected with the curious intimation so concisely made in the Jewish Scriptures —"And there were giants in those days." Hitherto, so far as I know, the remains of prehistoric man, so far as hitherto discovered, have not revealed anything abnormal in point of size. It is just possible that the slippery and yielding nature of the muddy lacustrine shore, on which the tracks were made, may have partially occasioned the apparent size. But the photographs and engravings exhibit them as very sharp and "clean cut." Professional Indian trackers have been employed to examine the tracks, and none of them seem to have the smallest doubt as to the footprints being human.

ARGYLL.

P. S.—The paper read before the California Academy of Sciences was sent to me by my son, the Governor General of Canada, a few weeks ago.

Thus we see the great interest that is being taken in this wonderful and wonderfully preserved bit of ground abroad. Here appears accidentally to have been found a stratum of ground upon which in prehistoric days man and the great birds and animals that then existed left their tracks side by side.

Although search might be made all the world over, in no other place would probably be found such striking indications of life on the face of the earth ages and ages ago.

The United States Government should, in the interest of science, make an appropriation for the stripping of a large area of this ground, under the Superintendence of a competent scientist. The amount required would not be large, as the convicts could be used in doing the work.

The beauty of the work here is that there is no uncertainty about it. The tracks of the men and animals can be taken and followed step by step. All there is to be done is to remove the superincumbent strata of rock. The excavacations here would prove of more interest to the scientific world than those now being carried on at Pompeii and Herculaneum.—*Enterprise.*

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From their beauty on the hills,
And the sunlight warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter,
In the rainbow of the spray,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away—
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have rolled away.

If we err in human blindness
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away—
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have rolled away.

When the silver mist has veiled us,
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We shall see them near and truly,
We shall trust them day by day,
Never love nor blame unduly
If the mists were cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mist have cleared away.

When the mist have risen above us,
As our father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
When the Day of Life is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Nobility.

True worth is in being—not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by,
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We can not do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We can not make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Cary.

Do thou thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day,
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shall not miss the toilor's pay.

—Whittier.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want ye to go
Down an' look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' round
A pullin' my whiskers 'n' nair,
A climbin' up to the table
Into her little high-chair.

"The first night that she took it,
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good night to papa,
And went away to bed—
Sez she, "'Tis head-ache, papa,
Be better in mornin' –bye';
An' somethin' in how she said it
Jest made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
An' the pretty red uv her little cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot.
But she laid there jes ez patient
Ez ever a woman could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow,
An' she's growin' wus in each;
An' now she's jest a slippin'
Clear away out uv our reach;
Every night when I ki-s her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in mornin'—bye!'

"She can't get thro' the night parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
You'll know jest what to say—
Not that the baby needs it,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think He's needin
The smile uv the little saint."

I walked along with the Corporal
To the door of his humble homie,
To which the silent messenger
Before me had also come;
And if he had been a titled Prince,
I would not have been honored more
Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
To his lowly cottage-door.
Night fall's again in the cottage:
They move in silence and dread
Around the room where the baby

Oh! hear ye the wh te lips whisper—
"Be—better——in——mornin'——bye!"
—*Rev. Leander S. Coan, in Concord Monitor.*

Lies p nting upon her bed.
"Does baby know papa, darling?"
And she moves her little face
With answer that shows she knows him;
But scarce a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
Remains as it was before
The unseen, silent messenger
Had waited at the door.
"Papa—kiss—baby;—I'm—so—tired."
The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted

In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,
While her husky whispered tenderness
Tears from a rock would wring;
"Baby——is——so——sick——papa—
But—don't——want——you——to——cry:"
The little hands fall on the coverlet—
"Be—better——in——mornin'——bye!"

And night around baby is falling,
Settling down dark and dense;

Does God need their darling in Heaven
That He must carry her hence?
I prayed, with tears in my voice,
As the Corporal solemnly knelt
With such grief as never before
His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women!
Do you know that around you, and nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty
Goeth up evermore the cry:
"My child, my precious, my darling,
How can I let you die?"

BETTER IN THE MORNING.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want ye to go
Down an' look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' round
A pullin' my whiskers 'n' hair,
A climbin' up to the table
Into her little high-chair.

"The first night that she took it,
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And night around baby is falling,
Settling down dark and dense:

Does God need their darling in Heaven
That He mus carry her hence?
I prayed, with tears in my voice,
As the Corporal solemnly knelt
With such grief as never before
His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women!
Do you know that around you, and nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty
Goeth up evermore the cry:
'My child, my precious, my darling,
How can I let you die?"

Oh! hear ye the wh te lips whisper—
"Be—better——in——mornin'——bye!"
—*Rev. Leander S. Coan, in Concord Monitor.*

C. L. Anderson, M. D., of Santa Cruz, lectured Friday afternoon before the assembly of students at the University, and a large number of visitors, on the subject of "Sea Weeds." His remarks were substantially as follows:

The flora of the sea, although comparatively unknown, is no less interesting than the flora of the land. And when we consider that nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with the sea, and in a larger portion of that sea there grows a luxuriant vegetation, our subject assumes a degree of importance which scarcely begins as yet to be appreciated. Sea weeds, or algæ, as they are called, have certain characteristics. They are cellular, flowerless plants, living in moist places, or entirely under the water, and deriving their nourishment through their whole substance, from the medium in which they vegetate. In a proper sense they have no roots—the base by which they are attached, when they are attached at all, serve merely as a hold-fast, to prevent the plant from being driven about by the movement of the water. They derive no nourishment from the substance to which they are attached, growing sometimes on iron, or floating timber, or rocks, shells, and even on each other. They are found in charcoal solutions, such as sulphate of copper, and in mineral springs, both hot and cold. They are found on snow-covered peaks of mountains, in the snows of the polar regions, and on the surface of the polar ice, The "Red Snow," so called, is a species of algæ. Air and moisture are the only essentials to their development; sunshine and heat are not necessary to many of them. The "Red Snow" plant is a round cell containing a little globe of half fluid substance of red color. This little globe bursts at maturity, sending out granules, each of which becomes coated with a thin sac and finally developes into a cell, like the parent cell, and is cast off to become an independent plant. "Nourishment is absorbed through the membraneous coating of this plant, (or cell), digested within its simple cavity, and the assimilated matter appled to the extension of the cell-wall until that has reached the size proper to the species. Then the matter contained within the cavity gradually separates into two positions, and at the same time a cell-wall is formed between each portion, and thus the original simple cell becomes two cells. They no longer cohere together as cells do in a common plant, but each half cell separates from its fellow and, commencing an independent career, digests food, increases in size, divides at maturity, etc., going again and again through a similar round of changes." In this way, by a process of self-division, in a short time large surfaces of "sea saw dust." In short, the waters

COVERING THREE-FOURTHS OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE

Are filled with the different forms of algæ. Ships are impeded in their course by some of the larger forms. There are places where many thousand square miles are covered with the Sargassam. Algæ vary in size from the smallest microscopic cell to those several hundred feet in length. After storms they are torn from their fastenings and cast upon our shores in great heaps.

Now, what is the use of this great profusion of vegetation? Is it that it may decay and help to fill up the low places in the sea? There is a higher and more valuable purpose. These sea weeds about which we know so little and have so much to learn, are indispensable to the continuance of organic life in the sea. They furnish oxygen to the water, by which action the water is kept pure so that animals can live in it. All that profuse animal life of the ocean must have a sub-structure of vegetable life on which to feed, otherwise desolation would immediately follow. Byron's "Dream of Darkness," when

"The rivers, lakes and oceans all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths,"

would be literally fulfilled.

It is a well known fact also that sea weeds not only furnish oxygen to the water, but to a considerable extent they supply the air with oxygen. At least they serve to keep up the proper

EQILIBRIUM IN THE ELEMENTS OF THE ATMOSPHERE,

So that when we are filling our lungs with the invigorating sea breeze, so pure and free from malaria, we must remember that we are greatly indebted to the sea weeds for this good air.

I have spent some time lately in looking over Captain Scammon's fine work on the marine mammals of our coast. I have examined it with somewhat of the same inquiring spirit that led the fisherman (quoted from Pericles, the Athenian statesman), to say, "Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea?" and I find pretty much the same answer, "Why, as man do aland; the great ones eat up the little ones." One might infer from the common terms used in speaking of these mammals of the sea that they feed on sea weeds. We read of the "flocks" and "herds" of "calves" and "cows."

Virgil speaks of Neptune's—

"—Scaly flocks that graze the watery deep."

On the channel Islands cows are fed on sea weed, and mixed with other materials, they are said to be a valuable food. But the mammals and fishes and the "cows" of the sea are decidedly carniferous—perhaps not

of them are very fond of green corn.

Captain Scammon says he examined several of the California gray whales, and found in their stomachs what sailors call "sedge," or "sea moss," (a sort of sea cabbage), which at certain seasons darkens the waters in extensive patches both in and about the months of the estuaries. The turtle, so much prized by aldermen, and the whole race of molusca, from the large abalone (haliotis) to the smallest shell fish, fatten on sea weed. We might also infer from the elephant-like tusks of the walrus (which animal is a sort of connecting link between the mammals of the sea and those of the land) that it might be a vegetarian to a certain extent. And so it is. It seems to live on sea weeds mainly, which it gathers to its mouth with its long tusks. By these facts we are led to the conclusion, then, that directly or indirectly all animal life in the waters, as upon the land has

ITS BASIS IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

A universal failure of crops upon the land would not be more disastrous than a like failure of sea weeds in the water. In either case, famine and desolation would ensue.

With but few exceptions all the submerged plants belong to algæ. Botanists make three grand divisions of this tribe: First—Melanosperms, dark or olive-spored. Second—Rhodosperms, red-spored. Third—Chlorosperms, green-spored. These classes may generally be distinguished by the colors indicated—olive, red and green—but not always.

The speaker here displayed to the audience different specimens of these three divisions, and with their aid and that of the crayon and blackboard gave some interesting illustrations. He explained somewhat in detail the various orders into which these three grand divisions are divided. He said the red algæ grows in the deeper and less exposed parts of the sea, generally below low tide, and in sheltered places; that the green is found in places most exposed to the sun, and nearly all the fresh water species are green, but that they do not grow well when uncovered by water, and that the olive-colored are most abundant between tide marks, and seem to grow when they are most exposed to the sun, air and change caused by the tides. He announced that about twenty-three years ago, Dr. Wm. H. Hervey, of Dublin University, brought sea weeds out of confusion, and arranged them on these scientific bases. Dr. Anderson then spoke at length and in a most interesting manner of the usefulness of sea weeds, in the way of food, raiment and ornament. He said it is a well-known fact that without sea weeds to enrich the soil on the shores of Ireland and Scotland, and other places, Altogether then, I think we may safely and truly say that the algae at this time, for whatever purpose we may wish to study them, for purely scientific knowledge, for food or medicine, for valuable materials in arts, for ornamental uses, or for that higher interest which religion and morals find in the contemplation of the Creator's works, offer a richer field for new discoveries than any that opens to the ardent student of nature. It is said the good St. Anthony, of Padua, when the heretics would not regard his preaching, betook himself to the sea shore. Here he called together the fishes, and it is said they formed a beautiful congregation, quickly arraying themselves according to their several species. He then preached to them a sermon which is still extant, and which nearly everybody has heard or read of. He exhorted his scaley hearers to praise and adore their Maker with gratitude and reverence for his wonderful works. There are times, when standing on the shelving rocks at low tide, some calm evening, with no sound but the waves mildly breaking along the shore, wrapt in contemplation of the beauty of the numerous varieties of algae growing in lavish profusion on our coast, looking at the many shades and tints reflected from these growing plants, varying in size from mere specks in the water to the long floating nercocystis, and the fringed ribbons of the phyllospora, and shining rainbow-tinted fans of the iridea, and deep green ulva and the broad purple porpleyra, all these moving like things of life in the clear sea water—who, that beholding and feeling such a scene as this, would not wish for some of the inspiration so sweetly distilled upon the soul of good St. Anthony, that he might, if not preach to the fishes and sea weeds, at least have a mind so framed as to hear what they have to say?

The Home Concert.

Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-by.
I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—
A little awkward, your wife would say—
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same de r mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As though we never had thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home, that belongs to *me*.
And I am lost in your grand large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me),
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see:
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips, I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
My wife and child, by the cottage door.
Ah! *that* is the concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good-by. And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain.
You were born to be rich and gay;
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened too—
Back to a concert all my own—
Mother's singing and baby's coo.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

CORAL REEFS.

The Peninsular of Florida and other Land Formations Treated by Professor Le Conte.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather Saturday evening the lecture-room of Corinthian Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, the occasion being Professor Le Conte's lecture on coral reefs and islands. The erudite Professor ascended the rostrum shortly before 8 o'clock, and without any preamble launched forth into his lecture which was divided into four heads. After a dissertation upon the theory of Dana regarding the area of land lost in subsidence, with the lapse of time necessary to finish the process, the lecturer reached the most interesting portion of his lecture—the formation of the peninsula of Florida. While in the Tortugas Islands in 1851, in company with Professor Agassiz, Professor Le Conte made some valuable discoveries regarding the growth and

DECAY OF THE CORAL.

He found that the growth of coral was commensurate in some degree with the level of the water of the Gulf of Mexico which undergoes an unusual variation of ten inches. As the water rises the "pronged" coral grows steadily; upon the gradual uniform falling of the water line, at that point where the coral is exposed, it becomes immediately subject to decay and its growth ceases at that point.

THE FLORIDA PENINSULA.

The peninsula of Florida, according to the theory advanced by Professor Le Conte is, geologically speaking, of recent formation, and since the glacier period the periods of formation extend in a regular sequence, from the everglades to the outer line of coral reefs. The curvular flow of the Gulf Stream creates sedimentary deposits in the inner line of the coral reefs. These reefs augmented by the sedimentary deposits, form in due course of time the sand keys. The deposits of sediment from the main land gradually fill up the intervening expanse, until what was once the isolated coral reef becomes extended to and apart of the peninsula, where the tracts of marshy lands known as the everglades are.

THE MANGROVE ISLANDS

Will at some time in the future become part of the peninsula. The mangrove tree seeks the edge of the water on shelving shores. Like the well known banyan tree, the branches send down pendants which take root in the ground, while from the roots themselves shoots spring up, and enrafting upon the branches form a network of mangrove—a dense forest, or more pronounced, and what was once

A MERE SUBMARINE BANK

Becomes an island, and, following the reef and key formation of the Florida peninsula, what are now the mangrove islands will in due course of time become a part of the peninsula of Florida. Another cause of the extension of the peninsula is the deposits of sediment by the Gulf Stream. The southern extremity of the peninsula is constantly extending, but the Professor considered annexation of Cuba only to be accomplished by American enterprise and not through the process just given. The formation of the canyons and ravines of Colorado and Arizona are thus described by the lecturer. The whole expanse of country west of the Mississippi river, following the system of subsidence became upheaved; not by volcanic action but by the causes above explained. The constant increase of declivity created by the upheaval caused a greater velocity of the mountain streams, and consequently a greater erosion, which cut out the famous Colorado and Arizona canyons to their present grand features. Professor Le Conte discoursed on various other interesting topics.

LITTLE LONESOME.

She was a fragile little maid,
Of even harmless things afraid;
A hasty word, a sudden stir,
A playful touch, would startle her;
She feared the lightning and the rain,
The branch that swept against the pane,
The Ocean's roar, the wind's sad moan,
And dreaded to be left alone.

And often in her bed at night
She would awake in wild affright,
Entreating, with appealing tone,
Mamma, I cannot stay alone.
The shutters groan and rattle—hark!
I hear a whisper in the dark.
Oh, come and hold me close and near,
Mamma, I am so lonesome here!

"The stars peer in and wink at me;
The moon looks ghastly through the tree,
And shines by fits cross the door;
The shadows move upon the floor
Like living things; the windows creak,
I feel a cold breath on my cheek;
The chimney howls, the wind is high,
I am so lonesome where I lie!"

And then the mother's tender heart
Would take the little sufferer's part;
Would haste, with reassuring kiss,
To soothe her back in quietness;
To clasp her fluttering hands, and still
The shuddering sob, the nervous thrill,
Until her head found happy rest
Upon that kind, protecting breast.

But others blamed her tenderness,
And said, "Indulgence and caress
Will harm the child and do her wrong;
She never will be brave and strong.
If thus you pet her whims and freaks;
You should not heed her when she speaks!
Conquer her folly and your own,
And let her go to sleep alone."

And so when next she cried at night,
Calling in tremulous affright,
"Mamma, I hear the watch-dogs bark!
I am so lonesome in the dark!"
The mother heard, with tear-wet face,
But closed her lips and kept her peace,
Until the child, too tired to weep
Longer, had sobbed herself to sleep.

To-night, the eddying snow-flakes whirl
Above the sleeping little girl;
Her room is dark, her bed is cold,
Love cannot warm the frozen mold,
Yet still her mother hears the plaint
Come through the midnight, far and faint,
Half lost amid the tempest's moan,
"Mamma, I cannot stay alone,
O mamma, come; the wild winds cry,
And I am lonesome where I lie!"

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen, in Youth's Companion.*

Lake Tahoe is a sheet of water, approaching to the rectangular in its general shape, lying in a northerly and southerly direction, about 25 miles in length and varying from 10 to 15 miles in width. It is of very great depth, the soundings over a large part being from 1,700 to 1,900 feet, while in one small portion near the northern end the Government surveying party were unable to reach the bottom with a line 3,000 feet in length. The water is cold, exceedingly pure and clear, and of a most lovely blue. In certain hours of the day, with a proper condition of the sunlight, nothing can exceed in beauty the appearance of the water as seen from the shore, the variety of hues, the shades of green near at hand and of blue in the distance, mingled with each other, and the whole surface reflecting with perfect distinctness the clouds and the mountain sides. While rowing in a boat at a little distance from the shore, where the depth does not exceed 50 feet, it is a most fascinating pleasure to watch the changing character of the bottom through the absolutely transparent water, which is as clear as crystal. Every rock, even every pebble is distinctly visible, covered in many cases with a bright green growth of aquatic mosses. In gently floating on the surface, the boat seems at times about to strike against some huge bowlder or projecting rock, which is perhaps 10 or 20 feet beneath us.

Although the lake lies at an elevation of more than 6,000 feet above the sea level, it is surrounded on all sides by mountain peaks and ridges still higher. At intervals among these hights there are depressions or "gaps" over which run in some directions wagon roads to different places, and in others were trails passable for horses and pedestrians, but not for vehicles. The mountains which border the southern half of the lake are much higher than those about the northern portion—more bold, precipitious, and in every way more remarkable. Several of these peaks reach an elevation of from 9,000 to 12,000 feet above the ocean, and are now, and I believe throughout the year, covered with snow on their summits.—*Cor. S. F. Bulletin.*

A Story of Helen's Babies.

[New York Correspondence Chicago Journal.]

Next to "Who's President?" comes the popular interrogatory, "Have you read 'Helen's Babies?'" Over 30,000 copies of this unique little volume have been sold, but the only thing remarkable about the production of this work, in my opinion, is that no one ever thought of it before. Thousands of fathers and mothers throughout the land could tell of the sayings and doings of their precocious infants, which are quite as wise and witty as those of lar want, and is eminently successful. Mr. Haburton, its author, lives in Mt. Clare, New Jersey, and belongs to the staff of the *Christian Union*. Budge and Toddie, the heroes of the book, are his own boys. They are said to be unusually bright and interesting. One of Toddie's feats, not published, is worth recording. The boy was presented with a pet canary, which, after a short existence, died. Then Toddie's thoughts were all concentrated on the burial; so wrapping the dead bird in a piece of newspaper, he dug a little grave and laid it carefully away. The next morning, bright and early, he proceeded to the resting-place of his lost pet and brought the bird to light again. Then he took it to his mother. "There," he said, holding out the resurrected bird, "I ought a knowed Dod (God) 'oodn't tate 'ittle birdie up to hebben yapped up in nassy old paper. Toddie wants a yag." A piece of clean linen was given him, and, winding it about the tiny creature, the burial act was repeated. During the night his mother dug up the remains and effectually disposed of them; and when Toddie went to repeat his investigations the bird had disappeared. And so to this day the boy firmly believes that "Dod toot 'ittle birdie up to hebben."

THE TWO ANCHORS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It was a gallant sailor man
Had just come home from sea,
And as I passed him in the town
He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man—
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor-like,
"Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him one day—
His ship was then in sight—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip,
"So you are back again?
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indiaman
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts,
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight—
The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

"I heard last night that you were in;
I walked the wharves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours,
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her,"
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea,
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night—
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right!'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
"Come home with me," he said.
"Go on, go on; I follow you,"
I followed where he led.
He had a pleasant little house;
His spirits were so light—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

'Twas supper time and we sat down—
The sailor's wife and child,
And he and I; he looked at the m,
And looked at me and smiled,
"I think of this when I am tossed
Upon the stormy foam,
And though a thousand leagues away,
Am anchored here at home."
Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
"I see in dreams at night
This little anchor on my left,
This great one on my right!"

—*Harper's for October.*

EARNEST ACTION.

All the mighty thoughts of ages,
Borne down the stream of time;
All the burning words of sages,
Tend to make the world sublime.

On their banners, Right and Duty—
This it is that onward cheers:
Not the dreams of coming beauty,
Floating on the tide of years.

In the hottest of the battle
Have we time to think of life?
Are we, spite the canon's rattle,
Eager for the coming strife?

Do we think of any other
But the present, fierce and strong!
Do we teach our hearts to smother
All the insult of a wrong?

When the watchword—Truth forever—
Shall impel the word along,
Then the brave hearts' strong endeavor
Shall be crowned with victory's song.

Not in idle though or dreaming
Can we right a grievous wrong;
Not by any outward seeming,
Though our faith in good be strong.

But by earnest thought and action
We shall roll away the stone,
Quell the tumult of the faction,
Hurl the giant from his throne.

Thus shall we use all our power,
Take the truth from ages sent:
Culminating for the hour,
Shall our energies be spent.

TURKEY IN EUROPE.

Can you state what is the extent of the Turkish Empire in Europe at the present date, what provinces are directly ruled over by her in Europe and what provinces pay her any kind of tribute? AN INQUIRER.

[The area and population of the Turkish Empire can only be estimated, there being no exact measurements. Before the war of 1877-8, the area of the European portion of the Empire was about 138,264 square miles, with a population of 8,315,000. Under the treaty of Berlin, of July 13, 1878, Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Roumania and Servia were taken from Turkey, and in 1881 parts of Thessaly and Epirus were ceded to Greece, the extent of the territory ceded being 81,396 square miles, leaving only 56,868 square miles under Turkish rule, with a population of 3,982,000. Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, though possessing autonomous and Christian goverments, are tributary to the Sultan.]

ords to draw an abstract of property when understading how to do it it myself? or could I copy one from my neighbor, knowing it to be correct, so it will be within the limits of the law? J. T. C.

[(1) By "squaring the circle" we suppose you mean ascertaining the exact area of a circle in square measure. This is generally admitted by scientific men to be impossible. No government has eyer offered a reward for its accomplishment that we know of. (2) We do not understand what you are trying to get at. If you want to sell property, and the buyer is satisfied to take it without an abstract from a professional searcher of records, that is his own business. But you are not likely to find a man who would take land without such a document.]

SAN FRANCISCO.

(1) What is the population of the city of San Francisco? Does that include all the county? Has San Francisco a city boundary, or is the city and county one corporation? (2) When is it proper to use the title "Esq.," and what does it stand for? H. N. S.

Hakalau Plantation, H. I.

[(1) By the last census the population of San Francisco was 233,956. The city and county of San Francisco form one political organization. (2) It stands for "Esquire," and in America is used as a title of courtesy in addressing any gentleman, unless he is entitled to some other form of address, as "Hon.," "Gen.," "Dr.," etc.]

THE SUNDAY LAW.

Please inform me when the Sunday law was passed, and under what administration, Democratic or Republican? J. R. W.

[The Sunday law, nearly as it now stands on the statute book, was passed in 1858 and added to in 1861. We do not remember the complexion of the Legislature.]

THE OLDEST TOWN.

Which is the oldest town in California? A. J. M.

[A mission was established at San Diego and a permanent white settlement located there in July, 1769, nearly a year before the settlement of Monterey.]

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Please tell us where Yellowstone Park is situated. A. says it is in Montana, and C. says it is in Wyoming Territory. TWO SCHOOLBOYS.

[It is chiefly in Wyoming, but the western portion extends into Montana.]

LIVERPOOL AND GLASGOW.

Please inform me what is the population of Liverpool; also, of Glasgow. A SUBSCRIBER.

[By the census of 1881—Glasgow, 555,280; Liverpool, 552,425.]

AROUND THE WORLD.

Is it possible to travel around the world without rounding the Cape of Good Hope? T.

[Certainly; by several routes. The Suez Canal for one.]

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALABAMA.

Will the CALL please state at what time and where the Confederate vessel Alabama was captured, and the name of the vessel that engaged with her. MANY READERS.

[The Alabama was sunk by the United States steamer Kearsarge, after a brief but sharp engagement, off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, on Sunday, June 19, 1864.]

HEIGHT OF TOWERS, ETC.

Please state the height of Bunker Hill Monument, the height of the Capitol dome in Washington, and the height of the highest church tower in the world. W. H. T.

[Bunker Hill Monument, 221 feet; the Capitol at Washington, 287½ feet, the cathedral at Cologne the highest church tower in the world, 501 feet.]

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Is Alfred Tennyson, "Poet Laureate" of England, dead? If so, what time time did he die? OLD SUBCRIBER.

[He is not dead. THE CALL published a poem just written by him only a few weeks ago.]

tion sale of personal effects of the lamented Mrs. Judah took place. The articles were mainly bric-a-brac, fancy ornaments, books, articles of vertu, pieces of fancy furniture and an elaborate theatrical wardrobe. In the collection were card-cases, bonquet-holders, jewel-cases, pictures, a plate that once belonged to Martha Washington, a family snuff-box, statuettes, spoons, Japanese curios, cabinet, etc., etc. A patch-work quilt made by Mrs. Judah brought $55 and another unfinished $32 50; two carved stone vases, $6; a Louis Phillippe cup, bearing the crest and crown of the royal Bourbon, $7; a pair of Bohemian glass medallion vases, $12 50; a piece of embroidered Indian mull 150 years old, $6; an old French chair, upholstered in embroidery, originally imported from France and presented to Mrs. Judah twenty-five years ago, $15; an antique fancy desk, $25; a silver epergne, $14; another, $5; two fine broad black lace flounces worth $5 a yard went for $6 for the entire eight or nine yards. The high-post bedstead of solid mahogany with canopy, which was imported for $400, and for which Mrs. Judah had refused $300, was sold with the mattress for $150. Her wardrobe went at distressingly low prices, and the books were withdrawn till a more auspicious time. Alas, alas, we had often seen that lovely, benignant face with its halo of white curls so content and happy and hospitable in that little bijou of a cot with all these prized surroundings. With the going out of that grand spirit began the dismantling of one of San Francisco's most charming homes.

The Nazarene.

Asleep lay the meek and the lowly,
Sweet babe in its mother's arms, when
Strange men came to worship the holy,
Sweet babe as the Saviour of men.
His star had been seen in the east that morn
Proclaiming to all that a Saviour was born.

He stood by the dark Galilee,
Where the doubtful were standing, and then,
"Cast your nets further into the sea,"
Said the wonderful Saviour of men.
They believed and obeyed, and lo! the reward
Brought the fishermen down to the feet of the Lord.

Asleep when the sea was afoam—
When none but the Saviour could sleep—
They sought and besought him to come,
He arose, and, deep answering deep,
Said he, "Peace, be still;" and 'twas well,
The sea sank in its cave and its shell.

He passed by the bier of the dead,
A maiden was hushed in repose;
And he laid his soft hands on her head
And lo! the dead quickly arose.
So the grave was robbed of a victory, when
The earth was the home of the Saviour of men.

What he preached from the pinnacled hill,
So simple, sublime, and so sweet,
With thousands bowed at his feet,
Defying the terrible ravage of time.

Hood Alston.

[Written for the Santa Cruz SENTINEL.]

MOTHER LIFE.

[The following shows the yearning tender love of a stricken mother, who would fain look on the bright side of life, even though it be dimmed with tears. We give it place for the sentiment of affection expressed.]

Mother, the sky is very bright,
And flowers are all around,
Yet your heart is very sad, mother,
For your darling is in the ground.

You are thinking of the time, mother,
When you had me here, on earth,
When I nestled in your loving arms,
And you smiled at my childish mirth.

But, mother, if you could only see,
Our little band, above,
Where Jesus, the good Father,
Is teaching us to love.

And hear the heavenly music,
And see the angels bright;
O, mother, you would happy be,
For it is a glorious sight.

And, mother, when you leave that earth
And reach this heavenly shore,
And come to dwell with Jesus,
Where parting is no more.

Your little boy will welcome you,
And lead you to the throne,
And Jesus he will smile on you,
And claim you for his own.

Then, mother, weep not any more,
And do not shed a tear;
For though I'm absent from the flesh,
I am with you ever near.

For Jesus our good Father,
Has willed it so to be,
And for your Guardian Angel.
He has appointed me. H. J. C.

Love Creek, Santa Cruz County, Cal.,
February 12th, 1875.

THE MEN OF THE HOUR.

BY MRS. M. C. PYLE.

From Cincinnati, over the plain,
Eastward speeded the express train,
Through the solemn midnight, under the stars,
With its passengers snug in the sleeping-cars,
And others elsewhere, less lucky than they
Striving in sleep to pass time away
On their straight-backed seats as best they might;
Twisted corner-wise, bolt upright,
Or tilted backward with reckless feet
Aloft on the back of a neighbor's seat,
Scarcely lifting a sleep-dulled eye
As the tired conductor hurried by.
"Tickets!" he cries; and his hasty hand
Snatches the paste-board from each hat-band,
Hustles and bustles, then slams the door,
And he and his lantern vex us no more.

Barren, prosaic age of steam,
Making romance but an idle dream!
We can but mourn, as we dwell in thee,
This merchant, this drummer, that candidate;
Not in this conductor, dapper and thin,
With his rings and his gorgeous bosom-pin;
Nor that stoker and engineer without,
Daily traversing the usual route.
Narrow and fettered, not broad and free,
Are the forms of the life we round us see.
To be sordid or weak is the common lot,
A Philistine era is this, I wot.

Is it true? No. The Father's love still warms
And shapes men's life through the poorest forms,
Now, as ever, the Infinite Love
On the waste of waters will breathe and move,
Its Power Creative, now as then,
Evoking from chaos a world again;
And here in this Cincinnati train,
Through the midnight sweeping across the plain,
Let the Hour come and time of need,
And the man shall not fail of a hero's deed

Right before us, across the night,
Suddenly flashes a signal light;
DANGER; A bridge is close at hand,
And the roadway and stream by its arches spanned,
A switch misplaced! in moment's breath
Up looms before us ruin and death!
Down with the brakes? haste, fireman, here!
Back her! Back her! Good engineer!
Too near! and the signal came too late,
We are here on the brink of the crushing fate;
Jump, then, conductor and engineer!
You can save your lives, and life is dear.

Were they daunted by death in this awful glare?
Did they shrink from the post of duty there?
No. Down go the brakes, and the engine reels,
With the spin of the backward turning wheels,
Yet right through the wood-work crashing we go,
And engine and tender are hurled below.
Vain was the effort—no, NOT in vain,
For right on the brink hangs the rescued train,
And the passengers sleep with tranquil breath,
Unknowing they stand at the gates of death.

Only the other train-hands knew
All that was done by the gallant two.
They searched the ruins with eager stir
To find the fate of the rescuer.
Out from the wreck they bear them then,
Two charred and broken bodies of men!
Brave heroes! for you but these words are fit,
You knew your duty—you died for it.

[—*Christian Union.*

of Pioneers.

Interesting Review of the Arts, Sciences, Education, Agriculture, and Progress of the Country, by Judge Hastings.

At a meeting of the Society of Pioneers last evening, the President, ex-Judge S. C. Hastings, read the following paper on Mexico:

On my late visit to the City of Mexico, I took the liberty, and, if you please, indulged in the little vanity, of introducing myself to a few of the public men of the Republic, as the President of the Society of Pioneers of California, and stated that one of the objects of my mission was to obtain information relative to the people and government of their country, its present condition and prospects, and especially as to the origin of the races now constituting its inhabitants, and of their probable destiny. I was received with much kindness, hospitality and sympathy, on account, especially, of the fact that California and its original native inhabitants were once a department or segment of the Republic.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY

Of Mexico commences with the annals of the Toltecs: "The Toltecs excelled in arts and sciences, and were so skilful therein, that many interpret the word toltec by artist, although the probability is that it means a native of Toltan. They worked both in gold and silver, making very curious articles from these metals; they carved the hardest rocks and polished precious stones. They also excelled in the sciences, as proved by their astronomical labors, which gave them for a result the exact computation of time, which was qualified by the distinguished astronomer, Laplace, as original. They divided the year into eighteen periods of twenty days, adding other complimentary five days called (nememteni) or useless, this completing the solar year of 365 days; but as this exceeded the period of 365 days by a little less than six hours, they formed an age of 52 years which they called *Huilimolpia*, bundle or link of years, and the age or century (*Huehuetilixtli*) of 104 years, adding thereto 25 days, hence resulting a difference of only one day in each 538 years.

"AGRICULTURE WAS PROSPEROUS,

"The Toltecs dedicating themselves principally to the cultivation of maize, chile, beans and other products, as well as to cotton, which gave them good returns. The women spun and wove domestics, plain, twilled and quilted, and with colored patterns and figures.

"The Toltecs were very intelligent in architecture, and constructed their buildings with cut stones, packed at times one above another and at others set in mortar; they perpetuated their annals by means of hieroglyphic characters, and finally in their laws, their habits and customs, they exhibited an advanced state of civilization.

"In their religious ceremonies they excluded human sacrifices, with the exception of those they performed in honor of *Tlatoli*, the God of Waters, and that made to *Tonacatecuhtli*; offering up to the first six maidens, and to the second a criminal, who was broken to pieces by the projecting points of revolving stones.

"THE LAWS PROHIBITED POLYGAMY,

"And decreed that the monarchs could not contract a second marriage; and courage was as much admired in the men as modesty in the women."

The hieroglyphical inscriptions amongst the ruins of ancient edifices of pyramidical form, and the construction of numerous pyramids, are of a date too remote to afford any evidence of the date of their origin.

The Toltecs were informed of the building of the Tower of Babel, of the great flood, and have stories of the destruction of the world three times, denominating each time an epoch.

The Toltecs, according to Humboldt, were expelled from their country (the northwest coast of the Pacific), 42° north latitude, and commenced their peregrinations south in the year 561, founding towns and cities. They did not found San

THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

The Toltecs were succeeded finally by the Aztecas, who commenced their peregrinations in 1160.

The history of the Aztecs down to the Spanish invasion is too well known to warrant any further notice in this brief sketch, and I now hasten to present, as nearly as I can, a correct statement, in a few words, the of present condition of the Mexican Republic.

The differences of dress, customs and language, in the Mexican Republic, make known the heterogeneousness of its population, which may be divided into three principal groups, viz., the white race and more direct descendants of the Spaniards, the mixed race, and the Indian race.

THE HABITS AND CUSTOMS

Of the individuals who compose the first division conform in general to European civilization, and particularly to the fashions of the French with reminiscencees of the Spaniards. Their national language is Spanish; French is much in vogue, whilst English, German and Italian are greatly extended.

The white race, so called, does not constitute an important factor in the affairs of the Government. They are Spaniards, highly conservative, and see no hope for a better future but in some form of a Monarchal Government. They rule in the etiquet and social intercourse, and are much devoted to music and the arts, and do not exceed in numbers over one million. The power of this group went down with Maximilian. The second group is

A MIXED RACE,

And are the original Revolutionists who severed Mexico from the mother country and now constitute the government, a close imitation of the model Republic of the United States, and in many things superior. They have a great military school and an army of 40,000 men actually under arms. They have established great national schools of instruction in agriculture and the mines, in metallurgy, the ancient and modern classics, the arts and sciences, law, medical jurisprudence, etc. This is the ruling class, and is of a miscegenated compound of Spanish, African and Indian, and constitute over 4,000,000 of people. They are what is called

THE PARTY OF PROGRESS,

And they have progressed from the overthrow of the Spanish dominion and the late French invasion, and have formed a model Republic, at the head of which are men of patriotism and learning; and the question now arises, is this Government an Utopia, that is, a Government without a civilized nation? The Government is in the zone of civilized life, and is to be ranked in *form* as the peer of any civilized nation. But what *is* the *nation?* I regret to say that it is not to be ranked amongst the civilized races of the earth. They are wanting in the distinguishing features of civilized countries.

The third group, of more than 4,000,000, are Indians. They do not, in the modern sense, cultivate the earth. They are destitute of all enterprise in the mechanic arts. They are void of all the aspirations to acquire ownership, or to

POSITION IN SOCIETY;

Have no ambition; do not construct habitations, edifices, public or private. They are consequently indolent and inactive; do not struggle in a well regulated competition, and have no occasion for such a struggle, for by a very little effort they have frijoles and pulque, and occasionally some tortillos by way of luxury. These are their food, and a blanket or serape is their principal raiment, and their mild climate affords them shelter against inclement weather.

The consequence is the rich fertile lands of the country are of but little value, and do not afford revenue by taxation or otherwise for the support of the Government. They have no private accumulations from which an income tax can be derived.

The nation, therefore, does not export but little of any commodities which is the product of the soil. The Government must depend upon duties upon imports. Imports are small, for their wants are few, and it follows that duties upon imports are so enormous as to amount almost to prohibition. Thus

THE GOVERNMENT IS IMPOVERISHED.

It has no extensive or adequate exchequer, and frequently cannot pay its army nor generally its officers. And when so reduced the army becomes demoralized, revolution springs up and forced loans are inaugurated, and this is but a species of plunder. A people of this kind are given to robbery, and what is a most lamentable fact, the Government seems to be powerless to arrest crimInals; and a nation where Government has not down grade, in a state of reversion, and history fails to show the ultimate survival of

A SICK RACE.

They must "go," yielding to the great northern pressure of a different and, in physical power, a much superior class of human beings. This is the history of the past as to Mexico. Why not let this be done now? I answer, because it would require the expenditure of over $150,000,000 to conquer them. The Mexicans have a standing army of 40,000 men under the discipline of highly educated leaders, of experience in the field and graduates of their military academy. Equipped with approved modern firearms, this army would not be vanquished without a great loss of life and the expenditure of vast sums of money, and when conquered Mexico would be an elephant on our hands of such huge proportions that it would require untold millions to support it.

FRIENDSHIP OF THE GOVERNMENT.

It may be said that I have taken the pessimist view of these people. But let the truth be told. Before I close this paper I would remark that there is a terrible feud between our Minister, Mr. Foster, and the Cabinet at Mexico, arising from the remarks of Mr. Foster in his letter to the Manufacturing Association of the Northwest. The Secretary of State, Señor Remero, is engaged in a reply, which will be very elaborate, and will show the friendship of the Mexican Government towards the United States, and their anxiety to open general trade and commerce between the two nations, and will demonstrate the safety of investment of capital in mining, agriculture and railroads. In answer to any proposition to construct railroads, it would be sufficient to say that the present road from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, over 290 miles in length, and which is, and always must be, the

VERTEBRAL COLUMN OF THE TRADE

Of the country, does not pay three per cent on the cost, and but for its local business, such as transportation of pulque and other local commodities, the road could not pay over its running expenses. The Cabinet at Mexico think the present Washington Cabinet inclines to a rupture and to war. That the long refusal of recognition of the present incumbent, Diaz, their orders of invasion of Mexican territory by the United States troops, to recapture bullocks and arrest robbers, and Minister Foster's late letter above mentioned, indicate an effort of the weak Cabinet of Washington to lift itself into some importance by conjuring up a war with our Mexican neighbors. As to the

MINES OF MEXICO,

Its rich, fertile soils, its wonderful variety of products, its good climate, I have nothing to say: nor as to brigandage and insecurity of property and life. These things are all well known, and there are various opinions.

For young men who expect to live many years I would suggest the northern Territories as holding out many inducements, but would suggest that it would not be wise at the present time to go yourself, but send your wife's relations.

A vote of thanks was tendered by the Society to Mr. Hastings, and the paper directed to be filed in the archives of the Society.

MAN DEFINED.

To which natural kingdom does man belong and of what class of his kingdom is he?

TWO MERCHANTS.

[Technically, man belongs to the animal kingdom, class mammalia, sub-class archencephals, order bimana, genus homo.]

LIEUTENANT DE LONG.

Please inform me whether or not Lieutenant De Long was on duty by orders from the Navy Department, or voluntarily, and if his death will be considered as in a line of duty, or as an officer on leave of absence. INQUIRER.

[Lieutenant De Long was detailed by the Secretary of the Navy to the command of the Jeannette, and his death is in the line of duty as an officer of the navy.]

THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

State what age a person has to be before he can enter a Naval Academy and some of the conditions. Also, where is there a Naval Academy?

A FIFTEEN-YEAR SUBSCRIBER.

[The Naval Academy is at Annapolis, Maryland. Cadets must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age, and are appointed upon the recommendations of the members of Congress in whose district a vacancy occurs.]

That is simply the outer circles of a whirlpool. A shower of brick-bats—a surge up and down—a dozen broken heads—a cry of "police!" and your crowd scatters like sheep and slinks away like curs.

A mob sets out to resist the authorities. Nine out of every ten men in it are cowards. They boast and brag and encourage, but they keep their own bodies in the back ground. They want to see some one hurt but they know that the law will triumph and they want to be able to prove that they were simply lookers-on. One brave man will walk into a mob and defy and over-awe it.

A brutal outrage has been committed. It is an affair that stirs the blood of sons and brothers and brings a dangerous light to the eyes of husbands and fathers. There is no boasting or shouting. Knots of men gather here and there and they speak with fierce earnestness, but in low voices. No mob surges up and down—no wild yells rend the air—no cowards furnish drink to excite young men to foolish deeds.

"Lynch him!"

It is not shouted, but spoken in whispers or read in each other's eyes. Every man has obeyed the laws—every man would peril his life in aiding to enforce them, but there is a feeling that legal punishment does not always punish sufficiently.

"Lynch him!"

When men who never partake of a meal without bowing the head in prayer whisper those words, look out! The heart burns and thrills. For the time being law is nothing. Fathers whisper it to sons, brothers to each other, merchants to mechanics. Lips tighten and grow pale, teeth shut close, eyes flash as you never saw them before.

The knots of men swell into groups—the groups consolidate into a crowd. The leader takes his place, and instinctively the crowd realize that he is the proper person. Speeches and orations are not in order—ropes are!

See now! Teeth shut tighter as the crowd moves. Not a man would turn back from a loaded cannon. It moves ahead, but it swirls and hisses and gurgles like a river vexed by rocks. It is the whispers—the quick answers—the pale faces—which tell you what danger lurks in the crowd. A noisy crowd can be scattered. It will fall to pieces of itself. A silent body of men will take your life if every man has to peril his own.

It is the jail. Key or no key, the prisoner must come out. The crowd would have him if a score of grated doors had to be battered down. He does not plead for mercy. One look around him tells him that his life is hungered for with such intensity that prayers would be mockery. He may look up at the harvest moon and the

No voice commands, but here is the tree. The whirlpool stands still for a moment. Faces grow a little whiter, but the eyes of every man show a dogged determination that would blaze into desperation if opposed. The noose is rapidly adjusted, there is a falling back, and with a groan of terror and despair trembling on his lips the guilty wretch swings in the air. The creak of the limb—the calls of a night bird—the deep breathing of men—are plainly heard as the body swings to and fro or turns round and round as the death struggle goes on.

It is morning. Merchants are behind their counters, mechanics at the bench, sons at school. There is no sign that last night was not one of tranquility and peace. Men speak again, women and children laugh as they walk abroad—the cyclone has passed. The jail doors are being repaired—the tree no longer holds a corpse and a stranger would look upon this face and that and whisper to himself: "What good nature I see in every line of their countenances! They are obedient to law and enforce the best of order."

Riots are the work of demagogues and boasters. Mobs are created by cowards When men turn out with shut teeth and whispered voices to take the law into their own hands, Judge Lynch has opened court and sentenced a man to die.—*Detroit Free Press.*

1775--1875.

Looking back a hundred years,
And comparing the now and then,
It seems to me that in spite of fears
The country has earnest men,
As willing to draw the sword for right,
As ready to wield the pen.

It seems to me that in faithful hearts
The currents yet ebb and flow,
With a constant motion that still imparts
As steady and clear a glow
Of zeal for freedom's glorious arts,
As a hundred years ago.

It seems to me that in field or forge,
By river and by rill,
In fertile plain and mountain gorge,
In city or hamlet, still
They live as they did in the days of King George,
Of Concord and Bunker Hill.

I do not know that the hands are weak,
Or the brain unused to plan;
That the tongue delays the truth to speak,
Or the foot to march in the van;
But I know full well that we need not seek
In vain for a Minute Man.

There are men to-day that would stand alone
On the bridge Horatius kept;
There are men who would fight at Marathon,
Who would battle with Stark of Bennington,
When flashing from sabre and flint-lock gun
The fires of Freedom lept.

It is well to look back with pride and boast,
It is better to look ahead;
The past to all is a dream at most.
The future is life instead;
And standing unmoved at your duty's post
Is truthfully praising the dead.

A surprising statement concerning coffee has been made by the Abbé Moigno in *Les Mondes* to the effect that nutritious as coffee and milk are known to be when taken separately, a mixture of both produces a compound which cannot be digested or assimilated.

would not be liable to very many causes of injury beyond the natural deterioration of its protecting envelope. But that such is not the case will be seen from the following facts, for which, with the accompanying illustrations, we are indebted to *La Nature*:

In northern latitudes cables are frequently ruptured by icebergs or floes. The former often draw several hundred feet of water, and where the sea is shallow come in contact with and so break the cable. Another cause of rupture is sharp rocks on the ocean bottom, against the edges of which the cable chafes until the outer envelope and layer after layer of the protecting material are worn through. Earth contact of the interior conducting wires then usually occurs, and the cable no longer transmits signals. Other natural causes of destruction are coral banks, earthquakes, submarine currents, and the elevated temperature of tropical waters.

Numerous instances have occurred where cables have been damaged by fish, a notable example happening in the cable between Brazil and Portugal, and the coasting cables which run along the eastern shore of the South American continent. On these lines the cable is almost chronically attacked by sawfish. Pieces of the bone of the saw of this animal have repeatedly been found imbedded in the coverings so deeply that the interior conducting wires themselves are injured. Fig. 3 shows a section of the cable with the bone found inclosed therein. No less than five times have the cables above named been injured by sawfish attacks. It is supposed that the fish runs into the cable, and as its temper is none of the best, it becomes enraged and vents its anger on the obstruction by blows of its saw. An even more curious instance occurred not long ago in the cable across the Persian Gulf, which suddenly became inoperative. On examination it was found that a large whale had become entangled in the line. The animal was covered with parasites, and it is supposed that it attempted to use the cable as a rubbing post in order to rid itself of its annoying appendages. One stroke of its powerful tail probably broke the line, and then in rolling over and over the whale wrapped itself so tightly in the coil that it committed suicide by strangulation.

Among the worst enemies of submarine cables are three insects. The *teredo navalis* and its congener the *xylophaga*, which Huxley first discovered in 1860 in one of the cables of the Levant, enter the hemp covering and penetrate to the gutta percha, wherever the interstices of the wires of the exterior envelope afford them an opening. The *teredo* is a worm that constructs a tube for itself out of its calcareous secretion. The *xylophaga* is a bivalve, which does not penetrate deeply into the gutta percha, but simply attaches one of its shells thereto, chafing the material so that considerable losses of current occur. The *teredo norvegica*, Fig. 1, is quite a large worm, having two shells on its anterior part, with which it can cut through the hardest wood. It belongs to the genus of acephalous mollusks, and no less than 24 different species of it have been recognized.

The *limnoria lignorum*, Fig. 2, is a small crustacean about the size of an ant. It penetrates into the interstices of the wire envelope of the cable and makes its way to the core. The cables in the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean and also on the Irish coast have been seriously damaged by the ravages of this creature.

Fig. 2.—LIMNORIA LIGNORUM.

Fig. 1.—THE TEREDO.

In the Shadow.

Our brightest fancies serve as rays
That many a dusty mote disclose,
Or play, as summer lightning plays,
And gathering darkness darker shows.

As mists from smoothest waters rise,
As reddening leaves must soonest fall,
So tears still stream from calmest eyes,
So misery comes as pleasure's pall.

Our sky shows darkest through the rifts;
Our spirits breathe infected air;
The dust we are about us lifts,
And rises with our purest prayer!

Miles O'Reilley as the finest verses he ever read. He published them four times, and declared he liked them better every time:]

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white,
They find where the dusty grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

THE LOVE TREE.

In the stillest spot of the stillest town
In all our sunny lands,
The full-circled village with streets grass-grown,
This shadowing old oak stands.
O, fondly is cherished this prince of trees,
With the rustic seat round his knotted knees;
From the musical wind the tend'rest air
He has caught in his boughs and prisoned there.

The young men and maids of the village tell
Of a magic in his shade;
Never a "nay, sir," because of this spell
Was beneath his branches said.
He has leaned o'er the heads of whisp'ring twain
Till his list'ning leaves have caught their refrain;
And sweet, so sweetly, they whisper of love—
Only and ever, and always of love.

When the wool-white mists on the hilltops lie,
And grandmothers are asleep;
When winds are toned to the tenderest sigh
And the moon climbs the azure steep,
And silvery arrow archly sheds,
On a pair of shadowy touching heads;
'Tis there the sweet spell owns its greatest power
In the mystic still of the moonlit hour.

Old tree, may you flourish unbent, unshorn;
And long may your boughs be green!
You will wave o'er loving heads yet unborn
When we are all gone, I ween.
For sake of the hearts you have sheltered there,
O may you the axe and the firebrand spare!
Full many new Springs may you live to see,
And long may you flourish, O dear, old tree.

—[MARIA E. SUTHERLAND.

Ancient lake dwellings have been brought to light recently near Leipsic. They consist of oak piles supporting beams of oak, and were encountered underground in the course of engineering operations near the river Elster. Oxen's teeth, antlers, broken bones of other sorts, shells, pottery, and polished stone hatchets, were found on the same level.

Ages before Columbus discovered the New World it had been the home of mighty nations whose names had perished from the earth. Antecedent to all the history of this western hemisphere, or even the traditions of its primal people, they had passed away, leaving behind them merely the disappearing vestiges of their existence.

We seek in vain for accurate knowledge of these ancient inhabitants, their social and political state, their moral and intellectual condition, their domestic economy, their physical developments, their modes and means of life, and in fine all those characteristics which give their true measure on the scale of civilization. Indeed, we know less of these aboriginal people than of the extinct races of the brute creation whose organic remains abound, and in the hands of such naturalists as the learned and gifted Agassiz, and other great masters in comparative anatomy, give a just idea of the animals when living, their forms and proportions, habits of livelihood, and powers of locomotion. But of these departed nations we know nothing, save the little which we learn from the mouldering ruins of their works which survive them, as historic records, excepting brief hieroglyphic inscriptions and sculptured symbols, are entirely wanting in these American antiquities.

Evidently there were grand developments of ancient civilization beyond the reach of our chronology. Those ancients were possessed of a degree of science sufficient for the completion of symmetrical structures, and perfect geometrical figures; but they had no literature, and knew nothing of the omnipotent and perpetuating press.

Monuments of their labor, mounds of different forms and magnitudes, appear all over the continent, but the origin and extinction of the builders are alike matters of uncertain speculation and conjecture. It is evident that the Mound-Builders of America —we know of no other name for these unknown peoples — North, South, and Central, were homogeneous and contemporaneous, though the ruins of their works are somewhat various in their forms, materials, and workmanship.

Those in Central and South America excel in all these particulars, and are in a higher state of preservation. The general forms of the mounds, however, are similar, and are evidently the work of the same race of men who probably had their original homes in the region of Mexico, then a great center of population. Emigration north and south peopled

solidity and ornamentation, arose about the same periods in the valleys of the Amazon and the Mississippi.

Thus the Mound-Builders, centuries probably before the advent of the Toltecs into Mexico—the first people definitely known in the history of America—though separated by thousands of miles, wrought upon the same general plans, and left in their remains constructions of similar design and arrangement. Most of the mounds erected by these builders are pyramidal in form; some rising up to an apex, others are truncated, so as to give a level area on the highest elevation, and many are terraced, affording steps for an easy ascent.

Again, some of these mounds have spiral winding stairways on their sides, leading gradually to their summits. Others, instead of circular bases, are rectangular, hexagonal, and octagonal. Others of these artificial mounds resemble breast-works, and lines of military fortifications; also there are vast enclosures, some circular and some square, each perfect in its measurement and proportions, and constructed with that geometrical precision which required scientific knowledge. Some of the mounds are fanciful figures; serpents and other creatures are represented on a large scale.

On the west bank of Rock River, in the city of Rockford, among other mounds, is the form of a lizard of vast porportions. Its head now nearly leveled, is down stream, and the whole length of the reptile is about two hundred feet, and the elevation of the body, at the highest point, is seven feet above the surface; the legs are duly raised to give the just proportions.

All these mounds must have settled down and wasted away considerably in the lapse of thousands of years.

Another mound in Rockford, near this, resembles a fortification, or breast-work, about two hundred feet long, raised three or more feet above the surface of the ground. Other mounds of various forms are near these. Large oaks were growing on some of these mounds in the first settlement of the place. There are other mounds in the town which are hemispherical, with diameters varying from fifty to one hundred feet. At other points on Rock River, particularly on the high table lands near the mouth of the Kishwaukee, and in the vicinity of Oregon City, are similar mounds, some representing turtles and other animals.* In the early settlement on the Rock River—the boundary between the Winnebagoes on the west, and the Pottowatomies on the east—these Indians of both tribes declared that they knew nothing of those who built the mounds, and that they had no traditions of them. These tribes settled in this country not long prior to the

*Occasionally articles, evidently of ancient manufacture, are found in these mounds. The writer has a beautiful silver figure taken from one of the ancient mounds on Rock River, representing a heart surmounted by a cross. From this form—the cross—some might think the work subsequent to the Christian era, whereas the cross is not exclusively a Christian emblem, but a symbol found in the most ancient ruins of Asia as well as in those of America. Oriental explorations in these, exhibit representations of the cross at periods centuries prior to the rise of the Roman empire. This figure appears on the ancient coins of the Phœnicians, in the religious symbols of the Egyptians, and amid Layard's resurrected remains of buried Ninevah.

arrival of [illegible], the first

the Mississippi, in [illegible], and was kindly and joyfully received by the generous Illinois, and welcomed to their villages and homes just 205 years the present June. The Indian tribes here, and the first white explorers of the Mississippi Valley, DeSoto, Marquette, Joliet, LaSalle, Hennepin and others, found the mounds the same substantially then as they are now. These earthworks were evidently formed by scraping the surface soil, the vegetable mould, into heaps and giving the shape and dimensions desired. Nothing is known of the implements or *modus operandi* with or by which these vast piles were symmetrically reared. They were the work of many years, and required an industrious people, inured to patient and persistent toil. The builders must have been an agricultural people, to furnish ample stores of food for the workmen. The works must have been of a public character, as they were beyond the ability of any individual. The operations must have been of a public character, as they were beyond the ability of any individual.

We must conclude, therefore, that these were performed by a people far above the wild Indians of the present day, who lack all of the industry, enterprise, and perseverance necessary for such operations. These could not have been the works of barbarians and savages, as is fully proved by the works of the Mound-Builders in the copper-mines on the shores of Lake Superior, their colossal structures in what is now the do- of the United States, and their works of ancient magnificence in Mexico and Central America, particularly in the states of Yucatan, Guatemala, and Honduras.

In Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin,† Minnesota, Missouri, also in California, Arizona, and New Mexico, and throughout the Mississippi Valley, there are abundant evidences of a pre-historic people, advanced in the arts of civilization, and characterized by qualities widely differing from those of any of the Indian tribes known in American history. The specimens of pottery and other articles contained in these mounds are such as savages

The largest mound in the United States is near Cahokia, Illinois. It is a grand truncated pyramidal mass, eight hundred yards in circumference at the base, ninety feet high, and contains on its level top three and one-fourth acres. Illinois abounds in these remains, but they are generally of less dimensions, sometimes in clusters—a village of mounds. In Adams county, Ohio, on the banks of Brush Creek, there is a mound in the form of a huge serpent—an embankment five feet high and a thousand feet long. The neck of the figure is curved, the body is gracefully bent at different points, the mouth is wide open, and the tail rolled in a triple coil. The body tapers naturally toward the head and tail, and an oval form, like an egg, rests partly in the serpent's open mouth. It would seem that the truncated pyramidal mounds were foundations for superstructures, whose perishable materials have utterly decayed in the course of centuries. Those superstructures of sun-burned tiles, and other materials more durable than wood, have left their ruins. An ancient work, in Pike county, Indiana, represents a circle circumscribing a square, a fine geometrical figure. The largest mound at Grave Creek, West Virginia, is seventy feet high, and one thousand feet in circumference at the base, and there is one in Morrisburg, Ohio, sixty-eight feet high, and eight hundred and fifty-two feet in circumference; both of these are pyramidal, rising to an apex. At Circleville, Ohio, are vast mound circles, enclosing areas geometrically perfect—two forts of vast dimensions, the one an exact circle sixty rods in diameter, and the other a perfect square, sixty-five rods on each side. The circular fortification was surrounded by two walls, with an intervening ditch, twenty feet deep. Hundreds of these mounds and enclosures, it is said, have been examined in Ross and Butler counties, Ohio, and the whole number of these works in the State, especially noticing those at Marietta, Morrisburg, Newark, Liberty, Portsmouth, Brownsville, Paint Creek, Chillicothe, Circleville, Piketon, Cedar Bank, and Hopeton, are estimated at many thousands. Ancient works, similar and numerous, appear in all the Southern, as well as Western States, and indicate the centers of ancient populations, probably extinct long anterior to the Christian era.

It should be remembered that the ruins of temples and other structures found and described by antiquarians in Central and South America, are in many cases the works of people who flourished hundreds of years after the Mound Builders had become extinct. These latter ruins, in many cases, exhibit architectural beauty

tion. Some of the [illegible] mains portrayed by archæologists in Mexico were doubtless the works of the Toltecs—supposed to have held the country a thousand years before the Christian era—who, with their successors, knew nothing of the original Mound Builders, the ruins of whose works abounded in that country beyond the memory or traditions of its earliest known inhabitants.

The Toltecs, it is known, were succeeded by the Chichimecs, Colhaus, and others, and these ultimately by the Aztecs, still further advanced in the arts of civilized life, who were the inhabitants of Mexico, the kingdom of Montezuma, in 1512, at the Spanish Conquest by Cortez.

In contemplating these works of unknown people, extinct for centuries, we naturally inquire the purpose of these wonderful erections—whether they were bases for dwellings or business structures? whether for military defense or local aggrandizement? whether for burial places, religious uses, or fanciful display? or for any of these, or for all united? To such questions we receive no answer from the depths of antiquity, save the mocking echo of our own inquiries.

Where and when did the Mound Builders originate, and what were the causes of their extinction? Echo again mocks our words with "*where?*" and "*when?*" and "*what?*" Absolutely we know nothing of these. All is left in mystery and conjecture; all dark and silent as the grave.

Whether the primitive men of the Western hemisphere were coeval with the first in the Eastern, or whether both sprang from one parentage; whether the varieties of men had their origin in different portions of the globe seemingly suited to their organic needs; or whether, with all of their varied characteristics, physical, social and mental, they descended from one and the same ancestry, and peopled distant regions of the earth by emigration over oceans and continents, the wisest are at a loss to determine. Certain it is that the same fate has befallen the ancient peoples of every part of the world.

Without letters, the knowledge of departed generations could live only by oral traditions, and these at best have ever been of brief duration, and unreliable authenticity. We can surely know little or nothing of the nameless and numberless nations who left in the night of the past, and before the dawn of letters and recorded history. Nor is it wonderful that the builders of mounds and other ancient works in the *new* world, and the constructors of the towers and pyramids and

†Interesting relics of domestic utility, ancient pottery, bricks and other building materials have been found in the

palaces of the *old*, should be shrouded in a like oblivion. Possibly the toiling millions whose ruined works appear throughout Mexico, Central America, and in the valleys of the Mississippi, the LaPlata, and the Amazon, were cotemporaries with those who performed similar labors on the plains of Shinar, and on the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Cities, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, have been hidden for ages, overwhelmed with burning lava or buried by volcanic ashes, or, as in the Sta[illegible] Central and South America, covered with the dense forests of the tropics, impenetrable for successful exploration.

No wonder, then, that the ancient centers of population and the national capitals in the West, should become desolate, and unknown, when the localities of magnificent cities in the East are questioned, and when Thebes, and Nineveh, and Babylon, with all their wealth and splendor, have been entombed for ages. "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples" of the olden times are ruined heaps. The Egyptian pyramids still stand above the drifting sands of the desert, but the purpose of their erection is disputed, and their builders are forgotten, and Heliopolis, Persepolis, Balbeck, Palmyra, and numberless other vast cities of the old world, have their counterparts in the utter desolation of Mayapan, Cuzco, Palenque, Uxmal and others in our own hemisphere.

From immemorial time, ages have rolled on in the rear of ages, and borne away the generations of men. The gulf of untold centuries is strewed with the wrecks of mortality, and the world's history, could it be written from the beginning, would be but a panoramic exhibition of passing objects and dissolving views. Amid the ruins of time and the revolutions of empire, the changing scenes have pressed each other in swift succession, as nations have had their rise, their glory and decline.

Contemplative surveys of the ancient works in our country must enlarge the spheres of thought on the old age of continents, and the antiquity of the human race. Geology yields its treasured knowledge of the globe, in the records of its rocks, where other history is silent. In the vast cycles of the past, mountains have risen from oceans, continents have been submerged in seas, races of giant creatures have become extinct, and nations of men have disappeared from the earth. The world abounds in relics of stupendous labors, and the fragments of fallen beauty and grandeur, all covered with dust, once animate with life. This proud home of the living communities of the departed, re-appear in a general resurrection, among the fading traces of their past existence, they would crowd the earth through all its land and waters, and verify the words of a great living poet in his Hymn of Death,

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

ma.

SCIENCE.

An entertaining paper which its author, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, formerly President of Harvard College, described as a contribution toward the psychology of the American toad, was read at the Portland meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Hill says he has never seen our toad use his hands to crowd his food into his mouth as the European toad is said to do; but he will use his hands to wipe out of his mouth any substance which he cannot eat or does not like. He will not unfrequently push his food down his throat by thrusting it against a clod or stone. This habit does not appear to be confined to toads, however; for the author says that a garter snake was seen to devour a toad in the same manner, by pushing him down, at North Conway, last summer. The toad is a rather voracious creature. Dr. Hill mentions one which ate twenty-three squash bugs and ninety-four caterpillars at one meal.

In the city of Dresden there is an association of ladies called the Albert Society, whose object is the training of efficient female nurses. Its president is the Crown-Princess Carola of Saxony. At her request, three very interesting lectures on the relations of the air to the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, and the soil we dwell upon, were recently delivered before the society by Professor Max Von Petteukofer, of the University of Munich. The lecturer's most novel views are in regard to the mode in which cholera is transmitted. The commonly received opinion is that water is the ordinary channel whereby the poison of the disease is conveyed from place to place. He believes, however, that soils have almost as much to do with its conveyance, and supports his view with various careful experiments.

The discovery of ancient pottery in Cloud county and other parts of Kansas leads Professor B. F. Mudge, of the Academy of Sciences of that State, to believe that the ancient race of Mound Builders, which is known to have inhabited certain portions of this country at a distant epoch, once lived in Kansas. The *American Naturalist* says, however: "We do not note anything in the description of the remains that prove them to be those of mound builders any more than of Indians of more recent date. No mounds are mentioned, and until the pottery found has been carefully compared with that unquestionably made by the mound builders and the Indians, the particular race whose remains are described must be left in doubt."

It is generally assumed at the present time that the moisture and fertility of a country will inevitably be destroyed by the removal of its forests; but Mr. W. T. Blanford, who is so well known in connection with the geology and geography of Abyssinia and India, asserts that it is still a moot question whether or no the destruction of forests diminishes the rainfall of a country, although there can be no doubt, he says, that the rain would run off much faster in a country where there were no forests.

It is well known that no finer photographs of the moon have ever been produced than those obtained by Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford, of this city. It is not so generally known that one of the earliest moon pictures of this sort was a daguerreotype taken by Mr. Whipple, of Boston, which came into Humboldt's possession. This fact is mentioned in an article on lunar photography at the Vienna exhibition, published in the *Photographische Correspondenz.*

We have come to know, as a scientific fact beyond all dispute, says Professor Corfield, M. D., that the drying of the soil of a town—by drainage—reduces the number of deaths from consumption in a most extraordinary manner. In some towns the number of deaths from this disease has been reduced by one-third, or even one-half, in this way. These facts afford a new illustration of the familiar truth that a damp house must be an unhealthy house.

While just between her arching brows
Lurked such a pretty frown!
"You told me once," she whispered,
"That all men, yourself included,
But despised a bold, free woman,
Who her witching arts intruded.

"And yet, you sad deceiver,
Here before my very sight,
With the dashing widow yonder
You 've been flirting half the night;
Clasping tight her jeweled fingers
In your own, (poor me forsaking;)
Ah, who would be engaged, I pray,
And feel her true heart breaking?"

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me,
For, love, I am only thine;"
I cried humbly, "but you 'll own, dear,
That the widow *is* divine?
Pray let me introduce her?
And I leave my seat to find her,
While my darling's eyes are filling,
With the bitter tears that blind her!"

All tears had dried and vanished,
When I brought the widow back;
But of proud disdain and dignity,
Indeed, there was no lack!
Then I, gently, softly bending,
Like a true, fond lover, kissed her;
While I whispered, "Grace, pray, let me
Introduce you to—my sister?"

Have you heard a lonely song-bird
Trill a sweet triumphant lay?
Have you seen a cloudy morning
Lapse into a sunny day?
Such my darling's transformation,
As she clasped her arms about me,
Promising, in sweet repentance,
That she ne'er again would doubt me.

Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, amind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear.
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For man and morals and Nature's plan
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the suns of toil when their labors close.
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops from his slumbers deep,
Bringing sleeping draughts to the downy bed
where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate, labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That, in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires pass away;
The world's great drama will thus enfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow, with heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center here, are better than gold.

The trap-door spiders described by Mr. J. T. Moggridge, construct nests which close with a door. He says that "these nests are to other nests as the Mont Cenis tunnel is to other tunnels."

In a sigh?
Moving cautiously and slow,
Smiling sweetly as they go,
Never noisy,—gliding smoothly like a snake,
Slipping here and sliding there
Through the meadows fresh and fair,
Leaving subtle slime and poison in their wake.

Saw you not the scandal-monger
As she sat,
Beaming brightly 'neath the roses
On her hat?
In her dainty gloves and dress
Angel-like, and nothing less,
Seemed she—casting smiles and pleasing words about.
Once she shrugged and shook her head.
Raised her eyes, and nothing said
When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a doubt.

Did you watch the scandal-monger
At the ball,
Through the music, rhythm, beauty,
Light and all,
Moving here, and moving there,
With a whisper light as air,
Casting shadows on a sister woman's fame—
Just a whispered word or glance—
As she floated through the dance,
And a doubt forever hangs upon a name.

You will find the scandal-mongers
Everywhere;
Sometimes men, but often women,
Young and fair;
Yet their tongues drip foulest slime,
And they spend their leisure time
Casting mud on those who climb by work and worth!
Shun them, shun them as you go—
Shun them whether high or low;
They are but the cursed serpents of the earth.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was setting slowly o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty, at the close of one sad day,
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair;
He with steps so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh,
Cromwell won't be here till sunset," and her face grew strangely white
As she spoke in husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned dart),
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,

And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow:
She had hastened, while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
One low murmur scarcely spoken "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

Then, with light steps ran she forward, sprang within the belfry door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow
She gazed up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladders, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell.
With the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and chilled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly; "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below:
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And the old deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
While he thought that twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell:
And the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her heart's wild beating, moaning: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladders, where, for many a year before,
Human foot had not been planted. And what she this night had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands, all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face, so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

The asserted usefulness of mercury fumes as a preservative of plants against the attacks of insects has recently been tested in France. M. Martin finds that the fumes are by no means fatal to the insects, and do not serve even to drive them from the plant, the only effect being a removal from one portion to another somewhat less exposed.

The Royal Society of Arts and Sciences of Mauritius has successfully introduced the cultivation of the silk-worm into that island; and we learn, from the English papers, that an association has just been formed for the manufacture of textile fabrics from plants native to the colony, prominent among which is the agave.

The engineer who superintended the electric light arrangements at the fêtes given in Constantinople some time since, in honor of the Sultan, found himself quite blind when he awoke, on the following morning. His physicians, however, hope that his sight will ultimately be restored.

At the suggestion of influential men of science in France, associations for the protection of birds' nests have been formed among the pupils of several important country schools, and there is an encouraging prospect of an increase in their number.

Celebrate Their 25th Anniversary—Brilliant Assemblage, Elegant Presents and Pleasant Time.

On Saturday evening last Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Stampley celebrated their silver wedding at the St. Charles Hotel. Preparations had been made on a grand scale. The parlor and other rooms were decorated with flowers, and such a reception awaited the visitors as made them feel that they were indeed at home. The bridegroom and bride stood in the parlor and looked so happy and loving that they might have been taken for young folks just entering the sea of matrimony. Ex-Senator Stampley is over fifty years of age, but as yet no thread of silver mingles with the dark hair or beard. His sweet little wife looked too nice to speak of. She was plainly but handsomely dressed in white silk tastefully decorated with silver flowers. It was no fancy dress of the present day and had no pinback attached, but was simply a rich and becoming dress. No jewelry adorned the fair bride, and she looked like a veritable queen. The guests on their arrival were shown into the anteroom, where were displayed the presents sent to the happy couple. Following is the list:

SILVER GIFTS.

An elegant ice pitcher and salver, from Mrs. J. H. Martin, Mrs. A. C. Ellis, Mrs. M. C. Gardner, Mrs. Geo. B. Hill and Mrs. C. N. Harris, of Carson.

A goblet, from Miss Mary Duffy.

A soup ladle, from Mr. and Mrs. George T. Davis, of Carson.

A butter dish, from Senator E. A. Shultz, of Virginia City.

A berry dish from H. R. Logan, of Empire City.

A cake basket, from Miss Maggie and Peter Cavanaugh, of Carson.

A pair of vases, from Judge and Mrs. O. R. Leonard, of Carson.

A pair of salt cellars, from Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Adams.

A beautiful floral specimen of pure Colorado silver, from Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Negus, of Georgetown, Colorado.

An elegant basket of Santa Cruz sea ferns, beautifully framed, from Orville S. Hecox.

A berry spoon, from Mrs. Dr. Clark, of Stockton, California.

A pie knife, from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boskowitz, of Carson City.

A butter knife and sugar spoon, from John T. Pantlind, of the Ormsby House.

A butter knife from Judge and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Carson.

A dessert set, consisting of thirteen pieces (very massive and beautiful), from Col. T. W. W. Davies, Carson.

Spoonholder from, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dreman, of Santa Cruz, California.

Wine cruet, containing two kinds of wine and grape brandy, from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shrieves, of Carson City.

Set consisting of butter knife, mustard spoon, sugar spoon, pickel fork and two salt spoons from Mr. and Mrs. S. Short, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blackburn, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Beck and Mr. and Mrs. J. Waters, of Watsonville, California.

Napkin rings (very beautiful), from J. M. Woodworth, of Tuscarora, Nevada.

Pie-knife and cream spoon, from Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hecox, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Longley, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rigg and Miss L. J. Hecox, of Santa Cruz, California.

A wine set, from Colonel and Mrs. John Rosser, of Carson.

A fruit knife, from Mrs. R. R. Parkinson, of Carson.

A toilet set of beautiful tidies, from Mrs. James St. Clair, of Carson.

FLORAL PRESENTS.

Beautiful flowers, variagated in hue and delicious in odor, were presented by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hecox, Mr. and Mrs. Rigg, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Langley, Miss Laura J. Hecox, Willie Tilden and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Weeks, of Santa Cruz, California; Mrs. Dr. Clark, of Stockton, California, and Mrs. Col. Rosser, of Carson.

PERSONS PRESENT.

Judge and Mrs. O. R. Leonard, Judge and Mrs. C. N. Harris, Lieutenant Governor Adams and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tickner, Colonel and Mrs. Rosser, Mrs. and Miss Tufly, Mr. and Mrs. Beam Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Martin, M. C. Gardner and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Kersey, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Nellie Parkinson, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Boskowitz, Mrs. Curry, Miss M. Curry, Miss Cavanaugh, Miss Duffy, Mrs. George T. Davis, Messrs James Fraser, Peter Cavanaugh, T. C. Pinkney, E. J. Parkinson, Orville S. Hecox, (brother of the bride), Colonel T. W. W. Davies, Senator Shultz, of Virginia City, and Senator Stone, of Elko.

CONGRATULATORY LETTERS.

After the congratulations of those present were extended to the loving couple, Judge O. R. Leonard, an old and esteemed friend of the pair, read letters of congratulations from the following old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Stampley: Rev. C. V. Anthony, Portland, Oregon, late of Sacramento and of Virginia City; C. C. Biles, of Winnemucca; Samuel Drenna, Santa Cruz; Hon. Thomas Beck, Secretary of State, Cal.; Thomas M. Davis, Watsonville, Cal.; Judge T. C. Ryland, San Jose; Judge Dunn, late of Humboldt county, now of Salt Lake City (with photograph); John P. Sternes, Santa Barbara; James Waters, Watsonville, Cal.; N. H. Stockton, San Jose (with photograph); Joseph Woodworth, of Tuscarora, and many others.

At 11 o'clock, supper being announced, a descent was made to the dining-room, where a splendid repast was prepared. A corps of efficient waiters attended to the wants of the hungry ones, and the glasses being filled and refilled with generous wine the spirits of the company rose, and toasts and congratulations followed in rapid succession. The "Bridal Pair," by Judge Leonard, was drank standing and with all the honors, and was responded to by Mr. Stampley. After supper some songs were given by the ladies and gentlemen, and Auld Lang Syne closed one of the most pleasant reunions we have attended for years. In conclusion we extend our sincere congratulations to the two good people who twenty-five years ago plighted their faith to each other, and who, through the changes of fortune incident to a life of a quarter of a century, have stood by each other, and trust that they may enjoy their golden wedding and that we may all be there to assist in the celebration. May Mrs. S. say with Mrs. John Anderson:

John Anderson my Jo John,
We clamb the hill together,
And many a canny day, John,
We've had with ane anither.
But now we're gaing down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll be together at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.

Whistling in Heaven.

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven:
Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the Autumn of '46;
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the Winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon,
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile,
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
For we had been busy the while;
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just staid till the job was well done;
And as soon as his money was paid him
Had shouldered his ax and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started,
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried.

And when the night came with its terrors
To hide ev'ry ray of light
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And, almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up, dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning and still.
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune, light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An ax in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'nings,
And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds where he'd gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer,
If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my ax on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path, and need scalping,
I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune, just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service,
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And should'ring my ax I'll away."
I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
Just at thought of his leaving me then.
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
As he said "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I ever had seen;
And then I lay down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through,
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music
Unless there is whistling in heaven?
Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The observations of different astronomers do not agree with one another in the time assigned for the rotation of the planet Jupiter upon its axis. A comparison of the results obtained by Cassini and other observers has been made by Professor Schmidt of Athens, who finds a difference of six minutes between the maximum and minimum. Professor Schmidt's own observations, made last year, show a period of rotation of 9 hours, 56 minutes, 7.2 seconds.

The reported occurrence of diamonds in the mineral known as xanthophyllite (from the Greek *xanthos*, yellow, and *phyllon*, a leaf,) has been mentioned. It now turns out that the supposed diamonds are merely hollow spaces, erosion figures in the mineral. At least, so M. Gottfriedt reports to the Society of Naturalists of the Russian city of Riga, on the Baltic.

The daughter of the government astronomer at Madras has been appointed assistant astronomer in the observatory there. Her name is Miss Pogson. Her father was somewhat censured by the British Indian authorities last year, for failing to give timely warning of the approach of a cyclone by which the shipping in Madras harbor was greatly damaged.

A German writer, H. Ranke, claims to have found experimental proof of the possibility of the spontaneous combustion of hay.

SCIENCE.

We all know that the moon shines by reflected light. We also know that reflected light is very apt to be accompanied by heat, so that it is not surprising that men long since asked themselves the question, Does the earth receive any warmth from the rays of the moon? The subject was investigated by men of science until at last the eminent physicists, De Saussure and Melloni, announced that they had detected lunar heat. Professor Tyndall made a searching examination of their experiments, and showed them to be untrustworthy. No satisfactory answer to the question could be obtained until, a few years since, the great Rosse telescope, "with its monster tube down which a tall man can walk upright, and with a light-gathering power so enormous, that even by day the stars seen through it shine like miniature suns," was applied to the solution of the problem. And thus it has finally been ascertained, by concentrating the lunar rays with the immense reflector of this instrument, that the amount of heat which we receive from the moon is about one nine hundred thousandth part of that we receive from the sun.

We have received from Professor William H. Chandler, who occupies the chair of chemistry at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Penn., a copy of the address delivered before the Chemical Society of that institution at its first anniversary celebration, by Professor Benjamin Silliman of Yale College. The following sentences from this admirable discourse aptly illustrate the practical worth of science: "Even the money value of a little scientific knowledge, may in certain cases be almost beyond estimate. One of the most prosperous owners of coal and iron properties in this great State of Pennsylvania told the speaker, within these few days, that the little geological knowledge he gained in school had sufficed to make him an independent observer of geological phenomena, and had proved in his hands the key by which he had selected on his own judgment those vast estates in the comparative wilderness which have made him a man of fortune, as ample and independent as the scientific judgment which was his only guide."

Almost every foreign mail brings us intelligence of new expeditions to coöperate with Livingstone in his African explorations. The Viceroy of Egypt, or Khedive, as he is now almost universally called, is the last in the field. He has determined to send a force of five thousand men, under the command of one of his American officers known as Purdy Bey, from Zanzibar up into the interior. If Livingstone is willing, the expedition will lend him its aid in the further prosecution of his discoveries; otherwise an effort will be made to reach the sources of the Nile without him, and to place the region under the domination of Egypt.

An exhibition of insects was recently held in Paris, and attracted much attention. The insects exhibited were divided into two classes—the useful and the injurious. The dreaded *phylloxera vastatrix*, which is destroying thousands of vines all over the land, and for the effectual extermination of which the sum of forty thousand francs is offered, was naturally an object of interest; and one newspaper writer was disgusted to find that this formidable creature is a little gray speck about half the size of a pin's head. The exhibition included a number of birds, over whose cage was the inscription, "Do not kill your friends."

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

[Inscribed by permission to Senator Ferry.]

PROEM.

High o'er the inland sea, the summer sun,
Well pleased, surveys the triumph he has won;
Gone the last snow-drift on the distant shore,
And field of ice, dissolved and seen no more;
Gone the fierce north wind to his Arctic home,
To brood o'er days of vengeance yet to come;
Gone to the gay splendors of Aurora's Hall,
Streamer and crown and merry dancer—all.
Many the tale that winter long could tell,
And one as true as sad I know full well;
First, from a sainted sire and well beloved;
Whose soul indignant was most deeply moved;
Next, drawn reluctant, did I learn the same,
From her own lips who gives my verse its name.
In honor of her sex I have this wreath
Of cruel thoughts awakened newly by her death.(1)
If braver heart e'er beat in woman's breast,
Or fortitude were put to stronger test,
Or patience had more perfect work on earth,
In one of heathen or of Christian birth,
Or hope 'gainst greater odds refused to yield,
And fought and conquered on more doubtful field,
Than once Isle Royale saw, I know not where
The honored place, nor who the hero there.
Hear, then, the tale though it be sad and long,
And learn, thyself, to suffer and be strong.

SAULT ST. MARIE.

'Tis eventide, and that when leafy June
Has well nigh filled her bright and welcome moon;
With rush and roar Superior's flood descends
In mighty cataract, and upward sends
Its thousand waves and ever-dashing spray
Through rugged rocks that check its headlong way;
While, strangely poised against the rapid stream,
The Indian's birch canoe, with fitful gleam,
Bears up the fisher and his fatal net,
Skillful the white-fish in its toils to get,
Filling his wigwam with the smoke profuse
Of luscious food for squaw and brown pappoose.

CARL AND HIS BRIDE.

Nature the same in ever-changing guise,
Whate'er the sphere or continent or skies;
Leaping from rock to rock, in sportive pride,
Behold a happy bridegroom and his bride;
Wider each chasm, as she leads the way,
In daring, dangerous, emulative play;
Joyous, swift-footed as a deer, and sure,
Her eye as quick, and radiant, and pure,
Lightly and safe she bounds where'er she will,
And tempts her lover to his utmost skill.
The brave Shewano of Sault St. Marie,
Of Chippewas the chief, his daughter she;
For beauty, health and strength, in vain you seek
Thro' all her tribes another Angelique.
Of Carl, save this, the traders little knew:
"Handsome he was, and wore a suit of blue."

THE LAUNCH.

Their wild, romantic chase at length is o'er,
And hand in hand they reach the upper shore;
Another moment it had been too late,
And otherwise perchance had been their fate.
Swift to her native wave a vessel glides,
Algonquin named, and anchored there abides,
Bulwark and deck they view with curious eye,
The sails so ample, and the masts so high,
The cabin snug, and the deep hold explore,
The more they look they wonder more and more.
As when the Griffin passed by Mackinaw,
Their simple hearts are filled with lively awe.
Oh! that their lot in such a ship might be,
To tempt the waters of the unknown sea!
So oft we ask, and ask with earnest cry,
What it were better God should still deny.
Henceforth by perils manifold beset,
Like birds ensnared, or fishes in a net,
Too late the truth they see, too late confess,
Change was not wisdom, was not happiness.

THE VOYAGE.

Northward the gallant bark speeds on her way,
Cool, calm and sweet, and ever bright the day.
Dim grows, and still more dim, the fading shore;
Headland and pebbly beach are seen no more,
Square sail and top, main and top-gallant sail,
All canvas spread to catch the friendly gale,
New life with each successive breath it gives,
And whoso breathes can say he doubly lives;
No more he wants that he may happy be,
Existence's very self is luxury.
Lovely the scene above, below, around,
The fair horizon, and the blue profound;
Around her brow a worthy coronet.

With broad, slow-moving wing and pendant beak,
The restless gull, far in the shining wake
Now soars aloft, now drops with pointed wing
Into the wave, and seldom fails to bring
The finny prey, that from the upper sky
Had caught the notice of his hungry eye.

Long time they gaze, Carl and his Indian bride,
His hope so long, and now his joy and pride,
Till evening comes; and then, like children, try
Who the first ray of coming stars shall spy,
Red Mars, Orion, Venus and the Bear,
That to the Pole-star keeps so true and near.
Of gods they speak, but more than is his due,
Of Menni-boju's pranks, than Manitou;
Tho' when at length they sink to peaceful sleep
They pray that Manitou their souls may keep.

THE CREW.

Not such the pleasure of the motley crew;
On hasty gain intent, they scarcely view
With more than passing glance the grand Portaille;
The Pictured Rocks, and far-deceiving sail,
The lofty Sables, with their changing light,
Crimson by day and silver sheen at night.
Whence—far remote—Superior's waves arise?
They only heard the question to despise. (2)
Whene'er they speak 'tis in unvaried strain
Of Iron Mountain and of copper vein;
Of stones most rare and precious to the sight,
Jasper and agate, and chloraspralite;
Of mines and miners, centuries ago.
Older than rings of oldest tree can show;
Of Ontonagon, and the silver found,
Which in Isle Royale did still more abound;
Of stocks, and shares, in Eastern market sold
At large advance, and realized in gold.
Dearer the greasy card with every day,
Far into night they drink and swear and play.
Who loves not God, nor nature loves, nor man,
And ne'er content will know, do what he can.

THE PILOT.

Not such were all, and one, a king of men,
From distant Erie and the land of Penn, (3)
The pilot good, who in his youth had been
With youthful Perry, in that tragic scene,
What time he "met the enemy," and fame
With everlasting honor crowned his name.
Strong were his arms, and still undimmed his eye,
And his the daring soul to do or die.
Who for the right could stand, and loved it well,
Who wrong detested as the gates of hell.
Frequent his glance, where sat the happy pair,
And thought of other days and one *so* fair!

KEWEENAW.

On, and still on, the Algonquin keeps her way
To Keweenaw, across the dangerous bay,
And round the extended point to where,
In Eagle Harbor safe, the echoes clear
And manifold, delight the listening ear.

At length La Pointe is reached, and glad again
They see the house of God, and that of men.
Warm is their welcome as they come to shore,
And opened wide are every heart and door.
No joy like Angelique's; her mother's face
She raptured sees, and rests in long embrace. (4)

But joys so exquisite are ever brief,
And even while we speak are turned to grief.
"Ho! for Isle Royale now! unfurl the sail,
Nor lose a moment of the favoring gale."

ISLE ROYALE.

The monarch isle of all the inland sea
Is soon in view; they note each rock and tree,
Nor much are pleased; only the spruce, so green,
The cedar and the tamarack are seen.
No white or yellow pine, no hemlock grove,
No beech and maple, that "land-lookers" love.
Rocky the land and ne'er invites the plow,
No pasture for the sheep, no herb for cow;
Few berries as elsewhere, few birds they see,
Save here a jay and there a lone "Pe-wee;"
At Siskowit they land, far up the bay,
And smoke and doze the evening hours away.

THE DISCOVERY.

But, hark! a signal whistle from the shore,
Where Carl and Angelique the rocks explore:
Swiftly they run, and to their greedy sight
A mass of virgin copper, pure and bright;
They laugh, they shout, they dance, they name the mine,

Success is certain and their fortunes sure.

THE FATAL COMPACT.

'All fair it seems, and who could dream of ill,
Or what they promised, they would not fulfill?
" Such will we build the Lodge, so much will pay,
If you and Angelique will only stay
For three short months, and right pre-emptive
claim,
Till we in legal form make good the same.
When shines again the bright October sun,
The Algonquin comes, and then your task is
done."
Reason in Carl says " yes," but ever still,
That subtle instinct of a woman's will
In Angelique says. "Softly, Carl, take care,
Beneath the bait may lie a treacherous snare,"
Once more he pleads, and states anew the plan,
And—love in woman yields to hope in man!
Never so great her love, so sure advice,
As when they call for greatest sacrifice.

SUSPENSE.

Two moons had waxed and waned, and now a
third
Had well nigh filled her horn, and still is heard
No tidings of the ship! No welcome gun
Proclaims the Algonquin come, their exile done.
Morning, and noon, and eve, they watch and
wait;
Their eyes with looking fail, their hopes abate
Each anxious hour, as sinks the ebbing tide,
When rocks appear, and glistening sands are
dried.
" Deserted and betrayed? It cannot be.
The ship's ashore, or sunk beneath the sea!"
So Carl would cast on Providence the blame,
So Angelique would *not*, and says the same.
Her soul prophetic all too well had kenned
The plot so base, and what would be the end.
Rising like bird against the adverse wind,
She trusts her wings, and keeps an equal mind.
" While God was good, and the good pilot lived,
The ship was safe, and all the crew survived."

THE DESERTION.

Nor on the rocks, nor 'neath the waves was she,
But worse, and sadder far, her history.
One man can little do 'gainst all the rest.
But who can more? The pilot did his best.
O, cursed thirst of gold and greed of gain!
How many woes it brings! how great the pain!
So has it been through all the track of time,
That sin in sorrow ends, and vice in crime.

The news not to their wish, their stock unsought,
Isle Royale shares a drug, and seldom bought.
" To-morrow, homeward-bound!" in rage they
say,
And wait impatient for the break of day.
" Straight for the Sault, as crow for carrion flies,
Nor lose a point," the surly Captain cries.
Some looked askance! The pilot dares to speak:
" What, then, becomes of Carl and Angelique?"
" Let the red devils starve, both wife and man,
Or pull the winter thro', as best they can."
" Then some one else must take the helm, not I
Will leave them thus, in gaunt despair, to die."
" Obey my orders, or receive my blow,"
But not the pilot, 'twas himself laid low!
Too great the odds! What one strong arm could
do
The pilot's did against the raging crew:
Fierce was the strife, but overcome at last,
They bind him, sore and bleeding, to the mast.

PORTENTS.

E'en while they fight with clubs and brands of
fire,
Sudden the waves with angry roar retire; (5)
The ship itself is fast upon the shore,
And, tho' the sails are up, will move no more.
" See," said the pilot, " nature's self refuse
To aid your plot, and thus so plain accuse
Of crime most infamous the cruel men,
Who ne'er deserve to wear that name again!"

Awhile the abject crew stand all aghast;
Conscience awakes, and summons all the past:
But when the falling waves again return,
A true repetance they have yet to learn.
The Captain took the helm and furious swore:
" Rather to hell than to Isle Royale's shore."
Sooner than he expects, the Isle he nears,
And while he looks it fades and disappears.
What strange portent is this? with wild surprise
Each of his comrades asks, and rubs his eyes. (6)

This wonder o'er, another takes its place;
Now faint, each heart and pale is every face.
That to the sailor light and comfort sends,
As from Grand Island's lofty bluff, afar
Shines forth the splendor of its double star.

Wonder on wonder now the compass shows
A sign uncertain, and the needle goes
Backward and forward at its own wild will,
No longer does its wonted office fill. (7)
Around the binnacle in dumb dismay
They stand, and mourn the swift-declining day.

THE STORM.

Now in good earnest comes the northern gale,
The wind too quick and strong for ribboned sail;
In mighty deluge pours th' incessant rain,
As when tornadoes burst on southern plain; (8)
Hot thunderbolts make sulphurous the air,
And vivid lightnings, with terrific glare
Each moment more amaze, until at last
Crash into splinters goes the mizzen-mast.
No one is at the wheel! The spokes fly round,
And tiller chains, with harsh and grating sound
The story tell, how desperate is their case,
And the true pilot takes his proper place.
Prone on the deck, his face in blank despair,
The Captain lies, nor is there one doth care.

The ship is saved, and saved the unworthy crew,
And soon their much-desired haven view.
Another day, and then too late to save,
The leaking ship had sunk beneath the wave.

DESPAIR.

Four months now notched upon the fatal stick;
Their wearied hearts with hope deferred are sick.
Poor Carl and Angelique! with every hour
Their sorrows gather, blacker than before.
So have I read of one with chains secured,
And in a dungeon horrible immured,
Each night the noise and jar of rumbling wheels,
Each hopeless morn a window less reveals;
Of all the six but one remains, and then,
No morn! no light! no window! comes again.
Not less the cruelty, nor less the crime,
Because the prison larger, more the time.

Hard task, indeed! to starve and to be brave.
Trouble on trouble comes, as wave on wave.
Long weeks ago have failed their slender means;
" Some fifty pounds of flour and five of beans,"
The rich, munificent provision left
The pair forlorn, of all beside bereft!
No! there we do the generous donor wrong.
" Six pounds of butter, too, both old and strong."
A boat and fishing net their hope alone,
A storm untimely comes, and these are gone.
The self-same storm through which the Algonquin
passed,
Whose first brief voyage was well-nigh her last.

STARVATION.

No fish, no birds, no berry to be found,
On every hill and dale they wander round.
Their hunger fain would satisfy with grass
And leaf of shrub, and root of sassafras.
O hunger! what a fearful thing art thou,
When soul and body both to hunger bow
Beneath thine awful sway—when every breath,
Declares thy cruel scepter one with death.

DEATH OF CARL.

Each buckle in her belt more tightly drawn,
Sees Angelique more thin, her face more wan;
Each day more bright upon Carl's sunken cheek,
The hectic glows, until with maniac shriek
His knife he whets, and shouts: "I want some
meat.
I'll kill a sheep, and something have to eat."
What sheep he meant, his bride but too well
knew,
And what with hunger wild he sought to do.
All night she watched intent, and with the day
The blade she snatched and hurled it far away.
Then to himself he came, and kissed her hand,
Nor once his murderous thought did understand;
Slowly he sank, and when his latest breath
Was gently drawn, she did not think it death.

CHRISTMAS.

A sadder Christmas Eve was never spent
Than that which now to Angelique was sent;
Loud howled the wind, and high the drifted snow
Piled on the hill and in the vale below;
Alone she was, and with the dead, alone;
No eyes with hers to weep, no heart to moan
In sad response, no sympathizing sigh,
No mother, sister, friend, to hear her cry;
No hand with kindly touch to soothe and bless,
And say what lips could not—

THE FUNERAL.

But how ingenious love, when woman pays
Her precious dead the tribute of her praise;
Like her who first believed His death, and poured
Her costly ointment on our blessed Lord.
Still on the selfsame couch she lets him lie,
Where soon beside him she expects to die;
What else he lacks, with this she is content,
The lodge shall be his grave and monument;
The harmful fire removed shall elsewhere be (9)
Henceforth her best and only company.
So have I seen a heart as thro' a vase,
Show the sweet lambent flame of other days;
The star of memory rise, when hope declines,
And life new-written in illumined lines;
Ever an aureole seems around the head
Of those who truly love and mourn the dead.

THE NEW LODGE.

Short time sufficed, with skillful ax, to rear
Another lodge, warm and compact, and near
To Carl, on whom, as on a bust of clay,
She loved to look with each returning day.
Less lonely then she felt, and less of fear,
That one of the great family was near.
But ever when she dared to touch the clay
Fresh horror came, and then she fled away.

THE DREADFUL FEAR.

One fear alone she had, one dreadful thought,
That ever and anon within her wrought.
'Twas not of evil spirit, nor the ghost
Of hardy voyager in tempest lost;
'Twas not the prowling wolf or raging bear.
Their coming a fierce joy, with naught of fear!
'Twas not to die she feared, O death were gain,
To escape the cold and lose the hunger pain;
Too brave, by suicidal hand to fall,
She kept her post until the Master's call.

Nor man is there, nor woman, though they try,
Could name that fear, or guess the reason why.
O! times there were, when hunger gnawed within,
So like a winter wolf, it seemed no sin
To put into the pot, and food to make (10)
Of anything to stop the longing ache
They only know who once have felt its power,
And ne'er, while life remains, forget the hour.

By day, by night, this was her constant dread,
Lest she should *boil*, and then should *eat* the
dead.
" Spare me but this, O God, in mercy spare,
And more I ask not," was her fearful prayer.

My story near its close, hear from this time,
In her own words, marred by imperfect rhyme.

A FRIEND.

—" At the new lodge the newly-lighted fire
Seemed like a friend. High did it blaze, and
higher,
Until the wigwam caught, and then with snow
I made it safe, and let it burn more slow.
Good company is fire, light, heat and cheer,
And while it burns some one is ever near.
Then at Carl's death, and many a time beside,
But for this grateful flame I, too, had died.

PRAYER.

" Machee Monedo was no god of mine;
The Christian's God I knew, the Christ divine;
As in the mission I had learned it well
From holy fathers who had loved to tell
How at all times, and in all places where
We sought His face, that God would answer
prayer.
So had they learned from sainted Pere Marquette,
Whose apostolic zeal they cherished yet.
Disciple true, who counted all but loss
For Jesus' sake, and for His holy cross.
" The little stock of bark and roots prepared
By loving Carl, which we together shared,
Bad as it was at best, was now no more;
Too deep the snow-drifts to renew the store;
Now was the time in all my life, I said,
Our Heavenly Father to implore for bread.
O *how* I prayed that day, and thro' the night,
The welcome answer came with morning light,

RELIEF.

" Opening the door, my heart nigh ceased to beat;
I saw the well-known track of rabbits' feet,
Over the ice, from Prince's Bay they came
And now to catch them was my instant aim;
From out my head I tore a shock of hair,
And wove from plaited strands a skillful snare,
Then watched and waited, hoped and prayed that
quick
A 'fat' one might be caught by springing stick.
Know this: I had been starving for a week.
Then down I sat and cried, O, Carl, too late!
A stronger heart had known a better fate.

NEW ANXIETY

"Another week and no more rabbits caught,
Could that have been the only one, I thought.
The thought despair. O then again I prayed
With all my might, that God would give me aid,
And aid He gave me, in His most wondrous way,
Tho' tried was faith, and hard the long delay.
Each week I found a rabbit in the snare,
But what was strange, I never caught a pair!

" So weeks went by, and months, I know not how;
Less human all the while I seemed to grow.
I ceased to think at last; I ceased to weep;
I paced the lodge; I seldom went to sleep;
No rest e'en when I did. I cooked some dish
Of muscalunge, brook trout, or other fish,
Only to find when I would touch and take,
Delusive bliss, and disappointed wake.
'Tis all a blank but this, that in default
Of other food, I'd take a pinch of salt.
At certain times, no doubt, I sought the snare,
And made a meal, if anything was there.
But then, and since, and now, it does but seem,
A restless sleep, an agonizing dream.
Stranger, 'tis hard, 'tis very hard to wake
My slumbering thoughts; and only for the sake
Of those in sorrow, can I deem it kind
Thus to arouse and to distress my mind."

What then the poet urged, with zeal intense
He need not tell, the tale his sole defense.
Thus Angelique again, repressed the sigh,
Speaking with tender tone and kindling eye.

THE SIGNAL.

" It was June, for still I kept the date.
The day when Carl first took me for his mate;
Such, and so beautiful; the sun as warm,
The sky as blue, and free from threatening storm,
When suddenly the warble of a bird
Came to my ear, the sweetest ever heard;
The bluebird's note, dear harbinger of spring,
A thousand tender recollections bring.
I waked, I breathed, I lived; thro' every vein
I felt at once the soul-inspiring strain.
My fishing-rod I seized, threw in my hook,
And soon six nice and juicy mullets took.
Swift to the lodge I ran. To-day, at least,
A full meal mine, and that will be a feast;
For joy I clapped my hands; my joy not done,
Hark! from the distant shore a signal gun!
Down on my knees I dropped, as if with fear,
Then bounded swiftly forward, like a deer.
Another gun, and then again I fell;
Tho' why such falls I'm sure I cannot tell;
Once more a gun! and as they come to land
The captain leaps on shore and grasps my hand.
'And where is Charley?' 'In the lodge,' I said;
'And fast asleep.' I did not say 'he's dead.'
I wanted him and all the rest to see
How foul their guilt! how deep our misery!

THE RACE.

"Away he ran, as if he ran for life.
And others joined him in the friendly strife;
They shout aloud, they call him by his name;
Call as they would, poor Charley never came;
Opening the door, the sunlight rushes in,
And in that thin pale face they read their sin.
'Charley is dead!' then did the Captain cry;
'Yes! and you killed him,' was my stern reply.
Vain his excuses all, his guilt to hide;
The honest pilot simply said 'he lied.'"

A QUESTION.

" And did you not a halter make him draw,
And on the villain vengeance take by law?'
" To punish such crime not mine the rod.
I left him to his conscience and his God.
Once I had brained the man just where he stood
Torn off his scalp, and laughed to see his blood;
This was the thought that saved the fatal blow,
Too much I've borne, to work another's woe!
God has been good to me, why not in turn,
The lesson of His wondrous goodness learn.'

INSPIRATION.

A moment's pause, her soul was in her eye,
Her gaze turned upward to the cloudless sky.
No more across her brow th' inverted hand,
Essayed to loose the ever tight'ning band.
Softly she spoke, and all her face the while
Was lighted from above with that strange smile,
That fills the room at times when Heaven is near,
And strains angelic greet the dying ear.

Such thoughts as these I may to others give.

"What you can do or bear you little dream,
Until for life you struggle with the stream!

"Never give up; but do your very best,
And a good God will surely do the rest.

"The darkest hour is just before the day,
And then, if not before, O learn to pray!" (11)

Here endeth then the lesson, and I speak
No more of Carl or Glorious Angelique!

ISLAND HOUSE, MACKINAW, Aug. 11, 1875.

(1) Angelique died at the Sault in 1874.
(2) Whence indeed? From the Rocky Mountains?
(3) The pilot and the captain are purely ideal.
(4) When I saw Angelique in her lodge her mother was still living.
(5) A local fact.
(6) The mirage which is very remarkable.
(7) Manitou Island is the pole of magnetic disturbance.
(8) The prairies of Illinois. Crede experto.
(9) She was afraid he would—"spoil."
(10) Her own dreadful words, which she spoke with a shudder were, "to make soup of him!"
(11) The leading incidents are strictly true.

THE BOYS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

'Twas part of my wedding portion,
This spot where the old house stands,
And I had the choosing of it
From all of my father's lands.
We were young, but we were not foolish,
Or wasteful, you may depend,
And my mother had always taught me
'Twas better to save than spend.

For a while, you know, it was lonely,
With me in the house all day,
And no one to come anigh me,
To hear what I had to say;
But when I sat with the baby,
My boy, asleep on my arm,
I didn't much care for the neighbors,
Or anything else on the farm.

There was Jack and Ben, you remember,
They were all that I ever had;
And Jack was his mother's idol,
Though Ben was a likely lad.
And we saved up every penny,
Nor envied another's joys,
For a little farm is a little cramped
For a couple of growing boys.

I was bent on their having learning,
For I wanted my Jack and Ben
To be able to serve their country
Whenever she needed men.
And father said I was silly,
For he never could understand
The use of spending money
For anything else than land.

But I kept to my way of thinking,
And, though not over-wise, I saw
That both had a taste for study;
But Jack had a taste for law.
And I knew that my prayers and prudence,
Would after a while prevail.
And it paid for all the struggle
When I entered my boys at Yale.

I can see that father is failing,
And there is no strength in his arm
To swing the scythe in the meadow,
Or do the work on the farm.
And somehow I've lost my courage,
Though I try to be calm and brave,
But what can a mother do but weep,
With both her boys in the grave?

The house was never so lonely,
And my poor old man and I
Sit oft in the chimney-corner
And dream of the days gone by.
And when the too solemn silence
Is broken by sudden noise,
We start with the old-time gladness,
And whisper: "Here come the boys!"

Wheat has recently been discovered in an ancient bone cave in Namur, Belgium, which also contained several bone implements and numerous human bones, indicating that it had once been a resort of pre-historic man. In announcing this discovery to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Brussels, Monsieur G. Dewalgue positively asserts that the wheat so found shows distinct evidence of having been grown under cultivation.

son Amrine and Miss Wyllie Hamer. Two amiable, pleasant young people, and may blessings be showered upon them forever.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR was watching, in the window broad and high,
For the coming of her father, who had gone the foe to fight;
He had left her in the morning, and had told her not to cry,
But to have a kiss all ready when he came to her at night.

She had wondered, all the day,
In her simple, childish way,
And had asked, as time went on,
Where her father could have gone;

She had heard the muskets firing, she had counted every one,
Till the number grew so many that it was too great a load;
Then the evening fell upon her, clear of sound of shout or gun,
And she gazed with wistful waiting down the dusty Concord road.

Little Golden-Hair had listened, not a single week before,
While the heavy sand was falling on her mother's coffin-lid;
And she loved her father better for the loss that then she bore,
And thought of him and mourned for him, whatever else she did.

So she wondered all the day
What could make her father stay,
And she cried a little, too,
As he'd told her not to do;

And the sun sunk slowly downward and went grandly out of sight,
And she had the kiss all ready on his lips to be bestowed;
But the shadows made one shadow, and the twilight grew to-night.
And she looked, and looked, and listened, down the dusty Concord road.

Then the night grew light and lighter, and the moon rose full and round,
In the little sad face peering, looking piteously and mild;
Still upon the walks of gravel there was heard no welcome sound,
And no father came there, eager for the kisses of his child.

Long and sadly did she wait,
Listening at the cottage gate;
Then she felt a quick alarm,
Lest he might have come to harm;

With no bonnet but her tresses, no companion but her fears,
And no guide except the moonbeams that the pathway dimly showed,
With a little sob of sorrow, quick she threw away her tears,
And alone she bravely started down the dusty Concord road;

And for many a mile she struggled, full of weariness and pain,
Calling fondly for her father, that her voice he might not miss;
Till at last, among a number of the wounded and the slain,
Was the white face of the soldier waiting for his daughter's kiss.

Softly to his lips she crept,
Not to wake him as he slept;
Then, with her young heart at rest,
Laid her head upon his breast.

And upon the dead face smiling, with the living one near by,
All the night a golden streamlet of the moonbeams gently flowed;
One to live, a lonely orphan, one beneath the sod to lie—
They found them in the morning on the dusty Concord road.

Glad to bring smiles to a mother's wan cheek;
"Rent can be paid with three dollars a week."

Only an errand-boy, nimble and smart—
(That is he ought to be, now at the start;)
Commonly clad, as a rule, but who cares!
Time enough yet for the tailor's fine wares.

Only an errand-boy, lunching at noon,
With a boy's appetite, (Nature's sweet boon;)
Simple the repast that rounds the fair cheek,
Bread can be bought with three dollars a week.

Only an errand boy, doing the "chores,"
Coming and going through gateways and doors,
Up stairs and down stairs, oh! hundreds of times,
Whistling and singing his rude boyish rhymes.

Only an errand-boy, climbing the hill,
Good honest manhood he'll reach with a will
Digging, and sowing good seed as he climbs,
Gaining the dollars, by saving the dimes.

Only an errand-boy, bless his dear heart,
Riding up home on the tail of a cart,
Carrying smiles for a mother's pale cheek,
Sunshine and smiles, and—three dollars a week!

SONG.

BY TOM GEORGE LA MOILLE.

Sparkling o'er the arid sands,
For the flood's brief force,
Watering the desert lands,
Flows the torrent's course.

In the garden, everywhere,
Blossoms beautiful and sweet,
Garlands wonderful and rare
Our charmed vision, smiling, greet.

But the torrent soon runs dry,
And parched desert vainly seeks
Pity from the rainless sky,
Or the cloud-veiled, snow-crowned peaks.

Blooming in the fragrant bed,
Violets and daisies pale;
But their leaves the wind will shed,
And their rare perfumes exhale.

Then, remember, friend of mine,
Lessons learned from flower and stream,
For this beauty that is thine
May soon vanish like a dream.

Thus I sang in restless youth,
Sang 'mid April smile and tear;
Darling friend! thy heart's dear truth
Makes you lovelier each year.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Students of natural history will agree with Mr. A. R. Wallace in the view that a reform in the system of naming animals is eminently desirable. One of the most prominent objections to the present system of scientific zoological nomenclature is the multiplication of names which it involves. This arises from carelessly re-naming known species, as in the case of the snowy owl, for which there are some twenty distinct names; and from the unnecessary and minute subdivision of old groups into new genera, so that in the case of the beetles the number of genera now exceeds ten thousand. Mr. Wallace truly says that no one can remember the names of all these, unless he devotes his life to their study.

A new arrangement of screw propellers, whereby it is asserted that a saving of fifty per cent. can be effected in the power required to drive the vessel through the water, has been proposed by Mr. Griffiths, a well-known English engineer. In addition to the screw propeller in the ordinary place, he would put another screw in a tunnel near the bows of the ship. The *Engineer*, in commenting upon his proposition, says that the results which he claims for his experiments vary from those obtained by every other person who has tried the tunnel plan for screws, and adds that it is not too much to say, that no sound or accurate theory of the screw propeller has yet been laid before the world.

The old farm gate has seen, each year,
The blossoms bloom and disappear;
The bright-green leaves of Spring unfold,
And turn to Autumn's red and gold.

The children have upon it clung,
And, in and out, with rapture swung,
When their young hearts were good and pure—
When hope was fair and faith was sure.

Beside this gate have lovers true
Told the story, always new;
Have made their vows; have dreamed of bliss
And sealed each promise with a kiss.

The old farm gate was opened wide
To welcome home the new-made bride,
When lilacs bloomed, and locusts fair
With their fragrance filled the air.

That gate with rusty weight and chain
Has closed upon the solemn train
That bore her lifeless form away,
Upon a dreary Autumn day.

The lichens gray and mosses green
Upon its rotting posts are seen;
Initials, carved with youthful skill,
Long years ago, are on it still.

Yet dear to me above all things,
By reason of the thoughts it brings,
Is that old gate now sagging down,
On rusty hinges, bent and brown.

—*Eugene J. Hall.*

ONLY.

ONLY a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by sterner rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams;
Full of promise life now seems.

Only a man,
Battling with life,
Shared in now by loving wife.

Only a father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.

Only a graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,
O'ergrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOREIGN COINS.

Their Value in American Money.

The following circular has been issued by the Treasury Department: The act of of March 3, 1873, provides "that the value of foreign coin, as expressed in the money account of the United States shall be of that pure metal of such coin of stand-

in circulation of the various nations of the world shall be estimated annually by the Director of the Mint, and be proclaimed on the first day of January by the Secretary of the Treasury." The estimate of values contained below has been made by the Director of the Mint, and is hereby proclaimed in compliance with the above stated provisions of law:

Argentine Republic—Monetary unit, peso fuerte; standard, gold; value in United States money $1; standard coins, none.

Austria — Monetary unit, florin, standard silver; value in U. S. money, 45.3; standard coin, florin.

Belgium—Franc; gold and silver; value in U. S. money, 19.3; standard coins, 5, 10 and 20 francs.

Bolivia—Dollar; gold and silver; value in U. S. coin, 96.5; standard, escudo, ½ bolivar and bolivar.

Brazil — Milreis of 1,000 reis; gold; value in U. S. money; 54.5; standard coins, none.

British Possessions in North America—Dollar; gold, value in U. S. money, $1.

Bogota—Peso; gold; value in U. S. money, 91.2.

Great Britain—Pound sterling; gold; $4.86.6½; standard coins, ½ sovereign and sovereign.

Greece — Drachma; gold and silver; value in U. S. money, 19.3; standard coin, 5, 10, 20, 50 and 100 drachmas.

German Empire — Mark; gold; value in U. S. money, 23.8; standard coins, 5, 10 and 20 marks.

Japan—Yen; gold; value in U. S. money, 99.7; standard coins, 1, 2, 5, 10 and 20 yen.

Central America—Dollar; silver; value in U. S. money, 91.8; standard coin, dollar.

Chili—Peso; gold; value in U. S. money, 91.2; standard coins, condor, doubloon and escudo.

Cuba — Peso; gold; value in U. S money, 92.5.

Denmark—Crown; gold; value in U. S. money, 26.8; standard coins, 10 and 20 crowns.

Ecuador—Dollar; silver; value in U. S. money, 91.8; standard coin, dollar.

Egypt — Pound of 100 piasters; gold; value in U. S. money, $4.97.4; standard coins, 5, 10, 25 and 50 piasters.

France—Franc; gold and silver; value in U. S. money, 19.3; standard coins, 5, 10 and 20 francs.

India—Rupee of 16 annas; silver; value in U. S. money, 43.6.

Italy—Lira, gold and silver; value in U. S. money, 19.3; standard coins, 5, 10, 20, 50 and 100 lire.

Liberia—Dollar; gold; value in U. S. money, $1.00.

Mexico — Dollar; silver; value in U. S. money, 99.8; standard coins, peso or dollar, 5, 10, 25 and 50 centavos.

Netherlands — Florin; silver; value in U. S. money, 38.5; standard coins, ½ florin, florin, and 2½ florins.

Norway — Crown; gold; value in U. S. money, 26.8; standard coins, 10 and 20 crowns.

Paraguay — Peso; gold; value in U. S. money, $1.00.

Portugal—Milreis of 1,000 reis; gold; value in U. S. money, $1.08.4; standard coins, 2, 5 and 10 milreis.

Russia—Rouble of 100 copecks; silver; value in U. S. money, $1; standard coins, ¼, ½ and 1 rouble.

Sandwich Islands—Dollar; gold; value in U. S. money, 91.3.

Spain—Peseta of 100 centimes; gold and silver; value in U. S. money, 26.8; standard coins, 5, 10, 20, 50 and 100 pesetas.

Sweden — Crown; gold; value in U. S. money, 19.3; standard coins, 10 and 20 crowns.

Switzerland—Franc; gold and silver; value in U. S. money, 82.9; standard coins, 5, 10 and 20 francs.

Tripoli — Mahbub of 20 piasters; silver; value in U. S. money, 11.8.

Tunis—Piasters of 16 caroubs; silver; value in U. S. money, 94.3.

Turkey — Piasters; gold; value in U. S. money, 91.8; standard coins, 25, 50, 100, 250 and 500 piasters.

United States of Colombia—Peso; silver value in U S. money, 94.9.

Uruguay—Patacon; gold; value in U. S. money, —

OUR BLUE BLOOD.

Two centuries and a half ago
Off trudged to work with shouldered hoe
A woman, barefoot, browned and rough,
With pluck of Puritanic stuff,
Six lusty children tagged behind,
All hatless, shoeless, unconfined,
And happy as the birds that flew
About them. Naught of books they knew,
Save one they read at twilight hour,
Brought with them in the stanch Mayflower.

A pretty lady thin and white,
In a hammock swinging light,
Languishes, and in the shade
Devours rhyme and lemonade,
While bending near, her lover sighs,
And gently fans away the flies.
She murmurs, "'T is so nice that we
Are neither of low family,
But of old Puritan stock
That landed upon Plymouth Rock."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

found that this proverbially rapid flow is only superficial. Twenty fathoms down, a current of extraordinary force sets in the opposite direction—that is, toward the Black Sea—with a velocity much greater than that of the outflowing surface water. This discovery was made by the officers of the British government surveying ship *Shearwater*. We are told that a special apparatus was attached to the ship's boats, to test the strength of this under-current, when, to the surprise of all, the boats were in many places driven along against the upper current at a speed greater than that of the steam launch of the *Shearwater*.

The English expedition now being fitted out for the circumnavigation of the globe is to visit the most remote and unknown regions, including the icy coast of the South Pole, Kerguelen's Land, or the Island of Desolation, in the Southern Ocean, and the large and unexplored island of Papua, or New Guinea, which lies north of Australia. The scientific staff, which will be under the direction of Prof. Wyville Thomson, comprises competent foreign, as well as British naturalists. The voyage is expected to occupy about three years and a half. The forward magazine of the *Challenger*, the government steam corvette designated for the use of the party, is completely stowed with spirits and stoppered bottles, for the preservation of natural history specimens.

It seems that beavers are increasing in number in the state of Mississippi. Mr. John Shelton, who resides at Raymond, in Hinds county, writes to one of the editors of *Silliman's Journal* that he has lived there for nearly thirty-five years, and that although it was very difficult to find a beaver or a beaver dam thereabouts in the year 1837, they are now so numerous that there are probably half as many beavers as there are people in the county. The increase was first noticed about the year 1850. It is believed to extend over all the counties of central Mississippi and Alabama.

It is a curious fact that the bite of the cobra di capello, although fatal to any non-venomous snake, is not injurious apparently to one of its own kind, yet Dr. Fayrer, in his recently published account of the venomous serpents of India, vouches for it. He also tells us, what is known to few, that a poisonous snake may bite without allowing its poison to exude. Though the number of young girls who are bitten by venomous snakes in Hindostan is smaller than the number of boys so bitten, the mortality from snake-bite is greater among women than among men.

Probably but few persons are aware that natural deposits of both iron and gold are found in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The gold occurs in very limited quantities, however. The iron ore at Bartlett, and the alluvial gold of Indian stream, are briefly described by Professor C. H. Hitchcock, in his annual report of the State Geological Survey, just published. The *American Journal of Science and Arts* refers to the White Mountain region as including "the dark and most difficult part of American geology."

The order of animals known as the *quadrumana*—four handed, from the Latin *quatuor*, four, and *manus*, a hand—includes monkeys and all similar creatures having four limbs, each of which is used as a hand. The first fossil remains of such animals ever discovered in the United States have just been detected by Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, among the fossil specimens of extinct animals discovered by him in the Rocky Mountain of Wyoming Territory.

SCIENCE.

Alfred Domett, the poet, describes several species of that very curious insect the phasmid, or "walking-stick," met with in New Zealand, and so called from its singular likeness to withered twigs or sticks. One species has wings like delicate leaves, and another resembles a brilliant green shoot of a plant covered with thorns. They are from three to seven inches long, with slender bodies, and legs which they lift high off the ground in walking, as if on stilts. Their movements are slow, and they will remain for a long time motionless in any position in which they are placed, on their backs, and even upright on their two hind legs and tail. Mr. Domett kept a number of these phasmids under a tumbler a fortnight or more, when he found the smallest specimen dead and partly devoured by its companions, and thereupon he killed the rest by placing them in spirits of wine.

CENTREVILLE, JUNE 16, 1877.

C. V. SMITH, EDITOR.

PIONEERS.

St. Joseph County Pioneers Annual meeting on the fiftieth year of the settlement of the county, Wednesday, June 13th, 1877.

At 10:30 o'clock A. M. the meeting was called to order by the President, John W. Fletcher Esq., and the following order of business was followed:

1st.—Report of the proceedings of last meeting, read and approved.

2d.—A full, lengthy and able report of Henry W. Laird, Chairman of the committee to give a history of the removal of the Nottawa Indians, was presented and filed.

3d.—On motion of Alvin Hoyt, seconded by John Hull the Preamble to our Constitution was so amended as to declare all persons who have been settlers of the county thirty years eligable to be members of our orgnization upon signing our Constitution.

4th.—Election of officers of the society for the ensuing year being next, was proceeded with and the following officers were elected: President, George Thurston, of Sturgis; Vice-Presidents, Edward K. Wilcox, Leonidas, Lorancie Schellhouse, Colon, Josiah F. Livermore, Burr Oak, James Johnson, Fawn River, Hiram Wakeman, Mendon, Jonathan Engle, Nottawa, Stephen Cade, Sherman, David Knox, Sturgis, John Lomison, Park, Jonas Fisher, Lockport, Norman Roys, Florence, John Hotchin, White Pigeon, Leander Weinberg, Flowerfield, Benjamin King, Fabius, Franklin Wells, Constantine, Edward Gray, Mottville; Secretary, Wm. B. Langley, Nottawa; Treasurer, Edmund Stears, Centreville; Executive Committee, Wm. M. Watkins, Leonidas, John Hull, Florence, Isaac Runyan, Sturgis, Thomas Cuddy, Nottawa, Edmund Stears, Centreville. After the election of officers the Constantine Cornet Band being with us the meeting was treated was made for the picnic dinner to reassemble at 1:30 o'clock.

6th.—At 1:30 o'clock the assembly again gathered and the band discoursed sweet music to cheer the hearts of old and young.

7th.—The blessing of the Almighty was invoked upon the Pioneers and all their friend by our brother, David Knox of Sturgis.

9th.—The report of the Secretary was then read, accompanied by a report of pioneers gone hence from among us since the last report and announcement of the names of the officers for the coming year.

10th.—An original poem much, very much admired, was read by Capt. I. D. Toll.

11th.—Appropriate music was again discoursed by the band.

12th.—Volunteer remarks were called for and on being called out our Pioneer Sturgis Boy, Hon. Orange Jacobs, now delegate to Congress from Washington Territory, gave us a most pleasing, interesting and excellent address that was received with great pleasure and we all rejoiced we had such a *boy* to send out to the pacific coast. John Hull followed with a fine history of the progress of musical science in our county and its first bursting out in the woods. S. C. Coffinbury in his genial, eloquent way lauded and praised our loved and absent departed pioneers and set up some of the living ones pretty strong as he is pretty apt to do in his estimate of loved friends. Samuel P. Williams of Lima being called for, would not take the speakers stand, but from his place in the crowd, talked good straight pioneer talk, relating facts and incidents to us until all wished he was on the stand and would not soon stop.

Then we were regaled with a splendid song "A Hundred Years to Come" by our vocalists, after which a few right good remarks from our old President, Alvin Calhoun and another grand piece of music by the band. At 4:30 o'clock the pioneers separated with an earnest

ment.

One of the noticeable features of this large meeting was the lessening numbers of the "heads silvered o'er with age" of the first settlers, and the increasing proportion of the fast becoming "silver grays" of the boys of early years and the very greatly increased number of the rosy faces and the buoyant elastic step of the second generation, giving us promise and assurance that the old pioneers were not now and would not in the future be forgotten.

List of pioneers that have died since our meeting in June last or whose deaths were not then reported, so far as we could obtain the names:

Isaac T. Ulrich,	Henry Bittenbender,
Asel Clapp,	Eli Beebe,
Alfred Todd,	Ralph Taylor,
Isaac Major,	Wm. Allison,
William Major,	Sheldon Williams,
Elijah Purdy,	Joseph Miller,
Joseph Jewett,	Sumner Taylor,
George Blanchard,	Henry Dean,
Richard Fulcher,	Robert Dougherty,
Abel Belote,	Cyrus J. Cross,
Renselaer Strong,	Peter Bittenbender,
Wm. F. Bowman,	Louis Wachterhauser
Robert K. McMillan,	Joseph "

Lemuel O. Hammond, Jehial B. Dimmick,
William Braginton, Mrs. Ed. S. Moore,
Mrs. Sally Williams, " C. B. Hoffman,
" Comfort Tylor, " Mary Gilchrist,
" Isaac Major, " Wm. Ferguson,
" L. Schellhouse " L. A. Harrington
" Mary Cochrane.

In the summer of 1826, fifty one years ago, our President, John W. Fletcher, with Capt. Moses Allen, soon after a settler on Allen's Prairie, Hillsdale county, and a Mr. Hubbard, of Wayne Co., in this now, State of Michigan, came through this southwestern part of the territory of Michigan to see what there was in it to induce settlers to make it a home. Then there was not a settler west of Washtenaw and Lenawee counties, and on the line of the Chicago trail; almost the exact line of the military government road from Detroit to Chicago, there was no settler west of Ypsilanti except one on the St. Joseph river near Bertrand in Berrien in a short time Allen & Fletcher became settlers of the St. Joseph valley. In 1827 just 50 years ago John Winchell and one or two others came on to Pigeon Prairie and were the first settlers of St. Joseph county. That year one or two persons also settled in Mottville and on Sturgis Prairie. In 1826 on the 14th of June, Ezekial Metcalf became the owner of the first land in St. Joseph county purchasing the east half of the north east quarter of section one in town 8, S. R. 10 west (Sturgis). That same year Asahel Savery, Robert Clark Jr. and John Anderson on Oct. 24th entered lands on White Pigeon Prairie. In November, on 11th day, George Buck and Truman Bearss entered 80 acres of land each in Sturgis, and were the only land holders by absolute title in St. Joseph county in 1828, these and all other lands in this and adjoining counties were purchased at the United States Land Office at Monroe, Michigan Territory, until June 1831, when a U. S. land office was established at White Pigeon.

Fifty years ago the extreme western farming settlements of the north west, were Dexter, on the Huron and Tecumseh on the Raisin. Then not a family nor an individual settler, except the Indian Traders or the Catholic, or the Protestant Missionary or the camp followers in or about the military post of the Government, was to be found. West of the line of Lenawee and Washtenaw counties, and now, in fifty years, we see the great northwest with its ten millions of active, energetic, laborers, supplying almost one quarter of the world with their meat and bread, and with a great iron band extending from the Atlantic ocean over the Alleghany and Rocky mountain ranges to the western Pacific coast, and with its arms and connecting links extending to almost every hamlet in our wide land and into the mountain gorges with their untold wealth of gold and silver, iron, copper and coal, and all this has been done since your President Secretary and Chaplain and most of you here present, have toiled up from boy-

that time when it will be said of us "once a man, twice a child."

Two years ago, next October, was organized this St. Joseph County Pioneer Society, one of the leading objects of which was to secure a record of the early settlement of our county, and now within the last year has been found the men who have taken in hand the task of gathering the early incidents of those years, and as far as the earnest faithful work and persevering effort could do, it has been done, to gather as many of the important events and changes from the early days as was possible and while we know that there are many things that should have been recorded that have gone down to the grave and can never now be known, yet we should rejoice that we have found so many and placed them in the page of a written history, and we are very certain that our future citizens will be thankful that so much has been done and done so well, and the great changes that has been made within that time, from the Indian hunting-grounds of this lovely valley to the home of the intelligent and educated white man is so well portrayed, and the late changes from the pioneer's log cabin to the fine mansion of the prosperous farmer, and yet the old hunter as he remembers and thinks back to the time of the illy lighted log cabin with its few panes of seven by nine glass and compares it with the brick mansion, like a Norman castle or the painted and polished wooden building, covering a large spot in his old eighty acre lot is not entirely happy, he enters the carpeted balls with its plate-glass windows blinded, curtained and laced, to keep the sun out and save the bright colors on the sofa and the ottoman and the *tete-a tete* and the piano and as he stumbles over the fashionable rocker when he enters the ornamented and darkened room from the bright light of the dazling sun, it does not gratify him as much as did the old log cabin with the light of the open door, fifty years ago. But then, his thoughts may go back to 25 cents postage, and now realizes that for 3 cents he can send as large a letter from one end of the Union to the other, he has to own up that the world does move onward and when he remembered that instead of cutting his wheat and his rye and oats with a sickle or his cradle and threshing it out with his flail he cuts it with his self-binding reaper and has it threshed and cleaned ready for market with his steamer, he must admit the world advances although he declines. And then he looks about him for the old friends of the early years and secs so few left and of that few so many yearly passing to join those old companions in that land beyond the river..

And now many of us feel that most of our work is done and we ask that you now place in the care of younger, more active, stronger and firmer hands, the future care of the interest of the St. Joseph County Pioneer Society and the continuation of that history of our much loved county. And we ask that the coming fifty years of the first century may be as happy, as satisfactory and as prosperous to those who succeed us as it has been to us of the early years, and that we may all *meet again* in that brighter happier land, where there is no sickness, no suffering, no parting, no death.

WM. H. CROSS,
Secretary.

J. J. D., Garnood, Pa.:
On what day of April did Gen. Lee surrender?
Ninth.

S. D. L., West Bridgewater, Pa.: Write to Harper & Bros., New York. The price is $3 per volume, or the three volumes for $7.

Mary E. Coy, Aumsville, Marion Co., Or., wishes to learn what Comeeny Archees Coffey was Captain of in the Black Hawk war.

H. L. N., Ortway, D. T.:
Please tell me what day Burnside crossed the river in Virginia after Lee's army.
December 11.

1. What is the origin of the ember days, spoken of in the almanacs? 2. How high is the Suspension Bridge at Cincinnati? 3. Is it the highest bridge in the United States?

1. Probably from the ancient custom of using ashes or embers in connection with fasting. 2. It is 103 feet above low water. 3. No.

H. O. W., Hillman, Mich.:
Please inform me who Clinton DeWitt was. Is the name Clinton DeWitt, or DeWitt Clinton, and should there be a capital W in the name? I have found nothing as yet to satisfy my mind on this question.

States Senator; several times Mayor of New York; Lieutenant-Governor in 1811-13; political rival of Aaron Burr; opposed the war of 1812, and was the peace candidate for the Presidency, receiving 89 electoral votes; initiated the construction of the Erie Canal in 1815; Governor of New York in 1817-22 and in 1824-27; died February 11, 1828.

T. W. M. R., Martin's Corner, Pa.:
Which is the heaviest, milk or water, and why the difference, if any?

The following table exhibits the composition of several kinds of milk. The albumen in these analyses is reckoned with the caseine:

Constituents.	Cow.	Ass.	Goat.	Ewe.	Woman.
Water.....	86.23	91.65	86.80	85.62	87.93
Butter.....	4.38	0.11	3.32	4.20	3.56
Sugar of milk....	5.27	6.08	5.28	5.00	6.50
Caseine.....	3.60	1.82	4.02	4.52	1.52
Various salts....	0.27	0.34	0.58	0.66	0.45
Total.....	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00

M. B., North Star, Wis.:
1. Who killed Tecumseh, and in what battle did it occur, and where? 2. What is the area and population of Central America? 3. Is China an absolute monarchy, and who is the ruler?

It is not positively known who killed him. Col. R. M. Johnson receives the credit. He was killed at the battle of the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813. 2. It is between 800 and 900 miles in length, and varies in breadth from 30 to about 300 miles. It comprises five independent Republics—Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and San Salvador—with a united area of 175,000 square miles, and a total population of about 2,675,000. 3. The form of government is monarchial, but not despotical, the Emperor being bound by ancient laws and customs. We believe our old friend Kwong Shu is still Emperor. Other inquiries have been answered.

T. H. H., Lafayette, Ind.:
Will you be so kind as to tell me what the present laws of Indiana are in regard to husband and wife holding real estate?

A married woman can sell, transfer and assign her personal property the same as a man; she can make contracts for the improvement of her real estate and charge her separate estate, the same as a man; the contract of any married woman engaged in business is binding; she cannot encumber her separate real estate for her husband's debts; she cannot convey her real estate unless her husband joins in the deed; what a married woman earns by her own labor is hers, and not her husband's, except her labor in her husband's family, etc.; she is entitled to an exemption of $300 in wearing apparel, etc., and $800 in any property she may select.

C. S. F., Virden, Ill.
1. Where is Oshkosh, the home of Tibbitts, that Nasby writes of? 2. Who was Capt. Kidd and what did he do? 3. Are the new nickels in general use now?

1. In Wisconsin. 2. A noted pirate, executed at London in 1701. Receiving from William III. a commission as Captain for the suppression of piracy, he sailed from Plymouth in 1696, but turning pirate himself, returned in 1698 with a large booty to New York. The Earl of Belomont caused him to be arrested and sent to England for trial. The charge of piracy seems not to have been proved; but on the charge of having killed one of his crew, he was convicted, after a grossly unfair trial, and hanged. 3. No.

1. The alum of commerce is a sulphate of alumina and potassa, obtained by lixiviation from crude alum ore, or *schist*. It is obtained in large crystals, slightly efflorescent. When deprived of its water of crystalization by heat it becomes burnt or dried alum. Pure red or roche alum was originally imported from Italy, where it is found in a native state. 2. Clean the bare portion of the glass by rubbing it gently with fine cotton, taking care to remove any trace of dust and grease. If this cleaning be not done very carefully, defects will appear around the place repaired. With the point of your knife cut upon the back of another looking-glass around a portion of the silvering of the required form, but a little larger. Upon it place a small drop of mercury; a drop the size of a pin's head will be sufficient for a surface equal to the size of the nail. The mercury spreads immediately, penetrates the amalgam to where it was cut off with the knife and the required piece may now be lifted and removed to the place to be repaired. This is the most difficult part of the operation. Then press lightly the renewed portion with cotton; it hardens almost immediately, and the glass presents the same appearance as a new one. 3. Yes. We have heretofore described the process. 4. Establishments for gambling in wheat, corn, etc., but not so high-toned as Boards of Trade. 5. New.

A. G., Spencer, Ind.:
Please give in the BLADE a description of the process of freezing water by artificial means?

Among the most efficient apparatus for conducting the process is that of M. Carre, of France. A strong galvanized wrought-iron boiler, capable of sutaining a pressure of eight or 10 atmospheres, is connected by a tube with a freezer, also made of galvanized iron and of corresponding strength, consisting of two compartments, an outer annular one, connected with the boiler, and an inner one, for receiving the vessel which contains the water or liquid to be frozen. The connection between the boiler and freezer may be controlled either by stopcocks or self-acting valves. A saturated solution of ammonia is introduced into the boiler, and the freezer is placed in a cold bath. Heat sufficient to produce a pressure of five or six atmospheres is applied to the boiler, which expels the gas from the water in which in which it is dissolved, and forces it into the annular compartment of the freezer, where it is condensed by its own pressure, aided by the cool bath, along with about one-tenth its weight of water. When sufficient ammonia has been condensed, which is shown by the pressure indicated by a gauge, or approximately by a thermometer, the boiler itself is placed in a cold bath; the cylinder containing the water to be frozen is placed in the inner compartment of the freezer, and to insure contact the interstice is filled with alcohol. As the boiler cools, the pressure which had been produced by heat is gradually removed, and the liquid ammonia in the freezer becomes vaporized, producing an intense degree of cold. In a little more than an hour a block of ice may be frozen. An apparatus in use is said to be capable of producing 600 pounds of ice in an hour. The following table contains a list of the more important freezing mixtures, with the reduction of temperature each is capable o effecting:

	Parts	Temperature
Snow or powdered ice	2	50° to 0° F.
Common salt	1	
Sulphate of soda	8	50° to 1.5°
Hydrochloric acid	5	
Sulphate of soda	6	
Nitrate of ammonia	5	50° to —14.50°
Dilute nitric acid	4	
Phosphate of soda	9	50° to —20°
Dilute nitric acid	4	
Snow or powered ice	3	32° to —54.4°
Crystallized chloride of calcium	4	

A. W. T., Karle, O.:

1. Who were the Triumvirs? 2. What is a bill of attainder? 3. Why is Virginia called the Old Dominion?

1. The coalition between Julius Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus is often called the first triumvirate, but they were never invested with any office under that title. The so-called second triumvirate of Octavius, Antony and Lepidus was the first sanctioned by the people of Rome. 2. Attainder, in old English law, was the extinction of civil rights and the forfeiture of estate which followed when a person was condemned to death for treason or felony. It might also take place by act of Parliament, called bill of attainder. In the case of high treason the effect was forfeiture of real and personal estate, and corruption of blood, so as to interrupt hereditary descent of any civil right. For capital crimes less than high treason there was a forfeiture of personal property absolutely, and of the profits of freehold estates during life; and after the death of the criminal all his lands went to the Crown for a year and a day. 3. The Historical Magazine gives the following explanation, which is probably correct: "In Capt. John Smith's History of Virginia, edition of 1629, there is a map of the settlements of Virginia, which at that time included New England, as well as every other part of the British settlements in America. He there calls our present Virginia 'Ould Virginia,' (the word old being so spelt at that time), in contradistinction to the New England Colony, which is called 'New Virginia.' Here, then, we have the word 'ould,' the distinctive word of the title. Now, we know that, from the settlement of the Colony to the Revolution, every act of Parliament, every letter of the King to the Governor, always designated Virginia as the 'Colony and Dominion of Virginia.' Here is found the other word; and the change in common talk from Old Virginia to Old Dominion was easy, imperceptible, and almost inevitable." We are under the impression that these questions were answered a year or so ago, but give you the benefit of the doubt.

J. J. G., Greensboro, Pa.:

1. Please give a biographical sketch of Galileo. 2. What is meant by "Luther at the Diet of Worms?"

1. Galileo Galilei was designed by his father, a celebrated musician, for the medical profession, and having acquired, under great difficulty and disadvantage, the elements of general education, was placed, when 19 years of age, at the University of Pisa. Here he threw off the trammels of an uncongenial pursuit, and devoted himself to the study of geometry and experimental philosophy. His advance was so rapid that he soon left his teacher far behind. When 23 years of age he was appointed to the mathematical chair of Pisa, where he not only devoted himself to the laws of "motion," but set himself to investigate the rival systems of astronomy. His discoveries and researches were important, but so strong were the prejudices he had to overcome, that he was compelled to vacate his professor's chair at Pisa and retire to the learned city of Padau, where he was given the Chair of Philosophy in that University. In 1609 he realized the hight of his fame by the construction of his telescope—an instrument that tore down the cloak of mystery that had hitherto enveloped the solar system. His discovery of spots on the sun's surface appears to have given the culminating point to his enemies' rancor, and he was reported to the Inquisition at Rome as a man whose heretical opinions were dangerous to the interests of the church. A reluctant promise that he would not again broach the Copernican doctrine for a time staved off the consequences of a religious prosecution. In 1630 he completed a work called "Dialogues on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems," and by making three imaginary persons dispute on the different questions and facts, he deemed himself safe from all censure. The Pope, however, detecting some absurd observations which he himself had addressed on the subject to the author, put into the mouth of one of these speakers, was so indignant that he had Galileo cited to appear before the Inquisitorial tribunal at Rome. Weakened by long illness and over 70 years of age, and probably put to the torture, he was compelled on his knees to renounce as errors every fact he had incontestibly proved to be true; but as a friend assisted him to arise, he whispered, "The earth does move on its axis for all that." He was ordered back to his cell and closely watched. In 1636 he became totally blind, just before which he completed his "Dialogue on Motion." Permission seems to have been granted him to reside in Florence, on the plea of increasing infirmity, and in the neighborhood of that city, on the 8th of January, 1642, he died. 2. That he appeared in that city before Charles V. and his Diet (a deliberative assembly.)

A. M. G., Baxter, Kan.:

1. Does the Oklahoma country belong to the Government or to the Indians? 2. Does the Government have any control over the laws of the Indian Territory? 3. Does the small tribes that inhabit the northeast part of the Indian Territory own the lands they claim? If so, why does the Government keep a large police force there? 4. Who constitutes the Interior Department at Washington, and how are they elected?

1. To the Indians. 2. The jurisdiction of the United States Courts for the Western District of Arkansas extends over the Territory in civil actions where a white man is a party, in case of crimes committed by or upon a white man, and in proceedings for violation of the laws regulating trade and intercourse with the Indians. 3. Nearly all the tribes have reservations assigned them, and troops are employed to protect them from the encroachments of the whites, and also to see that the stronger tribes do not crush the weaker ones. 4. Henry M. Teller, ex-Senator from Colorado, is Secretary of the Interior, appointed by the President. The Secretary appoints the subordinates in his Department.

H. E. Z. Myersville, Md.:

1. What is the origin of the term Uncle Sam? 2. What is the origin of the dollar-mark? 3. What is the name or the little girl who exploded Hell Gate?

1. You say you have asked these questions before, and we know they have been answered within a year; but as you may be a "new subscriber," we will answer them again. In 1812 goods for the Government at Troy, N. Y., were inspected by two brothers, named Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson, and the packages were marked E. A.—U. S. Samuel Wilson was known among the workmen as Uncle Sam. The contractor's name became soldiers, and thus the joke about Uncle Sam spread and finally became a "fixture." 2. Webster's Dictionary gives the following: "The origin of the sign has been variously accounted for; but it is probably a modified figure 8, denoting a piece of eight, i. e., eight reals, an old Spanish coin of the value of a dollar. It was in use long before the adoption of the Federal currency." 3. The electricity was applied by "one little daughter of Gen. Newton, the chief engineer of the work, but we do not know her given name.

E. B. S., Buffalo Fork, Iowa:

1. Who was Margaret Fuller? 2. For what was Jesse D. Bright expelled from the United States Senate? 3. What body or faction of men nominated John C. Fremont for President, at Cleveland, in 1864, and what was their purpose in or ground for such a move?

1. Daughter of Timothy Fuller, a member of Congress from Massachusetts, who gave her the education of a boy, and at the age of 17 she read fluently French, Italian, Spanish and German. The death of her father in 1835 compelled her to rely upon herself, and she became a teacher in Boston. She afterwards contributed to the press, and published "Women in the Nineteenth Century," "A Summer on the Lakes," etc. In 1844 she was literary editor of the New York Tribune. In 1846-47 she traveled in England and France, and, visiting Italy, married the Marquis d'Ossoli. In the Summer of 1850, with her husband and child, she took passage for New York, and was wrecked on the coast of New Jersey. 2. On a charge of disloyalty, the principal proof of which was that in March, 1861, he wrote a letter to Jeff Davis, "recommending to him a person desirous of furnishing arms." 3. Radical Republicans, who were dissatisfied with Lincoln's treatment of the slavery question.

S. F. T., Novelty, Mo.:

Will you please publish in your paper a recipe for welding cast steel; also to temper files?

1. Take borax, 10 parts; sal-ammoniac, one part; grind or pound them roughly together, then fuse them in a metal pot, over a clear fire, taking care to continue the heat until all spume has disappeared from the surface. When the liquid appears clear, the composition is ready to be poured out to cool and concrete; afterwards, being ground to a fine power, it is ready for use. To use this composition, the steel to be welded is first raised to a bright yellow heat, it is then dipped among the welding power, and again placed in the fire until it attains the same degree of heat as before; it is then ready to be placed under the hammer. 2. To temper old files, grind out the cuttings on one side, until a bright surface is obtained; then damp the surface with a little oil and lay the file on a piece of red-hot iron, bright side upwards. In about a minute the bright surface will begin to turn yellow, and when the yellow has deepened to about the color of straw, plunge in cold water.

A BOILING LAKE.

Utica Herald.

Professor Henry A. Ward, formerly of the University of Rochester, N. Y., is writing letters touching his travels in New Zealand, some of which detail singular experiences. In his last he says: "I came from Auckland by steamer south for 125 miles along the east coast to the town of Tamanga. I hired a vapor to a height of fully 2000 feet. Reaching the shore it was not easy traveling, for in places the black pebbles of the beach were all astir with water boiling up through them—water so hot that a misstep might scald the foot seriously. At this point the crater wall has been broken down almost to the sea-level and we could look into the great hollow island. The crater is circular, a full mile in diameter, and hemmed in by walls many hundred feet high and very precipitous.

HOT SULPHUROUS FUMES.

"The crater floor was an uneven plain of volcanic ash and scoria, with many little fumaroles or blow holes, through which hot sulphur vapors come wheezing out, while every few minutes there was beneath our feet a smart trembling and a low, dull rolling roar. the smoke of vapor began to thicken as we went along and we soon found the cause. We were stopped short by a great lake of steaming water, quite filling this end of the crater, and being, as we could see when the clouds lifted, nearly half a mile from either side. The water was too hot to comfortably bear the hand in it, and was farther insupportable to either touch or taste by a strong infusion of alum and sulphuric acid which bit painfully at any scratch or sore upon our skin. On the farther border of the lake and half around its shore was a row of the most violent solfataras which I have ever seen. They had built for themselves little pillar-like cones from ten to thirty feet high and a yard or two in diameter at its base, and through these open chimneys they were trampeting steam and roaring sulphuric gases with a violence that was frightful to contemplate and such demoniacal screeching and din as afflicted our ears, even at the long distance where we stood.

LAUNCHED ON THE LAKE.

We dragged the row-boat along the volcano's floor and launched it upon the boiling lake. The water of the lake was of a milky opaque cast, but we could feel with our oars that it was in most places not over ten feet deep. Lines upon the shore showed that it daily rose and fell slightly with the tide of the sea outside. In many spots the water was boiling furiously with so much froth and foam, while still its heat was much below the boiling point of 212 Fahrenheit. These were dangerous places, the abundant air in the water diminished materially its buoyancy, and our boat sank alarmingly low in crossing them. We landed across the lake at one of the solfataras nearest to the beach and proceeded to demolish it with our oars. It was a chimney about two feet in diameter, clay without, and within it was lined with crystals of sulphur of a beautiful straw-yellow, splashed with vermilion spots. Pushing in the top of this chimney the fragments would first fall down its throat and then come flying out into the air, with explosions that were amusingly like a prolonged stentorian cough."

A Cipher Difficult to Decipher.

In the matter of ciphers, here is one which is taken from the columns of the Boston *Transcript*, and to decipher which would certainly puzzle the most adroit, as it depends entirely on the use of the key-word, which can be changed as often as may be desired. It is only necessary for the person writing to have a table like the following and a key-word previously agreed upon:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a
c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b
d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c
e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d
f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e
g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f
h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g
i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h
j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i
k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j
l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k

r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t
v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u
w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w
y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x
z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y

Let me suppose that A in Boston wants to send B in Chicago the message, "send me five hundred," and that "love" is the key-word agreed upon. He writes his message, and under it, letter for letter, the key-word, repeating the latter as often as may be necessary, thus:

send mefivehundred
love lovelove lovel

He now refers to his table, finds the first letter "s" in the first horizontal line and runs down vertically until he comes to the letter which stands opposite to "l" in the first vertical line; it proves to be "d." This is the first letter of his cipher message, and he writes it under the "l." Next finding "e" the second letter in his message, he runs down vertically until he comes to the letter opposite "o," the second letter in the key; it proves to be "s." This he writes as the second letter of his cipher, under the "o." Continuing in this way his three lines stand thus:

send m e five hundred
love l ovelo velovel
dsih x s amgs cyyrmio

And the cipher messages to be sent to Chicago would be "dsih xs amgs cyyrmio." When B in Chicago received this he would write it out, and under it, letter for letter, the key agreed upon, thus:

dsihxsamgscyyrmio
lovelovelovelovel

Finding the first letter "l" of the key in the first vertical line he follows horizontally until he comes to "d," the first letter of the cipher message; then going up vertically to the top he finds "s," the first letter of his translation. Next he finds "o," the second letter of his key in the vertical column till he comes to "s," the second letter in the cipher, and thence going up vertically he comes at the top to "e." Continuing in this way he deciphers the whole and gets "send me five hundred." It is evident that by changing the key, which may be any word agreed upon, the whole would be changed.

BORN.

KENVILLE—At Quail Hollow, Jan. 4, to the wife of Joseph Kenville, a daughter, the only one out of seven children.

McDONALD—In Santa Cruz, January 6th, to the wife of Alex. McDonald, a daughter.

MARRIED.

HOUCK—RICHARDS—In this city, Jan. 5th, by Rev. J. L. Trefren, John P. Houck to Miss Eva L. Richards, both of Santa Cruz.

LANE—BENNETT—In Santa Cruz, Jan. 1st, by Rev. J. L. Trefren, Joseph Lane to Miss Ella Bennett, both of Soquel.

BELLUE—In Santa Cruz, Nov. 10th, to the wife of C. Bellue, a daughter.

MARRIED.

DRUM—ROUNTREE—At the residence of the bride's parents, near Felton, Wednesday, November 5th, by Rev. James L. Drum, Wm. P. Drum to Miss Susie Rountree, both of Santa Cruz county.

DIED.

KIRBY—In Santa Cruz, Nov. 11th, Georgiana B. Kirby, a native of Santa Cruz, aged 23 years and 10 months.

Great Discovery of Coins in Verona.

A NUMISMATIC discovery almost unparalleled in extent has been made near Verona. Two large amphoræ have been found containing no less than two quintals, or about 600 English pounds weight, of coins of the Emperor Gallienus and his successors within the hundred years following his reign. The number of coins is estimated at between 50,000 and 55,000. Of those of the Emperor Probus there are more than 4,000.

The majority are of bronze, but there are some of silver and others of bronze silvered (*subratæ*). They are all in the highest state of preservation, and, with the exception of those of Gallienus, which are a little worn, they are so fresh from the mint as to make it evident they were never put into circulation. The discovery has been considered of sufficient importance for the Minister of Public Instruction to dispatch Signor Pigorini specially to to Verona to report upon it.

All the finest examples are to be placed in the Museum of Verona, and the remainder either exchanged in sets with other museums or sold, as may be decided upon.—*London Times.*

THE LATEST CRAZE.

INTRICACIES OF THE GEM PUZZLE, OR GAME OF FIFTEEN.

An Apparently Simple Problem Which Is All the Rage in the Eastern States—Method of Its Solution.

Philadelphia Times.

Various accounts have been given of the invention of the "Fifteen Game," otherwise known as the "Gem Puzzle," which is just now having a run second only to that of *Pinafore*. According to one story it is the invention of a deaf mute in Hartford, who made it for the entertainment of the inmates of the asylum where he lived, without a thought of the insane asylums for which it seems likely to make so many patients. Another story ascribes the thing to the postmaster at Canastota, New York, who gave the game to a lady in Syracuse, who sent it to a lady at Watch Hill, who took it home to Hartford, where a Boston man saw it, and so on. But whoever invented it, it is the manufacturers who are reaping the profit. It is not patented, but the manufacture appears to have been confined thus far to the bootblack on the sidewalk, everybody is puzzling over it. The scientific people are discussing it, and for the last few days the newspapers have been full of it. The apparatus consists of sixteen little squares of wood, numbered consecutively from one to sixteen, and fitting exactly in a shallow square box. In use, the square numbered 16 is removed, and there is thus one blank space left, which allows the blocks to slide, one square at a time, and they are thus to be arranged without removing them from the box. The fifteen squares being mixed and placed indiscriminately in the box, the problem is to arrange them in regular arithmetical series, as in the following diagram:

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	

Any one can make the game for himself by cutting the little squares from a cigar box, or by dividing the bottom of a square pasteboard box, first into quarters and then into sixteenths, and using the lid of the box, which will, of course, just contain them. Or it can be played with counters on a quarter section of a checkerboard. The game as it is sold in the shops, however, is more convenient, and it can be had anywhere for a quarter or even less.

THE PUZZLE.

The early moves of the game are simple enough. Starting with the 1 and working it gradually toward the corner, and following with the 2, and so on, a beginning is easily made. Then you start this line in procession around the sides of the box, gradually working the numbers in in the required order. This process cannot be described minutely, but one soon discovers a certain sort of method in it, and it looks as though the solution of the puzzle were only a question of time and patience. Gradually the lines are formed: 1, 2, 3, 4; 5, 6, 7, 8, and so on. Victory is at hand, and the player subdues his excitement as best he can, while the lookerson say, "He has it." But he hasn't. Although so near, the end is yet so far that sanguine hope soon gives way to despair. After working for a longer or a shorter time, according to the familiarity of the player with the method of the thing, this is the way it comes out:

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	15	14	

And no art can get that 15 into its right place. The more you struggle with it the worse it gets, and the laboriously-arranged rows become all mixed up again. It is at this point that grim despair settles down upon all but the most courageous. Sometimes the 13, 14, 15 come in their right order, while two other numbers are misplaced, but we believe that every combination can be reduced ultimately to that given above, so that the real problem is to get the 15 after the 14. An enterprising Yankee lately advertised to send the solution of this problem for two stamps, and to the many who applied he sent back the answer: "Take up No. 15 carefully between the thumb and forefinger and place him where he belongs." This is on the principle of Alexander's solution of the Gordian knot; it is heroic, but not satisfactory.

THE SOLUTION.

It is not necessary, however, to resort to such heroic measures. The 13, 15, 14 combination is soluble, but only by *changing the direction of the columns.* This is the secret of the problem. The player has started with the "fifteen." It is not necessary to give all of the twenty-nine moves required for the solution of the problem, but the following will enable every one to work it out:

1				2				3			
1	2	3	4	1	2	3			1	2	3
5	6	7	8	5	6	7	4	5	6	7	4
9	10	11	12	9	10	11	8	9	10	11	8
13	15	14		13	15	14	12	13	15	14	12

4				5				6			
5	1	2	3	5	1	2	3	5	1	2	
9	6	7	4	9	6	7	4	9	6	7	3
13	10	11	8	13	10	11	8	13	10	11	4
	15	14	12	15	14	12			15	14	12

7				8				9			
5	1	2	3	5	1	2	3	5	1	2	3
9	6	7	4	9	6	7	4	9	6	7	4
13	10	11	8	13	10	11	8	13	10	11	8
15	14	12		15	14	12			15	14	12

Thus far we have been simply moving the outer row around the board. We now make two more such movements, bringing the board to the position numbered 8, and then in three moves bring the 15 into the center (as in 11), and then two forward movements more:

8				11				13			
9	5	1	2	9	5	1	2	9	5	1	2
13	6	7	3	13	6	7	3	13	6	7	3
15	10	11	4		15	11	4	14	15	11	4
	14	12	8	14	10	12	8	10	12		8

Following are the positions after every other one of the next six moves:

15				17				19			
9	5		1	13	9	5	1	13	9	5	1
13	6	7	2	14	6	7	2	14	6		2
14	15	11	3		15	11	3	15	11	7	3
10	12	8	4	10	12	8	4	10	12	8	4

The player may now begin to see his way out. The next eight moves give the following results:

21				25				28			
13	9	5	1	13	9	5	1	13	9	5	1
15	14	6	2	15	14	6	2	14	10	6	2
	11	7	3		10	7	3	15		7	3
10	12	8	4	12	11	8	4	12	11	8	4

It now remains only to move the 11 into its place and the 12 into its place, and the problem is solved:

13	9	5	1
14	10	6	2
15	11	7	3
	12	8	4

But, it may be objected, the only legitimate arrangement is that represented on the lid of the box, with the numbers in horizontal order. Very well. But instead of starting out to arrange them in horizontal lines, begin with the vertical arrangement in view, with the 1 in the lower left-hand corner. You can thus obtain this position:

	4	8	12
	3	7	11	14
	2	6	10	15
	1	5	9	13

Which corresponds precisely with the first position in the above series, as can be seen by turning the board upon its side, and the same moves will bring the numbers into horizontal order, exactly as shown in the large diagram at the beginning of this article. The numbers can be arranged either way, but the secret of success is, at the apparently insuperable point, to change the direction of the columns. A New England manufacturing company claims that when the figures in the fourth column come 13, 15, 14, the puzzle cannot be solved without turning the board, and offers $100 for a rule that will surmount the difficulty.

who were "out taking the fresh air" along the hills and sand dunes from Fort Point clear to the bluff on Leavenworth street, overlooking the bay. Massive fog banks rolled in through the Golden Gate in majestic beauty, one towering above the other as if fighting for the most elevated position. When near Black Point, the huge piles stood up perpendicularly, as it were, and towered in lofty flakes toward the heavens. Then a great streamer broke loose and floated away, completely covering the waters between Angel and Alcatraz islands, and extending over and above the foothills near Berkeley. Everything about Alcatraz island was clear and glistening in the golden sunshine, while only a tiny tip of the highest portion of Angel island was visible, and this was adorned round about with a silvery lining of snow-white flakes of fog, through which the sun's rays glistened in dazzling beauty. The hills, or rather distant mountain-tops of Marin county were only visible as the great fog banks swept inland, as if guided by some unseen spirit of Nature. On the bay the sight was novel, and such only as San Francisco bay can present to the lover of Nature in her artistic whims. The waters reflected the clouds in ten thousand weird shapes, and the various currents gave varied hues to the sea. Ever and anon vessels and tug boats darted in and out through the massive fog banks, looking as if they had just emerged from the region of eternal darkness. Little sail boats, looking like sprites, battled with the gorgeous cloud bank, but thinking that discretion was the better part of valor, silently glided away from the threatened dangers.

MARRIED.

STAUB—MORTON—At the Santa Cruz Light-house, Sept. 26th, by Rev. J. L. Trefren, Henry W. Staub to Miss Edith L. Morton, both of Santa Cruz Co.

The Old Curiosity Shop is filled with odd and old-fashioned relics, most conspicuous of which are samples of a wedding-dress one hundred and fifty years old, loaned by Mrs. Von Schmidt; a wedding-dress one hundred years old; a suit of Japanese armor loaned by Woodward's Gardens, as are also an idol of the Alaska Indians; a tambourine from the South Sea islands; a war club; a pair of moccasins of a California Indian; a head-dress of the sixteenth century and a brick from the great wall of China. There is also an old-fashioned clock which stands six feet and a half high, occupying a prominent position; a pewter plate one hundred and fifty years old, with a family crest on it, loaned by Mrs. Teller; a set of candelabras which were loaned by Mrs. Dr. Nuttall; they are something over one hundred years old. Mrs. Maters has loaned a spoon-mold which was used two hundred and fifty years ago.

And there is a red silk embroidered bed-spread and pieces of old china very much the same as the style now coming in vogue.

A very old curiosity is the top of a table which once had flowers painted on it, but they are now so faded that it is hard to tell what sort of blossoms they were intended to represent. These are but a few of the articles placed on exhibition, for the shop is filled in every nook and corner.

To Mrs. Blake Alverson much credit is due for her excellent management and arrangement of the tableaux in the Old Curiosity Shop.

Laborers excavating for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad six miles south of Crittenden Station, A. T., discovered three pottery ollas filled with human bones. The ollas were imbedded three feet in solid lava rock, and appearances indicate that the lava had flowed around them. In one of the ollas were found three Spanish coins bearing date 1543. The pottery was painted inside, like that found in all the old ruins of Arizona.

On the third of September last, seven and one-fifth inches of rain fell at Bombay, Western India, in two hours. The total rainfall during a whole year, at New York, does not average six times as much as this.

SCIENCE.

In the course of his essay on the common frog Mr. St. George Mivart makes some interesting remarks upon the doctrine that all our sensations are derived through the brain exclusively. He cites the opinions of Mr. George Henry Lewes and Dr. Bastian against this view. The last named author has expressed the belief that instead of regarding the brain as the organ of mind, it would be nearer the truth to look upon the whole nervous system as the organ of mind. Mr. Mivart appears to adopt this opinion which, he says, approximates, as far as it goes, "to that most rational belief that the soul of every creature is whole and entire in every atom of its bodily structure, so long as the latter preserves its integrity and vital activity."

The interesting and important discovery that metals left under stress for one or more days, gain in their power to resist further strain, was announced some time since by Professor R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, N. J. He stated that the maximum increase of resisting power, noted in his experiments, was twenty-five per cent. in twenty-four hours. A memorandum of similar experiments, by Com. Beardsle, communicated to the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, shows that the power of resistance of the iron tested, increased 13.1 per cent. in seventeen hours.

The voluntary system of weather observations, which has been maintained for many years under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, has recently been transferred to the control of the United States signal service. Professor Henry states that the Institution has no means of paying for the requisite printing and postage, expenses which have heretofore been defrayed by the Department of Agriculture. The best interests of meteorological science will probably be promoted by thus placing all meteorological work of real and general value under the same supervision.

An eminent Fellow of the Royal Society writes to the *British Medical Journal* that an examination of the artificial aerated waters, such as soda and seltzer waters, sold in syphon bottles, discloses the fact that they are dangerously contaminated with lead, there being lead enough to injure health in every specimen examined. The *Journal* adds that these waters only occasionally correspond with what is implied in their name, and that while many of them are made with well-water which is anything but pure, some of them are made with water which is dangerously impure.

A solid rock, described as "a huge natural monolith," two miles long, one mile wide, and eleven hundred feet high, has been discovered in South Australia by Mr. Gosse, who recently returned from his attempt to penetrate the unexplored regions of that country, after having traversed a distance of six hundred miles. The precise situation of this great rock is lat. 25 deg. 21 min. S., long. 131 deg. 14 min. E. It consists of fine conglomerate, and there is a spring at its centre.

In his recent address as president of the Glasgow Geological Society, at the annual meeting of that association, Sir William Thomson said that he could not adopt the opinion that changes of climate have been produced by changes in the position of the axis of the earth. In early geological times, when the earth is supposed to have been plastic, a change in the position of the earth's axis might have occurred; but such a change is impossible in the present rigid condition of the globe.

Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, England, has just published the thirty-seventh report of the charitable institutions under his care. Within the past year he has established five additional day schools, making in all 75 day schools, 29 Sunday schools, and six adult schools, supported by the funds he has received. A large number of Bibles and tracts were also distributed. His income for the year was £45,000, all of which came without request. In the forty-two years of his work Mr. Muller has received the sum of £710,000.

very critical condition, suffering from a severe attack of dyspepsia, in her charming little cottage on Capp street, around which are prettily laid-out grounds, and beautiful flowers and vines that struggle with one another to reach the roof. The interior is tastefully and artistically furnished, and is a fitting retreat for the lady who has studied so hard to please the public. Mrs. Judah has resided in California twenty-eight years. She was born in Orange county, New York, and as far as she knows she has not a relative living. Her early history is one of many trials and vicissitudes. Her childhood was passed in the home of her parents, and was remarkable for nothing save the quiet, pious manner in which she was reared. When she was quite young she married Mr. Judah, and with him traveled over the South. In 1838 they started from Apalachicola on a small trading-vessel bound for Cuba. There was no other lady on board. It was in the season of the year that storms are frequent and very violent, and she was told of the difficulties that lay in her way and how badly she would fare on the ship, since no preparations were made for the accommodation of passengers. Undaunted by these drawbacks she, with her husband, took passage in the vessel—the *George Washington*. They were out but three days when a storm arose and the vessel suddenly capsized. All on board were lost but herself and three sailors. She was saved by being

LASHED TO A SPAR

By her husband, and that was the last she ever saw of him. He was drowned together with the captain, mate and eight sailors. The sailors who were saved were clinging to pieces of planks and spars. One of them after a struggle of three hours managed to float near Mrs. Judah and picked her up. The others soon floated near them, and with the whole lot of timber a raft was improvised, the sailors tearing their jackets in stripes to lash the spars together. This was in the night, and the lady had nothing on but a thin night dress. Nothing was saved from the vessel, not even a morsel of food. They floated for three days. The tropical sun burned them, and at night the cold chilled them to the bone. On the third day, when in the last stages of despair and in an exhausted condition, they were picked up by a vessel heavily loaded with lumber and bound for Portland, Maine. On this vessel there was no woman, and Mrs. Judah had to content herself with the clothes the sailors gave her. After a six-weeks voyage she at last reached Portland. In the wreck Mrs. Judah lost all her jewels and money as well as wardrobe. Through friends she was enabled to travel south in the hope of finding some property which had belonged to her husband, but after two years of hard struggling she finally gave up the search and went on the stage, making

HER DEBUT

At Russell's Theater, New Orleans, in 1840. The proprietor of the theater, Mr. Russel, was a brother of Mrs. Farren, the lady who was lately connected with the Baldwin Theater Company. Before coming to California Mrs. Judah married John Torrence, the late machinest of the California Theater. They came to this country in 1852 with a small theatrical company and played through the interior of the State, visiting all of the mining camps, which were then in a flourishing condition. They returned to San Francisco and disbanded, and Mrs. Judah has been connected with our stage ever since. She has played in nearly all the leading theaters of the United States, and from almost the first has played the same business—that of "first old woman"—and in that line has played almost every character known. She has not retired from the stage, and if she is spared the public will yet be gratified in seeing her render some of her favorite parts, such as the "Nurse," "Lady Janet Roy," etc., but she will never undertake a new part, as she is unable to study. Miss Neilson was one of her great admirers, as was Miss Ada Cavendish, who offered her quite a large sum to travel with her only to play the "Nurse." She very seldom walks out, but generally drives in her carriage, accompanied by her spaniel,

before swallowing them. A correspondent of the *American Naturalist* writes from Duluth, Minn., to add his testimony in favor of Darwin. He says that he has observed the habits of birds for some years, and asserts that the kingfisher separates its food by means of its bill, before swallowing. "The smaller fish, being soft, are easily crushed and divided while being swallowed. The larger fish are frequently partially swallowed and so carried to a convenient perch and there disgorged, and then a few strokes of the bill divide it ready for digestion. A dissection of a kingfisher will show the above to be the case."

The steel used by watch and clock makers and engravers is hardened in sealing-wax. The *Journal of the Franklin Institute* says that the steel is made white hot, and is thrust into sealing-wax, allowed to remain a second, then withdrawn, and again inserted in another part; this treatment being continued until the steel is so cold that it will no longer enter the wax. "The hardness thus attained is extreme, and is comparable to that of the diamond; in fact, steel hardened by other processes may be engraved or bored with it, the engraving or boring tool being previously moistened with oil of turpentine."

A connection has been traced between the cyclonic storms and the showers of sand that not unfrequently visit Southern Europe. At least so asserts M. Tarry, who has travelled into Northern Africa and the Desert of Sahara, as Secretary of the French Meteorological Society. Every season several cyclones pass southward from Europe over the Mediterranean Sea. M. Tarry believes that in each case the cyclone returns northward or northwestward, bearing with it the sand which forms a sand-storm in the desert, to deposit it as a shower of sand on the southern coasts of Europe.

Recent explorations in the Bermudas, by Mr. Matthew Jones, have convinced him that the islands occupy the site of what was once a much more extensive island group than that now existing.

An instrument for tracing upon paper the muscular movements of a horse in trotting, pacing or running, was described at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

A small quantity of common salt has been found in a meteorite which fell, on the twenty-third of July last, in the French department of Loir-et-Cher.

An interesting chemico-physical classification of the stars has been suggested by Mr. J. Norman Lockyer. He believes that in some of the stars—Sirius, for example—so high a temperature prevails, that matter exists there in its true atomic state. Many of the substances which we regard as elementary are there decomposed into their constituents. Next comes a class of stars not so hot as Sirius, but still too hot for the existence of compounds. In these stars, matter is of a more complex character, and free hydrogen is less abundant. Our own sun, probably, belongs to this class, which is the largest of the three divisions proposed by Mr. Lockyer. The third comprises stars of a lower temperature, in which combinations of matter can exist, such as the red stars.

The question as to who first used the decimal point has been much disputed among mathematicians. The honor was long since claimed for John Napier, laird of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, who lived from 1550 to 1617. The claim was denied by so high an authority as the late Professor De Morgan; but strong evidence in its support has lately been discovered by Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher, the aeronaut, meteorologist and mathematician. He has seen a copy of Napier's last work, the *Constructio*, a book so rare that the former participants in the controversy never saw it. Here he finds more than two hundred instances of the use of the decimal point exactly as it is used at the present day.

Miss A. W. Buckland of Bath, England, endeavors to trace a relation between serpent-worship and a knowledge of metals. Her paper on "The Serpent in connection with Primitive Metallurgy," was the first essay read this year before the anthropological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A large proportion of the legends concerning serpents represent them as sentinels over secreted treasure, or in some other manner connected with gems or precious metals. This is one of the facts on which Miss Buckland bases her argument to prove that the serpent-worshipping races of the East were the earliest discoverers of gold, silver, and precious stones.

Past and Present of an Ancient Arizona Pueblo.

THE MISSION CHURCH OF SAN XAVIER.

Industrious Indians—Life of the Mexican Residents—A Live American Community.

[Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

TUCSON (A. T.), March 7, 1881.

In 1590 the Jesuit Missionaries who had established missions in the country of New Spain, now known as the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, gradually extended their sphere of labors northward into the rich and fertile country of Sonora. Commanding the labor of the Indian races, they erected commodious and comfortable buildings, worked the rich silver mines, whose products went to decorate their temples and purchase luxuries in Spain, tended the immense herds of cattle, and dug the canals which made the desert blossom as the rose. In the year 1690 they had established a foothold at Guevavi on the line of Arizona and the State of Sonora, and two years later they pushed up the Santa Cruz valley and established the Mission of San Xavier del Bac, the word bac meaning, in the native tongue, a watering place. In 1754 the Presidio of Tucson was established as an outpost or protection against the hostiles. In 1783, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, and when the two missions under the administration of the Franciscan Fathers are said to have been in the zenith of their power and glory, was commenced the erection of the Mission San Xavier, which stands to-day, a remarkable and fine piece of architecture, its main dome rising in beautiful curves considerably over one hundred feet above the floor. Its unfinished tower, lofty arches and ornamental work in low relief give it a quaint Moorish aspect that attracts and fascinates the eye. On approaching the entrance to the chapel we pass through the atrium, about 70x30 feet in size, where the holy fathers of old were wont to assemble each morning the Indian laborers for-rollcall and assignment to their respective duties for the day.

AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE.

The church proper is 100 feet by 30 feet in size. It is in the form of a cross, the transept forming the chapels. The nave is divided into six portions by as many arches resting on pillars set against the walls. In the main chapel, at the end of the nave, is a magnificent altar, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, the patron saint of the Jesuits, who built the first church and established the Mission. On either side of the transept to the right and left of the main altar are chapels, each containing two altars, decorated with columns and arabesques in low relief, and gilded in true Moorish style. The walls, where not cut by niches or projected in bold relief in columns or arches, are covered with fresco work. The niches are filled with images decked out in gold and tinsel. Raising the eye aloft to the dome, 50 feet high, divided into eight spaces, filled with as many frescoes in bright, glaring colors, one becomes bewildered, and turns to look at the little cherubs in plain white perched on the apex of the two main columns over the large altar. As the eye becomes more accustomed to the dim light, which is only admitted through openings on the walls brows, once encircled with golden crowns, have been broken and marred in the haste of the despoiler. The marble baptismal font, which once held a heavy silver or gold lining, shows clearly the mark of its lost wealth.

WEALTH OF THE MISSION.

It is said that this Mission yielded up nearly $200,000 in gold and silver ornaments when despoiled by the revolutionary armies during the period embraced between the years 1810 and 1827, when the Franciscan Fathers were expelled. It was not until the year 1859 that it was again put in charge of a missionary. Although a period of over thirty years had elapsed, the Indians had not forgotten their old instructors. They welcomed the Padre by assembling at the church, ringing the bells and bringing back from their houses articles of the church service which they had taken for safe keeping. Some of them recollected the prayers and were able to sing some of the chants at mass. These Indians are called the Papagoes, the word signifying "hair cut." They probably number 5000 and are scattered through Southern Arizona and Sonora. An industrious and thrifty race, they earn a living by honest toil. Near the Mission building they can be seen manufacturing earthenware without molds or tools of any kind, with their hands deftly shaping the potter's clay into *ollas* for holding water.

QUEER HEAD-GEAR.

The load that an Indian woman will carry on her head is surprising. She is aided by netting, fastened to two sticks, which cross each other near their ends, in the shape of a V, leaving the upper portion projecting about three feet above the netting, and the lower long enough to make a ground rest, so that when she sits down on her heels a strap fastened to the V will reach and pass over the forehead. When she straightens up the load is lifted, rests on the head and is steadied by the shoulders. An Indian woman packing a load of hay presents a queer spectacle. The length of the sticks above the V enable her to tie on an immense load, which entirely hides her from view, and gives the appearance of a good-sized haycock traveling of its own accord, the only motive power visible being a pair of naked legs, an average load being 200 pounds, which they will carry with apparent ease ten miles a day. Many of the Indians work as miners in the dry placer diggings and earn good wages. Some of them have small farms, and produce a clean and fine sample of wheat, which commands the highest price in the market. These "hair-cut" Indians, trained by the ancient padres, have a knowledge of the sacredness of marriage, and are very strict in their management of the women. It is said the woman who violates her marriage vow is punished with death. This is in strange contrast to the other tribes, who do not appear to know what virtue means.

JUDGMENT OF THE PADRES.

The ancient padres exhibited considerable knowledge in more ways than one. The location of their missions invariably show good judgment, careful and long study of the climatic changes. In this respect they never made a mistake. Their missions are all located in some sequestered nook where the climate is equable and healthy, and although at first glance it does not seem a desirable site, is on close investigation the best location in the whole section of country. The town of Tucson is located on the western side of the valley, almost directly under two low sugar loaf mountains, whose sides are thickly crowned with the giant or column cactus, which give them a dirty appearance, and might to some resemble a monstrous stubby, scattered and unshorn beard. On the east and north is a fine range of lofty mountains, with sharp, clear cut-canyons, the crests sharply defined against the sky, looming up into fantastic castles. The town itself is a study. The people are as cosmopolitan as could well be imagined. A young Bostonian about to visit the Territory, on leaving San Francisco, asked a friend who lives here what kind of an outfit he should take in order to be comfortable during his stay, and was told to fix himself just as if he were going to pay a visit to friends in Boston. The faro, roulette, keno and draw poker games are in full blast nightly, and are largely patronized. The games are licensed, and are what are known as of the two principal streets, can be seen half a dozen faro games, as well as roulette, monte and other games of chance, with a surging crowd of players and lookers-on, coming and going in and out through the spacious entrances from street to street. The town is laid out after the Mexican style, with narrow, irregular streets that commence nowhere and terminate suddenly, have no regular width, and used as a common thoroughfare for pedestrians and teams. Since the advent of the railroad, bringing an excess of American enterprise and business, the Mexican population appears to have vanished. In the business portion of the town the buildings have been remodeled—the adobe fronts covered with plaster or brick fronts put in, second stories built, the doors and windows enlarged and put in in good style. There are three good hotels. In San Francisco they would rate fourth class, but here, considering that almost everything set on the tables is brought from Los Angeles, a distance of 500 miles, they are really comfortable hostelries, and the price of $2 50 per day for transient custom is not exorbitant. The houses are constructed with a view of obtaining the greatest amount of shade and cool air during the summer months, and the most warmth in the winter, as the elevation above the sea level is over 2000 feet, with snow-capped mountains in the vicinity. At this season of the year one is only comfortable when dressed very warmly, or indoors where there is a good fire.

THE CLIMATE.

During the daytime, with the sun shining, the mercury will go up to 65 or 70 degrees, but, as soon as the sun sets, it falls, and, before morning, will register as low as 20 degrees. Exposed water-pipes freeze solid every night, and, owing to these sudden daily changes, the climate is very trying to even the strongest constitutions. Those who neglect to take proper care of themselves can catch a severe cold as easily here as in any place in the world, and few towns or communities can show as many people coughing and complaining of colds. The Mexican houses are all built on the same principle, and are large or small according to the affluence of the owner. Their houses seem to have been built piecemeal, as the accommodations of the family or their numerous relations required. The women, when airing themselves or gossiping with their neighbors across the alleyway, sit on the doorstep, or on what we would call a doorsill, as steps they have none. The door is cut through the mud wall, the bottom being about a foot above the ground, and protected by a piece of wood: this makes a kind of step, over which you pass to reach the floor, which is on the same level as the street. Inside the room a picture of nakedness presents itself. Mud walls, sometimes plastered and whitewashed; mud floors, hard, and generally clean-swept; mud which is made by laying closely over the rafters the ribs of the column cactus, which are about the size and much resemble bamboo canes; a mud fire-place, over which is set a piece of sheet-iron, and on the hearth an earthen pot or two; in one corner, perhaps, a bedstead with a wool mattress—more than likely the bed consists of dried hides, laid on the ground with some miserable comforters and blankets; a box or two, a trunk and a chair constitute the furniture.

KEEPING WATER COOL.

Outside the rear in the court is a kind of veranda or porch under which hangs the *olla*, which keeps cool water in the hottest weather. The *olla* is porous, and is wrapped in blankets or gunny-sacks, which are kept constantly wet, and the rapid evaporation from the outside keeps the water inside fully twenty degrees cooler than the atmosphere. A large flat stone, with a smooth upper surface, on which rests a smaller one, answers for a grist mill. The women take wheat or corn, brown it on the sheetiron over the fireplace, then on their knees grind it to a fine flour by rubbing it between the two stones. This flour, called *pinole*, is sometimes eaten by simply mixing with sugar and water, but is generally made into a stiff batter, which is beaten out on the palms of the hands into an immense flapjack cook and eat whenever all hands are hungry. A dozen people may sit down to a meal. If there is only a dozen mouthfuls all are satisfied and none complain; but if there is plenty they eat till the last morsel disappears. Of canned goods they are very fond, and if there is money on hand they purchase freely. A family will ordinarily consist of the two grown people and eight or ten children, and it would not be in harmony without at least two dogs, frequently four or five, large and small, and of the worst possible breed of mongrel curs. The family occupy one room, and can live at an expense of about 15 or 20 cents per day. The dogs skirmish for themselves and are so numerous that in order to live they become expert thieves.

DRESS OF THE WOMEN.

The women invariably wear light and bright-colored calicoes, which they have the faculty of keeping clean and tasty, as you will seldom, if ever, see one in a soiled dress. They have fine figures, and many of them have sweet and prepossessing countenances. The men are excessively indolent. They are a happy and hospitable people. As long as they have anything themselves they share freely with an entire stranger. Although they live in the most primitive style, they enjoy life and have less trouble and care than their energetic and enterprising neighbors, the Americans.

The municipal officers have commenced many long-needed reforms, noticeably a system of sewerage, a vital necessity in this overcrowded town. Last season fevers were very frequent and severe, and unless something is done the coming season, with an increased population, which is now over ten thousand, confined to narrow limits, the place will be unfit to live in. The railroad brought an innumerable army of tramps, which soon became an insufferable nuisance. About a month ago the Mayor had thirty of them arrested, tried and sentenced to ninety days in the chain-gang. The tramps refused to work, when the Mayor ordered that they be chained to carts and taken to their work each day. Those who lay down and refused to perform their allotted tasks got nothing to eat or drink when taken back to the calaboose at night. Now they are all faithfully working out their sentence, and will, when liberated, shake the dust of Tucson off their feet without ceremony. A Mining Exchange has been started to facilitate the sale of mining property, and has so far met with success.

A Curious Fish.

Reno Gazette.

There is a fish in Pyramid lake, and sometimes in the river, which the Indians call couyouie. They weigh about two and one-half pounds, and resemble the whitefish, some having been caught weighing as high as four or five pounds. They come up as far as Wadsworth in the summer to spawn. Alvaro Evans says the couyouie is the best fish in the river. Comparatively few people know anything about the fish. Pains will be taken to secure a few specimens for the California Academy of Sciences. Old anglers say they never saw a fish of the same kind in any other waters. It may be that the couyouie is a species of fish peculiar to the Truckee and its lakes. If some of the fish sharps in San Francisco get their eye on a specimen its true species may be determined.

A STONE BABY.

Queer Specimen Unearthed at Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

W. C. Renfrew of Russell, Ark., and Captain W. J. Patton of Little Rock, arrived in this city to-day on their way to Washington, D. C. The object of their visit to Washington is to exhibit to the officers of the Smithsonian Institute the "Eureka Baby," a specimen of archæology found on the 1st of last October at Eureka Springs, Ark. The baby was found about four feet below the surface on the lot of John B. Holbron, a resident of the town, and it was discovered by a laborer named F. H. Campbell, while he was digging a well. The baby had a coating of a composition about as light as pumice-stone, but this covering, varying in thickness from half an inch to an inch and a half, has since been re-

coating, eighty-five pounds. The head and limbs exposed are said to be rightly proportioned. The cheeks are puffed out and the legs and arms are plump. The general color of the baby is a bluish-brown, varying in lightness. The baby looks very much like a Hindoo idol. Mr. Renfrew, the present owner of the baby, has found a good many people who believe it to be a petrified human being, but it is hardly necessary to say that this opinion is not held by a scientist. The body is evidently a work of art, and the first important question to be determined in connection with it is in regard to the time it was deposited at the place where it was found by the well-digger, Campbell. Whether it was placed there by a prehistoric race or by a representative of the present race, the people of the Smithsonian Institute will be called upon to decide.

FOUR MEN DROWNED.

Swamping of a Boat at Ano Nuevo Point.

Captain Plummer of the steamer *Los Angeles*, which arrived here from southern ports early yesterday morning, brought news of the drowning of the two lighthouse-keepers, Henry W. Colburn and Bernard A. Ashley, and Clayton A. and Frank Pratt at Point Ano Nuevo. Just before reaching the point, on Sunday at 4 P. M., Captain Plummer states that he noticed various signals of distress on shore—a reversed flag at half-mast, handkerchiefs waving and the fog-whistle blowing, though the weather was clear. He wore the steamer round, ran inside the reef and sent a boat ashore to learn what was the matter. Upon the return of the mate, Mr. Wilson, who was in charge of the boat, it was learned that the two light-house-keepers were drowned at about 2:30 o'clock that day by the capsizing of a skiff in which they were attempting to take their two friends from the point to the mainland. The unfortunate wives of the victims were eye-witnesses of the occurrence, caused by a breaker rolling the boat completely over, which was the last seen of either the boat or the men. The ship's boat cruised about the reef for some time, but returned to the steamer without having discovered any trace of the boat. The tide and the wind were favorable for steaming southward and the *Los Angeles* retraced her course for six miles, with the hope of being able to discover the boat or some trace of the men, but met with no success. The vessel was then put on her course again. The sad accident leaves the station to the care of the two unfortunate widows until aid reaches them from here, which will probably be to-day, judging from the following notice issued by Lighthouse Inspector Coffin:

Notice is hereby given that the operation of Ano Nuevo fog signal is temporarily suspended by the drowning of the keepers. The lighthouse steamer *Manzanita* will take keepers there and put it in operation as early as possible. By order of the Lighthouse Board.

The following dispatch in reference to the accident has been received:

PESCADERO, April 9.—At 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon Henry W. Colburn, keeper of the fog signal station at Ano Nuevo Island, twelve miles south of Pescadero; B. A. Ashley, his assistant; Clayton A. and Frank L. Pratt, brothers and dairyman, were drowned while crossing from Ano Nuevo island to the mainland. The Pratt brothers had been visiting on the island during the day and were returning to the mainland when the boat was swamped and all four were drowned. The wives of the keepers were on the island and witnessed the accident, but could render no assistance. A passing steamship was attracted by the signal of distress which had been hoisted, and Mrs. Colburn had the presence of mind to get up steam and blow the fog-horn. A boat was lowered from the steamer and cruised around for half an hour, but could not find the bodies nor any trace of the boat. The Pratt brothers were aged 24 and 26 years and were both unmarried. The keepers both leave families.

we have no national name. If one, traveling in foreign parts, is inquired of as to his nationality, and replies simply that he is an American, it may be an open question whether he is a North or a South American, a Canadian, a Mexican, or a Patagonian; and it would sound rather long-winded to say: "I am a citizen of the United States of America." Our poets and orators have been driven back upon good old Christopher Columbus, for want of anything better, and "Hail, Columbia!" has become familiar to our ears; but we never hear our people call themselves *Columbians*, and it does not seem to be specially appropriate to identify the name of a man who never saw the continent which we inhabit, with our free and independent republic.

Unless some one of the multitudinous readers of the *Ledger* shall suggest, through these columns, a national name, so euphonious and significant as to command the general assent of the people, and this shall then be adopted next year at our great Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, I am afraid we shall have to give it up forever.

A traveller abroad may, if he pleases, call himself after the State from which he comes, and a New Yorker or a Virginian might be able to make the place of his abode intelligible; but if he should say simply that he is a Nebraskian or a Nevadian, it would probably puzzle the European questioner to know whether he was an inhabitant of Asia or of some one of the islands of the sea.

It is also rather tough work to find a pronounceable termination for many of our State names; beginning with the beginning, it would not sound well for one to call himself a Mainer or a Maineite or a Maineian; and a native of Massachusetts could not hold his breath long enough to manufacture a suitable terminal; while the Connecticut man, in such an effort, would be strangled altogether. By some such device as Norway has been transmuted into Norwegian, Portugal into Portuguese, and England into English, we might manage to get over the difficulty; but, in default of this, we have preferred to designate some of our States by such descriptive titles as the Granite, Green Mountain, Bay, Old Dominion, Palmetto, Hoosier, Buck-eye, Bullion, Lone-star, Gulf State, and so on.

Some of the finest names in the country are those which we have inherited from the Indians. What could be more appropriate for the thundering cataract of the St. Lawrence than the title *Niagara*? The word *Ohio* sounds like an echo of the boatman's distant cry at night. *Missouri* and *Mississippi*, with their soft sibilants, seem to symbolize the gliding together and mingled flow of the two great rivers which bear their name. *Kennebec* is rougher, and not inappropriate to the north-eastern stream, where the frost-king rules. We do not say that *all* the aboriginal names which we have perpetuated are attractive; some of them can be pronounced only by too painful an effort, while others, like *Nipmuc*, are somewhat too crisp.

The alternation of Indian and classic names, as they appear, for instance, in the list of stations on the New York Central Railroad, is striking and absurd. In the space of fifty miles you pass from Utica to Oriskany, from Rome to Canastota, from Chittenango to Syracuse; branching off at the latter venerable town, in the course of the next twenty miles, you encounter Camillus and Marcellus, and then stop for refreshments at Skaneateles. There is no other country on the face of the globe in which things are mixed up like this. It is very odd to hear an American citizen call himself a Trojan, or a Spartan, or a Roman, or a Carthagenian; and it must seem strange, the first time a man enters his name on a hotel register, as residing in Homer, or Virgil, or Solon, or Ovid, or Cato, or Euclid, or Scipio, or

names from a Scriptural source, and some of these,—like Sharon and Helion,—always fall pleasantly upon the ear; but to call a little country town Jerusalem does not seem very appropriate,—Babylon is also somewhat pretentious and not over-fragrant,—what could ever induce the early settlers to call a town Sodom, if they expected to continue there, it is hard to understand,—and, on the other extreme, the name Eden would seem to demand a degree of primeval innocence on the part of its inhabitants, not to be expected in these degenerate days.

It is a little singular that while many of the most eminent English writers have given names to our American towns—such as Milton, Addison, Dryden, Scott, Byron, Chesterfield, Hume, &c.—as Mr. Bartlett, the eminent compiler of the Dictionary of Americanisms, remarks—"But little fondness is exhibited for dramatic authors, as the name of the greatest of them all has been forgotten; not even a pond, a hollow, or a swamp has been honored with the name of Shakespeare."

If they cared anything for the reputation of the place, it is not easy to see why a town should ever have been called Cool Pond, Mosquito Cove, Whiskey Gulch, Humbug Flat, Murderer's Bar, Flapjack Canyon, and a multitude of like names to be found in our newer settlements. Even in the State of New York we have Painted Post, Oxbow, Halfmoon, Cow Neck, Oblong, Pitcher, Success: and, for some reason, even where the original title is coarse and repulsive, it is often found very difficult to induce the citizens to consent to any change. The name Skowhegan would hardly seem attractive enough to become a bone of contention in any community, and yet, a few years since, the civil courts were called to adjust the rival claims of two separate townships to the privilege of calling themselves after this title.

It is somewhat perilous to name a town in honor of some favorite citizen before he has left the world, and his record is made up. If he happens to be a politician he may possibly change his party relations, and make himself odious to those who had admired him most; or if he has been eminent as a philanthropist he may do something to shock the moral sense of the community; and in any such case it is an awkward thing to petition the Legislature for a change in the name.

Not unfrequently the first settlers in these new colonies named the place which was to be their future homes after the old town where they were born and bred. It was a pleasant thing thus to perpetuate the associations which linked them to the playgrounds of their childhood, the school-room where they studied, the ancient church in which they worshipped, the shops and markets and streets which they once frequented, and the consecrated hearth-stone they had left behind. Travelling in England one feels a peculiar repose in lying down to sleep in some remote village, the name of which has always been familiar, perhaps, as that of the very town of his own nativity.

I shall not readily forget the peculiar feeling which came over me one evening in the West of England, when a young man, who was my only companion in the railway compartment, incidentally remarked,—"I must leave you at the next crossing, to take the train for Boston." "How far are we from Boston?" I inquired. "About fifteen miles," he replied. *So near and yet so far!* I whispered to myself,—so near the quiet old sea-port where Mr. Cotton preached, some two hundred and fifty years ago, and so far from the great city which it was—"Resolved in the year 1630 should be called Boston." I could not help telling him how much richer and grander the new Boston was than the old, and how the daughter had outgrown the mother; but he seemed to listen with some incredulity,—*his* Boston was everything to him and he never had heard much about the other one. I think it likely that he told his friends that night how he had just met a man in the railway refer to the cognomen by which he is known, but to his general character. The same is true of a town, and yet I think that one would rather hail from Auburn, or any other place with a pleasing name, than from Whiskey Gulch or Flapjack Canyon, and those upon whom it devolves to give a title to any locality ought to have some regard for the feelings of their descendants.

TOM'S COME HOME.

BY T. J. TROWBRIDGE.

With its heavily rocking, swinging load,
The stage coach rolls up the mountain road.
The mowers lean on their scythes and say,
"Hullo! what brings Big George this way?"
The children climb the slats, and wait
To see him drive past the door-yard gate;
When, four in hand, sedate and grand,
He brings the old craft like a ship to land.
At the window, mild grandmotherly eyes
Beam from the glasses with quaint surprise,
Grow wide with wonder, and guess, and doubt;
Then a quick, half-stifled voice shrieks out,
"Tom! Tom's come home!"

The face at the casement disappears,
To shine at the door, all joy and tears,
As a traveler, dusty and bearded and brown,
Over the wheel steps lightly down.
"Well, mother!" "My son!" And to his breast
A forward-tottering form is pressed
She lies there, and cries there; now at arms-length
Admires his manly size and strength
(While he winks hard one misty eye);
Then calls to the youngsters staring nigh,
"Quick! go for your gran'ther! run, boys; run!
Tell him your uncle—tell him his son—
Our Tom's come home!"

The stage coach waits; but little cares she
What faces pleasantly smile to see
Her Jostled glasses and tumbled cap.
Big George's hand the trunk unstrap
And bear it in; while two light-heeled
Young Mercuries fly to the mowing field,
And shriek and beckon, and meet half-way
The old gran'ther, lame and gaunt and gray,
Coat on arm, half in alarm,
Striding over the stony farm.
The good news clears his cloudy face,
And he cries, as he quickens his anxious pace,
"Tom? Tom come home?"

With twitching cheek and quivering lid
(A soft heart under the hard lines hid),
And "Tom, how d'e do?" in a husky voice,
He grasps with rough, strong hand the boy's—
A boy's no more. "I shouldn't have known
That beard." While Tom's fine baritone
Rolls out from his deep chest cheerily,
"You're hale as ever, I'm glad to see.
In the low back porch the mother stands,
And rubs her glasses with trembling hands,
And, smiling with eyes that blear and blink,
Chimes in, "I never!" and "Only think!
Our Tom's come home!"

With question and joke and anecdote,
He brushes his hat, they dust his coat,
While all the household gathers near—
Tanned urchins, eager to see and hear,
And large-eyed, dark-eyed, shy young mother,
Widow of Tom's unlucky brother,
Who turned out ill, and was drowned at the mill
The stricken old people mourn him still,
And the hope of their lives in him undone:
But grief for the dissolute, ruined son—

Though Tom was steady, and Will was wild;
But often his own and his brother's share
Of blows or blame he was forced to bear;
Till at last he said, "Here is no room
For both—I go!" Now he to whom
Scant grace was shown has proved the one
Large-hearted, upright, trusty son;
And well may the old folks joy to find
His brow so frank and his eye so kind,
No shadow of all the past allowed
To trouble the present hour, or cloud
His welcome home.

His trunk unlocked, the lid he lifts,
And lays out curious, costly gifts;
For Tom has prospered since he went
Into his long self-banishment.
Each youngster's glee, as he hugs his share,
The widow's surprise, the old folks' air
Of affectionate pride in a son so good,
Thrill him with generous gratitude.
And he thinks, "Am I that lonely lad
Who went off friendless, poor and sad
That dismal day from my father's door?"
And can it be true he is here once more,
In his childhood's home?

'Tis hard to think of his brother dead,
And a widow and orphans here in his stead—
So little seems changed since they were young!
The row of pegs where the hats were hung;
The checkered chimney and hearth of bricks;
The sober old clock with its lonesome ticks
And shrill, loud chime for the flying time;
The stairs the bare feet used to climb,
Tom chasing his wild bedfellow Will;
And there is the small, low bedroom still,
And the table he had when a little lad:
Ah, Tom, does it make you sad or glad,
This coming home?

Tom's heart is moved. "Now don't mind me;
I am no stranger guest," cries he.
"And, father, I say,"—with the old-time laugh—
"Don't kill for me any fatted calf!
But go now and show me that sheep and swine
And the cattle—where is that colt of mine?—
And the farm and crops—is harvest over?
I'd like a chance at the oats and clover!
I can mow, you'll find, and cradle and bind,
Load hay, stow away, pitch, rake behind;
For I know a scythe from a well-sweep yet.
In an hour I'll make you quite forget
That I've been from home."

He plucked from its peg an old farm hat,
And with cordial chat upon this and that,
Tom walks with his father about the place.
There's a pensive grace in his fine young face
As they loiter under the orchard trees.
As he breathes once more the mountain breeze,
And looks from the hill-side far away,
Over pasture and fallow and field of hay,
To the hazy peaks of the azure range,
Which changes forever, yet never change.
The wild sweet winds his welcome blow;
Even old Monadnock seems to know
That Tom's come home.

The old man stammers and speaks at last:
"You notice your mother is failing fast.
Though she can't see it. Poor Will's disgrace
And debts, and the mortgage on the place;
His sudden death—'twas a dreadful blow;
She couldn't bear up like a man, you know.
She's talked of you since the trouble came;
Some things in the past she seems to blame
Herself for; what, it's hard to tell.
I marvel how she keeps round so well,
For often all night she lies awake.
I'm thankful, if only for her sake,
And now they come round to the porch again.
The mother draws Tom aside; lets sink
Her voice to a whisper, and, what do yo you think?
"You see," says she, "he's broken quite.
Sometimes he tosses and groans all night,
And—Tom, it is hard, it is hard indeed!
The mortgage, and so many mouths to feed!
But tell him he must not worry so,
And work so hard, for he don't know
That he hasn't the strength of a younger man.
Counsel him, comfort him, all you can,
While you're at home."

Tom's heart is full: he moves away;
And ponders what he will do and say.
And now at evening all are met,
The tea is drawn, the table set;
But when the old man, with bended head,
In reverent, fervent tones has said
The opening phrase of his simple grace,
He falters, the tears come down his face,
For the words seem cold, and the sense of the old
Set form is too weak his joy to hold;
And broken accents best express
The upheaved heart's deep thankfulness,
Now Tom's come home.

The supper done, Tom has his say:
"I heard of some matters first to-day;
And I call it a shame—you're both to blame—
That a son who has only to sign his name,
To lift the mortgage and clear the score,
Should never have had that chance before.
From this time forth you are free from care:
Your troubles I share; your burdens I bear.
So promise to quit hard work, and say
That you'll give yourself a holiday.
Now, father! now, mother! you can't refuse;
For what's a son for, and what's the use
Of his coming home?"

And so there is cheer in the house to-night.
It can hardly hold so much delight.
Tom wanders forth across the lot,
And under the stars (though Tom is not
So pious as boys sometimes have been)
Thanks Heaven, that turned his thoughts from sin,
And blessed him and brought him home once more.
And now he knocks at a cottage door,
For one who has waited many a year
In hope that thrilling sound to hear,
Who, happy as other hearts may be,
Knows well there is none so glad as she
That Tom's come home.

The records of the St. Petersburg Imperial Academy of Sciences contain a statement of the results obtained in recent analyses of edible earths from Lapland, and also from Southern Persia. That from the coast of the White Sea is a fine air-dried powder, which the natives mix with flour for bread making. Alumina is the predominating constituent. The specimen from Persia was composed principally of carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, and common salt.

Are animals able to count? M. Houzeau, a French naturalist, maintains that many kinds are; among them, the mule, which can count, he says, at least as far as five. But Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, an even more competent English naturalist, asserts, after reviewing these statements, that "it can hardly be held as proved that the lower animals have any sense of pure number."

Preparations are being made by M. Favre, the contractor, to commence work at once upon the tunnel which is to be constructed under Mount St. Gothard, connecting Switzerland with Italy. He has agreed to purchase all the available working material employed in piercing Mount Cenis.

A French chemist has discovered very small quantities of copper in cocoa and chocolate. An analysis of the husks of cocoa yielded a quarter of one per cent. of the metal.

A report to the British Archæological Association shows that of the numerous ancient English bells bearing inscriptions, the oldest is dated in the year 1296.

Who clung in all her loving strength to me.
And O, she was so princely, pearly fair!
Such wealth of love and majesty of mein!
Such a storm of tossing, golden yellow hair!
The day was named and she became my queen.

The mellow bells rang out when we were wed;
The earth grew golden in the light of love;
It seemed as if our souls were being fed
On sweetest nectar of the gods above.
There is an hour bound in golden shrine,
Apart from all the rest reserved for me,
'Tis when a loving hand was placed in mine
For good or ill, forever mine to be.

The sweetest flowers abloom in life's bouquet
Are those that fringe the path of early youth;
The fondest hopes not destined to decay
Are born of holy love's unyielding truth.
Life is not all a sweet, sweet holiday,
Winter needs must come and grief betimes;
But happy he who finds his sweetest May
In holy wedlock, born of wedding chimes.

Such love I left and wandered far a-west
To where the red sun weds the peaceful sea
At night tide and lies down in stately rest
To bring forth stars to shine for you and me.
And long I labored where the rivers rolled
In fretful torrents to th' insatiate sea;
And as I gathered age I gathered gold,
And thought I hoarded it for her and me.

With heaps of gold I threaded back again
Beyond the silent plains and still beyond:
And found my early home, but sought in vain
For her, my baby bride and beauteous blonde.
For she was dead, and I was left alone,
A wounded life in bitterness to plead;
And should you hear my mournful midnight moan,
Please pity me, for I am poor indeed.

Earth has no charms for one that has no home;
Gold is weighty, but it cannot yield
A joy to one whom fate has doomed to roam
A weary wanderer across a barren field.
So poor am I with all my gathered gold,
I'm standing here upon this nether shore—
A wounded life, lone, lingering in the cold,
Waiting for the boat to bear me o'er.

SAN JOSE, Nov., 1875. *Hood Alston.*

An Anniversary.

In a chamber old and oaken,
In a faint and faltering way,
Half a dozen words were spoken,
Just eleven years to-day.
What was bound and what was broken,
Let a woman's conscience say.

Half a dozen words excited,
Whispered by a lover's side;
Half delighted, half affrighted,
Half in pleasure, half in pride;
And a maiden's troth is plighted,
And a false love-knot is tied.

Has a maiden not a feeling
That can swell, and sing, and soar?
Came not o'er her spirit stealing
Thoughts of things that were before?
In her heart did no revealing
Tell her love was something more?

Barely half a dozen glances,
Half in earnest, half in mirth—
Five, or six, or seven dances—
What is such a wooing worth?
Courtship in which no romance is
Cannot give a true love birth.

Passion is a pain and power
Slowly growing unto might
By long vigils, not the hour;
Real love is not at sight;
'Tis a weed; 'tis not a flower
That arises in a night.

Lightly is the promise spoken,
Lightly is the love-knot tied;
And the maid redeems the token,
Living at her husband's side;
And her heart—it is not broken,
But it is not in its pride.

SCIENCE.

The extent to which forests influence fertility and rain is illustrated with remarkable force in the following description, which we find in the *American Naturalist*, of the present and former condition of the island of Santa Cruz, West Indies: "A friend who spent the months of February, March and April last upon the island, informs me that when he was there twenty years ago, it was a garden of freshness, beauty and fertility. Woods covered the hills, trees were everywhere abundant, and rains were profuse and frequent. The memory of its loveliness called him there at the beginning of the present year, when, to his astonishment, he found about one-third of the island, which is about twenty-five miles long, an utter desert. The forests and trees generally had been cut away, rain falls had ceased, and a process of desiccation, beginning at one end of the island, had advanced gradually and irresistibly upon the island and until, for seven miles, it is dried and desolate as the seashore. Houses and beautiful plantations have been abandoned; the whole island seems doomed to become a desert. The inhabitants believe, and my friend confirms their opinion, that this sad result is due to the destruction of the trees upon the island some years ago."

In connection with the suggestion of the *Quarterly Review*, that dogs are prevented from losing their way by means of some unexplained magnetic influence to which they are susceptible, Mr. Francis Galton, President of the Royal Geographical Society, relates some remarkable facts regarding other animals. The first is on the authority of Dr. Rae, who says that "reindeer kids, when very young indeed, having been deprived of their mothers and left quite alone, will, in spring, always turn toward the north, however much you may try to drive them the other way." James Mackay, a noted guide in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, is his authority for the other statement, to the following effect: "Buffaloes, whenever they are alarmed, always run southward. This habit is so constant and so well known, that, in making buffalo pounds, the entrance must always face the north, for, if it is not so placed, it is impossible to drive the animals into them."

The Royal Geographical Society of England has determined to dispatch two exploring expeditions to Central Africa immediately. One, under command of Lieut. Cameron of the Royal Navy, goes to Zanzibar on the east coast, and thence to the interior. This will be under the control of Sir Bartle Frere, who has recently been commissioned by the British Government to suppress the East African slave-trade. The other, to be called the Livingstone Congo Expedition, will be commanded by Lieut. Grandy, also of the navy, and is destined first for the Portuguese seaport of St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, whence the Congo river will be explored up to its supposed junction with Livingstone's Lualaba. The Berlin Geographical Society contemplates sending out an expedition for the same purpose. It cannot be denied that Mr. Stanley's exploits have given a great impetus to African exploration.

The celebrated painted decorations and sculptures in the cave temples on the small island of Elephanta, in Bombay harbor, are rapidly wearing away under the combined action of dampness, bats, and neglect. We are pleased to learn, from the *Times of India*, that a party of students from the city of Bombay will visit the island this winter, and copy these interesting relics of antiquity. The name of the place is due to the fact that a colossal figure of an elephant once adorned the shore; but this ancient monument has also perished by the ravages of time.

From the annual report of the New York State Museum of Natural History we learn that Mr. Verplank Colvin, who accurately measured the altitude of Mount Seward, one of the higher peaks of the Adirondack mountains, found its summit to be 4,462 feet above the level of the sea. Mount Marcy, the loftiest peak in the State, rises to 5,467 feet—more than one thousand feet higher. Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, one hundred and fifty miles distant, could be seen from the summit. Mr. Colvin fears that the rapid destruction of the Adirondack forests is causing a sensible decrease in the water supply of the region, which will ultimately render it impossible to navigate the Hudson more than half as far as at present.

So you think, my fair friend, in your beauty and bloom,
I have come to the season of shadow and gloom;
Where we fear to look forward, and sigh to look back,
And no gain takes the place of the good that we lack.

Ah! your head is too youthful, my friend, to be wise;
You are on the wrong side to see things with my eyes;
You are down in Life's valley, and far away still
From the sunshine that lies at the top of the hill.

I am tasting the good that is yours in pursuit;
You are plucking the flowers, while I have the fruit;
You know not the worth of life's loss or its gain;
I see nothing is perfect or nothing is vain.

You are viewing the future by Fancy's sweet gleams;
I am living a happier life than your dreams.
Ideals, with feverish longing you grasp;
I hold better realities safe in my clasp.

The mists and the shadows of morning are done;
I come to the side that is nearest the sun;
And the hills of that country are almost in sight,
Where beyond the last shadow is nothing but light.

I have gained a sure hope you are troubled with fears,
I can smile at such sorows as move you to tears;
I am stripping all foolish delusions away,
You are making your idols, and finding them clay.

No shadows are mine—I have hope, I have love;
I have treasures below, greater treasures above;
And I see where I stand—by the clear light of faith,
On the bright side of life, and the bright side of death.

—[PHOEBE CARY.

GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER sits by the open door,
And around his feet the sunbeams play,
While his scant gray locks are gently stirred
By the breath of the mild September day.
His gaze is turned toward the distant hills,
Where the trees are yellow and green and gold,
And they seem to say to the old man's heart:
"See! we grow lovely as we grow old!"

Over the landscape far and near
Grandfather looks with tear-dimmed eyes,
For on the meadow, as on the hills,
The shadow of summer's slow death lies.
But over it all, with restful calm,
There lingers a dreamful, tender haze,
And the breeze is fragrant with stolen sweets
In memoriam of the summer days.

Grandfather thinks of the years gone by,
And winter comes for the year and me;
Who knows, as the chill of age creeps on,
How lovely I in my death shall be!"

Grandfather lies on the hill-side brown—
Lies at rest—and the setting sun
Kisses the spot where loving hands
Laid him down when his life was done.
And over the meadow, over the hills,
The breeze goes sobbing the livelong day
For the fair sweet summer whose life went out
With the shadow of winter chill and gray.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE SISTER'S PLEA.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Forgive dear brother Andy,
He is not so much to blame
As the ones that led him on, father—
Be it to their shame!
Though he 's been to you a trial
For this many and many a day,
Yet I know he 's sound at heart, father,
Think whate'er you may.

Don't be too hard on Andy,
For you know, though he *is* wild,
That in point of years, dear father,
He is nothing but a child;
That when poor mother left him,
To seek her rest above,
She left him to *our* care, father—
Left him to our love.

I talk to brother Andy,
And it pricks him to the heart;
When I speak of our great loss, father,
Oft his tears will start;
And I know the good will conquer,
If we only, you and I,
Can have patience with the lad, father,
Seeking aid on high.

Then don't be hard on Andy,
Call him not an idle sot;
He 's a brother dear to me, father,
And all the son you 've got.
And if prayers were ever answered
In God's well-perfected plan,
Then our poor misguided boy, father,
Will rise to be a *man!*

MINTS.

Please state how many United States Mints there are, where they are, and the initial letters each place on coin coined therein. SUBSCRIBER.

[There are four mints which coin money—at Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson City and New Orleans. The coins struck at Philadelphia have no initial; those at San Francisco have the letter "S.," for Carson City "C. C.," and "O" for New Orleans. The Mint at Denver is only operated as an assay office, and there are assay offices at New York, Boise City (Idaho), Helena (Montana), and Charlotte (North Carolina).]

Skeletons of wild animals, when packed before they are dry, should be put into pine sawdust, instead of into hay or straw. So says Mr. J. W. Clark, of the Cambridge Museum. A knowledge of this fact is important to sportsmen and others in the habit of forwarding zoological specimens to collectors for preservation.

I have in my possession a $20 bank note on the old United States Bank, dated January 1, 1829. Of what value is it? If of no value, will you give the date when it became worthless and the cause?

The bank ceased to act under the charter granted by the United States in 1835, but was in the same year re-chartered by the State of Pennsylvania. In October, 1839, it suspended specie payments for a second time. January 15, 1840, it resumed specie payments, to suspend finally on February 4. On winding up its affairs, after payment of its debts, there remained nothing to its stockholders, the entire capital having been sunk.

An ex-soldier, writing to the BLADE, relates the following incident of army life: "One morning at Camp McDowell, A. T., as our First Sergeant, James McKeene, sat at his desk writing, his attention was drawn by the sound of a footstep. Looking up, he saw before him Jimmy ——, with

As he turned his head Sergt. McKeene sprang from his chair and seized the rifle, which was at the same time discharged, the ball passing through the desk."

SPIRITUALISTIC MANIFESTATIONS.

I called a day or two ago on Henry Kiddle, now the most prominent spiritualist of New York, formerly our Superintendent of Public Schools. He lost his position by writing an absurd book filled with spirit communications from Bacon, Homer, Shakespeare and others. As he is about to publish another volume, I asked him what it would contain. "It will prove," said the old gentleman, who seems to be quite sane on all other topics, "that my faith has only been strengthened by the outrageous attacks upon my first book.

"Have you received any communication of practical value?" I asked.

"I don't want any messages of practical value, as you call them. People come to me every day and say 'What practical benefits do you get out of the spirits?' and I tell them that spiritualism is a religion and not a speculation."

"In my own parlor, here, I have had the most extraordinary things happen. I have seen pianos float around and a heavy harp rise to the ceiling in the presence of a dozen persons. I'll have to leave you you now, as I have an appointment with Shakspeare for 11 o'clock. But I'll invite you to some of our meetings, and make a first-class spiritualist of you.

It happened that evening that I was at the house of a well-known Episcopal clergyman of this city when the conversation turned upon Kiddle's infatuation. One of the gentlemen present said that there were some curious things which could be done without any pretense of aid from spirits which might well make credulous people believe that there was something supernatural about the matter. As an instance, the following experiment was proposed and carried out: The heaviest man in the room, who happened to be our host, the Rev. Mr.——, was put lying down upon three chairs—his head on one and his body and feet on the other two. Then five of us each put two fingers under him, one taking the head, another the feet, and so on, and at a given signal all took a long breath, and lifted together. To our amazement we lifted a man weighing over 200 pounds, two feet from the chair, with no more effort than if he had been a bag of feathers. Two of the "lifters" were young ladies, and I knew all the persons present, and am certain of their

they had felt when lifting the Rev. Mr. ——. One person after trying different weights, estimated it at two pounds, another at three etc. Two hundred pounds distributed among five persons would give forty pounds to each, not an easy weight for a woman to lift, and no one but an athlete would attempt to lift forty pounds with two fingers. This experiment may be tried at any time when five or six persons are present, and will afford food for reflection.—*N. Y. Letter.*

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Ring, bells, ring, with your mellow din,
Ring the old year out and the new year in!
Like the voices of birds from the old gray spire,
Let your silvery music rise higher and higher;
Floating abroad o'er the hillside bare
In billows of sound on the tremulous air,
Let it rise and fall with the fitful gale:
Tell over city and wood the tale;
Say that to-night the old year dies!
Bid the watchers look to the eastern skies,
For the beautiful halo that tells afar
Of the welcome rise of the new year's star!

Ring the old year out, with its sighs and tears,
Its withering heart-aches and tiresome fears;
Away with its memories of doubt and wrong,
Its cold deceits and its envyings strong,
All its pandering lures to the faltering sense,
All its pitiful shams and cold pretense.
We will heap them together and bind them fast
To the old man's load as he totters past.
The ills that he brought he may take again;
Keep we the joys, let him bury the pain!
Ring soft, oh bells, as he goes to rest
Far in the shades of the darkening west!

Ring, bells, ring, with a merry din!
The old year has gone with its care and sin!
Smiling and fair, at the eastern gates,
Clad in tinted light, the new year waits!
Welcome him in with the rosy band,
Who wait the wave of his beckoning hand:
Hope, with her wreaths of sweet spring flowers,—
Joy for the summer's glowing hours,
Plenty and peace for the fruitful fall,
And love for all seasons—best of all.
Ring merrily, bells!—o'or the blushing skies
See the beautiful star of the new year rise!

—*From The Aldine for December.*

Mr. A. S. Packard, in his report for this year to the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture on the injurious and beneficial insects of that State, mentions the young of the familiar "lady-bird" beetle as of incalculable benefit to agriculture.

Birch bark has been found very useful in the Himalaya regions of India as a material for wrappers in which to preserve botanical specimens.

Spreads a thousand secret snares
Round the feet of every mortal
Who through life's long highway fares.
Three especial, let me warn you,
Are by every traveller met;
Three, to try your might of virtue—
They are Love and Drink and Debt.

Love, my boy, there 's no escaping,
'Tis the common fate of men;
Father had it; I have had it;—
But for Love you had not been.
Take your chances, but be cautious;
Know a squab is not a dove;
Be the upright man of honor;
All deceit doth murder love.

As for drink, avoid it wholly;
Like an adder it will sting;
Crush the earliest temptation,
Handle not the dangerous thing.
See the wrecks of men around us—
Once as fair and pure as you—
Mark the warning! Shun their pathway,
And the hell they 're tottering through.

Yet though love be pure and gentle,
And from Drink you may be free,
With a yearning heart I warn you
'Gainst the worst of all the three!
Many a demon in his journey
Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim met;
They were lambs, e'en old Apollyon,
To the awful demon Debt!

With quaking heart and face abashed
The wretched debtor goes;
He starts at shadows, lest they be
The shades of men he owes.
Down silent streets he furtive steals,
The face of man to shun,
He shivers at the postman's ring,
And fears the dreadful dun.

Beware of Debt! Once in, you 'll be
A slave forevermore;
If credit tempt you, thunder "No!"
And show it to the door.
Cold water and a crust of bread
May be the best you 'll get;
Accept them like a man, and swear—
"*I'll never run in Debt!*"

THE SPOILED BABY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Think you, 'tis a wonder that baby is spoiled,
That wee, winning, motherless chap,
Who governs the house with an autocrat's sway,
Enthroned in a grandmother's lap?

With grandpa to find in the tremulous lip
A reminder of Josephine's smile;
A grandma to see in the tricks of his hand,
"Poor Jack," at his best all the while?

Correct him?" You couldn't, you know, very well;
What kind of a blow would it be,
With Jo. looking over the battlements bright,
With Jack far away on the sea?

Six aunts and two uncles to pet and advise,
Eight theories all to be tried;
A wonderful range over promising plans,
From "suasion" to "birch" well-applied.

Aunt Lizzie advises no rocking at all,
Only lying at length on a bed;
With regular moments to slumber and wake,
And a regular time to be fed.

While Rosie sings softly her lullaby songs,
And cradles him close on her arm,
Tom. seeks to develop the muscles so soft,
And so swings him up on his arm.

Aunt Lou. weaves him socks of the fleeciest wool,
Sue twitches them off the pink toes;
Jack takes him to walk through the cold winter wind,
Though it pinches his poor little nose.

While motherly Mary, with tenderest care,
Wards off what he calls on his head,
And makes all his subjects obey with a word,
A whisper—"His mother is dead!"

But "grandmas," I notice, don't theorize much,
They learn, living longer, to know
That each human soul, in a way by itself,
Its very own journey must go.

So Jo.'s little baby *is* spoilt, I suppose;
But who wants to scold him? Could you,
With Jo. looking over the battlements bright,
And Jack far away with his crew?

And groping through the shadows gray
Morn lights my darkened room again.
How can I meet this bitter morn,
Life's anguish left, its hope forlorn?
How can I bear the thoughts that wake
From sleep with me? *For baby's sake!*

The brightest of the morning beams
Seeks out the darling lying there;
It lights the sleep-flushed cheek; it gleams
In tangled waves of sunny hair;
Flies from the hand that grasps in vain,
Then kisses the soft lips again;
No shadow of my sorrow lies
In those forget-me-nots, his eyes.

I check the sighs that quickly come,
Drive back the tears that haste to spring,
I will not cloud with look of gloom
The little one's awakening:
His father's face he ne'er shall see;
More bright his mother's smile must be;
My bark of joy gone down—its wake
Must glitter still—for baby's sake.

Dear baby-arms that clasp my own!
The soft embrace removes my power;
Sweet voice, I hear in every tone
God's message to my darkest hour.
He knew the grief my soul must stir,
And sent my little comforter;
A baby's hand to help me on—
A baby's love to lean upon!

Nor all alone, I'm sometimes sure,
My joy in this fair child can be;
From holier home, with love more pure,
His father watches him with me.
To grasp Heaven's hope, by faith and prayer,
To train his boy to meet him there—
For *this* I live! For *this* I wake!
Help me, dear Lord! for baby's sake!

—*The Aldine.*

BIRTH-SPOT MEMORIES.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Ah, how the silent memories of years,
Are stirring in my spirit. I have been
a lone and joyless wanderer. I have roamed
Abroad through other climes, where tropic flowers
Were offering up their incense, and the stars
Swimming like living creatures; I have strayed
Where the softest skies of Italy were hung,
In beautiful transparency, above,
And glory, floating, like a lovely dream,
Over the rich landscape; yet dear fancy, still,
'Mid all the ruder glow of brighter realms,
Oft turned to picture the remembered home
That blest its earliest day dreams. Must I go
Forth into the world again? I've proved its joys
Till joy was turned to bitterness—I've felt
Its sorrows, till I thought my heart would burst
With the fresh rush of tears! The sorrowing babe
Clings to its mother's breast. The bleeding dove
Flies to her native vale, and nestles there,
To die amid the quiet grove, where first
She tried her tender pinion. I could love
Thus to repose, amid these peaceful scenes
To memory dear. Oh, it were passing sweet,
To rest forever on the spot,
Where passed my days of innocence—to dream
Of the pure streams of infant happiness,
Sunk in life's burning sands—to dwell
On visions faded, till my broken heart
Should cease to throb—to purify my soul
With high and holy musings—and to lift
Its aspirations to the central home
Of love, peace, and holiness in Heaven.

To him who did love me so."

So I took a book that was written by me
From its place on the parlor shelf,
And I said I will send it across the sea
A message to him from myself.

I opened the fly-leaf so snow snow white,
My eyes all blinded with tears;
And I simply wrote the name of my love
And a sentence thus, "After long years."

I folded the book in letter form,
And posted it down in the town:
And I said, "Till my love shall answer me
I must quiet my sad heart down."

I waited long as the months went by,
Till Spring and then Summer had fled,
And Autumn had gathered the tinted leaves,
And the flowers lay broken and dead.

One night as I sat in the gray gray light
A letter was given to me,
And my heart stood still as it fell on my sight—
That letter from over the sea.

The message I sent had come back again,
And an unknown hand was there,
And "Dead Letter Office" in printed type
Like a ghost in my face did stare.

Has any one had a letter returned,
With "Dead Letter" written thereon?
When the soul has been panting for weary years
Some clear writing to look upon?

Then they know how the heart stops still, quite still,
As the truth does over it wave,
The truth that tells it in cold black type,
"Thy love lies dead in his grave."

He was nothing to me, my lost lost love,
I had left him long ago,
And I dared not don a ribbon of black
Or murmur one sigh of woe.

But upon me settled a shadow of grief,
Far deeper than open sorrow,
That will never be lifted for evermore,
Tho' I smile with the crowd to-morrow.

I had said to my heart I shall see him once more,
I had said it for years and years,
But that dread "dead letter" ended all—
Had finished my sighs, my tears.

When we part with our dear ones with just a word,
Only a word half spoken,
How little we think it will come to us back
When the years lie all dead and broken.

Lightly we two had in Summer time,
Said good-by for a brief, brief spell;
But God had set forth that forever hear
That good-by should be our farewell.

I tore the fly-leaf out of the book,
Put it back on the parlor shelf,
And I prayed, and still pray, that in Heaven above
I may give him my message myself.

—*By Mrs. Corbett.*

SCIENCE.

An interesting address on the electric telegraph was delivered by Mr. Latimer Clarke at the recent Fine Arts Exhibition in Dumfries, his remarks being illustrated by the splendid collection of telegraphic apparatus before him. He particularly called attention to the inventions of Sir William Thomson, and to his happy idea of using a very light mirror from which is reflected a beam of light to indicate signals, in place of a needle or other metallic point. He said that this instrument was in use on all telegraphic cables, and that it increased the speed of transmission over the Atlantic cables from two words per minute up to twenty words. He stated that there were so many inventors, each of whom had added his quota to the common stock of knowledge, that no one man could be pointed out as the inventor of any kind or length.

A note on the diamonds of South Africa was communicated to the geological section of the British Association, during its recent meeting at Bradford, by Professor Tennant. He said that the first diamond arrived in England from South Africa in 1867. It weighed 21 carats. Last year there was one of 110 carats, and this year one has been brought over which in its present rough state is larger than the Koh-i-noor itself, and which when cut down will probably not be much smaller than that celebrated gem. He gave a history of the Koh-i-noor, showing how it has been reduced from its original weight of 787 carats to 102 carats, its present weight. It is a great mistake, said the speaker, to suppose that because the diamond is the hardest substance known, it is not easily fractured. He showed by means of a diagram the fractures that had been made in the Koh-i-noor, and remarked that the diamond is in fact one of the most brittle stones we know of.

We learn from the *Grahamstown* (Cape Colony) *Journal* that ostrich hatching by artificial means is successfully carried on at Hilton, in the colony. The editor says: "We saw the incubator, and in it forty-five eggs, in the process of hatching. This operation is now performed to almost perfection, quite equal to anything the parent birds can do themselves, even supposing they are unmolested and escape all kinds of accidents to which they are exposed. Out of the forty-five eggs we saw, we may safely conclude forty-two would produce live and healthy chicks. The results now, of several batches, are fourteen out of fifteen to be hatched; and Mr. Douglass seems pretty sanguine that he shall presently hatch all the eggs placed in the incubator." There are one hundred and fifty-five ostriches at Hilton, of which seventy-five are this year's chickens.

The malaria of the Gold Coast and other parts of West Africa is not improbably connected in some way with peculiarities which have been discovered in the waters of that region. An analysis of water from several West African rivers was made by Professor J. F. Daniel, to ascertain the action of water on the copper sheathing of ships' bottoms; and in most of the samples he found a large proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen. According to Dr. Marcet, a 15-100th part of sulphuretted hydrogen in the atmosphere acts as a direct poison on small animals; and the heaviness, languor and nausea which travellers have experienced when exposed to the deadly miasma of this region are precisely the sensations produced in persons subjected to the deleterious influence of sulphuretted hydrogen in small quantities.

The fact that in animals which change to white in winter, especially the hare and weasel, the whiskers and long stiff bristles about the mouth become gray from their tips and not from their mouths, induces Dr. A. L. Adams to believe that cold or some outward agency occasions the change. In his treatise on the natural history of New Brunswick, lately printed, he mentions the supposition that Europeans become gray more rapidly in the cold regions of America than in England, and that the beauty of the Canadian ladies soon fades, and says that, as to the former, he has himself noticed that men get sooner gray than they would in central or southern Europe.

If we may rely upon the statements in the interesting paper on coal mining read by Mr. Firth before the mechanical science section of the British Association, there is little doubt that coal can be generally and profitably mined by machinery. The author estimates that machine cutting will effect a saving of one shilling and sixpence per ton over hand cutting.

A SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and the dirt of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away to the bonnie green hills
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The veil of the dun and the brown,
The push and the splash and the pother,
The wear and the waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine wood nods near

And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purls,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern uncurls
Its grace to the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage, so sweetly
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good;
More dear than the wealth of the world,
Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle
The dust and the din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away where the green twigs nod
In the fragrant breath of the day,
And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,
And the blithe birds sing on the spray.

Days that Return No More.

O, memories of green and woody glen,
Where the wild birds their love-notes murmured low;
The love that lit our happy faces then
Was buried long ago!

From gloomy hights we pause but to remember,
And backward turn, with wistful, yearning gaze.
As 'mid the snow-drifts of the bleak December,
We sigh for June's sunny days.

Glad hours that seemed their golden hues to borrow
From some love tale of ancient lore;
Sweet days that ever brought a glad tomorrow,
But now return no more.

Fair flowers that blossomed 'mong the winding alleys,
The pale, sweet lily breathing out perfume;
While in the dim and shaded valleys
The lowly violet bloomed.

The sunset lingered mid the somber beeches,
Changing their dim forms into dusky gold;
The "moonlight on the river's fera-fringed reaches
Streamed, white-rayed, silvery cold."

O'er mountains wild we wander weary-hearted,
And struggle on through many a tangled maze,
While, like a dream, come thoughts of days departed,
Those happy bygone days!

—*Louise.*

FOREST HILL (Cal.), June 18.

No human being who saw that sight
But felt a shudder of pale affright—
He sat in a window, three stories high,
A little baby with no one nigh.

A stranger saw him and stopped to stare,
A crowd soon gathered to watch him there,
A gleam! a flutter!—in airy flight
Came past the window a butterfly bright.

From fields of clover and perfumed air,
Wayfaring insect, what brought you there?

The baby saw it, and eagerly
Reached out to catch it with crowing glee—

With fat, pink fingers, reached out—and fell!
The awful horror, no tongue can tell!
Poor little baby, so sweet and bright!
Pale faces quivered and lips grew white,

Weak women fainted, strong men grew weak;
Up rose one woman's heart piercing shriek.
Hurrrh for the awning! Upon the fly
It caught the youngster and tossed him high.
All blessed the awning that had no flaw
But a madder baby you never saw!

THE WEAVER.

The following is the poem with which Dr. M. B. Wharton closed his sermon at Walnut street Baptist church, on Sunday, April 10th, and which has been numerously requested for publication. The author is unknown.—*Providence Journal.*

The weaver is at his loom sitting—
Throws his shuttle to and fro,
Up and down the treadles go—
What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling
As the Weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle;
Web into the woof must flow,
Up and down the treadles go.

See the mystic weaver sitting
High in heaven, his loom below;
Up and down the treadles go;
Takes for web the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages;
Thrones and bobbins in his shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle—
Web into the woof must flow,
Up and down the nations go.
Calmly see the mystic weaver
Throw his shuttle to and fro.
Mid the noise and the confusion.
Well the weaver seems to know
What each motion and commotion,
What each fusion and confusion
In the grand result will show.
Glorious wonder! what a weaving,
To the dull beyond believing,
Such no fabled ages know,
Only faith can see the mystery,
How along the aisles of history,
When the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the purest eyes,
Calm the mystic tapel lies,
Soft, and smooth, and ever-spreading,
As if made for angels' treading.
Every figure has its plaidings.
Brighter forms and after-shadings.
Inwrought figures, fading ever,
Tufted, circled, touching never.
Each illuminated (what a riddle?)
By a cross that gems the middle,
'Tis a saying—some reject it—
That its light is all reflected.
That the taper's hues are given!
By a light that shines from heaven.
'Tis believed by all believing
That Great God himself is weaving.
Bringing out the world's dark mystery
In the light of faith and history;
And as warp and woof diminish
Comes the grand and glorious finish
When begin the golden ages
Long foretold by seers and sages.

"I WILL NOT LEAVE HIM!"

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

He has his faults, my friend, I know it well,
More than a patient wife would like to tell;
But I have mine; and, dreading Heaven's curse,
(Who married him for better or for worse,)
I cannot, cannot *now* deceive him;
I *will not* leave him!

If he is weak, the more should I be strong,
And doubly right and true if he is wrong—
He needs a helping hand; *help*-meet am I
"Until death do us part;" 'tis sealed on high.
My vacant chair would fret and grieve him;
I will *not* leave him!

You say I bear my "sad and bitter lot"
By far too calmly. Friend, why should I not?
We must lie down upon the bed we make,
And thus I 'll bear it for my children's sake;
To part from them would so bereave him;
We will not leave him!

Perhaps some time, at no far distant day,
We 'll walk *together* in the narrow way;
And his poor soul, imprisoned now by sin,
May be regenerated—cleansed within.
Our Father's hand may yet reprieve him;
I will *not* leave him!

I am the resurrection and the life.
I am the good shepherd and know my sheep.
If a man love me, he will keep my words.
Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.
Herein is my Father glorified, that you bear much fruit,
These things which are impossible with men, are possible with God.
Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.
In the world ye shall have tribulation: be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.
Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.
I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.
Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother.
There is no man that hath left house or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time and in the world to come, life everlasting.

1. What is the total population of North America at present? 2. Who are the Senators from Iowa? 3. How many members will Iowa have in the next Legislature?

1. In the neighborhood of 100,000,000. 2. J. F. Wilson and W. B. Allison. 3. Senate, 50; House, 98.

C. A. R., Mt. Vernon, Ill.: 1. Why are the Barbary States so called? 2. Who was first appointed Governor of Indiana?

1. The name is derived from the Berbers, the ancient inhabitants of the region, who still constitute a considerable portion of the population. 2. William Henry Harrison. Jonathan Jennings was the first Governor elected.

F. S., Merengo, O.: Can you give a sure method of packing eggs to preserve during the summer for shipping in winter?

Take newly-laid eggs and rub them in lard, making sure that every portion of the surface has been smeared, or dip in melted suet, olive oil, milk of lime, solution of gum arabic, or cover with any air-proof varnish. Then pack in bran, oats, meal, salt, ashes or charcoal powder.

J. E. D., Summerville, Pa.: 1. What is gutta percha? 2. Does the Indians of Indian Territory own land of their own—I mean each one own land as whites do? If so, where do they get their title? 3. Where was Eli Whitney born, and when?

1. A juice obtained from a tree to be found on the islands of the Indian archipelago. 2. The lands are held in common by the different tribes, but a movement has been inaugurated to have them divided among heads of families. The title would come from the United States. 3.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows, brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The winter leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But the cold December rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill, the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,
In winter beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

Professor W. H. Flower, the well-known anatomist, has completed a description of the extinct animal recently discovered in Patagonia, on the banks of the river Gallejos, in deposits of an uncertain age. The jaws and teeth were the only remains obtained, and they indicate that the animal was more nearly allied to the genus *Rhinoceros* than any other known mammal.

TOLD 100 YEARS AGO.

The Smoke of Battle to Follow the next Presidential Campaign—A Series of Justified Prophecies.

New York Star, October 20.

The family of Dr. Marsh, in Albany avenue, Brooklyn, have in their possession a remarkable old document, which has been preserved with great care ever since the father of the present head of the family came to reside in that city. The paper is a dilapidated bit of parchment containing written verses on both sides, but the ink has become so faded that careful study is required to decipher the words. Around the edges a rude attempt at binding has resulted in making the parchment more fragmentary than before. Several years ago a copy of the verses was made, which is still in good condition, and is shown to friends of the family. The verses contain a prophecy, and were written by Mrs. Abby Marsh, in the year 1787, at her home in Sherbrook, Canada. Her immediate descendants claimed that Mrs. Marsh was possessed of extraordinary powers of foresight, and instanced an occasion where she awoke from a dream in time to save the life of a child. Like all other prophetic effusions, however, it received but little attention, until several of its assertions had become things of the past, and public attention was called to their apparent fulfillment. Fragmentary portions of the rhyme, which Mrs. Marsh called "Columbia's Destiny," found their way into the Canadian newspapers, some of the extracts being now in the possession of Dr. Marsh. A reporter obtained permission to copy the old document, and they are herewith given, together with the explanation which a reference to the history of the last century suggests. Thus it runs:

Columbia, home of libertie,
Shall not twenty rulers see,
Ere there shall be battle smoke,
Ere peace shall seem to be broke,
And in waves of peril tost
The ancient order shall be deemed lost.

It is a significant fact, when taken in this connection, that R. B. Hayes is the nineteenth ruler of the United States. The strange chronicler continues:

The first shall, too, the second be
If the Fates tell truth as even ha;
Where sits the sire shall sit the son,
But not the son's son.
And ere the son shall ruler be
One place shall send three;
Three with one shall make her four (4),
And there shall be no more.

Reference is undoubtedly made to General Washington's proverbial truth-telling in the second line, and to the succession of John Quincy Adams to the place of his father in the third. "But not his son's son" seems to point to Charles Francis Adams, who has uniformly failed in his aspirations to become President. Between the Adamses did come three from "one place" (Virginia), who with the accidental John Tyler made the fourth; nor has the "Mother of Presidents" since borne a son distinguished by even a nomination to the Chief Magistracy. The prophecy proceeds:

The first sprung from these fecund loins,
In death his predecessor joins;
Who beneath his son shall pass
And in a house that different was.
The next one shall have peace and war;
The third shall brook no kingly star;
When the quarter century's run,
Where sat the sire shall sit the son.

It is difficult to interpret a portion of this extract. Jefferson and John Adams, it is well known, died on the 4th of July, 1826, their simultaneous death forming one of the most remarkable coincidences in history; but the meaning of the clause, "And in a house that different was," is rather vague. The venerable ex-President died on the floor of the Capitol, but the latter building was part of the original one erected at the seat of Government. Mr. Madison's Adams.

Here several lines in the paper are so obliterated or defaced that they are unreadable.

Then comes who should have been before,
A soldier who shall not have any war.

"Old Hickory's" record seems to bear this out, especially the last line. The vigorous manner in which he "sat down" upon the Nullifiers of that day "deferred," so Mr. Bancroft says, "the approaching civil war for many years." The prophecy continues:

(1, 2) After the fox the lion shall
Be lordly ruler over all;
But death shall in the mansion wield
Sword surer than in the tented field.
(3) After him there comes anon
One who had friends, but shall have none,
(4) The hickory shall sprout again,
A soldier come from battle plain,
But shall not long remain,
Nor shall his heir bear sway again.
(5) Then a youth shall follow, who (sic)
All shall know, though none knew.

Taken in their successive order the above lines ought to apply first to Martin Van Buren (but why should he be called a fox?); second, to General Harrison, who died almost immediately after his inauguration; third, to Tyler, whose conduct caused a rupture in his party; fourth, to Polk, who was popularly known as "Young Hickory" (see Benton's "Thirty Years in the Senate," I, p. 374), and fifth, to Franklin Pierce, the youngest up to that time, and whose selection was a surprise to everybody.

While the next [probably Buchanan] do bear the rule,
To-morrow's sage is this day's fool;
There shall be trouble manifest,
North and South, and East and West.
The strong man shall the weak befriend,
But it shall not be the end;
Under the next [Lincoln] shall widows mourn,
Thousands be slain, but millions born;
Death, in the strife, shall pass him by,
But when the peace cometh, he shall die.
A soldier after him shall be,
Who shall see his century.

The hero of Appomattox is here undoubtedly referred to, and the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia. But the most remarkable part of this prophecy is the following:

Rule afterward shall be got
By the one whose it was not;
Men shall roar, and rage, and rave,
But he shall have who should not have.
When the tide of storm is over
Four shall make six and not four.
He who was shall be no more,
And all that's past not make a score.

This will seem almost incredible to many, but it is proved beyond doubt that the lines were in existence, and in one instance published, before Grant left the Executive Chair. Mr. Hayes is the nineteenth President; there has been "battle smoke" enough in a political sense, when are taken into consideration the recent Electoral troubles. Can the last two lines by any possibility refer to the sage of Gramercy Park and the systematic dispatching he has received at the hands of the *Tribune*?

But Columbia shall again
Rise, and fairer be than then (sic).
Brother shall with brother speak
Whom he hath not seen a week;
Letters shall go 'neath the deep,
Likewise over the mountain steep;
Men shall speak to brazen ears,
That shall be mouths in after years;
Words spoken shall be sent through post,
So no syllable be lost;
A drop of water shall have then
The force of many thousand men.

It does not take a very fanciful imagination to draw from the above a clear indication of Prof. Edison's numerous wonders of invention. The alleged motor of Mr. Keely, the Philadelphia mechanic, claims to utilize "a drop of water" with such effect that thousands of pounds pressure are obtained.

Much of the next passage is senseless, and clearly written in imitation of the old weirds. Whether the rain falling "as men ordain" might not be taken for the modern weather predictions, is a question for the individual reader to pass upon.

Ghosts shall guide the plow, and rain
And snow shall fall as men ordain;
The commonest of stone or stick
Other shall be than long, broad, thick.

like the time when "two Sundays come together" or "To-morrow come never," runs as follows:

All these things shall happen, when?
They shall all happen—not before
Six years shall be reckoned four,
Thirteen shall be thirty-nine;
This shall be the certain sign;
Nine and nine reversing take
(Eight and one the nine shall make),
When ninety two are eighty-one,
All these marvels shall be done.

A singular explanation of this apparently unmeaning riddle has been suggested by a mathematician named Townsend. "When ninety-two are eighty-one," Washington took his seat as President in 1789; add ninety-two and you have eighty-one (1881). This 1881 is also made up of ones and eights, forming nines in reversed order. The "thirteen" may be taken as alluding to the original number of States, which the rhymer (remember that she is stated to have written in 1789, not in 1812 or 1813) would have in her mind. The recent introduction of a bill into Congress proposing a Constitutional amendment to extend the term of the Executive to six years may cover the line—

Six years shall be reckoned four.

Mr. Marsh considers the document as genuine, and is able to produce a copy of the Green Mountain (Vt.) *Chronicle*, published in 1813, which contains an almost verbatim copy. [illegible]

Boil It Down.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty or grave or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs
Or of matters and things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines will do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article larily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you want a little renown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

CHILDREN'S voices—soft, low voices,
Singing sweetly in the street,
Heedless of the cold that pinches,
Or the chilling snow and sleet,
While they tell the wondrous story
Of their Savior's love to all,
How He left His throne of glory
For the humble cattle-stall;
And it seems that angel whispers
Blend with the loved words again,
Of the children's Christmas anthem:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis a fireside quiet, lonely,
For the joy has passed away:
Death has come to claim a treasure
Since the last bright Christmas Day.
And one sits in silent sorrow
Opposite the vacant chair,
Thinking that with each to-morrow
She must miss his presence there;
Till the children's happy voices
Reach her from the window, when
In their song her heart rejoices:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Home, where all are well and merry,
From the church the news again,
Out the welcome news again,
With the children's voices blending:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Welcome, Christmas! dear old Christmas!
For our lives seem closer drawn—
Closer drawn in joy or sorrow,
On our much-loved Christmas morn.
Welcome all that brings us nearer
To our Savior's home above!
Welcome all which makes thee dearer,
Sweet "old story" of His love!
Young and old, and high and lowly,
Join to raise the song again!
Sing with angels pure and holy:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Sunday at Home.*

SCIENCE.

The Society of Arts of London has offered five prizes, each consisting of its gold medal and the sum of fifty pounds sterling, for inventions which shall secure greater economy in the use of coal for domestic purposes. The following are the subjects: (1.) A new and improved system of grate suitable for ordinary chimneys, which shall, with the least consumption of coal, answer best for warming and ventilating a room; (2) a like grate which shall similarly answer for cooking food, as well as for warming and ventilating the room; (3) the best new and improved system of apparatus which shall, by means of gas, most efficiently and economically warm and ventilate a room; (4) a like apparatus which shall also be adapted for cooking purposes; (5) any new and improved system or arrangements not included in the foregoing which shall efficiently and economically meet domestic requirements. The competing articles must be delivered at the London International Exhibition building, South Kensington, on the first of December next. America can scarcely fail to be well represented.

Of the millions of stars, says Richard A. Proctor, only one has had its distance satisfactorily determined, and even that measurement is probably many hundreds of millions of miles in error. The nearest star in the whole heavens is Alpha, of the constellation of the Centaur, a star of the southern sky. A faint star in the northern heavens, numbered sixty-one in the constellation of the Swan, is next in order of distance, being now estimated to be about twice as far off as Alpha Centauri. Mr. Proctor's opinion as to the shape of the system which the stars form, considered as a whole, differs from that commonly met with in text-books on astronomy. He thinks that the figure of our star system is unknown, and in all probability unknowable.

A new theory of nerve-force has been suggested by Mr. A. H. Garrod. It is that the difference of temperature between the interior of an animal and its external surface gives rise to an electric nerve-current which is a source of energy. Upon this hypothesis we ought to feel most vigorous in cold weather, when the difference between the internal and outer temperature of the body is greatest. It also explains the lack of nerve-force which we so often feel in summer. The theory has already found assailants, however, and is not likely to be accepted without prolonged discussion.

The president and secretary of the Zoological Society of London favor holding a loan exhibition of the horns of various animals, at some suitable place in that city, in May, 1874. It is believed that from five thousand to seven thousand specimens can be collected for the purpose. The plan is to limit the present undertaking to hollow horns, of which there are probably eight species in America, fifteen in Europe, thirty-eight in Asia, and eighty-nine in Africa. If this succeeds, it can be followed by an exhibition of solid horns.

Coorougite is the name which has been provisionally bestowed upon a singular substance recently discovered around a shallow lake near the banks of the Cooroug river, in South Australia. A deposit resembling india-rubber is here found spread out upon the sand in very considerable quantities. Gas and oil are obtained from it by distillation, but its nature has not been accurately ascertained, although many believe it to be an elastic bitumen. The whole district is said to be rich in petroleum.

SNELL.—In this city, September 8, Commander A. T. Snell, U. S. N., late Light-house Inspector Twelfth District, aged 35 years. 2

this poem, a Kentucky editor answers that it was Col. Theodore O'Hara, of that State. He served in the Mexican war, and also in the war of the rebellion, first as Colonel of an Alabama regiment and afterwards as Chief of Staff to Gen. Breckinridge. He died in 1867 on an Alabama plantation, and the Legislature of Kentucky had brought his remains home for interment, with those of other Kentucky soldiers, under a monument erected by the State. His poem drew its inspiration from scenes in the Mexican War:

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The morrow's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the round forms by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight,

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has swept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud and heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of the brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light,
That gilds our glorious toomb.

According to M. Elisée Reclus, the French geographer, the average height of the waves in the Mediterranean sea during the prevalence of high winds is from twelve to thirteen feet, while off the Cape of Good Hope the waters sometimes attain a height of sixty feet. The same author mentions the names of Frenchmen who assert that they have seen waves one hundred and eight feet high; but a writer in the *Athenæum* well suggests that there was probably some error of observation here.

The fact that the bones of horned cattle exhibit a remarkable degree of brittleness in certain localities where the animals are fed on certain kinds of fodder, has been observed in the Black Forest district and other parts of Europe. Herr Nessler has analyzed the fodder of cattle so affected, and finds that in the Black Forest the affection is confined to animals which graze over granite, granite and gneisss, and Bunter sandstone soils.

The observations of ocean weather made last year under the direction of the meteorological committee of the Royal Society of England cost ten thousand dollars. As they were made on but ninety-three vessels extensive tracts of the ocean were necessarily left unobserved, and the wisdom of the expenditure is questioned by the English journals.

Stone for lithographic purposes has recently been discovered at two places in Italy—one near the frontier of France, and the other on the coast of the Gulf of Genoa. The gradual failure in the supply of lithographic stone from Germany renders these discoveries important.

Mr. J. J. Lake estimates that the mass of Sirius, the dog-star, cannot be less than twice that of the sun. This result is obtained by a comparison of observations made with the spectroscope.

A curious physical peculiarity in the family of the rulers of the Ozmani State in Southern Arabia is mentioned by Baron Von Maltzan, who gives an account of his recent Arabian travels in the second number of the German *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, for 1873. He says that many members of this ruling house, both males and females, have six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. This physiological characteristic is highly esteemed as an infallible indication of aristocratic birth.

In speaking of the search for gold amid the refuse of old mines, *Iron* says that a few years since it was seriously considered whether it would not pay to reduce to powder a new prison in Melbourne built of auriferous quartz, in order to extract the gold from it, and build a new prison of different material.

The government of China is about to institute a weather signal service in that country. An officer of the Chinese Customs is now in Europe obtaining instruments for a complete chain of meteorological stations, and it is proposed to transmit weather information along the entire eastern coast of Asia.

The three minor planets or asteroids discovered in France last year have been named Johanna, Vellida, and Liberatrix. The last name was bestowed in honor of M. Thiers, who was president of the French republic at the time of the discovery.

Lived a maid in a hunter's lodge, as fair
As a flower o' the forest rude,
And as free as the free, untroubled air
Of its infinite solitude.

But a spirit, whose haunt was the river-shore,
Oft caressing her slender feet,
Stole a glance at the gentle face bent o'er
The unrest of his winding-sheet;
And so limpid the depth of those dark eyes
Whence her innocent soul outshone
That the god of the stream desired, with sighs,
That the maiden might be his own.

Then he twined o'er his brow the dripping weed
And the mariner lily fair,
And in desperate mood for love's mad need
Up arose from his watery lair.
Like a startled gazelle the maid leaped back
'Neath the fluttering forest's wing;
With the flight of a fawn, when fierce hounds track,
She escaped from the flood's bold king.

But the sons of the gods are fleeter far
Than the daughters of mortal kind:
With the rush of a meteoric star
He pursues, and she flies like wind.
Now a bend of the stream her eyes deplore—
In her path is the watery death;
Close behind is the god. O fatal shore!
On her face is a chill, damp breath.

With a panting of prayer, "Great Manitou,
Hasten now to deliver!" she pleads:
Then, with sudden-born impulse, swift she flew
To a bower of river reeds;
And their tremulous stems about her bound,
As if swept in a whirlwind storm;
And behold! in their light embraces wound,
She is changed to another form.

She is rooted in earth, her rare round arms
Into tapering leaves are grown,
And a proud plumed stalk, her heart yet warms,
Like a princess the reeds enthrone.
Fine and silken, her hair sheaves round the pearls
Flashed out from her smile of scorn,
Now the kernels of snow, the milk-set whorls,
Of a beautiful ear of corn.

Thus arrested, the god his chaplet flings
On the waves of his subject stream—
How, to mockery broken, its current sings
Of his broken, delusive dream!
Then the passionate spirit, foiled, betrayed,
Is dissolved into dew-fine sprays,
To adorn with a crown of tears the maid
Metamorphosed to graceful maize.

* * * * * * *

And as long as the rivers scorn the chain
Of a future of Yengeese kings,
And as long as the pale moons wax and wane
O'er the wild of the "shadowing wings,"
When the moccasined foot of the red man strays
Where his bannered fields unfurl,
Will he liken the rustling leaves of maize
To the flight of a timid girl.

—L. W. Backus, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

Mother.

When she undid her hair at night,
About the time for lying down,
She came and knelt. I was so small
There in my bed, her curls did fall
All over me, light gold and brown.

I fell asleep amid her prayers,
Her fair young face (far off it seems),
Her girlish voice, her kisses sweet,
The patter of her busy feet,
Passed with me into charming dreams.

And when I woke at merry morn,
Through her gold hair I saw the sun
Flame strong, shine glad, and glorify
The great good world. Oh, never can I
Forget her words—"My darling one!"

Ah! checkered years since then have crept
Past her and me, and we have known
Some sorrow and much tempered joy,
Far into manhood stands her boy,
And her gold hair snow-white is blown.

The world has changed by slow degrees,
And as old days recede, alas!
So much of trouble have the new,
Those rare far joys grow dim, seen through
Sad times as through a darkened glass.

But just this morning when I woke
How lovingly my lips were kissed!
How chaste and clear the sunlight shone
On mother's hair, like gold-dust sown
Athwart thin clouds of silver mist!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

unwarrantably confident of his ability to resist infection, and in studying the phenomena of cholera he kept in his room pathological specimens taken from persons who had died of that disease, thus bringing about the illness to which he succumbed. *Nature* says that according to one account he injected some blood from cholera patients into his veins; and adds, "he was so devoted to his inquiry that, after he had become aware of the condition in which he was, he made some microscopic examinations of his own blood."

At the first meeting of the Agassiz Natural History Club organized by the students of the Anderson School at Penekese Island, some interesting statements were made about toads. It seems that when these animals are killed by chloroform the heart continues beating after death, while just the opposite effect occurs in mammals. According to Dr. Wilder, when turtles or toads are killed with benzine the hearts will continue to beat for several hours, although benzine, like chloroform, always stops the action of the heart in mammals. In reference to the fact that on Penekese the toads are often found secreted during the day-time in holes in the turf at depths of from two to five inches, the same speaker suggested that this might be for the sake of protection from the salt spray which must often sweep over an unwooded island.

Small spangles of metallic iron have been detected in snow at Stockholm, in the Arctic regions of Europe and in Finland, by Professor Nordenskjold, who promises to furnish an analysis of the substance. It occurs as a portion of a black carbonaceous powder in the snow, and was first noticed after an unusually heavy snow-storm lasting five or six days, at Stockholm, in December, 1871. It is suggested that this iron may be similar to that found in meteoric masses which have fallen to the earth's surface.

ANOTHER YOUNG VETERAN.

Noticing the many communications published through and in the columns of your paper regarding the "youngest veteran of the late war," I take this means of naming Moses A. Howard as a competitor for that honor and the credit to be given to him, as a comrade of the Geo. H. Thomas Post. Moses B. Howard enlisted in Company G, Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, and was lacking three days of being thirteen years and eleven months old at the time of his enlistment. This, from all the records known to us, is the youngest soldier serving as private and enlisted during the war.

W. H. Holmes,
Commander George H. Thomas Post, No. 2, G. A. R.
San Francisco, May 8, 1882.

THE VERY YOUNGEST.

Under the head of inquiries for the records of the youngest soldier, I will state I am the youngest veteran yet heard from through your valuable paper. I was born November 5, 1852, on board the United States store-ship Fredonia, at sea. Enlisted at the age of nine years, one month and four days, in Company D, Second Infantry, California Volunteers, for three years, as drummer. Was mustered out of service 9th of December, 1864, at Fort Presidio; I was then enlisted four feet two inches in height; reenlisted in Company B, Ninth Infantry, regulars, at the age of fourteen years, four months and twenty-seven days; served three years as bugler. I have my discharges, and any one wishing to see them can call at 605 I street, Sacramento.

Frederick J. Kearney.

AMERICAN SHIPS.

Please state how many of the officers and crew of a ship must be American to entitle her to carry the American flag, and what must be the qualifications of either, in respect to seamanship and nationality, to entitle the ship to carry that banner.

[Only ships of American register are authorized to sail under the American flag. The master of the vessel must be an American citizen; the nationality of the crew is not material.]

PORK-PACKING.

(1) Which city in the United States packs the most pork? (2) According to the last census, what was the number of pounds of pork packed in each of the five most important pork-packing cities in the United States? (3) Where is the

yet been published. Cincinnati and St. Louis come next after Chicago.]

ONLY A WAIF OF THE STREETS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

"Only a waif of the streets!"
The words fell heavy as lead
From the lips of a lady, lovely and proud,
Who caught her skirts, as she passed in the crowd,
From the wan little thing who but said,
"A penny, please, for the crossing-sweep,
My mother and me from starving to keep!"

Perchance the waif *was* but a 'fraud;'
Who knows?—so many are so;
But, lady, if you had but turned a look
At the poor pale one whom your words had struck
As with a cruel blow,
Your heart must have melted, if not of stone—
Which perhaps it is—at that sight alone.

She stood on the curb in her rags,
Barefooted, and broom in hand,
But the dirty face was fully redeemed
By the sad wide eyes that filled and streamed,
As they followed your form so grand;
And the white pinched lips were quivering too,
And her bosom heaved, but you never knew.

You never knew, or dreamed,
That perhaps a breaking heart
Had received from you, in your thoughtless scorn,
The final blow which had coldly torn
Its last poor string apart;
Never thought of it, night or day,
When you dance or sing, or when you pray.

"Only a waif of the streets!"
Oh! you of power and place,
If you must refuse your petty alms
To poor little quivering childish palms,
Do it with pitying grace;
Not with a word that may stab with its spleen—
Not with a scorn that may scathe unseen.

The London *Medical Times and Gazette*, in reviewing a work recently published in England to show that the generally accepted cases of human longevity are not authentic, says that the book "has done more to place the fact of human beings occasionally attaining the age of a hundred years and more on an irrefragable basis than any other which has yet seen the light."

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Chill and murk the twilight falls,
As the tide streams out to the bay.
Come close to my side, O faithful one!
And kiss me again, I pray;
For my life is ebbing along with the tide—
Ebbing and passing away.

Fling wide the lattice—the sunset one,
That looks on the open sea;
I love to hear the plaintive waves,
Which ever seem calling to me;
Now take our babe from his cradle soft,
And place him upon your knee.

How lovely he looks, with the dainty flush,
Like a sea-shell's tint, on his cheek!
Our lives have been happy, have they not?
Though poor, we were gentle and meek.
Nay, do not cry! I grieve to see
Those tears on a manly cheek.

Place him back in his little crib;
Though never again he may see
The light of love in these fading eyes,
He will not be far from me:
I shall nightly guard his gentle sleep,
And keep him pure and free.

Now raise me up on your massive arm,
That has toiled for us both so long.
Kiss me again! and let me watch
The dark waves sweep along,
And hear the voice of the night wind come,
With its sad and dirge-like song.

Out with the tide!—afar, afar—
But not to an unknown sea;
For, look! the light-house now is lit,
And its lamps are flashing free.
Out with the tide! but not, dear love,
Not always away from thee.

M. Janssen's method for photographing the apparent contact of the planet Venus with the edge of the sun, in the transit next year, will enable him to obtain one hundred and eighty images of the sun and the planet, in as many seconds.

Rivaled the tint that wings the butterfly;
Its dainty texture fastened by a charm
Of precious gems above one drooping arm;
Thence in its billowy softness, fold on fold,
Fell to her sandal, broidered fine with gold,
And many looked on her veiled figure there,
And wondered much if she were passing fair.

A peasant girl, a few brief months before,
Gathering, at Autumn time, her little store
Of wild fruits, for the market places near,
Content to live, and ignorant of fear.
Next robed in raiment fairer than the queen
Whose crown she laughed at as a gilded sheen;
And lightlier laughed at all the golden store
Which men delighted at her feet to pour.

She with her radiant beauty, youth and health,
What need had she of dignities and wealth?
And oft she offered in her merry glee
To build the Theban walls anew, if she
Might write upon the hights, in words of gold,
By which her fame should to the world be told:
"Phryne, the courtezan, hath built again
These walls, all battered down by ruthless men
In wars of Alexander." But she knew
Full well that this the city dared not do:
And so she mocked them in her merry scorn;
But wherefore, now, had she from home been torn,
And wherefore stood she in that crowded place,
With vail and mantle shrouding up her face?

She waited—while the loud-voiced herald read
Her cruel accusation. Thus it said:
"Phryne is hereby charged with having led,
By sorceries dire, our young men far astray
From virtue's path, and stolen their strength away;
For when they hear the trumpet's ringing blare,
They will but gather closer round her chair;
And when forth bidden to the chase to ride,
They only cling about her chariot's side,
Or strive, with idle jealousy, to gain
The place of honor at her bridle rein."

Hyperides, the eloquent, whose voice
Had made the great crowds tremble or rejoice,
Now pleads in vain, with passionate appeal,
To save one fair young creature from the zeal
Of those gray-bearded Senators, whose cry
Was only this: "The sorceress must die!"
"Ay! stone her!" was the Judge's fierce command,
"And let her blood be wiped from off our land."

Then, with a sigh as soft as Summer breeze
That whispers through the blooming almond trees,
The voice of Phryne on the tumult broke:
"Most honored sires" (they hushed them as she spoke),
"This star upon my shoulder holds and hides
The only magic spell that with me bides."

"Give me the charm!" the stern-voiced Judge outspake,
And reached a greedy hand, as if to take
The regal gem, whose sun-imprisoned dyes
Outshone all shining things, save Phryne's eyes.
She broke the clasp, and laid it in his hand,
And vail and mantle loosened from its band,
Slipped slowly down, revealing each rare grace—
The wondrous beauty of her rosy face;
The odorous lengths of wavy, midnight hair
Through which her snowy neck gleamed yet more fair;
The sloping shoulder and the slender waist,
The curving sweep of thigh, that might have graced
A goddess, and the rounded, dimpled knee,
Below which lay the golden 'broidery,
And heaped up, shimmering velvet, and soft lace,
That but an instant since had hid her face.

"Phryne, the beautiful!" loud rose the shout
From twice a thousand voicees, ringing out,
"We'll bear her to the temple in our arms,
Princess of beauty, queen of mortal charms!"
And eager hands began swift to unyoke
Her chariot horses, but again she spoke
(And the great crowd, hushed to her changeful mood,
Murmured and whispered like a wind-swept wood):
"Noble Athenians, here have I been brought
To answer to base charges. Know ye not
That human weakness is mine only crime?
And this fair form, that in such little time
Will feel the blighting breath of death or age,
Is my one magic charm and heritage?
Ye say I steal the strength from your young men,
But ye are teachers all! O teach them then
Races and games, and pride of martial strife.
Without the poor reward of love in life.
Teach them to shun the light of beauty's eyes,
And all fair gifts in woman to despise.

"Ye can not, senators and sages gray,
Ye can not, for your pulses thrill to-day
With quicker beat at boon than heaven bestows—
Beauty to woman, perfume to the rose.

"No bridegroom e'er will say with rapturous pride,
'I claim thee, virgin heart, Phryne, my bride:'
No husband, when I've lost youth's radiant charm,
Will hold me tenderly on his strong arm
No baby fingers will with soft caress,
My weary brow and aching bosom press;
No daring youth or maiden fair to see,
Will make the name of mother sweet to me
And sacred to the gods. But for a day
I linger in your sight, then flit away,
And leave no trace, no memory.

"Grant ye then,
This simple prayer: Disturb me not again
With senseless superstitions and vague fears,
But let me live in peace my few brief years,
Here in your midst, then pass without a care,
Blown like the thistle-down, ye know not where."

Here in her mantle's fold and veil of lace
She wrapped again her matchless form and face.
A breathless spell had held the mighty throng
As her sweet, plaintive voice was borne along:
Then Grecian chivalry and manly pride
Burst forth from heart to lip, a whelming tide.
And youth and age, stern judge and pleading friend,
Rose with one impulse, beauty to defend.

They bore her to the shrine of Venus—bright
Temple of love, herself, by royal right,
Fair queen of beauty, princess of delight—
And though no stalwart son, or daughter fair,
Perpetuates her name and graces rare,
The artist's pencil limns, with dainty skill,
Her wistful face, proud, yet pathetic still;
Immortal youth the sculptor's chisel gives
To every graceful pose, and Phryne lives
Enshrined in art, sacred to heart and eye,
To teach the world that beauty cannot die.

—S. M. Emerson.

Little Toddie.

[Charles Burnham Habberton, aged 5 years, died suddenly in Brooklyn on the 31st ultimo. Little Toddie was known and loved through all the land as the youngest of "Helen's Babies."

I.

Is it bright with Summer gladness,
Toddie dear;
Is there nowhere any sadness,
Toddie dear,
In that land of pleasant mountains,
Crystal rivers, silver fountains,
In that home to which you hastened
From the home by sorrow chastened,
Joyless here?

II.

Do the seraph bands surround you,
Toddie boy?
Do the angels gather round you,
Toddie boy?
Do they keep your heart from grieving
For the mother you are leaving,
For the mother who is groaning
With a broken-hearted moaning
For her boy?

III.

Yes, we know that love upholds you,
Toddie dear;
That a wondrous love enfolds you,
Toddie dear,
With an infinite sweet pity.
In that shining golden city
Little ones are crowned with blessing,
All the Savior's care possessing,
There as here.

IV.

But we loved you very dearly,
Toddie boy,
And we held you very nearly,
Toddie boy!
Many, many tender mothers,
Little sisters, little brothers,
Would be sorely grieved in spirit,
But they know that you inherit
Peace and joy.

—*Peleg Arkwright.*

In Gila valley, 120 miles from Tucson, A. T., are the famous Piedras Pintados. A heap of rocks, about 50 feet high, is covered with rude figures, geometric, conic and anatomical. Here are squares, circles, crosses, triangles, snakes, toads and vermin, men without heads and dogs without tails. The sketches are like those of the Aztec calendar stone in Mexico.

tiful appearance." The sea itself was filled with phosphorescence at the time, and the effect was attributed to this, and not to anything about the porpoises themselves. An analysis of the water, however, revealed no organic matter.

A discussion is reported in *Comptes Rendus* between MM. Boussingault and Harting as to the origin of the honey-dew, or saccharine matter, found on the leaves of the linden. M. Boussingault maintains that it is vegetable, while M. Harting asserts that it is deposited by an insect *Aphis tiliæ*, and is met by the reply that the exudation was discovered on the trees before the insects had appeared.

A remarkable change was produced in the condition of some metallic Banca tin sent from Rotterdam to Moscow last winter. It was converted, on the trip, from a solid state into powder. Dr. Oudemans, who has investigated this singular change, attributes it not to chemical but to physical causes, such as the cold and vibration. The tin was not easily restored to solidity by heating.

The boundary between New York and New Jersey is to be resurveyed under the direction of the Geological Board of the latter State. The absence of permanent metes and bounds renders this action peculiarly necessary, to prevent confusion as to the land titles near the line.

Professor Tyndall is one of the newly appointed metropolitan gas referees for the city of London.

A parasitic fungus, originally noticed by botanists in Chili, and more lately known as injuriously affecting cultivated crops in Australia, has recently made its appearance in western Europe. Its botanical designation is *Puccinia Malvacearum*. In England, where it seems to have been totally unknown prior to July last, it has proved particularly destructive to the hollyhocks. Its introduction is the more to be regretted for the reason that it belongs to the same genus as the wheat mildew.

A new and valuable practical application of carbolic acid has been made in Central America, where it has been used with gratifying success against the leaf-cutting ants, whose ravages upon cultivated trees in that country are so destructive. The acid is mixed with water, and poured down the ant-burrows, whereupon the ants desert their abode; and by persistent resort to this method of attack, they may be expelled from the neighborhood of cultivated plants.

The fact that certain red stars have disappeared from the heavens has recently been noted by Mr. Birmingham, of Tuam, Ireland, who also mentions that other stars of the same color have undergone extraordinary changes in brilliancy. The cause of this variability in colored stars is unknown. It is supposed, however, that red stars are ordinarily in an ember-like condition, and are occasionally heated to whiteness in some manner not yet understood.

COAL BURNED BY STEAMERS.

Please settle an argument (1) as to what amount of coal is consumed daily on one of the Oakland steamers that ply between Oakland and San Francisco, and (2) what amount is actually consumed on one ocean steamship that leaves New York for Liverpool. A SUBSCRIBER.

[(1) The Oakland burns about ten tons a day. (2) The steamship Alaska, on her recent quick trip from New York to Liverpool, burned 225 tons a day.]

A. M. D. writes: "My friend and I dispute as to which is the highest mountain in the world. We have tried to find out, but cannot agree. So we have come to the conclusion that your answer shall decide it." In a reliable work now before us Aconcagua in the Chilian Andes, is set down at 22,296 feet. We have heard of nothing higher than that. It was once reckoned at 23,910 by Beechey, but M. Pissis sets it down at 22,422 feet. The newest of the Encyclopedias calls this "the highest mountain in the new world." Why "new" should be used here, we cannot tell, for we know nothing up to this in the old. Mont Blanc is 15,732 feet.

A new ink has been introduced into the French public departments which is indelible in the sense that it leaves a trace which cannot be removed by any chemical agent, except such as will also destroy the paper. Carbon is its principal constituent. It was submitted to M. Boussingault for examination, and upon his approval, its employment was made compulsory in all the government offices.

National Song.

To-day is the sixty-third anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, and will be duly celebrated by Englishmen all over the world. One feature of the celebration will be the singing of "Hands All Round," Tennyson's national song, the words of which are as follows:

First pledge our Queen, my friends, and then
A health to England every guest,
He best will serve the race of men
Who loves his native country best.
May Freedom's oak for ever last,
With larger life from day to day;
He loves the present and the past
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.

CHORUS.

Hands all round! God the traitor's hope confound!
To the great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole,
To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole!
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm!
To Canada, whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman holds the helm.

CHORUS—Hands all round, etc.

To all our statesmen, so they be
True leaders of the land's desire;
To both our Houses, may they see
Beyond the borough and the shire!
We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty State,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.

CHORUS—Hands all round, etc.

An Awful Thing Not in the Books.

Oxford (N. C.) Torchlight.

A most formidable reptile was killed near Sassafras Fork abont a week ago, measuring twenty inches in length and four inches in circumference, with a horn on the end of the tail one inch in length, similar to a cock's spur. This horn evidently contained a sting. When apparently dead, if touched near the tail, it would twist its horn and thrust out the sting. We have searched our dictionaries and works on zoology and find no mention made of this animal.

Unfinished Still.

A baby's boot and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled and soft;
Odd thing, you say, and no doubt you're right
Round a seaman's neck, this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly, but, mates, look here:
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on the far-off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small, soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before,
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over, I came ashore,
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;
A cottage empty, and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class at school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

Jennie Stanley, who died in Truckee last Monday of cold, exposure and intemperance, was the adopted daughter of Bishop Jesse T. Peck of the Methodist Church.

M. G. writes: "Will you please tell me the meaning of *Mardi gras?* I see it has been celebrated in New Orleans, and I do not know what it means." *Mardi gras* is the French for Shrove Tuesday, which is the Tuesday preceding the first day of Lent, or Ash-Wednesday.

in the street and exclaimed: "Didn't I tell you, Jack Busby, that I was agoin' to whip you when I caught you out?" "Go away, Bill, I don't want to fight." "Maybe you don't think I can whip you." "It don't make any difference whether you can whip me or not. I don't want to fight. My mother——" "Yes, your mother knows I can whale you." "My mother's dead. She died this morning." In a moment the braggart boy was transformed into a gentle child. "I didn't know it, Jack," he said, "and you musn't think hard of me. I ain't got nothin' agin you. I wouldn't hit you, and if another boy waster come up and hit you now, I'd knock him down. There, don't cry. What yer got in that bundle?" "A black dress." "Come on, and let me carry it for you."

THE EMPTY NICHE.

A King once made a gallery of art,
With portraits of dead friends and living graced;
And at the end, 'neath curtains drawn apart,
An empty marble pedestal was placed.

Here, every day, the King would come, and pace
With eyes well pleased along the statued hall;
But, ere he left, he turned with saddened face,
And mused before the curtained pedestal.

And once a courtier asked him why he kept
The shadowed niche to fill his heart with dole;
"For absent friends," the monarch said, and wept;
"There still must be one absent to the soul."

And this is true of all the hearts that beat,
Though days be soft and Summer pathways fair,
Be sure, while joyous glances round us meet,
The curtained crypt and vacant plinth are there.

To-day we stand before one draped recess:
There is none absent—all we love are here;
To-morrow's hands the opening curtains press,
And lo, the pallid pediment is bare!

The cold affection that plain duty breeds
May see its union severed, and approve;
But, when our bond is touched, it throbs and bleeds—
We pay no meed of duty, but of love.

As creeping tendrils shudder from the stone,
The vines of love avoid the frigid heart;
The work men do is not their test alone,
The love they win is far the better chart.

They say the citron tree will never thrive
Transplanted from the soil where it matured;
Ah, would 'twere so that men could only live
Through working on where they had love secured.

"The People of the Book," men called the Jews;
Our priests are truly "People of the Word,"
And he who serves the Master must not choose;
He renders feudal service to the Lord.

But we who love and lose will, like the King,
Still keep the alcove empty in the hall,
And hope, firm-hearted, that some day will bring
Our absent one to fill his pedestal.

NEVER AGAIN.

AN OLD POEM—PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Never again will the roses blow
For us as the roses we used to know.

Oh! never again will the wide sky hold

And look at the beauty of sunset skies,
And the sweeter beauty of your sweet eyes.

Never again! for the dream is done
That a word, and a look, and a touch begun.

Love, if we *always* could dream, oh, then!
The words are as sad as "it might have been!"

For us there is nothing but memory,
In the coming days, *of what could not be!*

Love, you are near me, and yet as far
As the round earth is from the farthest star.

Kiss me and smile in my eyes once more,
Tho' your lips should quiver, and tears run o'er.

Put your hand in mine for one moment, one,
And then, good-by, for the dream is done.

TTLE POLLY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

In time for the overture, Walter—
How many long years is it, friend,
Since we sat in the glow of the footlights,
Our holiday evening to spend?
Your hair had no sifting of silver,
Tossed back in its leonine way;
And now closer shorn, like a soldier,
Your head shows a glimmer of gray.

We talked, you remember, of Polly,
The schoolmaster's niece, at La Varre;
Of her cheek changing snowy and rosy,
Her glance like the shine of a star.
We recalled the sweet summer-time story,
The quaint little porch we must pass,
The bloom of the schoolmaster's orchard,
The white-clover path in the grass.

How you turned on your finger her token,
A slender plain ring, that I knew
Little Polly had shyly surrendered,
As a bond of remembrance, to you.
Ah, well, we were Freshmen, and foolish;
You doubtless forget her? And yet
There 's the poor little ring on your finger.
(Can it be that he did not forget?)

She is Marie Fitz-Alpine, they tell me;
She lives in a house high and wide,
And she rides on the Avenue grandly,
With liveried serfs at her side.
Fitz-Alpine is frozen and crabbed;
Fitz-Alpine is yellow and old;
But it matters no whit to his lady—
Fitz-Alpine has jewels and gold.

See yonder! She 's coming! That 's Polly!
That woman in azure and white,
With a diamond spray blazing softly
In the chandelier's quivering light.
Do you see how above the white shoulders
The head, small and queenly, is set?
The hair that, unbound, we remember,
Lies coiled in a proud coronet?

And that is Fitz-Alpine beside her,
With lorgnette, and shawl, and bouquet.
Ah, Marie Fitz-Alpine, my lady,
Why wander your glances this way?
Though I seem not to see him—poor Walter!
I catch the sad look of surprise,
And the dumb, aching sense of betrayal
That shadows the look in his eyes.

There is stir and commotion. A lady
Has fainted and fallen, they say.
We stay not, but go out together,
Too heart-full to follow the play—
Out, out in the fair face of heaven,
Where stars kindly bend from the blue,
To whisper their oft-needed comfort
That something we love shall be true.

Little Polly, look well at your jewels,
As you tear them off wildly to-night.
Can you see the sweet path by the orchard,
The summer moonshine, in their light?
Between you and Walter, to-morrow,
The sea shall be glimmering blue;
So carefully count, little Polly—
Are they worth Truth and Walter to you?

Among the objects of natural history transmitted through the British mails last year were live silk-worms, mice, lizards and tortoises, as we learn from the report of the postmaster-general presented to parliament. One gentleman, it seems, was quite indignant because the department would not undertake to carry a live snake for him.

And run from Detroit to Buffalo.
He generally managed to have in tow
A passenger craft. Sometimes the cargo
Was somewhat mixed: men and women, you know,
On the upper deck and resin below,
And barrels of tar and powder; and so
You see it was none the safest of ways
To sail on the lakes in the early days.
In case of accident, fire or wreck,
There were no lifeboats lashed to the deck
By which to escape, and the chances were
If the ship went down they went down with her.

John Maynard, the pilot, was known to be
A God-fearing follower of the sea.
One day his vessel, with a full cargo,
Was approaching the port of Buffalo,
When [illegible] smoke was seen coming up from below;
The Captain cried out, "[illegible] Simpson, you go
And see what the matter can be below!"

The man came up, and with lifted hands,
And livid lips and a look of death,
"The ship is on fire!" he said in a breath,
And the Captain sternly gave commands.
"Fire! Fire! Fire!" filled the air
While death was waiting in the rigging there.
Fate stood by, on a wave, and laughed
At their manly efforts to save the craft.

It was not long till the fire licked through
The ribs of the ship; the fierce flames flew
Over the heads of the frantic crew.
Denser lifted the clouds of smoke
Louder the dauntless Captain spoke
Ordering passengers, crew and all
To the forward deck; all obeyed the call,
Except John Maynard, who stood alone,
At the helm, as firm as a column stone.

In clarion tones the Captain spoke
Through the whirling clouds of fire and smoke;
"John Maynard!" rolled in a hurried whir,
And back came the answer, "Aye, aye, sir!"
"Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, Sir!" came
Again through the rolling sea of flame.
"How does she head?" the Captain said,
"Sou'east by east, sir!" On she sped
A living flame and a floating hell
As the fires flashed and the timbers fell.
"Head her sou'east and run her on shore!"
Rang out in clarion tones once more.

Nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore.
In terror the Captain called once more:
"John Maynard!" Feebly the answer came,
"Aye, aye, sir!" from the hero beyond the flame.
"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"
"God helping me I'll try to hold on!"
Was the answer that lagged through the heated air
From the lips of the old man standing there.

His hair was scorched from the scalp, and he
Was breathing the air of death at sea;
Yet firm he stood as a martyr might stand,
His knee on the stanchion and his crisped hand
Clutched at the wheel. He braved it through.
He beached the ship and he saved the crew
And passengers. Not a man was lost
Except John Maynard. He was tossed
Forward and fell, to rise no more,
Just as the flaming ship struck the shore.
And some of the sailors that saw it, swore
They saw the soul of the pilot rise
Out of the flames into Paradise.

SAN JOSE, January 6, 1876.

—*By Hood Alston.*

The Blacksmith's Story.

Well, no! my wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same;
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—
When you hear the circumstance—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Mal-

A better wife than Mary was, for five bright years to me!

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.
I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir.
And as for me, I can't begin to tell how dearly I loved her.

Three years ago the baby came, our humble home to bless;
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness.
'Twas hers—'twas mine. But I have no language to explain to you
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once, we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath,
Dumb with an awful worldless woe, we waited for its death;
And, though I am not a pious man, our souls together there,
For heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy' what words could tell!
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing.
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing.
Love nerved my arm to labor and moved my tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was sturdy strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,
And, while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two.
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?"

"That's me!" said he. "You! you!" I gasped, choking with horrid doubt,
"If you're a man just follow me; we'll try this mystery out!"
With dizzy steps I led him to Mary. God! 'Twas true!
Then the bitterest pains and misery, unspeakable, I knew!

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And, from her quivering lips, there broke one wild, despairing moan—
'Twas he! The husband of her youth now risen from the dead,
But all too late—and with the bitter cry her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return
He strove in vain, some tidings of his absent wife to learn—
'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd've killed him, too,
So dead, he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary between us should decide,
And each, by her decision, would sacred abide—
No sinner at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did while waiting sentence in this room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.
God! Could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice when she knelt down and said:
"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! not dead!"
I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow in my aching breast the prisoned words stuck tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby ——" "What! Wife and child!" cried I;
"Must I yield all? Ah, cruel! Better that I should die.
Think of the long and lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me—
No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!

no shame—
My little girl shall hear and learn to lisp her father's name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife,
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done!
One long embrace for baby, and my happiness was gone!

—*Frank Clive.*

The Snow at Fredericksburg.

Drift over the slopes of the sunshine land,
O wonderful, wonderful snow!
Oh, pure as the breast of the virgin saint!
Drift tenderly, soft and slow,
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
And into the haunted dells
Of the forests of pine, where the sobbing winds
Are tuning their memory bells.

Into the forest of sighing pines,
And over those yellow slopes
That seem but the work of the cleaving plow,
But cover so many hopes!
They are many indeed, and straightly made,
Not shapen with loving care:
But the souls let out and the broken blades
May never be counted here!

Fall over those lonely hero graves
O delicate dropping snow!
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love,
On the warrior heads below:
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul,
As she waiteth and watcheth for one
Who never came back from the sunrise land
When the terrible war was done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
Drift, white as the bridal vail
That will never be worn by the drooping girl
Who sitteth afar, so pale;
Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife
Who stretcheth despairing hands
Out to the blood-rich battle-fields
That crimson the Eastern sands.

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
O delicate snow! and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified,
Husband, and son, and lover.
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the shriven souls,
And the mantles of righteousness.

ON "THE OTHER SIDE."

Oh heart, my heart, how strange to yearn no more,
With weepings bitter for thy long-lost peace,
How strange to find thyself at Heaven's door,
Where all tears cease.

In the fair country where sin enters not,
And where abideth everlasting rest,
Think you, my soul, your sins shall be forgot,
And ye be blest?

No more, no more to hunger there for love,
No more to thirst for blessings long denied,
"Thy face is foul with weeping," but above
Thou shalt be satisfied!

What shall it be to feel all fair within!
Pure as the angels in the highest Heaven?
To feel no more temptation, and no sin
That needs to be forgiven.

No more repining—no more vain regret,
No longing to lie down and fall asleep;
Oh! heart—my heart, how strange when ye forget
The way to weep!

Oh light divine that shineth from His face,
In the fair country that doth need no sun!
Oh! happy soul be thankful that thy race
Is well nigh run!

Roll golden sun, roll swiftly toward the west,
Dawn happy day when many woes shall cease,
Come quickly Lord—Thy people wait the rest
Of Thine abiding peace.

—[Victoria Magazine.

refraction of light, and to this end was busy in the examination of diamonds, rubies, and gems and crystals of every kind. The Paris correspondent of the *Athenæum* says, "When he had very little in his pocket to get a meal with, he bought eagerly some topaz or amethyst for 500 francs. Every lady of rank or fortune whom he visited—and he knew many who were delighted to talk with him—was pretty sure to be pestered by him and incessantly solicited for diamonds. Then he came back to his abode near the Luxembourg, stretched his limbs upon an old carpet, strewed the diamonds all around, lighted a lamp, put it down, and having a loaf of common bread and a jug of water at hand, went on analyzing, cutting precious stones and killing his eyes, until morning."

Mr. Edward Whymper, the well-known mountaineer who first ascended the famous Matterhorn, devoted last summer to a scientific exploration of the west coast of Greenland, north of the Arctic circle, in the vicinity of Disco Island. The acquisitions of the trip comprise a fine collection of fossil plants, stone implements, and natural history specimens. He found that the loftiest mountains of Greenland proper are two thousand feet higher than has heretofore been supposed. He ascended one about seven thousand feet in height. The atmosphere in these regions is marvellously clear. Writing of his ascent of Hare Island, eighteen hundred feet high, he says, "From the summit, at midnight, I distinctly recoguized the mountain called Sanderson's Hope, near Upernavik, which was distant from me one hundred and forty miles!"

They have a baby hippopotamus at the London Zoological Gardens. Out of fifteen of these animals born at the various zoological gardens in Europe, only one has ever survived to maturity, and he was finally burned alive. Mr. Frank Buckland entertains great hopes that the present infant will live to grow up. He reports that the mother is extremely savage, roaring and bellowing tremendously if in the least put out. She seems to remember that her last two babies were taken from her, and to be constantly in alarm lest this one—which has been named Guy Fawkes—should be surreptitiously removed.

A recent flood in Ceylon compelled many of the natives in the western province of that island to seek refuge from the waters by climbing into cocoa-nut trees. These were found, in many instances, to be already occupied by snakes that had ascended them to escape drowning. The reptiles were very fierce, and did not yield place to the natives. So says Mr. S. Green of Colombo, in a private letter quoted by *Nature*. Mr. Green is an amateur entomologist and astronomer, and owns a splendid telescope, the best in Ceylon.

The authorities of the city of Florence have erected a fine astronomical observatory on the striking eminence from which, in former times, the famous Galileo made most of his discoveries. At the present day Florence possesses, in Donati, an astronomer of very high distinction, whose name, as attached to the most brilliant comet of recent years, is known throughout the world.

Copper lightning rods are in general use on the vessels of the British navy. They are so arranged that whether the masts are raised or lowered, whatever the position of the ship, an unbroken line of metal extends from the loftiest point to the bottom of the hull. It is said that this arrangement insures practically perfect protection against damage by lightning.

It is said that Prof. Tyndall warmly supports the project for a new English expedition to the North Pole, which is so strongly favored by the Royal Geographical Society. The design is, in the first instance, to explore the northern shores of Greenland, from Smith's Sound. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone is disposed to afford government aid.

The use of English as the language of science throughout the world is advocated by Professor Thorell of the great Swedish university of Upsala. His argument in its favor rests upon the wide diffusion of the English language, and the comparative ease with which it is acquired by most Europeans. A return to Latin, he says, is neither to be expected nor desired. We learn from the *Athenæum* that he has given an earnest of his belief by writing his recent work on European spiders entirely in English—"in such English, too, that none of our countrymen need be ashamed to own it."

Thus many have lost a sure reward,
Whose courage sank when it should have soar'd,
Who furrowed the soil and spread the seed
For others to reap and others' feed—
Hold fast!

Stop not for the wind or e'en the tide,
Nor wait for the morrow to decide,
But ply, when becalmed, a willing oar
And *work while you wait* for something more—
Hold fast!

Only a fool attributes to luck
The failures in life that lack of pluck;
The sturdy man but strengthens his will
When adverse winds are blowing ill—
Hold fast!

Tact breasts the tides as "tack" breasts the winds,
And courage a haven always finds;
While the hearts that faint and hands that fail
Drift like wrecks without rudder or sail—
Hold fast!

And it seems that God oft stays success,
To prove our merit and test the stress
Which our patience and courage can stand,
Before he openeth wide his hand—
Hold fast!

For a hard earned prize is dearer far
Than all the gifts of a "lucky star,"
And the thornless rose, acquired in ease,
Is reft of its choicest charm to please—
Hold fast!

* * * * * *

Then let us take fresh heart and cheer,
And rather choose to trust, than fear
The time to come, which at the worst
Cannot but bless if we durst
But brave the wind that blows us ill,
And faithful, fearless, hopeful still,
With genial words and joyful hearts,
Laugh off the tear that sorrow starts—
Hold fast!

—*Blake Ney.*

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1876.

GRANDMOTHER'S CARE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Dear grandmother, why are you sorry,
And why do you sigh so low?
You have friends in the Upper Country
You say, and are glad to go.

For us are the sorrows of parting,
For us who are left, the tears,
For you mid the heavenly welcome
The love of your early years.

Ah, yes, I am glad, little Nellie,
To brighten these eyes of mine
In the light of that Upper Country,
To live in its sunless shine.

So, glad to be done with all sinning,
So, glad to lay softly down
The wearisome weight of my armor,
I take up my promised crown.

But I think of the years gone, Nellie,
Since Abner, my husband, went;
I was fair then, and counted comely,
And now I am old and bent.

His face it was blooming and ruddy,
His eye like a falcon's shone,
In the years that have gone—so many,
Since Abner went on alone.

So now, as I sit in the twilight
And think of the golden street,
Where he walks in his youth immortal,
I wonder how we shall meet.

Will he know me, so old and weary,
The form that was shapely, bent,
The locks that he loved, all faded,
Their glittering gold all spent?

All this, as I know, is but dreaming,
At best but a needless care;
And yet, as I sigh, I wonder,
If Abner will know me there.

which is right? And if not, why is the 22d of February celebrated as the birthday? J. T. B.

[Since the adoption of the "new style" in the calendar all events are reckoned according to that mode. According to the "old style," in use at the time of Washington's birth, he was born on the 11th of February, which is the 22d under the present style. The assertion that he was not born on the 22d is a mere quibble.]

APPLYING FOR A PATENT.

Please tell me the proper address to enable one to reach the Patent Office at Washington, D. C. Is there any set way or size of models?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[Address "The Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C." He will furnish you with the regulations governing applications for patents. You will probably find it more expeditious and cheaper, in the long run, to employ a patent solicitor, who understands the business.]

QUEEN ANNE—HABEAS CORPUS.

Please inform me in what year Queen Anne, of England, reigned, and also in what reign, or under whom, was the "habeas corpus" Act passed in England. D. G. E. J.

[Queen Anne reigned from 1702 to 1714. The "habeas corpus Act" was passed May 27, 1679, during the reign of Charles II.]

NATURALIZATION PAPERS.

How much does it cost to take your final citizen papers out of the United States Court in this city? E. G. M.

[We are informed that a charge of $3 is made in the United States Courts. No fee is exacted in the State Courts.]

THE TRIAL OF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

Kindly inform a reader what year Gen. Daniel E. Sickles was tried and acquitted of the murder of District Attorney Key? J. M. K.

[Sickles killed Philip Barton Key in February, 1859, and his trial occurred during the same year.]

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

Please inform an old subscriber when cars were first run on the railroad across the isthmus, carrying passengers of the P. M. S. S. Co. S. H. A.

[The first train passed from sea to sea January 30, 1855.]

ITALY.

Please inform one of your old subscribers, how much of a population Italy has. G. O.

[The last census (1878) showed 28,209,620.]

The limestone caves of Borneo are recommended by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has explored portions of the island, as a promising field of research for geologists, with a view to determine the antiquity of man. He says that they can be examined with perpect safety, and at moderate expense. It is doubtful whether man inhabited Northern Europe before the glacial epoch, and even if he did, the action of the ice must have removed every trace of his presence. The belief is quite general, however, among adherents of the doctrine of evolution, that man lived upon the earth in the geological period known as the tertiary. Evidence of his existence in that remote age has been widely sought in all parts of Europe. We must now look for proof, if proof is ever to be found, says Mr. Wallace, in the tropical regions of the old world.

The red feathers of the Afri[illegible]d known as the Plantain-eater are belie[illegible]erive their color from copper. Mr. Churc[illegible]asserted that he had discovered the fact so long ago as 1869, but his statement was doubtfully received. Now, however, he is corroborated by Mr. Harry Bassett, who has analyzed three hundred feathers purchased in the market at Sierra Leone. They yielded from seven to eight per cent. of metallic copper. This metal occurs abundantly, in the form of green malachite, throughout the country frequented by the Plantain-eaters.

The exciting cause of hay-fever, according to Dr. C. H. Blackley, an English physician, who is himself a sufferer from the disease, is the presence in the atmosphere of the pollen of plants. He has made many careful experiments in his own case, and regards every drug which is recommended for the treatment of the malady as valueless for that purpose. He is now engaged in searching for an efficacious remedy. He thinks that the affection known as the cat-asthma is caused by the carriage of pollen in the fur of the cat.

The present generation is much given to collections of all kinds. We have collections of dollars, of various coins, of books, of paintings, of statuary, of bones, of skeletons, of cards, of postage stamps, of things that crawl and of things that run, of bugs on pins and of bugs in spirits, of live animals, big elephants, of surgical preparations, of extracted teeth, of burglar tools, of antique furniture and other innumerable and unmentionable things. To all of these there attaches a certain interest which makes these objects, often of no intrinsic value at all, of great price to the collector. For instance, there is in San Francisco what is claimed to be the most valuable collection of pipes in the United States, a claim which is conceded by those who are in a position to express an opinion in this matter. The collector of these pipes has been at work for over twenty years, and yet his whole assortment does not exceed one hundred. The name of the gentleman is Arthur Von Gieglingen, by birth a German, who probably acquired the love of the smoking bowl at the midnight "beer commers" of the universities of the Fatherland. Viewed casually, his collection of pipes is interesting only in the display of beautifully colored and handsome meerschaum bowls and the variety of pipes contained in the cabinet. But the interest begins to rise at once when Mr. Von Gieglingen takes each pipe from its hook, points out its beauty, and relates the bits of history to which it has been a silent witness. The most beautiful pipe of the collection is an Arabian meerschaum bowl.

PLAIN AND CARVED BOWLS.

"There are but three of them in the United States," said the owner. "Look at its beauty, and describe it if you can."

"It is a plain pipe," said the reporter.

"A true lover of the bowl," replied Mr. Gieglingen, "despises fancy carvings. You cannot color such pipes evenly. To me a meerschaum pipe becomes valuable only when it colors well, and a carved pipe will never do that. A pipe does not color well either if it is not accurately bored. Besides the manufacturers cannot take a faulty piece of meerschaum for a plain pipe, while a crack can easily be hidden under carved figures. You must know that there are two kinds of meerschaum pipes. The one is the wax pipe and the second the oil pipe. This particular specimen is a wax pipe. Do you see how beautifully it is colored?" said he, stroking it as softly as he would the cheek of a baby. The coloring of the pipe was indeed beautiful. It was of a bright brown, the tinge of an overripe persimmon.

"Almost without exception," continued Mr. Gieglingen, "the bowl commences to color at the base first, where the nicotine gathers. I have one pipe which, strangely enough, commenced to color at the rim." He then brought out one meerschaum bowl after another. All were beautifully browned, trimmed in silver, and provided with amber mouthpieces.

"Have you colored all these pipes yourself?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, no; the job would be too big. I have bought many of them, and for some of them I had to bargain for years. You see when a man has colored a pipe he is loth to part with it. But let me show a curiosity. Here is a pipe which is evidently very old. You see it is a German pipe. But notice the manner in which the meerschaum has been cut. That pilgrim has been carved, but these windows and other portions of the castle to which he seeks admittance have been stamped upon the bowl; they are not cut in. That is not done nowadays, and it is a proof of the ancient origin of the bowl."

"This pipe," he continued, after having brought out another specimen of the collection, "was once the property of a Russian nobleman, who was condemned to Siberia for life. He escaped, and came to San Francisco by way of Alaska. I gave him aid and shelter, and out of gratitude he presented me with this pipe, which had been his only pipe of all, is this one," "I fought for the Union during the civil war, and was taken prisoner. During my confinement in the Libby and Lynchburg prisons I had to forego the solace of my pipe; you can imagine how I suffered. It happened that one of my comrades managed to obtain a piece of briarwood, which he gave to me in exchange for a ring given to him by his sweetheart which he had raffled out and which I had won. Out of that piece of wood I carved this pipe, and it gave me substantial comfort during many dreary months. When the hour of my release came I gave it to Dr. Baxter, now of Washington. In 1865 we met again at that city, and the first information I received was that he had lost the pipe. What was my astonishment when it was returned to me some weeks later by a restaurant-keeper. He had found it in the possession of a soldier and recognized the name of Dr. Baxter, which is carved on the cap. The soldier stated that he had found it on the battlefield of Antietam, and I gave him $5 as a recompense."

Next Mr. Gieglingen showed a curiously twisted buffalo-horn pipe. It was once the property of a Dutch burgomaster.

ORIENTAL FANCIES.

The most intrinsically valuable pipe of the collection is an East Indian "hookah," or "bubble-bubble," as it is generally called. It is made of solid silver, of which there are some ten pounds on the specimen. It is an Oriental water-pipe, the lower stand and the tobacco-bowl being of silver and the water-vessel a cocoa-nut-shell, which is polished to a shining brown-black. A companion piece to this specimen is a Turkish nargile of unusually fine workmanship. Of Turkish red-clay pipes, with cherry and jasmine stems, Mr. Gieglingen has a large number. All are provided with magnificent amber mouthpieces or "chiboucks," which are of the thickness of a big thumb and from four to five inches in length. The Turkish smoker does not put the amber-piece into his mouth, but merely presses it to his lips. "He drinks tobacco," said Mr. Von Gieglingen. "The only pipe which I have not been able to obtain is the Indian calumet or pipe of peace, of which each tribe has but one. I have written to army officers in the Indian service, to missionaries and to Indian Agents, but no one has been able to satisfy my wish. It is a simple affair, and distinguished only by a few feathers, but it is a sacred tool, and is always kept safely in the grand wigwam of the tribe." The collection embraces several Indian pipes, as well as all those affected by Joan Chinaman. Its value may be gathered from the fact that its owner has a standing offer of $2500 for it.

Singular Superstitions.

Pittsburg Leader.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a strange tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddied, and when he bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and he came out dark in color. Then the Great Spirit said before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt their weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped bunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engine of the mind, the means of mutual mental improvement, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

A microscopical examination of glass which has been treated by the sand-blast process, is said to show that the erosive action is produced wholly by the percussive force of the particles of sand.

structure and growth of [illegible] which appears with the twentieth annual report of the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, said, in speaking of the study of animal organisms: "These objects cannot be handled like a piece of wood. They must be treated with a degree of delicacy which makes it impossible, for instance, for an observer to use any stimulant, even such as coffee and tea, or to eat heartily, or to exercise in any degree which may accelerate the pulse; otherwise his eye will be constantly thrown out of focus. Unless a man has himself under control to that extent, he cannot begin to make good observations."

One of the latest letters received from the Scientific Surveying Steamer *Challenger*, says that it is an interesting fact to know that the commercial coral is not confined to the Mediterranean Sea. Some specimens of red coral were obtained by the expedition at the island of St. Jago, in the Cape Verde group. It has been discovered, as a result of the *Challenger's* visit to the Brazilian seas, that a deep water cold current, only half a degree above the freezing point of fresh water, runs to the northward along the coast of Brazil. This discovery, in view of observations previously made, is believed to demonstrate that the water at the bottom of the North Atlantic is fed from the Antarctic Sea.

An aërial machine is now in process of construction in England. The council of the Aëronautical Society of Great Britain recently inspected a working model of it, and according to the London newspapers the gentlemen present manifested great interest and approval. Men of science are very far from giving up the hope of being able to navigate the air much more satisfactorily than has yet been found practicable. The attention of the society has been called to a [illegible] of constructing light steam engines, which will afford a safe and efficient motor with [illegible] average weight of only ten pounds per actual [illegible] power.

A. B. (Brooklyn) in writing to us about intemperance, says: "A cure for this degrading habit may be found in the neighborhood of all seaport cities and places on the coast. It is obtainable at small trouble or expense, and is sure in its action. The way to procure it is this: Obtain an eel fresh from the water, or before its skin has become dried, and with a spoon or dull-edged knife scrape off the slime that is always to be found on this slippery specimen of the fish kind, and place the slime in the malt or spirituous liquor that the imbiber is most in the habit of drinking. In malt liquors this will not be noticeable, nor will it affect the taste of any kind of liquor. It has, in its action, a tendency to fill the stomach with a noisome gas that is sickening to the patient, yet not injurious in any way to the health. This continued sickening, the patient finds, only follows after drinking, and he will inevitably grow to look with disgust on what has been heretofore his favorite beverage. This simple recipe has been tried with beneficial results, in all cases, among intimate friends of my own, and I have no hesitation in offering it as a sure cure for drunkenness."

We find the following statement in the *Illustrated London News*: "Professor Owen has discovered in the London clay at Sheppey a new fossil bird with teeth somewhat resembling those in the Australian hooded lizard. He concludes it to have been web-footed and a fish-eater. No evidence of true teeth had previously been known in any bird." We believe that the last proposition is erroneous. Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale College published an article on a new sub-class of fossil birds in *Silliman's Journal*, for February, 1873, wherein occurs this passage: "The remarkable extinct birds with biconcave vertebræ (*Ichthyornidæ*) recently described by the writer from the upper cretaceous shale of Kansas prove, on further investigation, to possess some additional characters which separate them still more widely from all known recent and fossil forms. The type species of this group, *Ichthyornis dispar* Marsh, has *well-developed teeth in both jaws*."

In modern maps the south-eastern extremity of the great island of Papua, or New Guinea, north of Australia, is represented as a wedge-shaped promontory. Captain Moresby, who explored it early in the present year, in the British man-of-war *Basilisk*, found that the land really ends in a broad fork, with a cluster of islands lying off the southern "tine."

Experiments by Professor Herschel indicate that, in their power of conducting heat, limestone, granite and the harder rocks generally are of about equal value. Shale is a bad conductor. On the other hand, cleaved slate, which is shale in a changed condition, was found to be an excellent conductor.

[Written for the Sunday CHRONICLE.]

Has any one forgotten how the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and what was its effect as its echoes swept through the land? How first the honor, the hot indignation, then the kindling enthusiasm, the burning patriotism flashed from heart to heart, till the North sprang to arms like one man? How the very sight of the familiar Stars and Stripes would bring the quick tears to our eyes? Somehow they seemed so sacred, to be regarded so tenderly, even as the faces of our friends grew more dear when the shadow of a great woe rests upon them. How the words of Julia Ward Howe's glorious battle-hymn seemed always upon our lips:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea—
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

No, I think no one can have forgotten it, yet I remember that in those days when the pulse of the nation's united life seemed to beat more and more feebly, and we held our breath to listen to know whether it hould cease forever: even in days like those there were some who stoutly maintained that they stood on *neutral* ground, their sympathies were with both or neither, as the case might be. I was going to say I never could understand it, but I mean more than that—I never *believed* it. It seemed to me just impossible that one should not join issue with one side or the other. There is no neutral ground in anything. One must either be for or against, or else one places one's self in the ridiculous position of the old lady who said in giving her religious experience, "Sometimes she thought she did, and sometimes she thought she didn't, and then again she didn't know." Why I never see a

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO MANGY STREET CURS

That I do not involuntarily make up my mind which one I hope will beat. Now I have always been opposed to horse races. They seem to me cruel, and to afford opportunities for men—and I am sorry to be obliged to say it, women too—to squander a great deal of money in betting on the result, which might be better employed. I could give you numerous other reasons were they necessary, and were I writing an article on races; but what I was going to say is, that I was once pursuaded by a party of friends to attend a horse race. It was a regular bona fide, first-class affair, all the beauty and fashion, etc., track in a splendid condition, and some really celebrated horses, to boot. I felt guilty and uncomfortable enough until the race actually began; but when it did, I wasn't five minutes in making up my mind which was the winning horse, and when they entered on the "home stretch" (you see I learned some of the lingo) I was as much excited as anybody, and stood up and hurrahed as loudly as the rest. Of course my horse did win, and I have ever since had a quiet penchant for a jockey in scarlet and drab. Of course I shall never hear the last of it; but it goes to prove my proposition that there is no such thing as remaining neutral. So when I hear all that is said, and read all that is written about

MOTHERS-IN-LAW,

I must immediately take up the cudgel on one side or the other. I cannot endure injustice of any sort, and I do think that mothers-in-law are a much abused class of the community. They have gotten to be a sort of by-word, their faults and failings have become proverbial, and it has actually become the most natural thing in the world when a man steps out of the beaten track and does something a little unexpected, and, perhaps, not altogether pleasing, to ascribe it all somehow to his mother-in-law. Now, I have never been a mother-in-law, and there is no prospect of my ever becoming one; and, moreover, there is no one sustaining that delicate relation to me; so what I am about to say is from a thoroughly disinterested under my own observation, in which fire and brimstone seem to be pretty equally combined to produce the monstrous whole. I speak of the average mother-in-law, and repeat my observation, that I consider her a much abused individual. It just occurs to me that one great source of the happiness of Adam and Eve, in their state of pristine purity in the beautiful garden, was an utter absence of mother-in-law. Adam could never make Eve wretched by holding up to her as an example worthy of following the way in which "ma" did, and cooked things; and Eve could never turn upon him when he in any way displeased her with the direful threats that "she would put her things right on and go and tell ma." But then again, if our mother Eve could have had her mother to go to for advice, and the benefit of her experience, perhaps she never would have eaten the apple. Who knows? Did it never strike you as a little peculiar, and somewhat comical withal, that in all these tirades against mothers-in-law, it is

ALWAYS THE WIFE'S MOTHER

Who is the head and front of the offending? It is she who indulges the children till they are positively unbearable, who monopolizes the wife's time and attention to the exclusion of those pettings and makings-much-of, to which the husband considers himself entitled, and then when he goes out for the recreation and companionship he cannot find at home it is she who puts all sorts of jealous, foolish notions into the young wife's head, suggestions as to his probable whereabouts and what she would do under the like circumstances. We seldom hear of any trouble in the family as being superinduced by the mother of the masculine side of the house. Why is this? I think one reason is that women are naturally more loving and self-sacrificing than men, and kindly care for their mothers-in-law because they *are* their husbands' mothers, and anything that belongs to or is dear to him, is dear to them also for that reason. Any one who understands and appreciates him, is entitled to their highest respect and affection. Men on the contrary never seem to remember that if this same obnoxious mother-in-law did not exist, they could never have possessed the wife they profess to love so tenderly. They quite forget the days when they took every means possible to ingratiate themselves with "the old lady," and to secure her good opinion, that she might not interfere with their projected matrimonial alliance. They cannot bear that any one should absorb, to ever so little an extent, the affections which they consider belong to them. They must be first and foremost. That is all right enough, provided they deserve all the attention and affection they demand; but the young wife cannot so easily learn to do without the affection that has so tenderly cherished her from her cradle. She may form new ties, strong, powerful ones, whose force shall

HOLD HER THROUGH ALL ETERNITY,

But the impulse to go to mother when anything troubles or annoys her for sympathy and consolation is as natural as the breath she draws. She knows that love has never failed her—that through long years of helpless infancy, happy childhood and budding womanhood it has carefully guarded and cherished her. Now she has left it for another love, of an entirely different nature—one that possesses her whole being; yet, as she rocks her children in her arms, she often thinks of those other arms in whose soft embrace she once found peace and rest, and wishes she could feel them again enfolding her. Many a wife will appreciate the meaning of the homely old stanza:

Farewell, mother, now I leave thee,
Hopes and fears my bosom swell;
One to trust who may deceive me,
Farewell, mother, fare thee well.

Can a mother be blamed, after having guarded a darling daughter so tenderly from the moment of her birth—living her own life over in her, watching her development, mentally and physically, from year to year, proud of her beauty, still more proud of her intellectual acquirements, until at last she places her in the arms of the longer any part or lot in the matter, and be dubbed

THAT MOST DESPISED OF BEINGS,

A mother-in-law? If she find her daughter has a happy home, where she is surrounded by all the proofs of a husband's true affection and children's devotion, there are still many times when she can sympathize and condole as no other can, when her heart can feel as none other can the wants of that other heart that slept so long on her own, and can go out to meet those wants with great throbs of ever-enduring maternal love. If, on the other hand, as is too often the case, she finds that daughter is neglected, uncared for, treated with utter indifference, harder to bear than actual abuse; if she sees her unhappy and knows this she may never be told the cause, is it any wonder that she takes matters into her own hands and endeavors to right what she feels to be such a terrible wrong? To be sure she nearly always fails—things get worse instead of better, and all the blame is laid at the door of mother-in-law. I claim this is unjust, unfair. If a mother sees a noble son—who has been her pride and joy, made miserable by an aggravating, suspicious, jealous, selfish wife, who cannot in the least appreciate his noble, manly qualities; made miserable and disheartened, his splendid talents may be going to wreck, his whole life ruined—can she fail to rise, in all the might and majesty of her deathless love, and curse the hand that dragged him down? I believe, however, these cases are rare. Wives are, for the most part, what their husbands make them. Let us give these mothers-in-law their due. If they be interfering unwarrantably, intermeddling, disposed to stir up strife and contention, no one will be quicker to blame them than I; but not until men shall show themselves more willing, by their tender devotion and sacrifice of their own pleasures and preferences, to take the mother's place, so that wives need not feel her loss, need they parade their woes before the public, and when caught in any doubtful act, for which they ought to blush, lay all the blame on the broad, patient shoulders of the mother-in-law.

STEPMOTHERS.

Perhaps the most difficult position a woman is called upon to fill is that of stepmother, and yet there are many who are ready and willing to assume all its responsibilities and bear all its burdens, including that of being tolerably sure of being misunderstood, unappreciated and censured for their very best efforts. From our earliest childhood we have been familiar with such couplets as the following:

A mother's a mother all the days of her life,
A father's a father 'till he gets a new wife.

I am inclined to believe that a good deal of the family trouble that is supposed to be the fault of the stepmother is the natural result of just such teaching as is conveyed in the above lines. Children are early taught, if not in so many words, by actions, which speak louder, that they are to live in constant fear and dread of a stepmother; and if it be their misfortune ever to have one, to consider her, as a matter of course, their natural enemy, and be at all times prepared for mysterious attacks from a concealed foe. There can be but one result to such indiscreet teaching as this, and that result we find in the unhappiness existing in many families. Yet I believe the majority of women placed in that position try to do the best they can. In many instances the trouble is that the match is entirely unsuitable in every respect. A widower having young children needing a mother's care and careful guidance, instead of marrying a woman of some practical thought and experience, capable of training his children properly, chooses

A YOUNG GIDDY GIRL,

Attracted, perhaps, by her beauty or accomplishments. She cannot be expected to have the requisite patience and judgment to care properly for her step-children. She is young and gay, loves society, amusements, gives much time to dressing becomingly that she may be admired, and the had not sense enough to choose a suitable mother for his children. Supposing the match to have been a suitable one, there is many a sensible, capable, conscientious woman who enters upon her trying duties with the desire and intention of fulfilling them to the best of her ability, who finds the children's minds so prejudiced against her, so filled with enormous notions of her dislike to them, and probable efforts to alienate their father's affections from them, that she finds it utterly impossible to make friends with them, except perhaps the younger ones, and consequently cannot exert the beneficial influence that she ought. Then, too, many a stepmother fears to pursue the course which she feels to be the right one, on account of what "folks will say," knowing well that her noblest motives will be misunderstood, her every action criticised and misapprehended, and the children set against her by the interfering of kind (?) friends. I wish I could deny that there are many unjust, unkind stepmothers, but I fear I cannot. It is true that to many of them, the marriage is simply a matter of convenience, a question of home and support, and they enter upon this new life with scarcely a thought of

THE LITTLE ONES

About to be committed to their care. When they fully realize the situation they are looked upon as little nuisances, good for nothing but to make trouble and annoyance. Every article purchased to make them comfortable, every attention, the least sign of affection shown them by their father is the cause of jealousy, and she loses no opportunity to pour into his ears accounts of their ill temper and disobedience, until the father wonders if his children are the worst in the world. An artful woman, disposed to make the most of the opportunities her intimate relationship affords, can very soon poison a father's mind with her plausible stories, until from being kind and indulgent he becomes stern and forbidding. It is pitiful to think how little hearts will swell and ache with a sense of cruel injustice, it is fearful to think how the passions of anger, hatred, revenge will be nourished by such treatment, and what the dark end may be. I pray God such cases are rare, and yet we know they do exist. It cannot be expected that any woman will have precisely the same feeling for another's children as if they were her own. She may be strictly just and impartial, patient with their childish errors, watchful and tender in long days and nights of weary illness, but she cannot make the allowances, the ever-ready excuses which lie in waiting ready to spring to a mother's lips. They are not a part of herself, and she should not be blamed if she find herself unable to make them so. It seems to me that for this, like all other social evils, there are remedies, which if faithfully and persistently used will in time be found to work a permanent cure. No good and earnest work can be accomplished in a day; but did we not all write over and over again in our school-day copybooks that "patience and perseverance will overcome all difficulties?" No woman should marry a man who has children to care for without a sufficiently deep and

SINCERE RESPECT AND AFFECTION

For him to enable her to do her duty by his children, cheerfully and conscientiously, for his sake, if not for their own. It is her duty to study their varying characters, and pursue such a course of treatment as will, she thinks, in each case prove most beneficial, and bring out all that is best and noblest in their natures. I fancy the instances are rare when she will not in time learn to love them for their own sake. Above all things, she should be thoroughly just and impartial, and let them see and feel that she has their best interests and truest happiness at heart. Let her not be turned aside one iota from the course she has marked out in her own mind as most proper and feasible by the sometimes well meant, but oftener interfering meddlesome suggestions of those who call themselves friends, but who cannot possibly understand

matters very little whether friends are satisfied with the particular course she deems it best to pursue. Do the best she may her trials will be manifold. Even if she have the co-operation and encouragement of her husband, and the respectful obedience of his children, there will be many times when she will feel almost tempted to give up in despair—when it will seem as if she would never succeed and her best efforts seem perfect failures. If instead of this she is obliged to bear the burdens alone, and has to struggle against prejudice and ill will, who can say how dark are sometimes the days that never feel the sunshine of sympathy and help. I shall say nothing more of those monstrosities yclept stepmothers, who marry a man simply for convenience sake, with no thought of the responsibilities they are about to incur, and no intention of trying in any way to fill the place of the mother who has gone. These are not fit to live, much less to be respected or endured. They ought to be hooted out of every community. But the thoughtful and earnest women who accept their position, knowing well its difficulties, and fight nobly on through all obstacles and many a heartache, these are deserving of heartfelt admiration and sympathy. Let us weigh invective carefully, and understand thoroughly the whys and wherefores of the situation before we join in the general tirade that has become too common in our midst against mothers-in-law and stepmothers.

AGATHA.

An Evening of Science.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences last night, Professor Davidson in the chair, R. R. McLeod, W. A. Jones, John T. Doyle and James S. Lawson donated to the cabinet specimens of brown iron ore found on the Mohave desert, fossil shells from the outcrop of a deposit in Santa Clara valley, indurated clay containing fossil shells found at an elevation of 1500 feet over Point Sal, in Santa Barbara county; like specimens showing the formation of ledges on Lospe hill, a fragment of the impression of a fossil fish, samples of red and yellow ocher, fragments of fossil bones found on the surface of the ground 750 feet above the level of the sea and conglomerate pudding-stones found thirty feet below the earth's surface.

Dr Harkness described a fungus which, he said, was doing much injury to the leaves of the cherries and apricots.

Climatic changes were also scientifically discussed by Dr. Gibbon and Professor Davidson, after which the Academy adjourned.

The Way of the World.

Deep water, cool river—
Hard toiling, no bread—
A shock and a shiver,
And life will have fled—
There's none to deliver,
The woman is dead!
Drag out the corpse by the streaming long hair—
Hard-hearted crowd, gather round it and stare.

Hard working, hard thinking,
Brought only disease;
She felt herself sinking,
Life brought her no ease,
So, out of it shrinking,
She—think as you please—
Drag out the corpse by its streaming long hair,
You'll know where her soul is, when yours, too, is there.

"God is a spirit:"
So, preacher, is she;
As for her merit,
She's mortal like thee;
And she may inherit
Where you cannot be.
So bury her body, no mourners, no hearse,
She isn't a pauper; ah no, she is worse!

The cold earth will cover
Forever from sight,
The features a lover
Once viewed with delight;
But God is above her,
And He will do right,
Fling her poor flesh in a suicide's grave;
Moralize—ye who did nothing to save.

TWO READERS (Pulaski, Pa.) ask: "1st. Has Philadelphia a greater number of buildings, in city limits, than New York—if she has, how many? 2d. Is Philadelphia called the largest city in the Union, leaving out population? 3d. Has Philadelphia or New York the longest built up street? 4th. How far is it from the Battery to Union Square, and from there to Central Park, Broadway entrance? By informing us in regard to the above, you will oblige." (1) Philadelphia has between thirty and forty thousand more buildings than there are in the city of New York. (2) The *Public Ledger* says, in respect of manufactures, Philadelphia is "the first in the United States, and, except London, is believed to be the largest in the world." (3) Broad street, Philadelphia, is so long that we conclude Broadway, N. Y., must give way to it. How far the former is "built up," we cannot judge. (4) From the Battery to the Central Park is about five miles, and Union Square is about mid-way. But where is the use of details? If we may be allowed to speak for New York, we concede everything to Philadelphia, and consider it mere modesty on the part of Mr. Childs in the *Public Ledger* to say "Philadelphia, in point of numbers, is the second in America, and the fourth in rank among the cities of the civilized world."

Since the earthquake of November last at Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, a curious phenomenon has been noticed in connection with a well at that place. This well is about one hundred and ninety-three feet deep, and from it there issues a strong current of air, so that fragments of paper thrown into its mouth are at once borne aloft as though by a brisk wind. The phenomenon had never been noticed before the earthquake.

A case of poisoning by carbolic acid has occurred in a German hospital. A tablespoonful of a solution, consisting of six parts water and one part carbolic acid, was administered to the patient by mistake, and produced death. On post-mortem examination, the stomach was the only part of the system in which the presence of the poison could be detected.

The formation of an interior sea in the desert of Sahara has been proposed by a member of the French Geographical Society, in consequence of which that body has requested the Government of Tunis to survey the bed of a salt marsh known as the Mel-Rhir, which is twenty-seven metres—about eighty-eight and a half feet—lower than the level of the Mediterranean Sea.

The automatic weighing machine used to sort sovereigns in the mint at Melbourne is an exquisitely arranged little contrivance, so sensitive that the temperature of the room where it is kept must be maintained at a certain height, never below sixty degrees Fahrenheit. It is said to be far superior to the similar machine in the Bank of England.

A new method of tempering steel has been brought to the notice of the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The heated steel is quenched in heated water, the temperature of which varies with the size of the piece of metal. M. H. Caron states that this treatment does not affect the softness of the steel, but increases its elasticity.

A singular use for gun-cotton is suggested in *Nature*. "A more ready plan of felling timber does not probably exist," says that journal, "than that of placing around the stem of a tree a chain or necklace of the explosive in the form of compressed cakes, the detonation of these dividing the trunk as sharply as the keenest axe."

Every year, in the months of August and September, there is a migration of butterflies across the Isthmus of Panama from east to west. The species of butterfly is very beautiful, being the *Urania fulgens*, which has golden stripes on a black ground. The migration took place this year as usual.

Subterranean pneumatic tubes are much used in Paris for the transmission of despatches. In working them, it has freqently been found exceedingly difficult to locate the disarrangements which occasionally occur and block up the whole line for the time being. Sometimes a street has been broken up in several places before the exact spot of difficulty could be detected. Recently, however, a method has been contrived whereby the precise locality of the obstruction can be ascertained by firing a pistol near the mouth of the tube.

Is there none of you children, in there in the glow,
To look out and see where those poor feet go?

After the holidays, you've had enough;
Your toys are still new, though the season is rough;
You have love of the heart, and flash of the fire,
And almost whatever your hearts desire.
Madcaps! is there not one in the glow
To look out and see where those poor feet go?

Perhaps, if you knew—your faces are sweet!—
You would pity and pray. For those poor feet
Lead to a home that is poor and mean,
Where haggard sorrow alone is seen,
And from whose windows no festive glow
Has ever flashed out on the knee-deep snow.

Oh, madcaps! who roll in the roses of life,
Who never have dreamed of its care and strife,
Long may your bright heads hide from the storm
Which has wrapped from view that hapless form!
May your eyes never look into comforting glow,
Like those wistful and wide ones that looked in from the snow!

And when you have power and wealth, as you may
In the sunset of life, forget not, I pray,
Any white little face, any poor little form,
That looks in on you from a knee-deep storm;
For the angels of heaven look in, and know
Where small feet falter and sad hearts go.

The Sweetest Songs.

The sweetest songs that were ever sung,
Are those that please the best,
Though sorrow and grief, and tears are wrung,
From some o'er burdened breast;
Though the words breathe only of mirth and bloom,
And the strains are the gladdest and lightest,
Remember that after a night of gloom,
The rays of the sun are brightest.

The rain must fall, ere the spring-time grass
Grows tender and green and sweet
Through the pangs of travail a soul must pass,
Ere a song is born complete.
After a winter of storm and snow,
Blossom the buds in our bowers;
After a season of tears and woe,
Blossoms the poet's flowers.

There are few who give the poet a thought,
When they read the pleasing strain;
There are few who know that a poem is wrought
Through sorrow and tears and pain.
The merriest song and the blithest lay,
And those that are sweetest and gladdest,
Are woven in gloomy and cheerless ray,
When the poets heart is saddest.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

[The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the *Edinburgh Review*, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon."]

Oh, let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The steps that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and woe
When age comes on!

THE THREE FLOWERS.

BY J. HULL.

A stranger from a far-off land,
Within my garden, waste and dried,
Planted a plant with wounded hand,
Moistened it with his blood—and died.

And from one stem three branches grew,
Of diverse fashion, wondrous fair,
From which the summer sunbeams drew
Three lovely blossoms rich and rare.

As ardent as the morning light
That melts the stars like flakes of snow
So did one flower's intensest white
A lake of light translucent glow.

Another like a sapphire sky,
And in its heart a star of white,
That shone and mirrored in the eye
A depth of color infinite.

The third was like a kindling eye,
And smiles with heart's blood warmly drawn,
Or clouds of pearl and rosy dye
That sail and kindle in the dawn.

To grace the garden of my heart
They caught the sunbeam from above,
And wove their tints with heavenly art
In one device—"Faith, Hope, and Love."

Short of sunshine, yet the storm-fiend in
his blessings most prolific,
And between the lack of coal and the scant
supply of rations,
The terminus seemed nearing without
passing any stations.

Now, to shoot across the chasms, and to
reach the grand Sierras,
Where the stars in smoke and vapor seem
like ruddy hanging cherries,
With the air like an elixir, is a rapture
worthy heroes,
But to starve in prison, comrades, with the
weather in the zeroes.

We had toiled like giants, listened for the
"fast express" with faces
Begrimed, yet white, and not with frost,
or bright with Christian graces;
The hunger and the cold, you see, on rail-
road men are trying,
And the ace of honest labor is a poor re-
sort for lying.

You can brave a danger, coming with a
shriek and rush and tremble,
Like the roar of bursting bombs, but this
death, stooping to dissemble,
And stealing on you softly, like a great
white bear to smother
Every manly throb, until you turn aghast
from one another.

God of mercy! that last evening, by our
dim fire hunger-driven,
Failing succor, only whisky, dying hope
(and may be heaven),
Can you marvel if we broke the pledge,
even passing into Bodie,
He struck the flask aside and groaned,
"Not is I perish, Maudie!"

"Don't, boys, see, here are rations: I have
saved mine for your taking;
Leave the prison, I am glad to die, my
heart has long been breaking;
Eat while I pray to God, and her, my dar-
ling, and my angel."
Then we knew our grim old hero was a
martyr, an evangel.

Were we blind? But woe is selfish, and the
engineer was dying.
"Nay, my boys, to starve is nothing to re-
morse that's ever sighing.
I used to run the lightning on the Central,
and the fellows
Always smiled to see me hasten when we
came in sight of Bellows."

"For my daughter, little Maudie, with hair
like sunbeams braided,
And eyes of tender yearning by the white
Normandy shaded;
Ribbons flying, ringlets dancing, lips aglow
with merry greeting,
Dimpled arms held out to clasp me; oh, the
bliss of such a meeting."

And the great sad eyes grew misty, like
the glowing by a river,
And the brown hand sought his bosom in
an eager sort of shiver,
Found and kissed a locket meekly with the
blanching lips of famine;
Showed it to us, "My crucifix, please, boys,
no more damning!"

"Such a beauty! Is she living?" Poor
Jack Brodie, kneeling, crying.
"Living, yes, with holy beings, but I saw
my baby lying
Stark and crushed beneath my engine—can
I ever hope to reach her?
Is there expiation, mercy, for a lost, a
wretched creature?"

"I had drank that fatal evening, and a
broken rail was lying
Near the crossing; she espied it, and with
tiny lantern flying,
Bravely swung the warning signal. My
hand! alas, unsteady!
And I staggered, sick with horror, to her
little mangled body."

He was silent, gasping, shaking, but a cry
of anguish ringing
Through the car with sobs of pity, and Jack
Brodie, kneeling, clinging
To her sweet face with failing sight, "Don't
drink, my boys," he said;

And we took the pledge forever, in the
solemn hush of prayer,
Resolved to die (if die we must) like men,
not as the beast,
And then we heard the "General Grant"
come screaming from the east.
—*Helen Rich.*

SCIENCE.

One of the principal items of expense in the maintenance of a large aquarium, such as it is proposed to establish at Central Park in this city, is the cost of transmitting animals from distant points, in the case of those which have to be kept in water during transit. The experience of Mr. W. A. Lloyd, superintendent of the Crystal Palace aquarium, is instructive on this point. He has ascertained that many creatures, some of which never voluntarily leave the water, may be conveyed over distances of several hundreds of miles alive and well, if packed in damp, freshly-gathered sea-weeds. To send the same animals in water would increase the weight of the packages ten-fold. The annual consumption of live shrimps by the animals in the Crystal Palace aquarium amounts to a ton in weight. They cost the establishment about a shilling a quart; brought to the aquarium packed according to Mr. Lloyd's plan. If brought in water, they would cost a guinea per quart. Among the nine fishes which are mentioned as capable of safe conveyance in sea-weed is the amphioxus, of which Mr. Lloyd says that a specimen once came alive from Naples in a post-letter.

Captain A. H. Markham, R. N., in his recent cruise to Baffin's Bay, succeeded in collecting about twenty species of Arctic flowering plants, among them the beautiful little *Pleuropogon Sabini*, which, according to D. J. D. Hooker, is the only genus absolutely confined to the Arctic regions. The genus includes only this solitary species, which, curiously enough, has never been found on the coast of Greenland, but occurs only on the Arctic American islands. It was originally discovered at Melville Island, during Parry's expedition of 1819-20, by Sir Edward Sabine, whose name it bears. Dr. Bessels, of the *Polaris* party, collected four species of flowering plants from the highest latitude in which flowering plants have ever yet been found, namely, 82 degrees N. One of them is the common dandelion (*Taraxacum dens-leonis.*)

The French minister of agriculture is making the most determined efforts to arrest the vine disease which has assumed such formidable proportions in France. An accomplished chemist has been sent into the country to make it his exclusive study, and each day he spends several hours lying on the ground close to the affected plants, and watches the minute insect called the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, which makes such havoc among them. He finds that "they take a constitutional walk at noon and retire at sunset. The only way to protect a vine is to lay bare the roots of the plant so as to make a circular basin, and to keep this filled with water for several days."

A remarkable aurora was visible in New York and vicinity on the night of the 14th of October. It was first noticeable at about half-past six o'clock in the evening in the form of a beautiful cloud of crimson light extending over a considerable portion of the northern sky, and reaching nearly to the zenith. Many persons mistook it for the reflection of a large fire somewhere in the city. Notwithstanding that the night was clear and the moon nearly at the full, a fine auroral arch was visible in the north at eleven o'clock, with several well-defined and extensive patches of the same rosy light seen earlier in the evening.

Aseptin is the name of a meat-preservative mixture used in Sweden. It consists of boracic acid and alum in equal parts. A writer in the *Polytechnisches Journal* of Dr. Dingler says that two pounds of milk, which under ordinary circumstances would become sour in thirty-six hours, can be kept sweet for one hundred and twenty hours, by the addition of fifteen grains of boracic acid. He adds that this acid improves beer, even in the warmest weather.

It is a noteworthy fact that notwithstanding the number of lions and tigers annually killed by British sportsmen, there is no skeleton of a wild lion or a wild tiger in either the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, or the Oxford University Museum. The anatomical preparations which these institutions possess are derived from menagerie specimens, in which the bony framework lacks full development.

At the usual semi-monthly meeting of the Academy of Sciences John W. Taylor was proposed for resident membership, while Louis A Garnett, Seth Cook, Stanley Forbes and William J. Shaw were elected life members, and Henry A. Sonntag, a resident member.

The usual donations to the Academy's extensive museum were acknowledged. Through Dr. A. Kellogg was presented by Dr. Harkness a remarkable parasite of the broomrape or cancer root family, found on the roots of the madrona tree, in the Sierras, possessed of medicinal virtues, and applied externally for the relief of ulcers and kindred sores.

To correct a general misapprehension, Chairman Moore explained that the Crocker-Stanford collection yet remains on exhibition at the Mercantile Library Hall on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week.

President Davidson, writing from Washington, D. C., communicated the observation of the occultation of Jupiter by the dark limb of the moon on the 19th of April, and the only observation made of the phenomenon. Until within two or three minutes of the phenomenon Jupiter was seen only occasionally, and moderately distinct, then coming out brightly with the satellites invisible. The siderial time of the disappearance was as follows: With the largest telescope, 10h. 37m. 40.8s.; with the smaller, 10h. 37m. 38.3s.

Dr. George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., then delivered a lecture on biology in its special reference to microscopic animal and locomotive vegetable life. The lecturer was assisted by Professor W. E. James, who, by photomicrographs displayed through a powerful stereopticon, exhibited the lower forms of cell structure and the corpuscles of animal and human blood. The lecturer showed how some of the most death-dealing maladies that assail mankind have their origin in rod-shaped parasites, and demonstrated how their ill-effects may be guarded against by a process of vaccination.

Resolutions were adopted expressive of the Academy's profound regret and sorrow at the announcement of the death of Lieutenant DeLong and those who died with him.

To My Mother.

Oh! I long to see you to-night, mother,
I long to kiss your cheek;
I long once more to hear your voice
Some loving accent speak.
For I have sat and sewed, mother,
Until it is growing late,
And of you I have been thinking, mother,
It seems for you I must wait.

For with every stich that I drew, mother
(Though not a word did I say.)
Was a pleasant thought of you, mother,
Of you, though so far away.
'Tis many a day since we parted, mother,
Alas, 'tis many a week,
And the weeks have grown to months,
mother,
Since last I kissed your cheek.

Oh, will we e'ermore meet, my mother?
Shall I e'er more press your cheek
Again with a fervent kiss, mother,
And hear your calm voice speak;
Speak, with the same calm gentle tones
That soothed me in childhood's hour—
That voice so full of love alone—
Of love, the beauteous flower

That buds and blooms in your mother
heart?
For none can love like thee.
For although we are so far apart,
I know thou lovest me
With a love as lasting as this life,
A love that none can sever.
If e'er we meet we'll part no more,
No, never, never, never!
—*Lizzie A. McCunsey.*

Santa Fe, N. M., is the oldest city in the United States. It was founded in 1535. Tucson, A. T., is the second city in age, being but seven years younger than Santa Fe. The citizens profess that they are not puffed up with pride because of their antiquity.

stored without danger, ... will burn without explosion.

An able paper on the Scintillation of the Stars was read by M. Respighi, the distinguished astronomer, at the recent meeting of the French Association for the Promotion of Science, held at Bordeaux, in which the author shows that the rotation of the earth on its axis is one of the principal elements in causing the twinkling of the stars.

Charles F. Chandler and William H. Chandler, professors of chemistry at the Columbia College School of Mines and Lehigh University, Pa., respectively, have lately been chosen fellows of the Chemical Society of London, a distinction rarely conferred, we believe, on American chemists.

The phosphorescence of the glow-worm and all other phosphorescent animals is ascribed by Dr. T. L. Phipson, a devoted student of the subject, to an organic substance which he calls noctilucene. He believes that this is also the cause of the phosphorescent light of sea-water.

Glycerine, says the *Athenæum*, may be used with great advantage in the preparation of leather, not in the process of tanning, but as a bath after the tanning is completed. Leather thus treated acquires a peculiar softness especially desirable in machine belts.

The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* recommends sulphite or bi-sulphite of lime to prevent the fermentation of cider. It imparts no taste to the liquor, and leaves an insoluble precipitate of sulphate of lime, from which the contents of the barrel may be drawn off.

OLIVES.

There was brought to this office this week by M. P. Owen, a branch from an olive tree on the grounds of Mr. A. A. Hecox, near Kirby's tannery, which was loaded with ripe and ripening olives, and contained many new blossoms for the next crop. Mr. Owen thinks there is 1,000 pounds of olives on the tree, many remaining dried from the last crop which ripened in February. The thrift of this tree indicates that olives would flourish finely in this locality, and where a sufficient quality of fruit is produced the manufacture of oil is very profitable.

BABY'S FINGERS ON THE PANE.

[Some of the old pieces after all stand the wear of years remarkably well. This old, weather-beaten poem by Proctor is now going the rounds of the Eastern Press.]

From the music softly stealing
Down the dim arcade of years,
Come the melodies I treasure,
Hallowed by my joys and tears;
And amid their magic numbers,
Reaching down a golden chain,
I can hear a baby's fingers
Tapping on the window pane.

When my hands with toil were weary,
And the twilight shadows fell,
And I wandered slowly homeward
To my cot within the dell,
Then my weary steps grew lighter,
As there floated down the lane,
Music sweet of baby's fingers
Tapping on the window pane.

Oft the world in coldness met me
And would crush me in its pride;
Oft misfortune gathered round me
To o'erthrow me with its tide.
Sick and weary, faint and hungry;
I would wander up that lane;
Then how clear was baby's fingers
Calling at the window pane.

But one eve a darkened shadow
Fell across the cottage floor,
And the crape upon the morrow
Hung its folds along the door.
Years of weariness and sorrow
I have listened all in vain

Of the city pure of gold,
There is waiting for my footsteps
Papa's baby as of old.
And some summer day in Heaven
Treading up a pearly lane,
I shall hear my baby's fingers
Tapping on the window pane.

The color of the silk produced by silk-worms can be regulated to a considerable extent by the substances on which the worms are fed. By feeding the silk-worms on vine leaves, silk of a fine red color has been obtained by M. Ruimet, in France; and another Frenchman, M. Delidon de St. Gilles of La Vendée, has obtained green, yellow and violet cocoons by feeding the worms on vine, lettuce and nettle leaves.

A beautiful instrument, called a chronoscope, invented by Captain Andrew Noble, F. R. S., has been successfully employed in England, to ascertain the rate at which a string or row of gun-cotton discs placed close to one another, will successively explode if detonated at one extremity. It is found that the rapidity of the detonation of gun-cotton is about twenty thousand feet per second.

The opinion that the Yosemite valley was once filled to its brim by a great glacier is still entertained by Prof. Le Conte, of the University of California, though Prof. Whitney, the State geologist, who formerly believed that the valley was once occupied by a glacier to the depth of one thousand feet, now thinks there is no sufficient evidence of the existence of such a glacier.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

(1) How many miles north of San Francisco has any Arctic expedition ever been? (2) How many persons left San Francisco on the Jeannette? (3) How near has anybody ever been to the North Pole? and who were they? P.

[Captain Parry, an English officer, on sledges, penetrated to latitude 82 degrees 45 minutes in 1827—the farthest point north ever attained. Dr. Hayes, an American, wintered nearly 82 degrees North latitude—the farthest north in which men ever wintered. You can figure out the miles for yourself, a degree being about sixty-nine miles. Between thirty and forty persons sailed on the Jeannette.]

TO EXTERMINATE COCKROACHES.

I have lately moved into a house infested with cockroaches. None of my friends know a remedy to get rid of these pests. Can you, or one of your numerous readers, suggest one, and oblige VICTIM.

[The following are recommended, but we have no personal experience as to their efficacy: A mixture of red lead, Indian meal and molasses, it is said, will be eagerly eaten by them, and soon destroys them. It is also claimed that borax, sprinkled about their resorts, will drive them away. Paris green, phosphorus or arsenic are sometimes used, but are dangerous.]

VARIETIES.

(1) What is the meaning of the initial letters "J. B. L." on the neck of female on twenty dollar pieces? (2) Where are the three mints located east of the Rocky Mountains, and what are their initial letters? (3) Where is the Giant's Causeway? (4) Where is the Golden Horn? (5) Are any of the political speeches of the late E. J. C. Kewen now in print, if so, where can they be procured? DON CARLOS.

[(1) They are the initials of either the designer or the engraver of the die. We think they are not found on the pieces coined recently. (2) Answered elsewhere. (3) On the coast of the County of Antrim, Ireland. (4) At Constantinople. (5) If anywhere, in the local papers of the period.]

Glass coins appear to have been once in use among the Arabians, as we learn from a paper recently read before the Numismatic Society of London. It is stated that they became a part of the Arabic currency during a seven years' famine, when there was a great scarcity of gold and silver. This was between 427 and 487 years after the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca, from which event the Mohammedans reckon all their dates. As this occurred in the year 622 of our era, the period of Arabic glass coins must therefore have extended from A. D. 1049 to A. D. 1109.

Thirty-five boiler explosions occurred in France in the years 1870 and 1871, of which all but five were, as appears by the recently issued *Annales des Mines*, due to carelessness of construction or inspection, or to want of proper management.

But the fall of coming feet
Brings the sunshine from the lea;
Down the path through golden wheat,
Baby dear comes home to me.

Sitting by my window here,
Thinking of the long ago;
Of a day that brought me pain,
When I learned to love you so;
Brought sweet rest to heart and brain,
And a bliss you ne'er can know.

It was in the Autumn weather,
All the hollows filled with leaves;
And the swallows, noisy housewives,
Ever chattering in the leaves;
Busy tending to their households
Up among the mossy eaves.

And the sifting clouds were ever
Drifting o'er a sky of blue,
And their shadows, sometimes lifting,
Let a straggling sunbeam through;
Drifting clouds forever sifting,
Let the sunshine glimmer through.

But I only saw the shadows,
Only wished that I could die:
For, to me, Love had been cruel,
Took a kiss, but left a sigh.
What is life but bitter dreaming?
I will lay me down and die.

Then, through all the stormy weather,
As I cried in bitter pain,
Where the drifting clouds were sifting,
Down a tiny blossom came;
On my dead heart softly falling,
Woke it up to life again.

Ah, that touch of baby fingers
Brought a wealth of joy untold;
Words of passionate devotion,
And the love that ne'er grows cold;
For it weaves my life in brightness
With a tiny thread of gold.

So you know the reason, darling,
Why my life came back to me,
When the Autumn clouds were drifting
Far across the sobbing sea;
All my hopes in life were founded
On that day you came to me.

So I watch the lengthening shadows
Falling soft on land and sea;
Praying for your future, baby,
As I wish that I could be,
And that God would ever keep you
From the fate that came to me.

—*Elizabeth Y. Hiscox.*

The Parting Hour.

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart;
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part.
But this I've seen, and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who *goes* is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventurous, dangerous, far—
To the wild deep, or bleak frontier,
To solitude, or war—
Still, something cheers the heart that dares,
In all of human kind,
And they who *go* are happier
Than those they leave behind.

* * * * * *

Have you a friend, a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part, as part you will,
O, take it not unkind
If he who *goes* is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is—
The pilgrims on their way
The worn and weak, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down, to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

—*Edward Pollock.*

Father, help me every hour,
Grant me grace for every day,
So to live that, by Thy power,
I may put all sin away!

Father, let Thy will be mine,
All my will absorbed in Thee;
Let the Graces in me shine—
Gifts of mercy unto me!

Father, fill my heart with Love,
Keep it pure and free from sin,
That its thoughts Thou canst approve,
So that Peace may enter in!

Father, keep me evermore!
Keep my heart at peace with Thee,
Let Thy Holy Spirit pour
Its reviving breath on me!

—*F. G. Wheeler, in N. Y. Independent.*

A Woman's Vail.

It was full many a season since,
When I was Summering at Cape May;
They had a foolish fashion there—
Mayhap they have the same to-day—
That every lady in the dance,
If pleased with any should not fail
Unto the partner she preferred,
To give her vail.

And there was one I mind me of,
Whose name—well, never mind her name;
Helen or Alice, Blanche or Maud,
To you who read will be the same.
But that old fashion of the vail,
Happily recalls the past, and stirs
Memories that cluster round the night—
She gave me hers.

She flushed, poor child, in giving it,
And I, too, felt my brow grow warm,
As laughingly, with fingers deft,
She knotted it about my arm:
And though the color on her cheek
Was like the light in morning skies,
I thought I saw a holier dawn
Within her eyes.

The dance was over and we strolled
Out from the ball-room's glittering press,
To meet the breeze that many armed
Clasped each one in its cool caress;
And sauntering on we reached the sea—
The far waltz music's cadence sweet,
Mixed with the sound of waves that died
About our feet.

We talked of, what I now forget,
But carelessly, or seeming so;
Next day I was to leave, but then
In town we'd meet again, you know,
Ah, well-a-day! the gods dispose;
And ruined hopes are worse than vain;
She laughed good-by—I never saw
Her face again.

Time changes us not for the best,
Though grief sometimes defeats his art,
And keeps his little patch Spring-green
In the white Winter of the heart.
And mine, though colder grown with years
Feels that it is not frozen quite,
As memory goes wandering back
To that June night.

And something on the Summer eves,
Within my chamber all alone,
I watch the moon rise o'er the roofs
And think I hear the ocean's tone:
And through the smoke of my cigar,
See loves and joys I have not met,
That as they vanish in the haze
Leave my cheeks wet.

Life's a sad puzzle, and our hearts,
Grow faint in searching for the clue;
She went before at twenty-five,
And I live at fifty-two—
And wait the end; for well I know
That I shall meet her without fail,
On some Spring morning—and till then
I keep the vail.

And shadows fall black on the sea,
But the shadow that falls on my heart
Will never depart from me.
A while ago and the birds
They were singing everywhere,
Now the darkness slowly falls
And a silence fills the air.

And the sky frowns down on the shore,
Unbrightened with never a star,
And a lonely and shattered wreck
Near the break of the harbor bar.
Loud the sorrowful sigh of the sea,
With no other sound beside
The moan of the plaintive waves
And the beat of the restless tide.

But the Summer will come once more,
Yet its glory comes not for me,
Though happy birds return and sing
From lands across the sea;
For now no more is ever heard
My baby's laugh—though soft winds blow
And sweet birds sing, their melodies
Are but a discord in my woe.

Ah me! that bitter Summer time,
We laid my darling to his rest;
A lily white was softly held
In two dead hands upon his breast;
And all the sweetness of the years
Can hold no sweetness for my heart,
For with the fading of his face
Love's sweetest tie was torn apart.

Among the blossoms he loved best,
As pure and white as stainless snow,
We laid the sweetest flower of all,
And left him to his deep repose.
The bitter tears fall from my eyes
That burn the soul from which they start,
But prayers and tears can never move
To one more throb that silent heart.

And soon again the clover-blooms
Will drift their fragrance on the air,
But I shall neither know nor care
Howe'er the seasons come and go;
For what to me are flowers that grow,
Or brightness of the Summer's sheen,
When blossoms white now bud and blow,
O tender love, our hearts between?

How strange to think the Spring will come
With blossoms sweet, and birds again
Will sing a glad song and soft winds blow,
While graves are covered with the mold
Of last year's beauty, and below
Lay forms we love all still and cold;
Yes, birds will sing though my heart break
And finds no solace for its woe.

—*Elizabeth Youngberg Hiscox.*

HOPE.

I do not sorrow as though hopeless—
Christ is mine!
And in beams of purest radiance
Blessings shine.
Clouds may darken thick around me,
Yet, all through,
Glimpses of the brightest sunlight
Meet my view.

Through deep sorrow and experience
Hope appears,
Bringing Christ and heaven nearer—
Vain my fears!
Friends and wealth may surely leave me
Day by day,
Still I've mercies sweet to lean on
By the way.

Oh! the sympathy of Jesus
Maketh whole;
Healing, soothing and refreshing
Each poor soul—
Giving hope and peace and comfort,
Full and free—
Heed the tender invitation:
"Come to Me."

So no sorrow seemeth endless;
Christ, in love,
Sends the truest hope to cheer me
From above,
Shows me love and deep compassion
Not in vain,
And with sweetest consolation
Soothes my pain.

Hours are daily growing brighter,
Gone is fear,
And experience gained by sorrow
Grows more dear;
Hope is now around, above me,
All is rest!
For I'm SURE my Heavenly Father
Doeth best.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

A QUEER MISTAKE.

I've hunted and I've hunted till my arms and fingers ache;
I'm sure that papa must have made a very queer mistake;
There's nothing here but great big leaves, as far as I can tell,
All covered up with dreadful words too hard to speak or spell.
I thought perhaps I'd find the cart I lost so long ago,
Or my quarter, or some marbles, or a dozen knives or so.
But it isn't any use to try—I think I'd better stop,
For I haven't found a single thing, not even my new top.
Yet papa *surely* said: "Now, boys, the Dictionary, mind,
Is the proper place to look for everything you want to find."

Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams await thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee—
Do not fear an armed band.
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not laugh at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hours despond
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere thy pilgrimage be done!

—*Dickens.*

Only a Woman.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Only a woman, shriveled and old?
The play of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'erbold;
Only a woman, forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of its music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her,
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold on a ice-cold throne,
What do they care for her?
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread but a stone.
Under old laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her happiest lays!
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

Value of Foreign Silver Coins.

We have received from the Director of the Mint a statement of the valuations in United States money of the various coins of the world. These valuations are made by the Treasury Department on the 1st of January in each year, and govern Custom House officers in the appraisement of dutiable goods for the purpose of fixing the duties. The list of valuations is substantially the same as a year ago. The only changes are annexed:

	1882.	1883.
Austria, Florin	40.6	40.1
Bolivia, Boliviano	82.3	81.2
Ecuador, Peso	82.3	81.2
India, Rupee	39.0	38.6
Mexico, Dollar	89.4	88.2
Peru, Sol	82.3	81.2
Russia, Rouble	65.8	65.0
Tripoli, Mahbub	74.3	73.3
United States of Colombia, Peso	82.3	81.2

The above are all silver coins, while the valuations are in gold coin of the United States. The peso of the Argentine Republic, not valued a year ago, is now valued at 96.5, whether in gold or silver.

Manufacturers of gunpowder are introducing tools, locks, and keys made of phosphor-bronze into their works, for the reason that this new alloy does not emit sparks when struck.

Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless between its banks of green,
From curve to curve it slips:
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown:
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain-cradle shows,—
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain-wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud:
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this:
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan,
These purple vails of air?
What Presence from the heavenly hights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky;
The golden water pales;
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all:
The sunset-fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost;
God's colors all are fast:
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed,—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime:
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell!—these smiling hills must wear
Too soon their Wintry frown.
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
The maple's red leaves down:
But I shall see a Summer sun
Still setting broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
The golden water flow.
A lover's claim is mine on all
I see, to have and hold,—
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
And sunsets never cold.

George Washington.

[The following patriotic hymn was written two years ago for a celebration of the Fourth of July by American citizens resident in Vienna, Austria. It was composed of Xaver Riedl, a German citizen, who had become impressed with the noble character of Washington during a six months' sojourn in this country. The words were set to music by Professor W. H. Pommer of St. Louis, and were sung with enthusiasm on the occasion referred to. The translation is by Professor Davidson of the Coast Survey and President of the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.]

George Washington, heroic man,
Redeemer of a rising world,
Whom God, in sport of tyrants' ban,
Upon this continent hath hurled:
With soul as pure as peak of snow,
Our great example still art thou,
Who standest, beacon of the brave,
Where proud the holy starry bann
wave!

Forevermore ... shine and save
Where pure ... the holy starry banners
wave!

Thy lofty spir... never drew
Th' accur...ed breath of selfish ways,
And so th... actions far outgrew
The ...deeds of men of other days:
And we preserve, at thy behest,
A home for all that are opprest;
We wait not till they come to crave
Where proud the holy starry banners
wave!

In early youth a man's true heart
Beat for the land that gave thee birth;
While others played their childish part,
Thou bor'st the burden of the earth.
And so we lay, as thou didst thine,
Our powers on Freedom's holy shrine,
And on our hearts thy word engrave,
Where high the holy starry banners
wave.

Thou brok'st the foeman's haughty mood
By manly sacrifice of self,
Nor ever shed thy people's blood
For sake of glory or of pelf.
So we, like thee, shall choose the right
To follow in the hour of fight,
When foemen claim us for their slaves
Where strong the holy starry banner
waves.

And thou wast strong in conscious worth,
And strong, thro' faith in God, thy soul,
"With God," in deeds o'er all the earth,
Thy motto rolls from pole to pole,
And so, whatever we attain,
This word our motto shall remain
So long as sea Columbia laves,
Where high the holy starry banner
waves.

And thou hast reared the lofty dome,
A monument to all the world,
And given to Liberty a home—
Her flag shall never more be furled:
Secure that dome shall ever stand
From froward and from impious hand,
For this eternity we crave,
Where Thou, O God! a hundred years
Hast seen the starry banners wave!

The Shadow on the Wall.

My home a stately dwelling is,
With lofty arching doors;
There is carving on the ceiling high,
And velvet on the floors;
A rich and costly building,
Where noiseless servants wait,
And 'neath the escutcheon's gilding
None enter but the great.
But a happier home is near it, a humble cottage small,
And I envy its sweet mistress the shadows on the wall.

My pictures are the pride of art,
And drawn by cunning hands;
But the painted figures never move,
Nor change the painted lands;
Before the poorest window
More gorgeous pageants glide,
Within the lowliest household
More lifelike groups abide;
And I turn from soulless symbols, that crowd my gloomy hall,
To watch the shifting shadows upon the cottage wall.

My stately husband never bends
To kiss me on the lips;
His heart is in his iron safe,
His thoughts are with his ships;
But when the twilight gathers
Adown the dusky street,
The little housewife listens
For sounds of coming feet.
And by the gleaming firelight I see a figure tall
Bend down to kiss a shadow, a shadow on the wall.

My garden palings, broad and high,
Shut in its costly spoils,
And through the ordered paths all day
The silent gardener toils;
My neighbor's is a grass-plat,

...nes on a Confederate Note.

...following lines were found ...n on the back of a Confederate note:

...enting nothing on God's earth now,
...naught in the world below it
...pledge of a nation that's dead and
...one
...it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear,
To the tale that this paper can tell,
Of Liberty born of the patriot's dream
Of the storm cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still.
Coin was so rare that the treasury shook
If a dollar was dropped in the till.

But the faith within us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold;
Yet as gold the soldier received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue.
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it; it tells our history o'er,
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest and born of the angel of hope
Like the hope of success it passed.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

[The following is a most remarkable composition. It evidences an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in *italics*, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, forms the Lord's Prayer complete:]

Make known the gospel truths, *our* Father king,
Yield us thy grace, dear *Father*, from above,
Bless us with hearts *which* feeling can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of Love?"
Assuage our grief *in* love *for* Christ we pray,
Since the bright prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed the* display,
Infant *be*-ing, first a man *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known,
In Jesus' *name* let all the world rejoice.
Now labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry.
Enemies to *thy* self and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will*, we live *for* vanity.
Loathing the very *be*-ing, *evil* in design.
O God, thy will be *done from* earth to heaven;
Reclining *on* the gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven.
Oh! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,
Useless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe.
Carnal, *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven*, in *us* hope we can not know;
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on the way.
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace,
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay,
Oh? grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease,
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame,
Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and we*'ll adore thy name,
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die.
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son' *our* Saviour, bled on Calvary.

sunbeams fall,
Till evening throws its shadows upon the cottage wall.

My petted lap-dog, warm and soft,
Nestles upon my knee:
My birds have shut their diamond eyes
That love to look for me;
Lonely, I watch my neighbor,
And watching can but weep,
To see her rock her darlings
Upon her breast asleep.
Alas! my doves are gentle, my dog comes at my call,
But there is no childish shadow upon my chamber wall.

My beauty is the talk of fools,
And by the gaslight's glare,
In glittering dress and gleaming gems,
I know that I am fair;
But there is something fairer,
Whose charm in loving lies,
And there is something dearer—
The light of happy eyes.
So I return triumphant, queen of the brilliant ball,
To envy the sweet shadow of the housewife on the wall.

My earthly lot is rich and high,
And hers is poor and low;
Yet I would give my heritage
Her deeper joys to know;
For husbands that are lovers
Are rare in all the lands,
And hearts grow fit for heaven,
Molded by childish hands;
And while I go up lonely before the Judge of all,
A cherub troop will usher the shadow on the wall.

LIGHTHOUSE INSPECTION.

Annual Examination of the Twelfth District Stations.

Captain Coffin, Inspector of Lighthouses for the Twelfth district, has just completed an official visit to the twenty-five stations on this coast coming within his jurisdiction. The stations are situated along the coast line from Crescent City to San Diego. Each station has been supplied with oil, coal and such other material as is necessary in keeping up the light by night and the fog signals by day in stormy weather. A quantity of material calculated to be sufficient for one year's service has been left at each station. At each station once a year each lighthouse-keeper is subjected to a rigid examination as to his capacity for the position he occupies and as to proficiency in the matter of making use of the material at his disposal, in the management of lights and sounding of fog signals, and in fact in every duty connected with the position. At three of the stations new boilers for the steam fog whistles have just been put in place. These stations—Humboldt, Point Arena and Pigeon point—are three of the oldest in the district and the old boilers had been in use for a long time.

Captain Payson, Lighthouse Engineer for the district, has gone to Seal rock, off Crescent City, to examine the work now in progress there in cutting down the rock preparatory to the construction of a foundation-bed for the new lighthouse. The work has progressed rapidly and satisfactorily up to the present time, and there is no reason to look for anything but complete success in the present work, though the entire year will be consumed in the preparatory work. Seal rock, upon which the force is now working, is, approximately, 200 feet wide and 300 feet long. It is fifty-four feet high at the highest point and is surrounded by bold water. At times the sea breaks over the island and it is lost to sight for moments under the foaming waters. The work on the island is fraught with more than usual danger. Benches are now being cut for the granite piers of the foundation, and of course considerable blasting is being done. The working force is compelled to live aboard a little schooner called *La Niafa*, which is securely moored a short distance from the rock. They can work only when the schooner will go below in their snug little cabin when the storm is howling about them, surrounded by inky darkness, and sit and smoke or chat about the progress of their work, or occasionally spin long yarns of youthful adventure in foreign seas, and give not the slightest heed to the elementary disturbances, which would make a landsman crazy with fright. The light on Seal rock will be 150 feet above the level of the sea. It will be a first-order light, with duplicate steam fog signals.

A SHORT TERM.

Jack Best's Friends Petition for His Pardon.

It is but little more than a year since Jack Best left this city for a ten years' sojourn in the State Prison at San Quentin, for peculations which sunk the Engineer Department of the Twelfth Lighthouse district in an indebtedness from which it cannot hope to recover for several years. Efforts have already been made to secure a full and unconditional pardon for Best and he has confidence in the ultimate success of his friends in that direction. Some months ago the petition was prepared and presented to a number of the firms which had to all appearances been victimized by Best, and, strange as it may seem, several of these signed the petition. Other men of some influence were induced to append their names to the document. The Judge of the United States District Court, who sentenced Best, could not be induced to look at the petition, much less give it his indorsement, yet the document has been all the way across the continent, through all the mazes of redtape, and presented to the chief magistrate of the nation. For some reason it was sent back to this city to the present United States District-Attorney, either for verification as to statements of fact contained in it, or for some suggestion or recommendation, and has since been again returned to Washington, but no ultimate action has yet been taken. The Engineer Department of the Twelfth district is still indebted to various individuals and firms in the sum of $78,000, which has been misappropriated.

Jack Best's Better-Half.

Katie Best has brought suit in the Superior Court, asking Judge Hunt to dissolve the marital relations existing between her and John T. Best. The ground on which the divorce is sought is the conviction of the husband for felony, he having been sentenced by United States District Judge Hoffman to imprisonment at San Quentin for embezzlement of funds while Secretary of the Construction Department of the Lighthouse Service under Lieutenant-Colonel Williamson, since deceased.

Death of an Old Settler.

A. A. Hecox, father of Mrs. O. K. Stampley, well known in this county, where, with her husband, she resided for years, died at Santa Cruz, California, last Saturday. He had been light house-keeper at Santa Cruz for twenty years. The Carson Index says: "Mr. Hecox was 77 years of age, and had lived in Santa Cruz since '48, having gone to California in '46, at which last-named date he passed along the Humboldt in this State. He was appointed to the position he held by President Lincoln, and resided with his wife and youngest daughter at the light house. He was the father of Mrs. O. K. Stampley of Carson, who had been with him for several weeks previous to his

light house was a favorite resort for visitors, and an interesting place for observation of the ocean, both in calm and storm."

Mrs. O. K. Stampley left on Saturday evening to visit her dying father, Captain A. A. Hekox, for nearly 20 years light house keeper at Santa Cruz.

An Excellent Appointment

Miss Laura Hecox, sister to Mrs. O. K. Stampley, of this city, has been appointed to succeed her father as keeper of the light house at Santa Cruz. It is a well deserved compliment to the deceased and the family, for the excellent lady has for years managed the affairs of the institution. Nearly all of her young life has been spent on that rocky point, and she has collected a cabinet of curiosities that cannot be equalled in any sea-port on the Pacific coast.

Miss Laura Heckox, sister of Mrs. O. K. Stampley of Carson, has been appointed lighthouse keeper at Santa Cruz, Cal., vice her father, deceased.

MORRIS'—In this city, January 5, Joseph, beloved husband of Ella Morris and son of Mrs. A. F. Darling, a native of England, aged 34 years.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The Remains Lying in State at Atlanta—His Bequests.

ATLANTA (Ga.), March 4.—Alexander H. Stephens' death occurred at 3:30 o'clock in the morning. At 2 o'clock it was evident that he was much weaker and that a crisis was approaching. The doctors placed a strong mustard plaster on his wrist and let it remain for twenty minutes. When it was removed there was not the slightest sign of inflammation, showing that there was very little vitality left. A 2:30 the extremities became cold and clammy and assumed a purplish hue as the end drew near. Mr. Stephens was lying on his back, his head turned slightly to the right. A husky rattle in his throat that had been plainly perceptible earlier in the night had ceased entirely. There was no more heavy breathing and not the slightest gasping. At 3:15 the family was called in. After breathing almost imperceptibly for a few moments he died without the slightest tremor. The news of his death created the profoundest sensation, as he was not known to be so near death's door.

NEVADA'S FOSSIL CATACOMBS.

Some New and Interesting Discoveries at the State Prison Quarry.

Last Thursday some new fossil discoveries were made at a depth of 20 feet at the south end of the State Prison quarry by Warden Bell—namely, ten well formed teeth, measuring two inches in length and three-quarters of an inch wide (evidently belonging to some animal of the genus

discoveries, says the *Appeal*, are the most wonderful yet made, but there is no telling what greater surprises are yet in store for the scientific world from that seemingly inexhaustable depository of prehistoric wonders. The savans of all nations are interested in these developments, and the search for them will be continued to practically establish facts which have been for centuries only theoretical in the minds of scientific men. There is as yet nothing positive that the footprints which have been found in the prison quarry are human, although there is very little doubt attached to that theory; yet Warden Bell suggests that if at a greater depth charcoal or other straggling evidences of former fire can be found, the theory can be irrefutably demonstrated.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A Paper on the Early Inhabitants of the Continent.

A paper on the early inhabitants of America was read on Tuesday evening before the Geographical Society by T. H. E. Slevin, LL.D. The first portion of the paper, after a reference to the mound-builders, pointed out how the American continent might have been visited by South Sea Islanders on the Pacific side. While not inclined wholly to reject the theory of the landing of tempest-tossed junks from the Orient, the essayist leaned to the theory of the migration of whole tribes across Behring straits. The paper also discussed the probability of the eastern shore of the continent having been visited by the Phœnicians after the destruction of the famed city of Tyre, whose adventurous navigators were known to make voyages to Britain and to have doubled the African continent from the Red sea. Reference was also made to the ancient historians and the fabled city of the sea, Atlantis. The second portion of the paper brought the subject down to the time of the landing of Christopher Columbus, and at some length treated of the Norse navigators, the discovery of Greenland by Eric the Red, followed by the subsequent voyage of his son, Bjaney, who sailed from Iceland to Greenland, according to authentic Norse writings, and made shore at Nova Scotia, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Following the reading of the paper tea and refreshments were served.

MARRIED.—By P. D. Vermillion, at the residence of the bride's mother, in Vermont, on Wednesday the 19th day of Nov., 1879, Mr. Ed. C. Graham, of Astoria, and Miss Fannie Swartz, of Vermont. After the gay festivities, good bys, &c, the happy couple left on the night train for Astoria, where the new bride was installed as landlady of the New Commercial Hotel. Fannie will be missed at home; but she will impart life to that hotel.

Will some of our farmers try this new wrinkle, and report: An exchange says that any desired flavor can be imparted to watermelons by following the annexed instruction: "A couple of days before pulling the melon make an incision in the stem, a few inches from the fruit, and insert in it one end of a flannel string and place the other end in a dish containing diluted ex-

the liquid, and then you will have a nicely flavored melon."

DIED.

At Vine Hill, July 19, Bertie, infant son of Mrs. and Mr. F. G. Dyer, aged 5 weeks.

At Denver, Col., July 25, Jennie L., wife of L. R. Chittenden, aged 36 years.

At Santa Cruz, July 24, John, son of J. and Catherine Handley, aged 6 months and 6 days.

At Santa Cruz, July 22, Chaplain Vaux, U. S. A., aged 75 years, a native of England.

Obituary.

DIED.—In the town of Wasioja, June 27th, 1880, very suddenly, Dorcas Ann, wife of Chester W. Sanford, and daughter of the widow Houghtaling, aged 32 years. She leaves her husband and six children, also her aged mother and two brothers to mourn their loss. In early life she gave evidence that she loved Jesus and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Dodge Center, and remained in fellowship with the church until removed by death, manifesting her love for her Savior unto the end. In the absence of our pastor, Eld. G. M. Cottrel, Eld. Way of the M. E. Church conducted the funeral service and delivered a discourse from Second Corinthians, fifth chapter, fourth verse.

"Oh, vain, illusive, fleeting life—
The "shadow of a shade!"
Oh, yearning hunger of the heart!
Oh, flowers that bloom to fade!
Oh, love so fitful, changing, vague—
Unsatisfying all!
Oh, sorrow, wild and unexpressed!
Oh, gloomy funeral pall!
Oh, moments lost and gone for aye!
Oh, dreamers here below!
Oh, broken spirits bowed to earth
With weight of unknown woe!"

N. M. B.

CARD OF THANKS.—Mr. C. W. Sanford, of Wasioja township, desires to tender heart-felt thanks to his friends and neighbors for many acts of kindness and friendship during his late bereavement.

Petrified Snakes in Brownstone.

[Harrisburg Independent.]

There is a block of brownstone from the Hummelstown quarries, at the stone works of J. Shearer, in that city, in which was imbedded a clearly-defined lot of petrified snakes, averaging in thickness from the size of a man's wrist to the size of a man's finger. The block is four feet long, about two feet in width and fully six inches in thickness. The outlines of the reptiles stand out in bold relief on the surface of the block, and are sunk into the stone fully an inch deep. The sections of the skin, the vertebra and other portions of the reptiles are distinctly outlined, and are much harder and darker than the grain of the chocolate-colored stone. In splitting the block at the quarries the exposed or upper surface came out of the sandstone detached from it, the same as iron out of a mould serpents outlined on the stone were broken when the block was detached from its bed in the quarry. A former employe at the quarries states that beautiful petrified specimens of ferns, shells, etc., have been taken out frequently, and many carried away by visitors from Reading, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

SATNA CRUZ, CAL.

THE OLD BARN.

A thousand miles divide us, and full twenty years have fled
Since my eyes last rested on the roof that sheltered my young head;
Yet I see it just as plainly as if but a week had flown
Since I became proficient in the art of picking stone—
For the farm was very rocky and we yearly used to haul
Sufficient stones from each old field to build a rod of wall.

Yet 'tis not of farm or farm-house dear that I would sing to-night—
Those themes by other poets have been worn in tatters quite;
But rather let the subject of my humble rhythmic yarn
Be one that grander poets spurn, the big old-fashioned barn—
Dear scene of many a high old romp when youthful blood ran free,
And the young folks did tall courting at the oldtime husking bee.

I see it yet, in fancy, with its old and wheel-worn floor—
The wooden latch, the hired man's name carved deeply in the door,
The spacious mow upon the left, the manger on the right,
Where stood the old straw-cutter—how I used to dread its sight.
For there were cripples it had made—of these I hear a few
Are drawing army pensions now—sharp agents put 'em through.

Again I hear the sound of flails upon the muffled floor;
The chickens scramble for the grains that reach the open door;
Up in the loft a laying hen sings of a deed sublime,
Unmindful though her daughter's bones were picked at dinner time;
While near a patient sister "sits," resolved to incubate
An unprolific corn-cob and the hinges of a gate.

How very huge the old barn looked when viewed through boyish eyes,
Even Rome's big Colosseum seemed inferior in size;
And I used to think, when treading down the hay they pitched to me,
That that old mow should hold enough to last a century.
And I also thought, when near the roof, waist-deep in scorching hay,
That for weeks to come that mow would roast all eggs the hens might lay.

I see the iron grain-scoop on which I "rode down hill"—
It leans confidingly against the old red fanning-mill—
And the worn half-bushel measure which we boys oft tried to walk
Like circus men, by plastering our stocking feet wi h chalk;
It is strange how boys of eighty pounds and even smaller ones
Can save their bones and fall at times with the weight of eighty tons!

Last week the old barn vanished and a new one took its place.
The staunch old structure ran with time a long and noble race,
For a score of rain and hail-storms and light-

Now feebly plays an "old man's part" on Life's uncertain stage.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

BORN.

CUMMINGS—At Manson & Co.'s sawmill, Nov. 12th, to the wife of C. Cummings, a 10½ pound girl.

DRUM—In Felton, Nov. 8th, to the wife of Wm. P. Drum, a son.

DRUM—In this city, February 23, Mrs. Susie Drum, of a daughter.

THE "oil spot" in the Gulf of Mexico is soapy, not oily, and its properties come from the bottom of the gulf. Mud from this spot is used for scrubbing ships' decks, and is very cleansing. The "oil spot" does not show very distinctly in calm weather, but during a gale it is wonderfully defined; towering foam then marks its circumference. Storm-driven craft, cracking and straining in every timber, on passing through this wall of foa..., find themselves on a smooth lake, and walled in by lashing waves, where the soilors can sleep, unharmed by the winds. The "oil spot" is ten miles from the shore, is two miles long, one mile wide, and is twelve feet deep.—*Iron.*

THE temples at Kroto, Japan, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, are mainly of interest on account of their great bell, which swings in a monster or wooden belfry, half-way up the hillside, back of the building proper. The bell is a huge brown cup, with perpendicular sides and a flat crown, and, like all other Japanese bells, is sounded by means of a huge wooden beam, kept in place by ropes, but, when occasion requires, brought against the rim of the bell with great force. It requires twelve coolies to manipulate this beam. Formerly it was only rung once a year, but now it may be heard two or three times every month. It is one of the greatest wonders in Japan. It is eight en feet high, nine and one-half inches thick, nine feet in diameter, and weighs nearly seventy-four tons. It was cast in a monster mold. in the year 1633. As the bell was cast with the rim up, the gold entering into its composition—computed to be about 1,500 pounds—sunk to the crown. It has a magnificent tone, and when struck by the open palm the vibrations may be heard at a distance of one hundred yards.

NAMES OF FABRICS.

Derivation of the Names of Popular Styles of Dress Goods.

Everything connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry-goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. These may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the man who seeks to be thoroughly familiar with the mer-

Zaytown, in China; calico, from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where calico was also printed. Muslin is named from Mesul, in Asia; alpaca, from an animal of Peru, of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven. Buckram takes its name from Bokhara. Fustian comes from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended; taffeta and tabby, from a street in Bagdad; cambric from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize, from Bajac; dimity from Damietta; and jeans, from Jean. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blankett, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woolens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woolen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian velluto, woolly, (Latin, vellus, a hide or pelt.) Shawl is the Sanskrit sala, floor; for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz comes from the Hindu word chett. Delaine is the French of "wool."—*Chicago Interior.*

TOO LATE.

What silences we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear:
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close familiar friends, who loved us so;
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word,
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did, to those undone,
And small the service spent, to treasure won;
And undeserved the praise, for word and deed
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space.
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the *might have been?*

Powdered resin is the best thing to stop bleeding from cuts. After the powder is sprinkled on wrap the wound with soft cotton cloth. As soon as the wound begins to feel feverish keep the cloth wet with cold water.

To stop bleeding, from a cavity in the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork in the proper form and size to cover the bleeding cavity, and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the mouth is closed. It has served us in desperate cases.

The night shuts down with falling rain,
That drapes the world in double gloom;
The loud blast battles with the pane,
And fierce and far the breakers call.

Down the long room, grown wierd and grim,
Strange shadows hover, waveringly;
I move among the folios dim,
And count the hours till I am free.

Free—and for what? Ah me! for whose
Soft voice, and gentle touch and smile,
The day's dull burden to unloose,
And lull my cares—a little while?

Free, to recross the treshold dark
Of the four walls I name my home;
To change of toil; then, sleepless, mark
The long, slow hours till dawn shall come.

By loving presences made sweet
In other homes on nights like these,
What matters how the storm may beat!
What wild winds lash the quivering trees!

For them the firelight's ruddy bloom,
The laugh, the song, the dear caress:
For me the labor and the gloom,
The silence, and the loneliness.

O my one friend—unfailing, sure,
Through life's young years! how far indeed
The way, the barriers how secure
That hold thee from my earnest need!

From this thy dear abiding place
What undreamed mysteries divide—
Else love, supreme o'er death and space,
Would bring thee, helpful, to my side.

Away, vain thoughts! Ye do but take
The strength I crave for daily tasks;
And this (what though the heart should break!)
Is all that now my spirit asks.

The manna of a kindly word
By chance may feed me, now and then;
At times Faith's silent chord be stirred
By note of robin or of wren;

Upon some flower-face, lifted mute
The road beside, my eyes may read,
Sweeter than voice of bird or lute,
A message fitting to my need:

Or, haply nearer than I see,
Than this a darker threshold passed,
An opening door may welcome me
To home, to light and love, at last.

—*Ina D. Colbrith in March Californian.*

SEPTEMBER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Now the lavish Autumn renders
To the hardened hands of Toil
Tribute of her Floral splendors,
And the Harvest's glorious spoil!
All he tills and granaries glitter
'Twixt the mighty bins of corn,
With he garnered gold of summer,
And he prisoned fire of Morn!

Rosy, russet, freaked with amber,
Still the apple orchards shine;
Still the lush vines sunward clamber,
Their great clusters sweating wine;
Still, along the foaming furrows,
Where the scarlet poppies grew,
Piping shrill, the speckled plover
Dips her brown wing in the dew.

Here and there the tangled stubble
Of the Buckwheat, newly shorn,
Stains the gaunt cheek of the hillside
With the ruddy hues of Morn.

Globes of gold, the Asters glitter
Thro' the shrubbery's rustling gloom;
And the swallows dart and twitter
'Neath the gables' trellised bloom;
Censers of translucent whiteness,
Dewy, brimmed with sumptuous spice,
Droop the bland Camellias, swooning
In a dream of Paradise!

Out of hollows heaped with sunshine
Purple Asters lean and nod;
Fringing all the beaten by-ways,
Flames the gorgeous Golden-rod:
For the tawny-haired September
Draws her glimmering haze of gold
'Round the lone blue leagues of distance,
And the hill-tops dim and old!

Thro' the vague, delicious glamour
Brooding o'er the peaceful Earth
Throbs the endless din and clamor
Of our toils, and tears, and mirth;
While the pean of Thanksgiving
'Round the vaulted azure rolls,
Lifted to the GOD *of Labor*
From a million happy souls!

RULERS OF ENGLAND.

"First, William the Norman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third: Edwards one, two, and three;
Again, after Richard, three Henry's we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess;
Then Jamie the Scot; then Charles whom they slew;
Then after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next James, called the Second, ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent them Victoria, the youngest and last.

AN ILLINOIS MASTODON.

Leg Bones from Five to Seven Inches in Diameter---Other Dimensions.

CHESTER, Ill., Oct. 8.—Professor A. H. Worthen, the state geologist, from Springfield, has been here during the past week, packing the recently-found mastodon bones, and he has taken them to the state museum at Springfield. He has furnished your reporter with the following measurements: The length of skull is 3 feet, breadth 2 feet, thigh bone 3 feet long, bones of the fore leg 2 feet long, diameter of tusk at base 8½ inches, length of longest tusk preserved, 5 feet 6 inches. Then there is another tusk that was attached to the head, but was broken off three feet from the head. The shoulder blades are immense, and measure about 2 feet 6 inches across. The leg bones are from 5 to 7 inches in diameter in the center. The specimen is well preserved, but of course is not complete. Some pieces of ribs and a few bones of the feet were found, but sufficient of the remains have been found to construct or form an estimate of its immense size. Some idea may be formed by saying the bones so far preserved weigh nearly 1,000 pounds.

Professor Busk has communicated to the Anthropological Institute an account of a human fibula—the small outer bone of the leg—discovered in the Victoria Cave at Settle, in a deposit which is believed to belong to an age prior to the existence of glaciers in Great Britain. The specimen was found among remains of the hyena, bison and cave-bear.

WASHINGTON, July 25.—The Cabinet discussed the Attorney-General's views on political assessments. The President believed that nobody in any executive department declining to contribute should be discharged or criticised, or an attempt be made to injure him therefor, and that no such action would be tolerated.

The following is the opinion of the Attorney-General on the subject of political assessments, which was submitted at the Cabinet meeting to-day:

Hon. Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury—SIR: I have considered the question suggested by A. Thomas, Chief of Division in the office of the Second Controller, in his letter of the 6th inst., in compliance with your request indorsed under date of the 8th inst. By Section 6 of the Act of August 15, 1876, Chapter 287, all executive officers and employes of the United States not appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, are prohibited from giving any other officer or employe of the Government any money, property, or other thing of value for political purposes, etc. The inquiry is whether a member of Congress is an officer of the Government within the meaning of this provision. Unquestionably the station of a member of Congress, Senator or Representative, is that of a public officer, taking these terms in a broad and general sense, and the incumbent thereof must be regarded as an officer of the Government in the same sense. Thus provision is made for administering the oath of office to members of both houses of Congress; so the words, "Every person appointed or elected to any office of honor or profit, either in the civil, military or naval service," employed in Section 1756 of the Revised Statutes, which prescribes the oath of office, includes members of Congress; so in Section 1786, which provides that "Whenever any person holding office, except as a member of Congress," etc., the station of a member of Congress is distinctly recognized as an office, but it seems that a member of Congress is not an officer of the United States in the constitutional meaning of the term.

In the case of Blount, on impeachment before the Senate in 1799, the question arose whether a Senator was a civil officer of the United States within the purview of the Constitution, and the Senate decided that he was not. This question arose under the fourth section of the second article of the Constitution. "Other clauses of the Constitution," observes Judge Storey in Section 733 of his work on the Constitution, "would seem to favor the same result, particularly the clause respecting the appointment of officers of the United States by the Executive, who is to commission all officers of the United States, and the sixth section of the first article, which declares that no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuation in office, and the first section of the second article, which declares that no Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed an Elector." To these clauses may be added that in Section 3 of the fourteenth article, which provides that "no person shall be Senator, etc., who having previously taken the oath as a member of Congress or as an officer of the United States," etc.

These clauses show a marked discrimination between members of Congress and officers. The latter term in the sense in which it is there used, does not include legislators. In the penal legislation of Congress a like discrimination is made. See, for example, the second, third and sixth sections of the Act of February 26, 1853, chapter 81. That the words "any officer of the United States" found in the second section of that Act do not include members of Congress is manifest from the enactment of the third section, in which they are specially designated. In the sixth section the same words are used in a similar restricted sense. Compare, also, Sections 1781 and 1782 of the Revised Statutes and Sections 5490 and 5451 and 5500 and 5501 of the Revised Statutes. In legislation of this character the word officer appears to be uniformly employed in a sense not more comprehensive than that in which it is employed in the Constitution as above. That is to say, not in that broad and general sense which would include members of the legislative branch of the Government.

Section 6 of the Act of August 15, 1876, being legislation of the same character as that just referred to, it is fair to assume that the word "officer" is there used in the narrower sense adverted to, and that it does not include members of Congress. The provisions of that section are intended to regulate the conduct of inferior officers of the Executive Department of the Government, etc., with respect to these and other officers, etc., who are in public service as ordinarily understood. To place a construction thereon which would embrace among the latter those who are not officers in the common acceptation of the word, and enlarge the penal effect of those provisions would not be warranted by any sound rule of interpretation.

Upon these considerations I am of the opinion that a member of Congress is not an officer of the

The further conclusion follows that executive officers and employes of the United States not appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, are not liable to the pains and penalties of Section 6 of the Act of August, 1876, for the act of giving to a member of Congress money, property or other thing of value. You are such an officer or employe, and the effect of the opinion of the Attorney-General is that you may give to Chairman Hubbell, in compliance with his request, without running foul of a penal statute. I might stop here, as the very question you put is explicitly answered; and you in your letter express a willingness, nay more, desire, to give as asked, but I will take this place to say that I wish it felt throughout the Treasury Department, in all its ramifications and service, that no servants of the United States therein need feel the slightest pressure upon him, and give, if he does not wish to give. If he has that belief in the soundness of the principles of the Republican party as to desire their sustenation and success, and is willing and desirous of showing his faith by his works, and feels that he is able to aid, let him give of his substenance or of his income as he sees fit; or if he is of other political faith, or the claims of a family or the needs of self pinch his purse, and he wishes not to give, let him freely refrain therefrom. I would have him think and feel and do as if in a religious meeting-house, his choice preacher should lay before him the needs of the same cause. If it was commanded to his judgment, and he felt able and willing to spare of his salary, he would give. If it was otherwise he would hold fast that which was his own. So, absolutely so, in the matter in hand. Let it be understood and felt by all who hold place under me, that which ever way they take it, they may take it understood by me. Therefore, I say as I mean, and I will do as I say. Very respectfully,

CHARLES J. FOLGER, Secretary.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN TELESCOPE

The Glories of Saturn, Jupiter and the Great Nebula of Orion as Revealed Through It.

[Providence Journal, March 22.]

Through the kind invitation of Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons, a small party of observers from this city paid a visit to Cambridgeport for the purpose of beholding the star-lit heavens through the largest and best reflecting telescope in the world; for these famous telescope makers have recently completed an object glass thirty inches in diameter for the Pulkowa Observatory, the Russian Government making a contract with them for an objective that should exceed in size and perfection of workmanship any other instrument of the kind in the world. In order to test the working qualities of the object glass, a trial mounting has been erected in the yard of the workshop, with dimensions corresponding to the magnitude of the great objective. This temporary structure consists of a pier of solid masonry twenty-seven feet in hight, to which is firmly fixed, with various joints, hinges and movements, a sheet-iron tube made in three sections. The tube is forty-five feet in length and forty inches in diameter.

Nothing is more essential to the success of astronomical observation than the weather, and nothing is more uncertain. The mild Winter day had been almost perfect in its conditions, a clear sunshine, a cloudless sky, a gorgeous sunset. But as the sun sank below the horizon a fierce wind arose. When this subsided it was succeeded by an intense cold, that made it no pastime to be out in the open air. The members of the observing party, however, nothing daunted, take their places under the stars. The expanse of heaven presents a scene of exceeding beauty. The sky is unflecked by a single cloud, the crisp, cold atmosphere is free from a breath of moisture. A suspicion of twilight still lingers in the west, the slender crescent of the new moon, only a day old, holds in her arms the old moon with an

ns, as they twinkle and glitter in the frosty air. The brightest stars, the most superb clusters that spangle the firmament, are included in the grand procession, the princely Jupiter marshaling the host. Rising from an unbroken surface of snow, and looming up in the blackness of night with ghost-like indistinctness, the huge telescope seems to pierce the skies, and dwarf to Liliputian dimensions the observers at its base. We are impressed with the sublimity and grandeur of the twinkling mysteries that people the sky depths. We feel that we are on consecrated ground. For on this spot Alvin Clark, the younger, while testing an object glass, made in 1862 one of the great discoveries of the century, the companion of Sirius. Here, too, the great Washington telescope was finished in 1873, and has made itself illustrious by bringing to view the two moons of Mars. There is reason, therefore, to hope that the instrument on which we are now looking, with its larger caliber, and under the skillful handling of Otto Struve, will become even more famous on astronomical records.

Object glass, eye piece and other required appurtenances are in position, and the great eye is pointed at the planet Saturn. The transformation is like a vision of fairy land. The pale star, on which a moment since we had looked with the unaided eye, is now a creation of surprising loveliness, the most charming telescopic object the heavens reveal. Saturn, his rings and his moons are before us. The disk a golden sphere crossed by faint cloud bands of a delicate creamy tint, the wonderful rings softly cradling the planet, seven of the eight moons beaming from the dark background of the sky, Titan, the largest moon, showing a perceptible disk, make up the shining picture. Every detail of the magnificent and complex Saturnian system is complete. The shadowy cloud bands on the disk; the outer ring, with its faint line of division; the division between the outer and inner rings; the second or inner ring; the third or crepe ring, closely joined to the second, and the breaks in the rings formed by the shadow of the planet. There is, however, an imperfection in the view. The definition is not perfect, a most important element where planets are concerned. It would seem that telescopes of such dimensions should magnify objects in proportion to the size. But such is not the case. Saturn looks but little larger than in a smaller glass, though much brighter. For the great telescopes collect and concentrate all the light that falls upon them, and herein lies their power. The coloring of the picture is exquisite. The glorious orb, its surface resplendent with liquid gold, is crossed by a central band of creamy white, flecked with spots of delicate prismatic hues, and the rings are curiously variegated in color, the innermost being of a rich purple. The planet seems almost to stand upright within the engirdling rings, only a small portion being visible beneath them. We are fortunate in seeing him under a very favorable aspect. For his rings are opening wider, his northern declination is increasing, and he is approaching perihelion. These conditions will culminate in 1885.

Jupiter is the next object to test the space-annihilating glass. The Prince of planets is superb, larger than the full moon, though but little larger than we have seen him many times in a telescope ceeds him in mass and volume, and, as he is twice as near, we see him on a much larger scale. The giant of the system takes on grand proportions, the flood of light irradiating his surface brings out every minute detail. His broad belts are delicious in coloring, suffused with pale rose, mottled with soft gray, purple, brown and delicate green. We have seen Jupiter when the definition was much more perfect, but never with the variety of tint and tone we behold this night; never before did he seem so near, so grand in proportions, so symmetrical in equipoise. His four satellites are in line on his left, and bear witness to the power of the telescope by presenting disks instead of points. We find it difficult to decide which of the two pictures is the more beautiful. Saturn is more magnificent, more complex, more curious, but Jupiter is more majestic, more like the great sun himself.

We have time for only one more view, and this is to be the great nebula of Orion. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the little wisp of cloud haze around the star in the sword of the Mighty Hunter, that is visible to the unaided vision, becomes one of the most glorious spectacles that ever breaks upon the entranced eye of an observer. The most wonderful nebula the northern skies reveal is before us, filling the field of view, and suffused with a celestial light suggestive of the holy city that had "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it." The delicacy of the celestial glow pervading the scene is beautiful beyond expression. The central point of interest is the famous trapezium, consisting of four bright stars and two smaller ones. Around the sextuple group radiate what seem to be the head and branching horns of some huge animal, the trapezium occupying its open mouth, and surrounding a space of sky within which reigns the blackness of darkness, unillumined by the suspicion of a star. Spiral curves of nebulous haze fill in the field of vision, the radiating mass being of a delicate green tint, while, dotted over the shadowy haze and mingling with it in mysterious union, are numerous bright stars, imparting an element of life to the formless void, and helping to light up this scene of indescribable grace and grandeur, which no pencil may paint, no words describe. The fascinating picture holds us spellbound. We realize the power of the mighty piece of mechanism that brings to our eyes this amazing creation of distant space, this incomprehensible blending of stars and star dust.

Imagination seeks in vain to fathom this mystery of mysteries, this chaotic mass so beautifully fashioned, this lovely blending of tints of gold and delicate green, this flood of light that started from distant space hundreds of years ago, this spiral form that reveals the quickening pulse of material life. We feel, as we gaze upon the celestial scene, that we are standing upon the threshold of the golden portal that separates the earthly from the heavenly. We have a glimpse of the glory to be revealed.

The Russian objective will soon be transported to its destination in the Pulkowa Observatory, founded by the Czar Nicholas, and overlooking the city of the Czars from its lofty position on the Pul-

An old man, who said his name was Cartwright, sat by the stove in the jail Sunday night. A friend of the old man came in, and after putting both hands on his knees and bending himself down, took a look at the prisoner. The friend then remarked:

"I've come to git 'im out."

"Have you any real estate?" queried the officer.

"Yes."

"How much is it worth?"

"Dunno; it is in a kind uv quiet place like, where real 'state don't 'pear to go up much."

"Any improvements on it?"

(Hesitatingly.) "'Spose we might call it sich; it's been dug out!"

"Dug out is good. Where is your property?"

"Out yonder," he replied, pointing toward the window.

"Well, out where?" asked the official, sternly.

The rough-looking man seemed to soften, and with a kind of faltering voice he said in a low tone: "I reckon I didn't understand ye jis now, mister. That piece uv property out yonder that ye wouldn't be likely to take on him in the other room—the old man—but it's mighty precious property to me, mister. It's all I've got, too. I buried our little one thar, and I reckon ye won't take the real 'state on the old man."

There was nothing more that appeared humorous in the friend, and those who had listened to him at first with a jeer relapsed into silence.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

PICTURESQUE ARCHES.

Elaborate Street Decorations for the Conclave.

The ball to be given by the Knights Templar on the evening of the 16th inst. at the Mechanics' Pavilion promises to be the grandest social event of the season.

The arch of welcome now in course of construction at the intersection of Montgomery and Post streets will be one main arch spanning the street (100 feet), 40 feet wide and feet high. Inside of the arch supported upon sixteen columns and pilasters, with imposts, all supported on pedestals, will be four Knights, life size, in full armor, swords drawn *salutaris*. The capital and molding courses will be all ornamented in foliage, with shields and colors, resting directly over the Knights, dividing panel from niche. Twelve of the columns will be engaged, with ornamented capitals in foliage, forming panels supported upon pedestals and columnation; spandrels and panels ornamented with coats of arms, shields, instruments of war, foliage and scrolls, on which are ornamented entablatures and pediments. The tympanum will illustrate practical Masonry, the frieze bearing the inscription, "Welcome! Welcome!" Above and resting upon the pediment are acroteria ornamented and supporting three Knights in full armor—two in a recumbent position and one standing with sword *salutaris*, all supporting banners with the insignia of the Order. The key of the arch is composed of a Maltese cross and cluster of American flags; the soffit of the arch is ornamented with American flags.

ENCAMPMENT ARCH.

The Grand Encampment arch is to be located on Market street, west of Third. It will be of Grecian architecture, comprising three arches combined, two spanning the sidewalks, 22 feet long, 10 feet wide, and one spanning the street, 100 feet long, 45 feet wide and 80 feet high, the minor arches being 35 feet high. The interior of the three arches will be ornamented with American flags, hanging and gathered in festoons and groups. Knights Templar and Grand Encampment insignia are to ornament both fronts. Shields, stacks of colors of all nations and coats of arms will decorate the superstructure. Staffs, with emblematic banners 10 and 20 feet long, will rest upon and finish the topmost part of the arches. The two minor arches will be finished with parapets, which inclosure will be arranged for the distribution of natural flowers during the 24 feet high from and including bases and caps. The acroterium upon the apex of the main arch is 80 feet high and will support the cross of the Grand Master, which is to be 10 feet high.

COMMANDERY ARCH.

Plans have been prepared for the Grand Commandery arch, to be erected on Market street, in front of the Baldwin Hotel. It is to be of Norman architecture, 100 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 55 feet high to soffit of arch, a Maltese arch forming the keystone. The towers will be octagonal, 20 feet in diameter and 65 feet high, ornamented with Knights in full armor ready for service. Shields, banners and crosses in colors fill the panels above the Knights; spandrels ornamented with emblems, scrolls, and foliage. The towers will be finished with embrasures and machicolation, and instead of having guards in the towers each one will be filled with stacks of colors of all nations, banners on staffs, and a mounted and full equipped Knight—horse rampant, sword *salutaris*, with "Peace to the World" on his banner. The whole will be encompassed with festoons of natural flowers, evergreens and rosettes of Maltese crosses at every gather of the festoons.

MEMORIAL ARCH.

The memorial arch is to be erected a few blocks west of the Baldwin on Market street. It is to be in the Gothic style of architecture, consisting of one arch, 100 feet long, across Market street, 40 feet wide and 65 feet high inside. It is to be supported upon twenty-four columns 32 feet high, including capitals and bases. The latter will be ornamented with moldings and foliage, all supporting pinnacles and flying buttresses, with suspended angels with widespread wings and arms in submission. The pinnacles will be finished with Maltese crosses and festooned with evergreens, immortelles and roses. The roster of the dead is on four slabs beneath the arch inclosing a sarcophagus, upon which Knights resting on shields and swords are at prayer. The sarcophagus will be 16 feet square and 20 feet to the tops of the helmets of the resting Knights. The overhangings are natural immortelles in festoons, suspending and supporting crosses of Past Grand Masters. The sarcophagus will be draped in crape, the soffit of the arches and over the sarcophagus to be draped in dark bunting. All the roses will be arranged in the shape of Maltese crosses. The roof will be entirely covered with dark cloth.

These arches, when erected and taken in connection with the banners, Masonic emblems, etc., that will be displayed by the Decoration Committee and the citizens, will make a very beautiful and elaborate scene along the line of march.

Foreign Coins in Our Circulation.

Washington Star.

Section 3584 of the Revised Statutes declares that "no foreign gold or silver coin shall be legal tender in the payment of debts," beside reducing the Mexican dollar to its mere value as bullion—89½ cents—also reducing the value of other foreign coins which have attained a greater or less circulation in this country. The Mexican dollar, however, has a much greater circulation here than any other foreign gold or silver coin. The other coins affected and cut off are Canadian 50-cent, 25-cent, 20-cent, 10-cent and 5-cent pieces; English fractional silver—shillings and sixpences—and a limited number of German, French and South American pieces. Next to the Mexican dollar, there are more Canadian than any other foreign coins in circulation in the United States. A large number of them, of the various denominations mentioned above, pass rapidly in New England and along the northern border in the most of the Western States at their face value. Legally they are not worth near so much. The Canadian 50-cent piece is worth, as bullion, only about 39½ cents, the 25-cent pieces only 19¾ cents, and the other pieces in proportion. The English shilling is the third in point of circulation of foreign coins in this country. It has been brought over by emigrants or came down through Canada. It passes for 25 cents. It is worth only about 19 cents. The French, German and South American gold and sil-

The Wonderful Corals Found in the Indian Ocean.

Fraser's Magazine.

Of all the wonderful sights in this land of wonders, there are none greater than the wonders of the reef when the tide is low. The ideas about coral which people have who have never seen it in its living state are generally erroneous. They know it as a beautifully-white ornament under a glass shade, or in delcate pink branches in their jewelry, and they imagine living coral is like these. Their ideas are helped along by the common misnomer of trees and branches, as applied to coral. I have never seen it in the South Sea islands, but throughout the Eastern seas the most common variety takes a laminated form, not unlike the large fungi to be met with any summer's day in an English wood growing out of the older trees. Flat circular tables of dingy brown growing one over another, with spaces under each. These attain a great size, extending for yards without a break, so that the bottom of the sea is perfectly level. This kind is much sought after by the lime-burners. Another species grows in detached bosses, like thick-stemmed plants which the gardener has trimmed round the top. These clumps grow

OUT OF THE SAND,

And stand up in dull brown against the white flooring. A third pattern is spiked like stags' horns tangled together, and is of a dingier brown than the first; its spikes collect the drifting weeds, and its appearance is consequently untidy. There are scores of varieties of corals and madrepores, but the three mentioned are those which principally make up the mass which is ever growing under the still waters inside the reef. At Mahebarg the reef is distant seven miles from the shore, and the whole of this great lagoon is in process of filling up by coral. There are one or two holes left capriciously, and a channel which the river has cut to the reef which it pierces in what is locally called "a pass." Everywhere else the bottom is only a few feet under water, and is always slowly rising. The various corals, the patches of silver sand, the deep, winding channel, lend each a tint to the water—sapphire blue where it is deepest; sea-green, with emerald flecks, or cerulean blue, shot with opaline tints, in the shallows. The reef is a solid wall shelving toward the shore, absolutely perpendicular toward the ocean, and varies in width from 20 to 100 yards. Against the outer face

THE ROLLERS RAGE

Incessantly. Swell follows swell, smoothly and regularly. There is no hurry, for here there is no shelving bottom to keep them back. On they come, separating their ink-blue masses from the tumble of the ocean, rearing aloft their crests like live things anxious to try their strength, and fall with a roar on its edge as it stands up to meet them. You can stand within a few feet of the practically bottomless sea and watch them tumble, with the water no further than your knees, as the surge of their onward rush carries them across the reef. To stand so and watch them coming on appears to one unused to the sight to court destruction; the wave is so vast, its crest rising higher as it advances shuts out the sea beyond, nothing can be seen but a wall of water rolling on; its strength is so apparent, so irresistible, and the pause it appears to take as the top curls over seems to check your breath. The rocks and lumps of dead coral with which storms have strewed the reef are high and dry; the pools of limpid water in the holes sink down and drain away, their surface glassy, and their depths full of color and strange-shaped living things, then the roller breaks and sends a surge of water hissing by, and the reef has sunk beneath the foam and bubbling water.

Dropped Dead.

SANTA CRUZ, August 31.—H. W. Pope, proprietor of Pope's Hotel, dropped dead this morning about 6 o'clock while sprinkling the yard. He was found dead with the hose in his hand. He was 61 years old.

It is not to sweep the floor, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making; or put the broom into her hands and him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what a true man most wants of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels he has something to fight for, will put her lips to his ear, and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm, sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly suply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing farther than success in housework. Justly enough half of these get nothing; the other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a noble idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage sympathy and love.

This Baby of Ours.

There's not a blossom of beautiful May,
Silver of daisy or daffodil gay,
Nor the rosy bloom of apple-tree flowers,
Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You could never find on a bright June day
A bit of fair sky so cheery and gay,
Nor the haze on the hills, in noonday hours,
Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There's not a murmur of wakening bird,
The clearest, sweetest that ever was heard
In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours,
Soft as the laugh of this baby of ours.

There's no gossamer silk of tasseled corn,
There's no fairy shelf by the [illegible],
No wild rose that nods on the windy lea,
No blush of the sun through April's soft showers
Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray,
For many a long and sunshiny day,
Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers,
This wee bit darling—this baby of ours.

Origin of the Name Kangaroo.

The origin of the name "kangaroo" is thus described in a recent work of F. Buckland: "When Captain Cook first discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore, one of them holding a dead animal in his hand. The Captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding on receiving it that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent the boatswain back to ask the natives its name. 'What do you call this 'ere animal?' said the sailor to the naked native. The native shook his head and answered 'Kan-ga-roo,' which means in Australian lingo, 'I don't understand.' When the sailor returned to the ship the Captain said, 'Well, and what's the name of the animal?' The sailor replied, 'Please, sir, the black party says its a kangaroo.' The beast kept this name ever since."

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Peculiar Parasites—New Discoveries in Botany.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences last evening Frank J. Deering and A. H. Breckenfeld were proposed for resident membership.

Dr. Slocum of Brigham City, Utah, presented to the Academy's museum a skull, stone pestle and stone spindle whirl from an Indian grave near Corinne, in Salt Lake valley. H. H. Bigelow presented a stone cup with a snake carved around the bottom, found at Casa Grande, A. T., used for the mixing of pigments, and was announced to be a most important archæological specimen, than which the Smithsonian Institute had no more perfect one. Dr. Behr presented a red snow plant, found nowhere on the continent save in the Sierras. A remarkable property of this parasite is that when dry it drinks up water with a sizzling noise.

Dr. Kellogg exhibited a parasitical mistletoe, growing in bunches on the limbs of the juniper or digger pine. The seeds burst with a loud noise, like a pistol shot, and being covered with a sticky substance, are showered about and distributed on the plumage of the birds, on which they become temporarily fastened.

In a cursory manner C. C. Barry of the United States Bureau of Forestry treated of the botanical discoveries made by him on a recent expedition in Lower California. He had found two new species of the horse-chestnut; a new flowery ash, evergreen oak and wild gooseberry; a delicate and fine-foliaged rose, with the fruit-bud covered with silken hair about a quarter of an inch in length; a cactus from which is extracted a hard gum, used to paint earthen vessels; and lastly, a fern, heretofore thought to be found only in Florida and the Sandwich Islands.

The Bible was never quoted to better purpose than by Mr. Davidge in the Guiteau trial, when he turned to the Epistle of James and read these verses:

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil. Neither tempteth He any man, but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed thereby. When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

Where I've seen him many a year,
And the bench he wip'd with his apron clean
Was for me, as it doth appear;
For he quietly opened his pocket-book,
And a portrait he shows to me,
Says this aint my son in Colorady,
But the one that's in Tennessee:
For my son he fit for the good old flag,
But the other, he fit for Lee.

They made him lootenant, my boy down South,
And gave him some pris'ners one day,
To march 'em off to a far distant part,
Nigh a hundred miles away.
Before they set out he gave unto each
An ear of raw corn for to chew;
So hungry they were, they ate with delight,
Only one didn't know what to do.
But I'll tell you, my friend, the reason why,
And a very good reason too.

My boy went to him and says, What is wrong,
For you look a little forlorn?
When the youth he replies, My arms are broke,
And I cannot eat your corn.
So he took him to the surgeon at once,
And soon had him fix'd up all right:
Then got him some corn and fed him hisself.
Now I calls that the way to fight.
My blood it warms at such actions as these,
For it gives my whole heart delight.

Now I sat last night on this here old bench,
Where I sits and I thinks each day,
When my boy from the South comes right along,
And it pleased me what he did say:
For he told some tales of the fearful war
And the courage that men did show,
But never once said that the Southern side
Was afraid of the Northern blow,
And he look'd when I told him men were paid
To slaughter a friend or a foe.

He talk'd o'er the battles that had been fit,
And of those that were lost and won,
From the dreadful fight that clos'd the war
To the battles around Bull Run:
And he spoke so kind of the sunny South
You'd a thought he got nothin' thar;
But I tell you his legs and arms do show
Many a deep and ugly scar.
And I said to myself, Where does glory lie
In the mem'ries of this war?

I had him to work with the old brown horse,
When he answers a loud hulloo,
And a New Hampshire man, with waggin broke,
Comes right along and joins us two,
When all of a sudden he looks and he starts,
And he sez to my son, sez he:
"I cannot mistake you, my brave young friend,
For my life I owe unto thee.
You fed me yourself, when my arms were broke,
Away down in Tennessee."

He seiz'd his hands, clasp't him around the neck,
And he kiss'd him afore my eyes.
I scarce knew what to do or how to act,
I was so took down by surprise,
When he told me all my boy had done—
How he walked that he might ride.
I bless'd and I prais'd my prodigal son,
Tho' he fit on the other side.
And I humbly pray'd that no more such wars
Shall ever my country divide.

N. Y. Evening Post.

DAISY'S CASTLES.

BY GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

My baby girl, so dainty fair,
With sun-smiles in her golden hair
And happy eyes,
Beholds on buoyant wings of air
Her fragile castles rise.

"Oh, look, mamma, so high, so high,
My pretty, fairy castles fly—
How beautiful they are!
And each one carries to the sky
A rainbow and a star."

She watches, pleased, their graceful flight;
But soon upon her forehead white
A shadow lies;
More thoughtful grows the joyous light
Within the soft dark eyes.

She watches, but with saddened gaze;
The castles float in dreamy haze.
"Of all I make
The brightest and the best," she says,
"Are always first to break."

Ah! Daisy! castles made of soap,
Though beautiful and bright, must ope
When borne aloft too far;
And lose, like palaces of hope,
The rainbow and the star.

—*Boston Transcript.*

at the regular meeting of the Academy of Sciences.

Among the more interesting donations to the museum were a Gila monster and specimens of Tyrolese asbestos from Dr. A. B. Stout, and a sample of Navajo Indian bread made of black corn, the loaf being about the color and appetizing character of an adobe brick.

Professor A. W. Jackson of the University read a technical paper on the nomenclature of the massive crystalline rocks.

Charles Wolcott Brooks gave a table of the temperatures of the rock in the Forman shaft of the Comstock lode. At a depth of 100 feet the thermometer read 50½ degrees; at 500 feet, 68 degrees; at 1000 feet, 81½ degrees, and at 2300 feet 121 degrees.

Dr. H. W. Harkness presented and described a new species of fungus, which he had named *polyplocium curranii*, after Doctress Curran who had found it in the sand dunes near Fort Point. The specimen is of a genus heretofore only discovered on Orange river, in South Africa.

John W. Ackerson, W. S. Keyes, Hermann Schussler, J. H. Goodman and J. Z. Davis were proposed for life membership, and D. E. Hayes and J. J. Rivers for resident membership.

William T. Coleman and Henry T. Scott were elected life members and Arthur A. Smith a resident member.

SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

"Red Snow"—A New Rodent—An Antidote for Snake Bites.

R. W. Simpson presented to the Academy of Sciences last evening an ancient and curious tome by Rev. Norris, A. M., late chaplain of the *Nottingham*, giving the history of a voyage to the Malouine or Falkland islands, made in 1763-64, under command of M. De Bougainville, in order to make a settlement there, and also giving accounts of two voyages to the Straits of Magellan, and of a visit to the Patagonians.

Dr. Harkness exhibited a quantity of "red snow," brought by him in blankets from the summit of the Sierras, and containing the plant which produces the deep red color sometimes observed in snow at high altitudes. This snow, he said, had been found in the Apennines, the first record of it being made about eight hundred years ago. The early Arctic navigators also had observed it, notably Scoresby, who in 1818 brought some with him, which is yet preserved. The plant is a unicellular one, and is not far remote from the green mold on garden steps and walls, seen after every shower. Its appearance in former times created great consternation, being viewed in the light of an omen of evil.

Dr. Harkness likewise imparted observations concerning a mountain beaver, whose ravages had been noted about Blue Canyon. This beaver is of the color of the mole, is unprovided with a tail, will divert streams, and possesses also other qualities in common with the ordinary beaver. Dr. Behr, who presided, was of the opinion that the animal in question was a rodent, not yet described, the details given proving it to be a beast of aquatic habits.

The Chairman gave an antidote for snakebites received from Dr. Holford, the Government Botanist in Australia. The receipt directed in the case of an adult the introduction by means of the hypodermic syringe of twenty to thirty minims of liquor ammonia of the specific gravity of 959, the skin to be raised over the vein, avoiding, however, those in front of the elbow joint. The precaution given with the recipe was, not to spill a drop outside of the vein, for this caused a slough, the liquor becoming otherwise diluted with the blood current as soon as introduced into the vein.

An Old Coin.

Vallejo Chronicle.

We have before us probably the oldest American coin in the country. It is a Pine Tree shilling, and bears the date 1652, just 228 years ago, or 32 years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. It bears the ravages that can be seen in a portion of the word "Massachusetts," thus, "asathysets." The faint semblance of an eagle can also be distinguished. On the obverse side the words "New England—1652—An. Do."—are easily deciphered. The present owner states that the coin was plowed up in Waterford, Conn., in 1862, where once stood an old log hut, and was so tarnished that it took much scouring with acids to restore it to its former condition. At present, from much handling, it is bright as a new coin.

THE FLINT KNIFE.

A Rudely Chipped Knife of the Older Stone Age.

Cornhill Mag

Walking one morning last winter on the parade at Hastings, I happened to notice a curiously shaped flint among the shingle just thrown up by the great storm. The waves had beaten right over the seawall, and scattered wrack and pebbles along the whole roadway. I stooped down and picked up the odd-looking fragment; to my surprise I found it was a paleolithic implement, a rudely chipped flint knife of the older stone age, the relic of a race compared with whom even the builders of Wansdyke here were men of yesterday. This rude flake was fashioned by the native black fellows who hunted the rhinoceros and the mammoth in the English valleys before ever the great ice age itself had spread its glaciers over the length and breadth of the land, a couple of hundred thousand years since. Its outer surface was dulled and whitened by age, as is always the case with these primeval flint weapons; but its edge was still sharp and keen, though crusted in places with a hard film of mineral deposit, and also blunted here and there by use in cutting clubs and reindeer bones for its savage possessor. But there were no traces of rolling as in water worn pebbles; the knife was freshly disinterred. It was clear that the storm had just unearthed it from beneath the submerged forest which belts all the coast from Beachy Head to Dungeness. For the forest of the post-glacial deposit, and it once formed part of the great connecting land, now buried beneath the Atlantic, the English Channel, and the German ocean. The trees which compose it still stand as upright stumps, firmly bedded in a layer of tenacious clay; and strewn beneath them lie prostrate holes, in the very places where the wind threw them down some 50,000 or 60,000 years ago. In the public gardens at Hastings, one of these huge balks, dug up on the St. Leonard's beach, has been fixed as a curiosity; and, though its outer layer is charred and blackened by the water, the inner wood is still as sound and as firm as on the day it fell. For we have to deal here with a time which is marvelously ancient indeed when measured by our ordinary human and historical chronology, but which is quite modern when judged by the vast timepiece of cosmical and geological cycles.

Sometime.

Sometime you'll miss her; when the years have flown
And passion's fever in your blood grown cold—
Your heart will reap the harvest it has sown,
And throb with anguish and regret untold—
Sometime.

Sometime you'll wander thro' the vacant room
Where once her presence warmed and brightened all;
No cheerful voice, nor smile dispells the gloom,
In vain you'll listen for her footsteps' fall
Sometime.

Sometime you'll find a trifle that she wore,
A glove, a ribbon, ring or withered flower;
Twill pierce your proud heart to its inmost core,
Nemesis-like, bring back a vanished hour
Sometime.

Sometime you'll listen to a song she loved,
And listening, it will give your heart a pang;
With all your hate, you cannot hear unmoved
That song you two so oft together sang—
Sometime.

So true, so pure—and wish you'd kinder been;
Sometime.

Sometime, when you are weak and worn and ill
With battling the slow fever's cruel fire
You'll miss the tender grace and magic thrill,
And cool soft touch of hands that never tire,
Sometime.

Sometime, each unkind act and look and tone,
That pierced that loving heart with cruel pain,
And drove it forth to brave the world alone,
Will haunt you till you ne'er know peace again,
Sometime.

Dora Darmoore.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Growth and Structure of the Vegetable Cell.

The lecture-room of the Academy of Sciences was crowded to its utmost last evening at the regular meeting. Dr. Behr presided.

Walter E. Dean and John G. Kellog were proposed for life, and Charles E. Apponyi, Robert G. Hooker, and Henry Farrar for resident membership.

Among the more interesting gifts to the museum were a cast of a stone implement, the original of which was unearthed at the University grounds in Berkeley, presented by J. H. C. Bonte; from I. E. Thayer, a large pectoral fin of a flying fish, that flew on board the bark *Annie Johnson* when about the equatorial line; from Edward Holland, a sea urchin found on the mud flats at Wilmington, Cal., a kind not heretofore observed as existing on the Californian coast; and from J. G. Richardson, some Indian bones from a cave on the McCloud river, the same in which Professor Cope found the skull of the cave bear.

Doctors Kellogg and Behr read descriptions of newly discovered plants from Southern California and Arizona, but more particularly the *Gilia ipomopsis secunda*, a beautiful floral acquisition. Its flowers are of ultramarine blue, purple or indigo, mottled and dotted, and often clouded, while some varieties again are of a pinkish tinge.

Dr. H. W. Harkness read an interesting paper on the structure and growth of the vegetable cell. The reading of the paper was fully illustrated with diagrams and by fifteen microscopes, showing the various cells giving the green color to the calla lily stems, and other cells in the potato filled with the starch granules. The circulation of the cell sap, he said, is most curious and independent of the plants' general circulation. The motion within the cell is necessary to preserve the vitality of the protoplasm. Dr. Harkness contended that a mild current of electricity arrests this circulation. Before the cold, electric and dry northers plants shrivel, curl and show signs of great distress; but with the return of soft, moist and magnetic breezes from the equator they soon resume their fresh and vigorous appearance. These changes, he claimed, are far too sudden to be due to either desiccation or absorption, but are attributable to a temporary cessation of cell rotation, induced by electrical disturbances, which take place during the prevalence of our northern winds. The reader also described the multiplication of cells, showing how occasional bachelor cells occur, without any mate or affinity developed within their reach. These finally assume a yellow, jaundiced hue, dry up and pine away. After describing cell multiplication by conjugation, he gave further illustrations from a fungoid plant recently discovered by him on the California buckeye.

Don't Drink To-night.

I left my mother at the door,
My sister by her side;
They clasped their hands, and loving looks
Forebade their doubts to hide.
I left and went with comrades gay
When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me,
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

Long years have passed away since then,
My jetty curls are gray,
But, oh! those words are with me yet,
My mother is now resting sweet
In the graveyard on the hill,
But her kind words come back to me
And haunt my memory still.
I've often, often passed the cup;
Oh, then my heart was right!
Because I've heard the warning words,
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

I've now passed down the road of life,
And soon my race is run;
A mother's warning listened to,
An immortal crown is won.
Oh, mothers! with your humble smile,
Look on your boy so bright,
And say, as you alone can say,
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

Those words will prove a warning when,
In the thorny path of life,
The boy is in the tempter's wiles
And warring in the strife.
Thy words will stop the morning cup
And revelry at night,
By whispering back a mother's voice,
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Acquisitions to the Library, Museum and Cabinet.

The Academy of Sciences held its monthly meeting last evening, Professor Davidson presiding. John Richards, a mechanical engineer, was elected a member, and the applications for membership of David Cohn, Captain Charles Nelson and F. M. Whitlaw were referred to the Committee on Membership. A geological sketch map of New South Wales, with a statement of the quantity and value of minerals produced in New South Wales prior to January 1, 1880, and approximate areas of mineral deposits, was received from the Government Geologist. Contributions to the museum were received as follows: From John A. Palmer of Carlin, Nev., arrow heads of Shoshone Indians, and a plant used by them for food; from Jerome Gay a broken spear head from Strawberry valley, Mount Shasta; from Mrs. F. M. Pixley an arrow head found in a mound near San Rafael; from James Say of Nevada, three arrow points and two spear heads of the Pahute Indians; from E. R. Shimmin a hanging nest of a titmouse; from H. M. Newhall a skeleton of a cat; from R. W. Simpson a piece of rock found on the north bank of the Columbia river; from Professor Davidson twenty-three photographs of natives of Easter island; from Josiah Keep, A. M., curator of conchology, common sea shells of California; from H. C. Russell, Government Astronomer of New South Wales, results of observations made at the Sydney observatory during 1877 and 1878; from Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, U. S. A., paper on ice navigation read before the United States Naval Institute.

Contributions to the cabinet were received from J. G. Crocker, Bakersfield, a rock crystal, petrified knot of wood, petrified peach, and petrified brain taken from the skull of a bullock; from Mrs. J. G. Lemmon, small piece of coal found at a depth of 80 feet in an old tunnel, at the mouth of which is an oak tree 1½ feet in diameter, petrified balsam from a dead fir tree in the Sierra Nevada mountains, virgin copper from a mine in Santa Rita mountains, Arizona, and silver ore from Davis mine, Patagonia mountains; from Dr. W. H. Harkness, magnesite carbonate of magnesia; from A. Weskee, fossil wood, phonalitic lava, and serpentine from Grant Gap gravel mine; from J. W. Wilder, a piece of black shale found in an artesian well near the Presidio, 70 feet from the surface; from Jerome Fay of Siskiyou county, a volcanic glass, and from James Say, a quartz crystal and moss agate.

Professor Davidson read a paper on the "Application of Standard Measures to Industrial Processes," written by John Richards, mechanical engineer.

A piece of amber inclosing a movable air-bubble in a drop of water was exhibited by M. Lebert, at the late meeting of the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences, at the old Swiss city of Fribourg

London Spectator.

In the search for antique gems, though there are many blanks there are pretty sure to be a few prizes now and again, possibly in the shape of Greek work of the finest period, the age of Pheidias and Praxiteles. It will be well, however, to explain to the reader what we mean by "antique gems." These are not to be found, perhaps, in any lady's treasure casket of glittering brilliants or gleaming sapphires, which she takes out, together with her Venetian point lace, to grace ballroom or drawing-room. Some of them, perhaps, may be of equal intrinsic value, and, as works of art, incomparably more priceless than machine-cut stones, whose glitter, after all, is excelled by the dewdrop on the grass. Engraved gems, then, are the signet rings of antiquity—the seals wherewith the men of old time, whether of Egypt, Assyria, Greece or Rome, sealed their documents and protected their goods. The portable goods of a man were, no doubt, at first secured by a seal of clay from the banks of the Nile or Tigris, stamped with a bit of worm-eaten reed rolled over it, which reed the owner retained in his possession. The marks on his little cylinder of reed and the corresponding marks on the clay seal, would always assure him that his property had not been tampered with. What more natural than that a cylinder of stone, engraved with various devices, should take the place of the reed? This, in fact, was the first step in the art of gem engraving. And the little cylinder of serpentine, agate or lapis lazuli, engraved with those quaint archaic figures with which Mr. Layard has made us familiar, hung suspended from the wrist of the curled Assyrian exquisite by a golden thread long before Jonah came to Nineveh. This was, in fact, the signet with which he sealed his possessions and documents. And in that great treasure-house of antiquities, the British Museum, may be at this day seen, by those who care to search for them, the cylinder signets of King Darius and of Sennacherib the Assyrian.

BE CONTENTED.

The mist came in at the twilight,
And shrouded a rose so fair;
"Your breath is hurtful" she whispered,
And folded her petals so rare.

The sun shone bright in the morning,
And glowed on the rose so fair;
The mist spread its wings and departed,
But first left a dewdrop there.

It glistened and sparkled in splendor,
On the leaves of the roses so fair;
Adding charm to her blushing beauty,
While her breath perfumed the air.

And even we mortals do murmur,
About the hard burdens we bear;
Little thinking perhaps, on the morrow,
Some jewel may brighten our care.

—*E. R.*

BY THE SEA.

Slowly, steadily under the moon,
Swings the tide in its old-time way:
Never too late and never too soon—
And the evening and morning make the day.

Slowly, steadily over the sands,
And over the rocks, to fall and flow,
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands.
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have borne the good ship on her way,
Or buried her deep from love and light;
And yet, as they sink at our feet to-day,
Ah, who shall interpret their message aright?

"Forever and ever His will be done!"

Slowly, steadily, to and fro,
Swings our life in its weary way;
Now at its ebb, and now at its flow—
And the evening and morning make the day.

Sorrow and happiness, peace and strife,
Fear and rejoicing, its moments know—
How from the discords of such a life,
Can the clear music of heaven flow?

Yet to the ear of God it swells,
And to the blessed round the throne,
Sweeter than chimes of Sabbath bells—
"Forever and ever His will is done!"

The Changing Years.

The changing years fly swiftly by,
Like shadows on the landscape flung;
Dark with the weight of all the woes
That to our human life belong;
Heavy with all the bitter tears
That from our human hearts are wrung.

And birds sing on through all the years,
That touch our hearts and leave them cold;
While faces we have loved and pressed
Against our own in tenderness
Are lying silent, pale and cold
Beneath the churchyard dust and mold.

Still all the years fly swiftly by,
Nor stop to lift the drooping flowers;
Nor stop to heed the human cry
Of finite hearts that ache and bleed
Beneath the feet and weary strain
Of life-long woe and bitter pain.

Yet, through the changes of the years,
Through all our sorrows and our griefs,
Through all our doubts and all our fears,
Through bitter trials and burning tears,
We hold sweet memories in our hearts
That change not with the changing years—

Dear memories of some faded Spring,
Sweet with the violet's blossoming,
And melodies that wild birds sing
When roses reddened in the sun,
When both our life and hearts were young,
And happy hours passed one by one,
Like careless love-notes in a song.

And all the years that come and go
With Summer's fragant buds and flowers,
And Winter's chill and drifting snow,
May take our joys and leave us woe,
And crush our dearest hopes—and yet
They cannot make our hearts forget,
Ther cannot leave us desolate.

ELISE CUSHMAN.

BOYS, GO HOME.

Ah, boys! you who have gone out from the old homesteads into the rush and bustle of life, do you ever think of the patient mothers who are stretching out to you arms powerless to draw you back to the old home-nest? Arms that were strong to carry you once, pressed closely to hearts that love you now as then.

No matter though your hair is silver-streaked, and Daisy in the cradle calls you "Dandpa," you are only "the boys" so long as mother lives. You are the children at the old home. Nothing can crowd you out of mother's heart. You may have failed in the battle of life, and your manoohd may have been crushed out against has followed you always. Many a 'boy' has not been home in ten, fifteen, or even twenty years. And all this time mother has been waiting, waiting, waiting. Ah, who does not know the agony expressed by that word? She may even now be saying, "I dreamt of John last night. May be he will come home to-day. He may be here to dinner;" and the poor trembling hands prepare some favorite dish for him. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with it. Thus day after day, month after month, and year after year passes, till, at last, hope deferred maketh the heart sick—aye, sick unto death—the feeble arms are stretched out no longer.

The dim eyes are closed forever, the gray hair smoothed for the last time, the tired hands folded to everlasting rest, and the mother waits no more on earth for the 'boy' who comes not. God grant she may not have to wait as vainly for his coming in heaven.

Once more I say to you, boys, go home, if it is only for one day. Let mother know you have not forgotten her. Her days may be numbered—"next winter" may cover her grave with snow.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevalleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
ends
And sit to grieve and wonder.

Measuring the Baby.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blackbirds whistled,
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the b[illegible]oy
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at sunshine and s[illegible]hadow
That danced on the latti[illegible]e-sill.

His eyes were wide as b[illegible]uebells,
His mouth like a flo[illegible]er unblown,
Two little bare feet[illegible] like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June r[illegible]lls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber
With t[illegible]e sunshine shut away,
Throug[illegible] bitter tears, that fell like rain,
We measured our boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went, with a childish moan.
To the hight of the sinless angels
Our little one has grown.

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

Cling to those who cling to you;
More than half our sorrow's made,
When we are ourselves untrue
To the light of Friendship's aid;
But how sweet it is to own
Some kind heart to thine beat true,
After many years had flown—
Cling to those who cling to you,

Cling to those who cling to you;
Think how those who live apart,
That sweet solace never knew
Friendship's balm around the heart;
Who is there who hath not long'd
Once to find some friend prove true?
That your friendships be prolong'd—
Cling to those who cling to you.

Cling to those who cling to you;
Every link of Friendship's chain,
If the heart be only true
Will forever bright remain;
Never be the first to break
In the chain the link that's true;
Never Trust or Truth forsake—
Cling to those who cling to you.

officers elected at the last meeting were installed, and several donations of mineral specimens presented and accepted. A beautiful royal wreath, made of the feathers of a peculiar bird found only in the Sandwich Islands, was received from a lady in San Francisco. These wreaths were formerly worn by the native chiefs only, and were held to convey the divine right to rule. The one in question, although there is no correct way of estimating its intrinsic value, is worth as a curiosity perhaps a hundred dollars. Professor Stewart presented the mineral specimens in the name of the donors and explained their peculiarities.

IN THE ROUGH.

The marble was pure and white
Though only a block at best,
But the artist, with inward sight,
Looked further than all the rest,
And saw in the hard, rough stone,
The loviest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care
And chiseled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must beat to God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen.
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiseling brings out all the rest.

BE THOROUGH.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little bit in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to Heaven;
Trifles make the life of men,
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut;
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it be but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you,
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true,
Prayer, my boys, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

There are hearts whose inner feeling
Seemeth hard and cold as stone,
Not a ray of hope revealing,
Going down to death alone;
Yet, had some friend with clearer vision
Spoken kindly words of love,
They might have dwelt 'mid joys Elysian,
And found a happy home above.

There are souls whose mystic beauty
Lieth hidden from the eye,
Who tread the rugged path of duty
Then in silent sorrow die;
Yet, had some friendly voice been lifted,
Cheering their too lonely way,
They might be numbered with the gifted,
Whose names will nevermore decay.

There are minds whose once bright reason
With the dreams of youth has fled,
Left them in the summer season
Wrecked and helpless, more than dead;
Yet, had no false one ever slighted
Thoughts to deep for words to tell,
Had their passion been requited,
Earth had ne'er been turned to hell.

Let us then be all-forgiving,
Ever ready to relieve
Helpless ones around us living
That seem only born to grieve;
Let us strive to ease this sorrow,
Make their life a pleasant dream,
Till in the fair and bright to-morrow
They awake to joy supreme.

Santa Cruz, Feb. 21st, 1875.

I Wonder.

I often wonder mother loves to creep
Up to the garret where the cupboard stands,
And sit upon the musty floor and weep,
Holding a baby's dress in her hands.

I often wonder grandma loves to sit
Alone where hangs a portrait on the wall—
A handsome, haughty face whereon is writ,
The phantom of a love she would recall.

I wonder, too, that sister, pale and sad,
Waits at the gate and, waiting seems to hear
The footfall of the brave, heroic lad
Who nevermore may woo her waiting.

ENVOI.

The little lips in voiceless death are sealed—
The haughty 'squire sleeps now a lasting sleep—
The lover's bones bleach on the battle-field—
And broken-hearted women live to weep.

—Eugene Field.

Where Jackson Was Born.

A letter is printed written by President Andrew Jackson January 17, 1837, in which he said: "I with pleasure comply with your request and inclose you my autograph, and inform you that I was born in the Waxsaw, S. C., on the 15th of March, 1767." The letter has been called out now by Governor Butler's assertion that Jackson was born in Ireland. Some of the books say he was born in North Carolina.

J. D., Barnesville, O.:

1. What is the address of Gen. J. D. Cox? 2. Has he ever written an account of the battles of Franklin and Nashville?

1. Cincinnati. 2. Yes.

Subscriber, Waterville, Minn.:

Will you tell me how and what to do to take the tobacco smell out of a meerschaum pipe or cigar holder and not injure them any.

Boil in sweet milk.

J. E. K., Jefferson, O.:

1. Give the pronunciation of Sphinx. 2. When was Webster's quarto Dictionary revised last—I mean the body of the work?

1. Sfinks. 2. A year or so ago.

His neighbors said with a smile,
"He works in the quarry yonder,
The distance of half a mile
He never complains or grumbles,
But labors till close of day.
He is old and wretched and friendless,
And very peculiar, they say."

That was all. He was very "peculiar,"
I found of the village folk,
And lived in a little cottage alone,
'Neath the shade of a sheltering oak,
In the midst of a tiny garden patch,
Just back from the noisy street.
But the heart that throbbed 'neath his ragged coat
Was as noble a heart as beat.

Yes, he was truly "peculiar."
I heard, with a wondering start,
Of the kindly deeds that were daily done
By that good, old-fashioned heart.
His coat, so ragged and worn with time,
A brother might freely share:
Contented he with only a smile,
And a fervently whispered prayer.

When evening came, and he sat alone
In his vine-wreathed doorway low,
Who cared if his lonely heart grew sad?
His bitterness who should know?
And when he brushed, with his aged hand,
The dew from his eyes so dim,
What muttered it if he pondered o'er
The days that were sweet to him?

But then, when the sun in the heavens rose,
He was up again with a smile,
Trudging along, in his shabby clothes,
The distance of half a mile
While the children clung to his sunburnt hands
As he went on his cheery way;
And I wished to God, as I saw him pass,
That more were "peculiar" to-day.

One morn, when the sun shone clear and bright,
There came a knock at his door;
But all was still, though the sunlight fell
Over the cottage floor.
Said one, "Is the old man asleep or dumb?
Does he know it's the noon of day?"
But another shrugged his shoulders, and said:
"It's his odd, peculiar way."

They passed up the rickety attic stair,
Where, with never a sob or a moan,
The old man lay in his final rest,
With his hands close folded, alone.
Was he sleeping? yes! for his eyes were closed;
His dreams were sweet, for he smiled;
And the smile that lay on his lips was as fair
As that of a little child.

Then they said, ah, never a thoughtless word,
But bore him tenderly down,
With a whispered prayer, to the churchyard small,
Just out of the noisy town.
They missed him then who had never borne
In their selfish lives a part;
But God knew all, and had not forgot
That good, "peculiar" heart.

—*Harriet M. Spalding, in Ballou's Magazine.*

THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1868.

Will you kindly give particulars of the earthquake of 1868 in San Francisco, number killed and injured? TULARE.

[It occurred at 7:53 A. M., October 21, 1868. A considerable amount of damage was sustained by buildings here and in the interior. Only four lives were reported as lost, all in San Francisco, although numbers were injured here and elsewhere.]

BANK NOTE PAPER.

A says the paper for greenbacks and notes of the Bank of England is made of silk. B says it is made of flax. Please decide a dispute. P. L.

[The processes in both instances are secret. For greenback paper silk threads are put into the pulp, which is probably linen. Bank of England notes are printed on fine water-lined paper, made of linen pulp. The manufacture of the latter paper has been in the hands of one family for more than a hundred years.]

1236—Chimneys first put to houses.
1252—Lead pipes for carrying water.
1590—Tallow candles for light.
1297—Spectacles invented by an Italian.
1302—Paper first made from linen.
1334—Woolen cloth first made in England.
1410—Art of painting in oil.
1449—Art of printing from movable type.
1468—Watches first made in Germany.
1545—Pine first used in England.
1550—Variations of the compass first noticed.
1603—Theatre erected in England by Wm. Shakspeare.
1610—Thermometer invented by Sanctorious.
1590—Telescopes invented by Portin and Jansen.
1690—Jupiter's satellites discovered by Jansen.
1604—Tea sent to Europe from China.
1549—Circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey.
1625—Bricks first made of any required size.
1626—Printing in colors invented.
1627—Newspapers first established.
1630—Shoe buckles first made.
1636—Wine first made of grapes in England.
1640—Pendulum clocks invented.
1641—Sugar cane cultivated in the West Indies.
1646—Air guns invented.
1640—Steam engines invented.
1650—Bread first made with yeast.
1662—Fire engines invented.
1756—Steam engines improved by Watt.
1759—Cotton first planted in the United States.
1785—Stereotyping invented in Scotland.
1788—Animal magnetism discovered by Mesmer.
1832—The telegraph invented by Morse.
1880—Telephone invented by Bell.

Please inform us what kind of Dutch are the Low Dutch?

Under the term Low German or Low Dutch are comprised all the dialects spoken in the lowlands of Germany.

The remaining son of H. F. Nehrbas of San Lorenzo died on Tuesday of typhoid pneumonia, at the age of 20 years. Two years ago the five brothers and sisters of the young man were killed in a railroad accident and the aged father and mother are now childless.

The youngest veteran of the late war is claimed to be F. J. Kearny of Sacramento, who, at the time of enlistment, was 9 years, 1 month and 4 days old.

Anson Stone, a resident of San Jose, aged 12 years, was washed off the rocks at the Santa Cruz lighthouse yesterday and drowned. The body was recovered.

"Have pity on them, for their life
Is full of grief and care;
We do not know one-half the woes
The very poor must bear;
We do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer—
'Give us our daily bread.'"

BUSINESS MEN.

1. After the feast the giver shakes his head.
2. The sleeping fox catches no poultry.
3. Creditors have excellent memories.
4. Caution is the father of security.
5. He who pays before-hand is served behind-hand.
6. If you would know the value of a dollar try to borrow one.
7. Great bargains have ruined many.
8. Be silent when a fool talks.
9. Give a foolish talker rope enough and he will hang himself.
10. Never speak boastingly of your business.
11. It is hard for the hungry man to wait when he smells the roast meat.
12. An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.
13. Word by word Webster's big Dictionary was made.
14. Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.
15. Never take back a discharged servant.
16. If you post your servants upon your affairs they will one day rend you.
17. No man can be successful who neglects his business.
18. Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.
19. Systematize your business and keep an eye on little expenses. Small leaks sink great ships.
20. Never fail to take a receipt for money paid, and keep copies of your letters.
21. Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

ON A GOLD BASIS.

Pound Sterling of England,		$4.34
Sovereign	"	4.34
Guinea	"	5.06
Crown	"	1.21
Shilling	"	.22
Louis d'Or of France,		4.52
Napoleon	"	3.84
Five Francs	"	.93
Franc	"	.18½
Frederic d'Or of Prussia		3.95
Thaler of Saxony, etc.,		.68
Florin of Netherlands, etc.		.40
Ducat of Austria,		2.23
Rix Dollar	"	.97
Guilder	"	.48½
Doubloon of Spain, (1800)		15.54
Pistarfen	"	.19½
Real	"	.05
Five Rubles of Russia,		3.95
Ruble	"	.75
Johanne of Brazil,		17.04
Dobra	"	17.31
Moidore	"	6.56
Franc of Belgium,		.18½
Ducat of Bavaria,		2.27
Ryder of Holland,		6.04
Marc Banco of Hamburg		.35
Franc of Switzerland,		.18½
Rix Dollar of Saxony,		.69
Ducat of Naples,		.80
Soudo of Rome,		1.00½
Lira of Lombard,		.16
Crown of Tuscany,		1.05½
Livre of Genoa,		.18
Pezzo of Leghorn,		.91½
Milrea of Portugal,		1.12
Two Rigsdaler of Denmark		1.11
Doubloon of Mexico,		15.53
Tale of China,		1.48
Rupee of India,		.44½
Rou of Egypt,		1.10

THE LATEST POSTAGE LAWS.

Letters, or matter partly or wholly in writing, or **Sealed Packages** of any part of the United States, 3 cents per half ounce, or fraction thereof. **Drop Letters**, at Post-Offices having letter-carriers, 2 cents per half-ounce; at other offices, 1 cent per half-ounce. Request letters are returned to writers free. Stamps cut from stamped envelopes are valueless. The weight of a letter-packet must not exceed *four pounds*.

To Insure a Letter being forwarded in the mail it must have not less than three cents in postage stamps affixed. Postage stamps should be placed on the upper right hand corner of the address side of all mail matter.

In using Postal Cards, be careful not to write or have anything printed on the side to be used for the address, except the address, also be careful not to paste, or attach anything to them. They are unmailable as postal cards when these suggestions are disregarded.

Liquids, Poisons, Explosives, or anything liable to injure P. O. officials, mail-bags, or mails, are not mailable.

Postal Cards, 1 cent each. With an additional one cent stamp they can be sent to Canada, Newfoundland, and by direct mails to Germany.

Newspapers and Periodicals to subscribers in the United States and Canada must be prepaid by the publishers. The rates on *Daily* and *Weekly* Papers, are 2 cents per pound, *Semi-Weekly* and *Monthly*, 3 cents per pound.

Unsealed Circulars, not exceeding four pounds, one cent for each 1 oz.

Books, not exceeding four pounds, 1 cent for each ounce. Books with flexible covers are regarded as pamphlets.

Packages or Samples of merchandise, metals, ores, minerals, etc., not exceeding 4 pounds, 1 cent for each ounce. Packages must be so inclosed as to be easily opened and contents examined without injury to wrappers.

Miscellaneous Printed Matter, books or newspapers included, not exceeding 4 pounds in weight, 1 cent for each ounce. This class includes book-manuscripts, proof-sheets, bulbs, seeds, scions, cards, chromos, circulars, engravings, maps, pamphlets, sheet-music, etc.

Domestic Money-Orders are issued at Money Order Offices at the following rates. On Orders not exceeding $15, 10 cents; over $15 to $30, 15 cents: $30 to $40, 20 cents; $40 to $50, 25 cents. No orders of more than $50 are issued, nor more than three in one day to the same payee.

On International Money Orders, as to Great Britain, German Empire, Switzerland, the fees are five times the domestic rates on the various sums.

The Registration Fee on letters or sealed packages to any part of the United States, is 8 cents in addition to postage paid in full. Registry fee to Canada is 8 cents; to England and Germany, 8 cents.

Foreign Postage.—Letters per half-ounce to Great Britain, Ireland, and Canada, 3 cents; German Empire, (direct mail), 6 cents; France, 10 cents; Switzerland, (via. England), 10 cents; (via Germany), 8 cents; Denmark, 7 cents; Belgium, 6 cents; Italy, 10 cents; Spain, (via New Orleans), 10 cents; (via England), 12 cents; Austria, (direct mail), 6 cents; (via England), 7 cents; Russia, (German mail direct) 10 cents, closed mail, (via England), 11 cents; Mexico, 10 cents; Brazil, 15 cents; Cuba, 10 cents; Venezuela, 10 cents; Jamaica, 10 cents; East Indies, (via San Francisco), 10 cents; Japan, 10 cents; China, 10 cents; Sandwich Isles, 6 cents; Australia, (British mail, via South-

You're thinking of leaving the homesteads
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vice and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins!

You talk of the mines of Australia;
They're wealthy in treasure, no doubt
But, ah! there's gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the business mart;
And wealth is not made in a day, boys;
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The banker and broker are wealthy,
And take in their thousand or so;
Ah! think of their frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest;
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You are free as the air of the mountain,
And monarch of all you survey.
But stay on the farm a while longer;
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys;
Don't be in a hurry to go.

Harp of the Occident.

You seem to hate. You judge me wrong.
Because I love to sing a song,
Is not this harp mine own to play?
Who shall forbid that I should touch
The strings and play? Who, who gainsay?
Have other singers sang so much
That you disdain to hear the strain
Of darling Poesy again?
Go, go your way. Farewell! Farewell!
A false one fades, the true endures;
I have a tale that I would tell—
But never more to you or yours.
The good can understand the good,
The free the free can understand;
Was ever minstrel understood
In his own time, in his own land?
But other men beyond the sea
May sometime catch this strain of mine,
And say the harp belongs to me,
And treasure every simple line
That I have wrought within these years
Of hateful strife and heated tears.

Beyond where dimpled Tahoe lies—
God's mirror bordered by the skies—
Beyond the line of snowy tents
That rise like lofty battlements
Against the blue ridge of the sky,
I make my home. You ask me why;
And I will say, that, only these
Majestic temples, plains and seas,
And cataracts and toppled trees
In tropic groves of palm and pine,
Could ever wake this harp of mine.

My masters these. They bid me sing
I am a child, and I obey;
Has song become a hateful thing,
That men deride and cast away
The strain before they understand?
To you who know, I lift my hand,
And say, 'tis song survives the slow
Revolving years. Is this not so?

And while I sing, my song shall be
Of this far land beside the sea,
Where sun and moon lie down to rest
Upon the ocean's heaving breast,
And bring forth stars whose mystic light
Reveals the beauties of the night,
And show to all within the spell
That God is good and all is well.

And when the deep, deep solitude
Of this far land is understood
There will a race of men arise
Whose songs shall reach the furthest skies,
And then these western wilds will be
No longer veiled in mystery.
Each deep defile and waterfall

VALUABLE POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

1st Class.—Letters in the United States per half ounce or fraction thereof, three cents.

First-class matter only is returnable to the person's name on a card indorsed on envelopes.

Drop letters in the United States per half ounce or fraction thereof, one cent.

Drop letters at carrier offices, per half ounce or fraction thereof, two cents; one cent per half ounce where there are no carriers.

2d Class.—Refers entirely to newspapers and periodicals from publication office, on which there is a special Postal law.

3d Class.—For each two ounces or fraction thereof, one cent. Includes *Books*, printed and blank, transient *Newspapers*, *Periodicals*, *Circulars* and other printed matter, *Proof Sheets* and corrected *Proof* with accompanying manuscript, *Hand Bills*, *Posters*, *Chromos*, *Engravings*, *Printed Envelopes*, *Lithographs*, *Photographic and Stereoscopic Views* with written titles, *Printed Blanks*. Matter of this class *must not be sealed* up close, but be open for easy inspection.

Any Inscription or dedication may be written or any blank filled up. But *any writing* in the nature of personal correspondence will subject the package to letter postage of three cents per half ounce.

4th Class.—For each ounce or fraction thereof, one cent. Consisting of Blank Cards, Card Board and other flexible material, Patterns, Blank Envelopes and Paper, Merchandise, Models, Sample Cards, Ores, Minerals, Seeds, Cuttings, Bulbs, Roots, Scions, Drawings, Plans, Designs, Paintings. Nothing must be *sealed up close* but so as to be inspected easily, for each parcel will be opened and examined, and any deviation from the law, subjects the package to letter postage of three cents per half ounce, or ninety-six cents per pound.

All mailable matter can be registered by paying postage in full and a registration fee of ten cents.

Money Orders are issued in sums not exceeding $50 each.

For an order not exceeding $15, 10 cents.

For an order not exceeding $30, 15 cents.

For an order not exceeding $40, 20 cents.

For an order not exceeding $50, 25 cents.

Foreign Postage.—To countries embraced in the Universal Postal Union, for every half ounce or fraction thereof, five cents.

If the sender's name and address be endorsed on outside of mail matter, it will be returned if the party to whom it is addressed is not found in 30 days.

No package to pass through the mail must weigh *over four pounds*.

All mail must be prepaid by stamps.

On 1st Class matter if postage is not paid by original stamp, balance will be collected on delivery.

On 3d and 4th Class matter, double postage will be collected, if not prepaid in full.

Mailed matter once delivered from hands of P. O. officials, requires repayment of full additional postage to be again forwarded.

Mutilated Stamps or stamps cut from stamped envelopes or Internal Revenue stamps can not be used for postage, and such frauds are punishable with a fine of $50.

Unmailable Matter.—Poisons, Glass, Explosive Chemicals and Instruments.

Flour, Sugar, or any other matter liable to deface or injure the contents of the mail, Liquids and fatty matter can be mailed when put in metallic boxes.

Postal Cards spoiled in printing or otherwise, which have never been used, will be redeemed at any post office in new postal cards, at the rate of four cents for every five cards in whatever quantities presented.

Proprietors of hotels, officers of clubs, etc., should not hold unclaimed letters longer than ten days, except at the request of the person addressed. They should be returned to the Post Office.

Samples of merchandise are subject to postage at the rate of one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, when wrapped so as to admit examination. Such samples may have tickets or tags applied with name, with goods, etc., printed thereon. This is quite an important change and one that will be of great advantage to business men.

Postal Cards in the U. S.—The number used from 1873 to 1877, was 550 millions; from 1877 to June, 1881, we used 990 millions. Under a new contract just made ending June, 1885, we will use *2 billions*. Three men would take 60 years to count them, and placed end to end these cards will reach 164,000 miles.

Shall have a tongue to speak, to speak;
The rivers to the seas shall call
And snowy peak respond to peak.
Mankind will then be understood—
A universal brotherhood.

I bow to thee, Yosemite,
Thou storm-voiced orator of God!
Thy tones shall yet be heard as far
As lands and lights and waters are.
I hear a nation's tread. I see
A deep-worn path by pilgrims trod,
It leads to thee, Yosemite,
Thou Mecca that is yet to be!
And may I say a prophecy?
Well, when the solemn truth is told
It will not be the mines of gold
That celebrate this western strand
To those who know, who understand;
'Twill be Yosemite and these
Eternal living mysteries
That crowd on yonder rising foam,
And clouded Shasta's lofty dome,
That lifts a rounded form against
The cycles of Omnipotence.

These, these, I say, will long remain
When sordid dust and sordid gain
Are buried with the past; and when
Another race of stronger men
Shall hold these hills. Then man shall know
That richer jewels lie below
These drifts of everlasting snow,
Than ever dream these men who hold,
So firmly, to these hills of gold,
And labor on, from sun to sun,
And end as poor as they begun,
Then peace shall reign. The Christ shall rise
From out this race of giant men,
And every soul beneath the skies
Shall dwell with Christ on earth again.

San Jose, 1875. *Hood Alsten.*

DISTANCE TO YOKOHAMA.

Please state the shortest distance between San Francisco and Yokohama, Japan? Is the great circle the shortest, or is it the shortest to go straight across? A says it is 4,525 miles by way of the great circle and about 4,650 by way of a straight course. B says it is the shortest by way of the straight course. E. S.

[The "circle" route is the shorter, but we are unable to give the exact number of miles by either route. Can some of our readers give this information.]

in the sixth century. The narration of his life, like that of St. Patrick, is so overlaid with legendary matter that it is difficult to tell which is history and which is fiction.]

CHILE.

Will you please to inform me the address of the Chilean Consul; also, if he is the proper person for an American to write to for information regarding Chile, the advisability of going there, the inducements to immigrants, etc.?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[Juan de la Cruz Cerda, Consul-General for the government of Chile, 327 Geary street. He is the proper person to write to.]

According to Professor Erichsen, of University College Hospital, London, the use of the knife in surgery has reached its limit. The tendency is toward the substitution of milder expedients, as, for example, electricity.

A remarkable tree aloe growing near Grey Town in South Eastern Africa is described by Mr. Baines, the African traveller, in a letter to Dr. J. D. Hooker. It is about twenty feet high and has a trunk two feet thick.

of an inch by gence from the British sur- one-sixteen *Challenger*, relates mainly to the The soundings taken show that the of plea adeira stands between two ocean val- en more than twenty thousand feet deep. West Atlantic, the solitary peak of Bermuda, nich rises only two hundred and sixty feet above the water, is really a single column towering to a height of fifteen thousand feet above the surrounding sea depths. Of the more recent dredging acquisitions a four-eyed shrimp appears to be the most remarkable.

A successful method of gas lighting by galvanism has been devised in England, whereby all the street lamps in a town can be simultaneously lighted from any distance.

Pacific Coast Algæ.

The richness of our coast in algæ is becoming generally known at the East, through the efforts of local scientists like Dr. Anderson, of Santa Cruz, and others. Mrs. Prof. Gunning devoted much time during her recent visit to this coast in making a collection of these plants, and her work is attracting much attention at the East. At a recent fair in Boston this collection was shown, and the notes which the Boston *Journal* makes of it will contain much news even to our own citizens who have never studied vegetable life on our sounding shore: In making the collection Mrs. Gunning was aided by resident botanists, especially by Dr. Demmick of Santa Barbara and Mr. Cleveland of San Diego. The entire order of sea plants is of great general interest to the botanist, and of especial interest to many others, because of their use in the arts or adaptation for food. The nereocystis represented on the Atlantic coast by the huge, leathery, horny laminarias, is to the Pacific waters what the *Sequoia gigantea* is to the Sierras. Growing in deep water, their huge length, sometimes of 1,500 feet reaches the surface, where it is floated by means of cysts or bladders, and often interferes with the navigation of vessels. In severe storms it is up-rooted and driven on the shore in such masses as to form, with other seaweed and sand, staunch breakwaters. In Mrs. Gunning's volume there is a young plant, *Nereocystis Lutkeana*, measuring a few inches, which shows the hold-fasts by which it anchors (having no root) and the cyst

...ives it its generic name. The plant at ...ge may be looked for in July and August. ...crocystis Pyrifera* is represented in the ...n only by a fragment of a frond, which ...ent, however, to show a very curious ...leaf or frond dissection. If one wants ...in the very portals of the botanic ...hey may read some lessons from this ...collection. The Atlantic coast has rich ...ly varieties of algæ, but the Pacific ex- ...or by far, if one may judge by the collec- ...exhibition, which claims to show nearly ...species that have yet been discovered on ...tern coast.

The Seven Wonders of the World. 300 Pages.

1st Pyramids of Egypt
The base of the great Pyramids is 550.000

WEDNESDAY 22

square feet; & its height 474 feet. The height, in its complete state, was 502 feet. It was built about 900 B.C.

2nd The Temple, The Walls.

THURSDAY 23

& Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
The walls were 87 feet in thickness, in height 350 feet, & in compass

480 furlongs, which make 60 of our Miles

3rd Phidias Statue of Jupiter Olympius

MONDAY 13

Built about 490 B.C.

4th The Great Temple of Diana at Ephesus.
Built about 570 or 356 B.C.

TUESDAY 14

5th The Mausoleum, or Tomb, Erected by Artemesia, Queen of Caria, to the memory of her Husband Mausolus Who died 353 B.C.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh. *Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Ref.*

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Ref.*

Hold the Fort.

Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—*Cho.*

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow,
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—*Cho.*

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—*Cho.*

Pass Me Not.

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief.
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—*Cho.*

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirits,
Save me by Thy grace.—*Cho.*

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee.—*Cho.*

Every Day and Hour.

Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

Thro' this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way,

Ref. Every day and hour, &c.

Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Ref. Every day and hour, &c.

Fully Persuaded.

Fully persuaded, Lord, I believe!
Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give;
I will obey Thy call;
Low at Thy feet I fall;
Now I surrender all,
Christ to receive.

2 Fully persuaded, Lord, hear my cry!
Fully persuaded—pass me not by;
Just as I am I come,
I will no longer roam,
O make my heart Thy home;
Save, or I die!

3 Fully persuaded, no more oppressed,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

4 Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully pursuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!

TO THE PIONEERS.

A few passing moments, is all that I ask,
A word to the old Pioneers here to-day.
A thought of the times that have vanished from sight,
A tribute to those who have left us for aye.
In spirit depart from these scenes all aglow,
And return to the home, that you left long ago.

Go back to the fireside, the loom, and the wheel,
In the cornhuskings, quilting bees, spinning take hold,
Ah! list to the sleigh-bells, as nearer they come,
The snow balls are falling around as of old.
In memory go back to the log cabin door,
And see the old home as it was once before.

There comfort and peace, pervades valley and hill,
Contentment and happiness lies hand in hand,
Generations have dwelt in their fathers old place,
Unmindful of another a far better land.
The chords of the heart, vibrate softly and sweet,
'Round the circle resting in that happy retreat.

But hark! an excitement is whirling with rage;
The wind by a clamor is whistling its tune,
The mind on a distant thought dreams day and night,
The old home has lost its attr -tion too soon;
On each lip rests these words, w ich before were untold,
I am going to seek California's gold.

Farewell friends, and neighbors, we're bound for the West!
Our future is there, ask us not then to stay!
For the young heart's ambition, commands his proud will,
Our fortunes await us in the gold far away.
The young and the aged in one voice combine,
All raised by the spirit of old forty-nine.

Some horses, and oxen, then served as your teams,
While many of you who are listening to-day,
Once foot-sore, and hungry, discouraged and sick.
Pursued by the savages walked that rough way;
The ties that you severed, weighed down on the soul,
The feeling of loneliness, hard to control.

But, afar in the distance, where the silver moon rolls,
Where the grizzlies haunt, and the wild cattle roam,
Where the mountain's side gave up the glittering ore,
'Twas there that the Pioneer marked out his home,
This was the hope that would lull you to rest,
After treading each day. towards the far distant west.

When the desert is reached, the alkali plain,
Stretched out like a bar of impassible length,
When the dreaded disease, took the most of your band,
'Twas the Pioneer then showed his courage and strength;
And there in despair, you knelt down in the dust,
And with quivering lips, said, in God we will trust.

On the snow capped Sierras, you'll find a small hut,
Where the emigrant travelers, found in their gloom,
The hand of starvation, awaiting their call,
Where father, and mother, received their sad doom.
'Twas there on the mountain top, desolate and wild,
Was born the first, native, American child.

But look! there before you stands brilliant, and young,
California, her arms outstretched, willingly, kind,
To welcome the stranger, in a valley like this,
To give up the gold, in her bosom they find;
Rude tents, hard work, money, in plenty was here,
Such was the life of the first Pioneer.

Did you find here these orchards, large vineyards and groves?
Were our cities established as they are to-day?
Could you glide through our State on a net work of steel?
Still more could you speak to the ones far away?
You found California, in her natural field,
With her future imprinted on labor's rough shield.

Oh! daughters, and sons of this pure western sod,
To these old Pioneers, we owe a large debt,
As the landmarks of future prosperity here,
Wealth's solid foundation, 'we' should not forget;
In a strange land, where hope buried deep its alloy,
They fought for the home we may live to enjoy.

Mark well, when the twenties you cast to and fro.
They were found by our parents in those days of old,
Cast not to the winds, what they worked hard to gain,
Read the motto that's stamped on your silver and gold.
For poverty, and sorrow, will come up through the floor,
If wealth and extravagance, goes out the door.

Honored friends; may your pathways wind smoothly in peace,
Each reunion add luster to the deeds you have done,
May you all, poor or wealthy, in mansion or cot,
Live long to enjoy the new home you have won.
In the future reunions, join in do not fear,
There will always be room for an old Pioneer.

For those that are gone, we in memory keep
Their lives like a ministering angel to guide,
While their names sail along on the river of life,
And their deeds float ashore at the ebb of the tide.
Where the birds and wind, an accordance will keep,
California rest lightly, there the Pioneers sleep.

And we, native children, push on to the front,
We inherit the strong will our fathers possessed,
We must add to the laurels that shadows the brow,
Of the bright, independent, young queen of the west.
We will work on in courage, we'll succeed but we must
Be true to our motto, "In God we will trust."

MAGGIE ABEL,
Daughter of California.

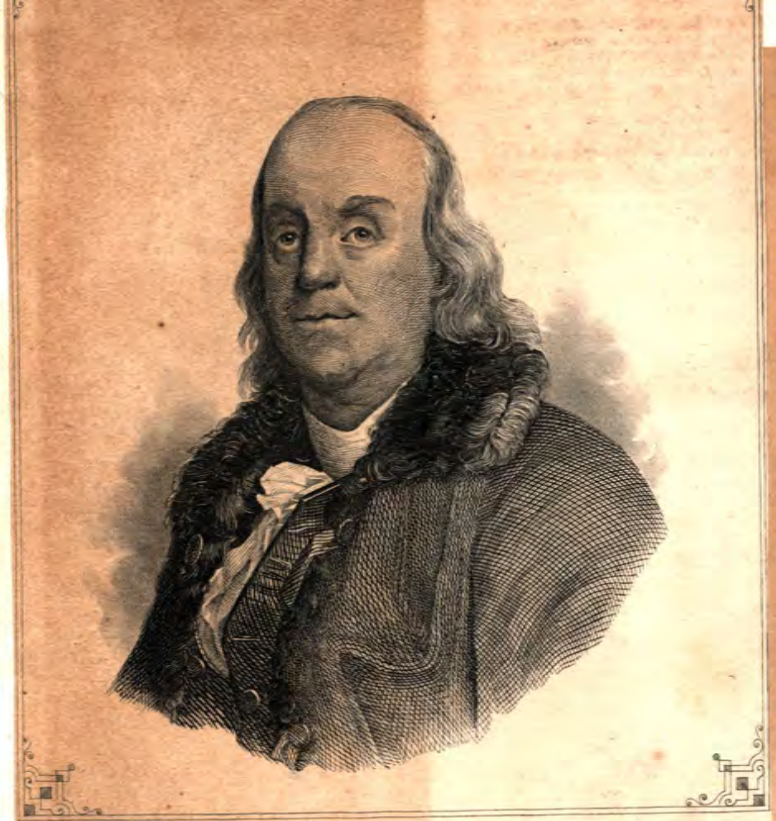
SAN JOSE, June 10, 1880.

Major André

Fraud in Coins.

"God hath made man upright," said he preacher, "but they have sought ut many inventions." If the wise King ad lived in these days he would have ound in the devices of swindlers illusrations of man's "many inventions."

The amount of "punched" silver oins in circulation shows that someody is stealing from the money that elongs to the people. Silver dollars, alf dollars and quarters are frequently iven in change, in which holes have een made so that from ten to fifteen er cent. of the metal has been punched ut. One hundred silver dollars thus mutilated pay the swindler at least ten lollars for two or three hours work. These "punched" coins are taken at estaurants and retail stores when ofered by regular customers. The perons who take them pass them off on ther customers. The banks refuse to eceive them. Out of three thousand lollars in silver sent to a New York roker, sixty-seven dollars were found mutilated. The simple remedy for the revention of this crime is for everyody to refuse to receive a mutilated coin. Then the swindler will find his occupation gone. As no one but an ignorant person would receive a gold coin with a hole in it, unless at a discount, the swindlers do not mutilate gold eagles, half eagles, or quarters, But they tamper with them in other ways. A new twenty-dollar gold piece weighs five hundred and sixteen grains. The minimum weight at which they are received by the Government is one-half of one per cent. less, which is the allowance made for legitimate wear. The swindlers take advantage of this fact. They buy new gold coins, shake them up in a buckskin bag and thus wear them down. Then by burning the bag in a crucible they get the gold that has been rubbed off by the shaking. Sometimes they bore a hole into a five dollar piece from the edge and taking out the gold insert a copper wire. The coin is of the true weight, but it will not ring. Another mode of operating is to take off one face of a twenty dollar gold piece and bore out the gold until a mere shell remains. It is then filled with platinum, the other face added, and the edges remilled. Only a first-class expert can recognize these coins, which for each twenty dollar piece thus manipulated.—*Youth's Companion.*



Benj. Franklin

—Mrs. Fanny Graham, who has been so long sick, died on Sunday night, July 31, and was buried from the family residence of Mrs. Sarah Swartz, mother of the deceased, on Tuesday, Aug. 2, the services being conducted by Rev. C. H. Botkin, assisted by P. D. Vermillion. Mrs. Graham was born September 7, 1857, and was married November 19, 1879. She suffered much during the past 11 months and was patient and resigned. She leaves a mother, brothers and sisters, a husband and a sweet babe 11 months old. Fannie was our friend, and we loved her much. We pray God to give consolation to all who mourn her departure while so young. And may the beautiful child she has left find a friend and home in every heart.

Another heart has ceased to beat,
And wearied feet to roam;
Another heart's left desolate,
For Fannie has gone home.

A few short months ago, she stood
In beauty, joy and pride,
Beside the hymenial alter, decked
A fair and blushing bride.

A few short months she cheered the home,
With loves enchanting smile.
Of him whose loving heart was given
Her moments to beguile.

At once she quit her work below,
Her spirit ceased to roam,
And earth seems clad in dreariness
Since Fannie has gone home.

But yet she lives, though veiled to sight,
Where endless joy is given,
And soon with her we hope to sing,
Around the throne in heaven.

TO THE BEREAVED.

What the Lord does is always right,
However dark to erring men;
All things in Heaven, and all on earth,
Are seen by His far reaching ken.

He knows the trembling human heart;
He knows the pangs which sufferers feel;
And when His judgments wound us sore,
He wounds in mercy—but to heal.

How hard to say, "Thy Will be Done,"
When heavy falls His chast'ning rod!
But Oh, His grace can make our hearts
Say, blessed be the name of God!

Dear friends, is not this your desire,
To be submissive to God's will?
Then ask in faith, and hear Him say,
Dear, weeping friends, I'm with you still!

You may not hear those words in sound;
But Oh, your heart shall feel the glow
Of Christ's almighty dying love,
Which only the afflicted know.

Your darling child, your precious daughter,
The Savior only called her home;
Perhaps to save her precious soul
From the dark, evil days to come.

You loved your daughter; but just reflect,
His is a pure, almighty love!
Say, Auntie, were it in your power,
Would you recall her from above?

LAURA DEOBLER.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of a banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Then I was king, for I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down,
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the mouth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste,
Far greater than a king am I
Or than any army beneath the sky.

"I have made the arm of the driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I can not boast
Of a king deth'oned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will,
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew,
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

—The shamrock, which is the emblem of Ireland, is not known by its flower, but by its leaves; it is a little trefoil, as is clover, but is very rare in England and not common in Ireland. Bentham, in his "British Flora," says that *Oxalis acetocella*, or wood sorrel, is the original shamrock; it has a pale pink, almost white, flower, which is said to be very plentiful in woods in April. He also states that purple Dutch clover *(Trifoleum repens)*, which we all know so well, is now accepted as the shamrock. The tradition runs that St. Patrick, when preaching in Erin, gathered a shamrock and used it to illustrate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. From this circumstance the treefoil has become accepted as the national emblem of the Emerald Isle.

BONANZA.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES NEAR THE STATE PRISON.

What are Claimed to be the Contents of a Mound Builder's Habitation.

Some months ago when the discovery of the tracks of the prehistoric man caused so much interest in scientific circles, the APPEAL suggested that the tracks be followed up in the direction indicated by them when they disappeared at the edge of the wall and the mound east of the prison quarry be explored. No one, however, seemed to consider this suggestion of any importance, and when Professor Harkness' attention was called to it he held that there were no indications about the mound to show that it owed its shape to any human agency. The fact that the tracks pointed directly toward the mound he considered merely a coincidence. Several other gentlemen who came to Carson from San Francisco to visit the tracks were of the same opinion, and it was not deemed expedient to uncover the tracks from the quarry to the mound on account of the distance—half a mile—and the expense involved.

It happened, however, that Andy Shannon and John Melrose, two miners who came to the State recently from the Gunnison district, visited the prison, and after examining the tracks paid a visit to the peculiar dome shaped piece of earth and rock which lies a few hundred yards to the left of the State Prison road as one comes toward the prison from Virginia City.

They began to run a tunnel into the mound three weeks ago, entering from the east side, and when they first encountered signs indicating that the place was once inhabited they had made a progress of eight feet. They found pieces

nearly three inches long, and Mayo Greenlaw, the dentist of this city, pronounced it a human tooth. During the next eight feet they found charcoal in abundance, together with arrow heads, cooking utensils and one flint knife. The cooking utensil was an earthen pot which had evidently been burned to make it hard, and the knife was made of flint and had a keene edge. The earthen vessel referred to would hold about a gallon and had been broken. The two parts fitted together and the edges plainly showed that it had been submitted to the action of heat. A stone war-club was also found, and yesterday the two men brought it to the APPEAL office. It looked as if a hole had been bored in a piece of stone and a handle driven in, after which the handle had petrified. Pieces chipped off showed the grain of the wood and it required very careful handling. The head, however, was of flint and hard. They also showed what at first they thought was a piece of precious metal, but what seemed on a closer inspection to be base copper. They are still pushing the tunnel ahead hoping to find something which will be of more importance. They expected to find some sort of room inside the mound, but so far have been disappointed. The ground is quite soft in places, and appears rather a heterogeneous mixture of loose earth and stones than any well defined geological formation. The two men claim that they have located the mound and will allow no one else to work it. They claim that the finding of the copper enables them to hold it as mineral land. It may be well also to state that Warden Bell looks upon the men as imposters who run a tunnel into the mound, and are now exhibiting relics brought from Colorado as evidences of their discoveries. The other day a man who attempted to go into the tunnel was ordered to leave at the muzzle of a shot gun.

—The Cresaps—Etc.

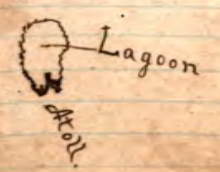
[Santa Barbara Independent.]

Since the death of General Ord, the old story of his alleged descent from George the Fourth has been published in various shapes in the press of this country. From the General's brother, R. B. Ord, Police Judge of this city, we learn that some portions of the story are true, some possible, and much of it he had never heard of before. The children actually left by the father of the General were Pacificus, the eldest; Edward O. C., the General who recently died at Havana of yellow fever; Placidius, a Colonel in the United States Army, who was killed by being thrown from his carriage in San Antonio, Texas, about five years ago, being at the time a member of the General's staff; Dr. J. L. Ord, formerly of Santa Barbara, now a surgeon in the army; Col. W. M. Ord, who died at Santa Cruz, Cal., a year ago last March; Robert B. Ord, Police Judge of this city, and John, who is now living at Soquel; in all, seven sons. There was but one daughter, Georgiana, who married S. W. Holliday, a lawyer of San Francisco. The story, as given by the Pittsburg Dispatch, in a letter from Cumberland, Md., is as follows:

Ere the beginning of the present century a priest arrived from England at the Roman Catholic College then located at Washington, D. C., bringing with him a lad about eight years old, who, together with a handsome casket and a minature of the lad's mother, was left in charge of the college authorities. The lad was brought up within the precincts of the college, educated for the priesthood and ordained a priest when he arrived at the age of maturity. At the college he was named James O.d and while under age received large yearly allowances, which plainly proved that his parents, whoever they were, were of the wealthy class. Though ordained a priest, the young man never administered in the church. In the war of 1812 he joined the army where he received the title of general, and came to Cumberland. There he met the daughter of Colonel Daniel Cresap—from whom Dan's Mountain derived its name and who was the Colonel Cresap referred to in the Indian chief Logan's great speech — and subsequently married that estimable lady. Colonel Cresap and Captain Lynn served in the same army, and the Colonel died before the war was over. Gen. Ord returned to Washington after living some years' on his wife's estate on the upper Potomac, and was employed in the Government service until within the past twenty years, when he removed to San Francisco, California, and amassed a very large fortune. He died in 1873 at the age for eighty years, leaving seven sons and a daughter as the only representatives had been kept. His oldest son, Edward Otho Cresap, died on Sunday night of yellow fever, on his way from Vera Cruz to New York. He had won a splendid military record. The second son was named Pacificus; the third, Placidius, now travelling in Europe in search of his ancestral lineage; the names of the others are Lycurgus, John, Marcellus and James. The only daughter living was named Georgians, and was married to a foreign Minister many years ago, whose name our informant could not furnish.

It is believed here by the Cresap family that Genreral Ord was the grandson of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom he was married by a Protestant priest while he was Prince Regent. The consent of Parliament had not been given, and the marriage was illegal in English law. A son was born by this union and consigned to the care of a tutor named Ord, who emigrated with him to this country. The youth took the name of his tutor, and married a Maryland lady, by whom he had two sons, Atlanticus and Pacificus. The first was sent to West Point and the second became a lawyer in New Orleans and emigrated to California twenty-five years ago, where he held the position of Judge. Earl Russell, in his "Life of Fox," denies that there was any issue, and says: "Fortunately for the nation, the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert was not cursed with issue."

There is a sequel to this singular story which Earl Russell does not tell. In 1812 an action for libel was tried in the Court of King's Bench, in which it was clearly proved that the Prince of Wales had for twenty years paid an annuity to a former editor of the Morning Post—the plaintiff in the action—for suppressing some letters which the editor had threatened to publish, relating to the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. The defendant in the action was sued for a libel, consisting in a charge that the former editor of the Morning Post, arterwards a magistrate in the county of Suffolk, was guilty of obtaining and receiving hush money from the Prince of Wales. The defendant pleaded and proved that the charge was true, and the jury gave him a verdict. The payment of the annuity was distinctly traced through several persons to the treasurer of the Duchy of Cornwall, one of the Prince's officers.



MONDAY 13

This pharos was in height 450 feet + could be seen at a distance of 100 miles. Built about 332 B.C.

7th Colossus of Rhodes The height of the Statue was 125 feet, + the thumb was so large that few people could clasp it. The fingers were larger that most Statues. It was erected B.C. 300.

TUESDAY 14

"Hindoos believe, 1300 before Christ. When that Power awakes then has this world its full expansion; but when he slumbers with a tranquil spirit, then the whole system fades away for while he reposes, as it were, embodied spirits endowed with principles of action depart from these several acts, and the mind itself becomes inert"

MONDAY 13

"Egyptians believe the world to be subject to occasional conflagrations + deluges whereby the gods arrested the career of human wickedness, + purified the earth from guilt. After each regenerating mankind were in a state of virtue + happiness, from which they gradually degenerated again into vice + immorality.

According to Orpheus, it was 120,000 years; according to others 300,000; + by Cassander, it was taken to be 360,000."

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
'T would be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, I wish he were here;
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam;
Oh yes, 't would be joy beyond measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart, that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When ev'ning's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me,
At morning, at noon or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

Don't you know a little angel
Has come down to dwell with me?
In the form of Baby Annie
How that spirit loves to be!
She came to me all spotless,
With no stain upon her brow;
Will she go to God as taintless
And as beautiful as now?

May be none may see the angel
In this little mortal guise;
May be none may see the glory
That around her being lies;
But a mother's heart above her
In worship half doth bow,
And fain would keep her innocent
And beautiful as now!

Mrs. Day's Hesperian.

The Old Man.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again,
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets;
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said:
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My Grandmama has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he HAD a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here—
But, the three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf on the tree
In the spring—
Let them laugh, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough,
Where I cling.

United States, is understood to have been prepared by the Director of the Mint. It provides that on the adverse of all the gold and silver coins there shall be an impression emblematic of Liberty, with the inscription "Liberty," and the year of coinage. On the reverse of the gold coins, except the gold dollar, and on trade dollars there shall be the representation of an eagle with the inscription, "United States of America." The denomination of coin, dollars and all silver except trade dollars are to bear on their reverse a wreath together with the denomination and the inscription, "United States of America." The bill authorizes the Director of the Mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, to cause the motto, "In God we trust," to be inscribed on such of the coins as shall admit of this. It is next provided that the three-dollar gold pieces and twenty-cent silver pieces shall not be coined, and the third section of the bill is as follows: "The devices on minor coins, that is, the nickels, shall consist of such emblems and inscriptions as are proper to the Republic of the United States, but plainly distinct from those on the gold and silver coins, and each minor coin shall express its proper date and value."

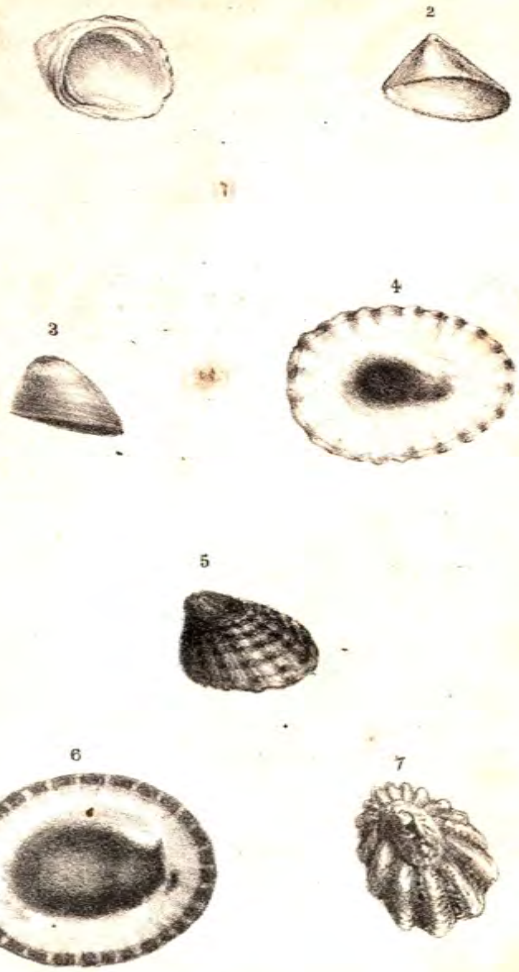
The bill was referred to the Committee on Finance.

THE FACTORY BELL.

Chime—chime—chime!
Chime for the work that in part is done;
Chime for the work that is yet to come.
The bell still sounds, but a softer tone
Now comes from all but the wheel alone.
That rattles on, with a careless noise,
Over the laughter of girls and boys,
Over the humming of lovers' notes,
And mothers' lullabies, loud it floats.
Busy yourselves! for the day goes by—
Work while you may, ere the eve draws nigh!
The light will fade that is shining now:
The flush shall pale from each cheek and brow.
Now to the task, in thy golden prime,
Ere changed is the soft-toned, cheerful chime;
Stay not a moment, for though 'tis noon,
The night is coming, and all too soon!
But far above where the din is heard
Sits Father Time, who says not a word,
But chimes—chimes—chimes!

Ring—ring—ring!
Ring in the day for the work to begin,
Ring in the morn as the light pours in;
The first bright beam of the rising sun
Heralds the work that has just begun.
Busier—busier—work is no play,
All must be done ere the close of the day—
Come, maiden, hasten, stay not behind!
Come, youth, delay not hand, heart nor mind!
The ceaseless wheel of the factory World
Circles around, and its sound is hurled
Far from the east and far to the west,
Where spreading lines of the sunbeams rest;
Moments are precious—hours are few—
Gather the work, for there's much to do.
The bell shall ring to honor the one
Who falters not till the day is done.
But Father Time, the belfry within,
Pulling the rope, heeds never the din—
But rings—rings—rings!

Toll—toll—toll!
Toll—for the work that at last is done,
Toll—for the lives that their course have run,
Toll—for the youth in his faded bloom,
Toll—for the maid in her early tomb,
Toll—for the loss of the vanished light,
Toll—for the entrance of Death and Night,
Toll—for the wheel that will turn no more
Till it turns again on another shore!
For the wheel was Life, and it now is naught—
Its labor is ended, its lesson is taught.
Toll! for the ringing that Father Time
Changed to a soft-toned, cheerful chime—
Toll for the chime that in mournfull roll
Was changed from a chime to a solemn toll.
Old Father Time, with his iron face,
Heeds never a sound in his lonely place—
But tolls—tolls—tolls!



WITH COMPLIMENTS.—Worn down with the fatigues of labor, and enervated by the oppressive heat, one is prone to exclaim: "What is life—a toil?" Yes, even so! Still, the receipt of a little token from a friendly hand will sometimes, in a moment of despondency, lift the drooping soul to higher thoughts: and then life has its gleams of pleasing sunlight. To think that some friend still remembers you, is oft refreshing. Thus, gentle reader, mused the poor printers, one day this week; when their souls were gladdened by the receipt of a package of cake and wine from a lady friend. The gift was most opportune, and in the ecstacy of our emotion, we indulged in the following:

Working and toiling that others may reap,
Hath its pleasure as well as its care;
So we'll smile on, though others may weep—
The vexations of life we'll forbear.

'Tis enough that our poor hearts are cheered
By the thought that there's *one* for us thinking;
Naught of trouble is now to be feared,
And our spirits we'll 'rouse, that were sinking.

Fair lady, receive our warm thanks!
May sweet dreams attend thee forever!
And the cares that o'er float on the banks
Of Life's changing scenes, greet thee *never!*

OVER THE WAY.

There's a monarch over the way!
He bears on his brow no studded crown,
He wears in his tr il no blood-red gown,
—— finger flashes no signet ring;
But his lisped decree is that of a King—
This baby over the way.

There's a despot over the way!
No halberd, no crested shield he vaunts,
From a helmet peak no plume he daunts,
No clattering horse at his heels attend;
But all at his beck in thraldom bend
To this baby over the way.

There's a wizard over the way!
And to shards, before his mild blue eyes,
Are crackled the old proprieties;
The yesterday problems grow small and few,
And fall, in their stead, a thousand new
Start up from over the way.

There's a prophet over the way!
Dispelling the will-o'-the-wisps of doubt,
While clear the lantern of faith flames out,
And through the mist booms the anch red bell:
"Lo! God still reigns, and must mean well
By such little ones over the way!"

—*George Houghton, in Christian Union.*

ARCHIBALD STONE'S MISTAKE.

Archibald Stone is Archie's name,
And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy;
Mamma's and Papa's are just the same,
And mine—why, I am Maisy.

Daisy and I are twins, you know,
Exactly eight years old;
We are just alike from top to toe,
And figures on a slate,
But does not add up rightly when
He says we are not eight.

For I have learned a little song—
Its name is "Two Times Two;"
That's why I know that Archie's wrong,
For 'course the song is true.

Papa says not to worry more,
Nor vex my little pate;

175. *Old Tune.*—[Webb] "The Morning Light is Breaking," (B flat.)

1. The morning light is breaking.
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

No. 176. *Old Tune.*—"Precious Promise," (G).

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

177. *Old Tune.*—"What a friend we have in Jesus," F.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me!
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

2. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 178. *Old Tune.*—"Dennis," (F).

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode—
The Church, our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my care and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 179. *Old Tune.*—"Portuguese Hymn," (G).

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus hath fled?

2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd;
I now am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. When through the deep water I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

No. 180. *Old Tune.*—"Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" (B flat).

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's native breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters Heaven with prayer.

No. 181. *Old Tune.*—"Laban," (C).

1. My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

No. 182. *Old Tune.*—"New Haven," C.

1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away.
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

"CALL THEM IN."

"Call them in!"—the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold:
Peace and pardon freely offer—
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,
He is waiting;—"call them in!"

"Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in!"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones;—"call them in!"

"Call them in!"—the broken-hearted,
Cow'ring neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender—
"'Twas for sinners Jesus came."
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming;—"call them in!"

—*Anna Shipton.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

When that good aud learned man, Charles Kingsley, visited us, he advised all who wished for general culture, to make themselves acquainted with "The true, the beautiful, and the good." I have attempted to follow his advice, and will give you some of my gleanings on the "Beautiful," oigrinal and otherwise.

We can study the beautiful in two ways; either out of us, in objects, or in us, by the ideas and sentiments that these objects excite in us. I will discuss the second way, or the beautiful in the mind of man.

Is it not incontestible, that in the presence of certain objects, under very different circumstances, we recognize a common quality which excites us, pleases us, and which we call beauty? Beauty, according to the philosophy of sensation, is the agreeable. Beauty is almost always agreeable to the senses, but beauty is not alone the agreeable. Experience shows that all agreeable things do not appear beautiful: also, that among agreeable things, that which is the most agreeable, is not the most beautiful. One might say, this is a very agreeable smell, but no one would say this smell is beautiful. All our senses give us agreeable sensations, but only two, hearing and sight, excite in us ideas of the beautiful. The agreeable is confined to us, where it changes according to our health, the state of our nerves, etc. But beauty belongs to none of us; it is the judgment that reason imposes on all men.

Place yourself before a beautiful object; you feel a delightful emotion; and you are attracted towards this object by sympathy and love. The more beautiful the object is, the more lively and intense your joy, the more profound your love. This love is not desire, but admiration. "Desire, is an emotion of the soul which has for its end, secret or avowed possession." Admiration is respectful, while desire tends to profane its object. Desire is burning and sad; the sentiment of the beautiful warms and elevates the soul. The property of beauty, is not to irritate and inflame desire, but to purify and ennoble it. Hence the true artist addresses himself more to the soul, than to the senses.

Place yourself before a beautiful object, whose form is perfectly determined, and easy for the mind to embrace, as a beautiful flower or statue, your senses easily perceive the details, and should the object disappear you could distinctly imagine it, so precise are its forms. The soul feels a sweet, peaceful, tranquil joy.

Again; consider a beautiful object with vague indefinite form. The senses can not perceive the whole of it; and imagination can not reproduce it. The soul feels a deep pleasure, but with it a melancholy sentiment. Look at the stars on a clear night, is not your admiration tinged with sadness.

The first of these two kinds of beauty the precise limited, is called "the beautiful;" the second, the vague indefinite, is called "the sublime."

Among the principal qualities requisite to appreciate beauty, one must have imagination as well as taste. M. V. Cousin says "What makes the poet or the artist is, with a foundation of good sense and reason, without which the rest is useless, a sensitive, passionate heart, and above all a vivid, a powerful imagination."

Thus we find the beuatiful in the mind of man, is made known by reason, sentiment, imagination and taste.

I will now discuss the beautiful in objects.

The most probable theory has it composed of two contrary but equally necessary elements, unity and variety. A beautiful object in its special sense, is one that is complete, limited. A sublime, is one whose forms are less defnite, awakening in us the sentiment of the infinite.

Among sensible objects, colors, sounds, figures, movements, are capable of producing the idea of the beautiful. This is called Physical Beauty.

The universal laws of science; intelligence genius, etc. are called Intellectual Beauty.

The idea of liberty, virtue, justice, devotedness, heroism, charity, patriotism constitute a third, higher than the others, a moral beauty.

Now these three classes of beauty must have some ideal, some center, some unity. This unity is called spiritual beauty.

Physical, serves is an envelope to intellectual and moral beauty. The principle of these three, the ideal, the animating spirit of all, is God, supreme, infinite. The perfectly beautiful, the highest degree of the sublime.

C.P.R. STEAMER C.P.R. STANFORD

ject is inexhaustable as well as beautiful.

G. E. DeGOLIA.

PORT.

The Romance of Lace.

The most recent improvement in the production of lace, says a Paris correspondent of the Baltimore *Bulletin*, is the introduction of shaded tints in the flowers and patterns, giving them the relief of a picture. The effect is produced by varying the application of the two stitches used in making the flowers—the "tolle," which forms the close tissue, and the "grille," employed in the more open work of the pattern. The system is so successfully applied to the laces of France that it has been adopted with the greatest success.

There is a legend regarding the introduction of this manufacture into Flanders. A poverty-stricken but pious young girl was dying of love for a young mon whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night as she sat weeping at her sad fate, a beautiful lady entered the cottage, and without saying a word, placed on her knees a green cloth cushion with its bobbins filled with fine thread, which on autumn evenings floats in the air, and which the people call "fil de la Vierge." The lady, though of romantic bearing, was a practical manufacturer. She sat down in silence, and with her nimble fingers taught the unhappy maiden how to make all sorts of patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight appeared the maiden had learned her art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared.

The price of the lace soon made the poor girl rich. She married the man of her choice, and, surrounded by a large family, lived happily and rich, for she had kept the secret for herself. One evening, when the little folks were playing around her knees by the fireside and her husband sat fondly watching the happy group, the lady suddenly made her appearance among them. Her bearing was distant; she seemed stern and sad, and this time addressed her protege in a trembling voice: "Here," she said, "you enjoy peace and abundance, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you, you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day the woman arose, and going forth with a green cushion and its bobbins in her hands, went from cottage to cottage, offering to all who would be taught to instruct them in the art she had herself miraculously learned. Sa they also became rich, and Belgium became famous for this manufacture.

—An empty platform car weighs 18,000 pounds; an empty box car, 20,000 pounds; a passenger car, 36,000 pounds and sometimes more; and an average locomotive, 80,000 pounds. A single pair of car wheels weighs 500 pounds.

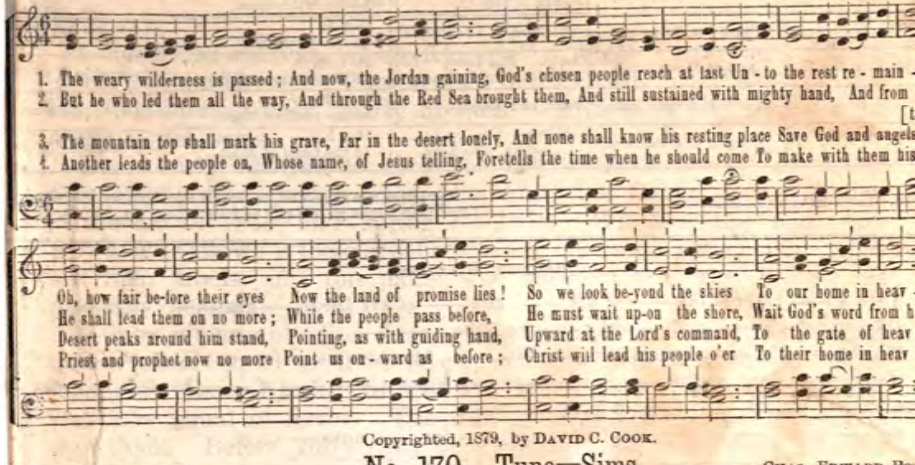
—A man breathes about 18 times a minute, and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogsheads of air per hour.

A High-Priced Stamp.

A-private sale of a Brattleboro stamp was recently made in this city for a price which may or may not be the largest ever given for a piece of paper an inch square, but which was certainly without any warrant in reason. The story is one which will appeal to all collectors. In 1846 the postmasters of certain cities issued stamps by authority while waiting a supply from the department. Of the Brattleboro issue eight hundred were printed, and half were burned. Considering the nature and uses of postage-stamps it would seem nearly as hopeless to raise the dead as to find one of those four hundred after the lapse of a quarter of a century. No sane man would attempt it, and the problem is enough to destroy the last distinction between a collector and a lunatic. While others searched for the stamps, one shrewder than the rest looked for the engraver. He found him alive in Springfield. He had still seven of the precious squares, and he parted with them for his own price of seventy-five cents each, besides furnishing indisputable proof of the genuineness of an issue the very existence of which was doubted. The fact was heard of, and a dealer offered a dollar apiece for six. The purchaser demanded five times that sum, and before the money reached him—though it was promptly sent—he had an offer of ten dollars apiece. But he was honest, and parted with six for thirty dollars. The most precious, bearing the engraver's name, he kept, and has now sold it for one hundred dollars, or for five times the value of a double eagle, and perhaps a thousand times, more or less, the weight of the stamp in gold. Regarded purely as a speculation, we do not know of any neater operation than this, showing as it does a clear profit of several thousand per cent. Most people will think the giving of such a price for such a thing sufficient proof of monomania, but the task which the purchaser is supposed to have set himself leaves no possible room for doubt. These Brattleboro stamps were printed in sets of ten, we believe, and each of the set, of course, differed to an extent appreciable with the microscope. No ordinary collection is complete without a Brattleboro stamp; but this quite too altogether priceless collection has now three, and may yet have a complete set of the Brattleboro issue. A collector of this sort is either a stark lunatic or is filled with a holy rage which none of the common herd are capable of appreciating.—*N. Y. Times.*

EDITH R. WILSON. "Who shuns the glorious race to run," No. 109, Hymnal 1880. E. A. HA

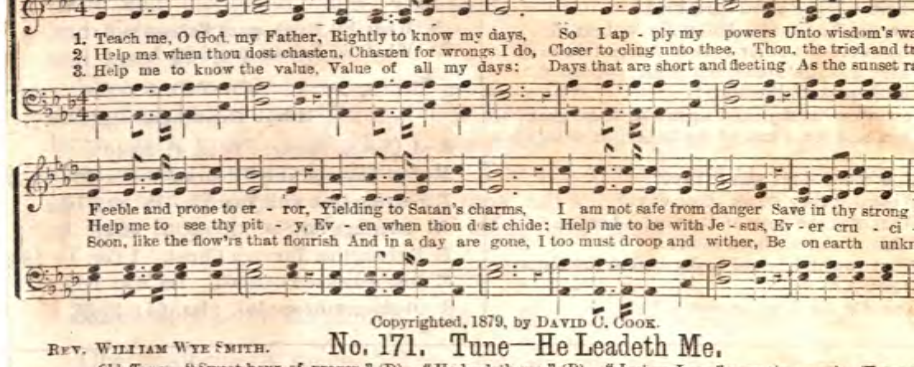
Old Tune—"The Great Physician," (E flat).



E. MANFORD CLARK. **No. 170. Tune—Sims.** CHAS. EDWARD PO

"Bring me thy sons to bless them." No. 147, Hymnal 1880.

Old Tune—"Work, for the night is coming," (F).



REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH. **No. 171. Tune—He Leadeth Me.**

Old Tunes—"Sweet hour of prayer," (D). "He leadeth me," (D). "Just as I am," repeating music, (E flat.)

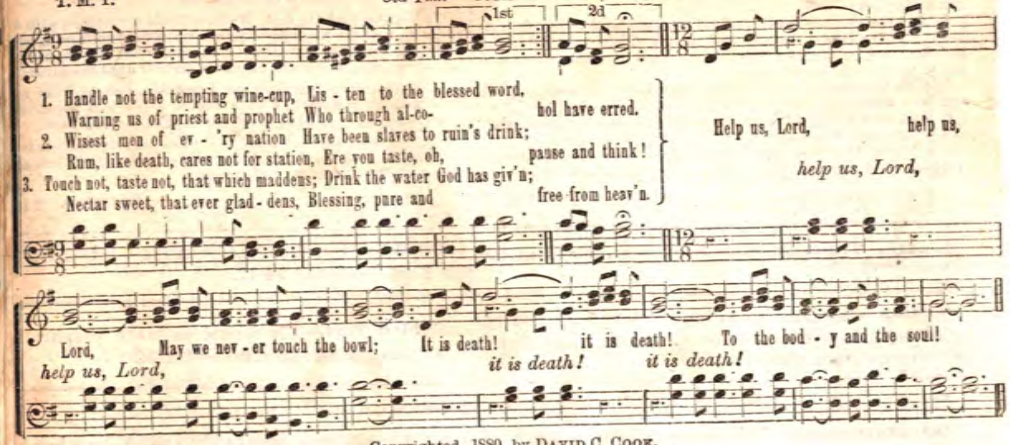
1 As Moses sang his song of songs, To Him to whom the praise belongs, And charged the hosts that round him stood, To shun t
[choo
So our great leader breathed a prayer For us, for mankind everywhere; Then heard, like him, the voice on high, like hi
[the m
2. And from the mountain saw he there The land that God to Abram sware; From Gilead's mountains far and free, O'er Ju
[
And from his cross shall Jesus view The world his grace creates anew; And die with glory in his soul That man may rise from si

Maidens and Wives.

It is only when a woman becomes a wife you can see her true character, says an exchange. Before this epoch she is so cramped in conventionalities that her very soul is kept covered up, and the heart has no room for healthy action. But the bonds are broken on her wedding day, when, from a chrysalis condition, she comes out a butterfly or a bee, or perchance a wasp. Then she begins to breathe freely and to aim at the supreme happiness of womankind—the having her own way. The husband, still stiff in his own conceit, is fairly startled and shaken with the shock of a surprise. The meek and modest maiden whom he courted so cavalierly soon shows him she is a woman with a tongue and with a temper, and a woman who will have her own way. When he talks about home and happiness and the duties of a wife, all in capitals, she laughs at him for his innocence, and wants to know if he would treat her as a child, as did her nurse and her governess and her mother and her chaperon, to keep up the proprieties.

Possibly some of his overweening conceit is thus laughed out of him, and he agrees to take his proper place as his wife's husband, giving up with a sigh the good old copy-book and church service mottoes about being her lord and master and getting from her nothing but honor and obedience. If this sensible conclusion be quietly come to, all may yet be well; and should he bear the yoke gracefully, his wife will be easy with him, will let him have his own way in little things, and look as docile as a dove when company is present. But in case the unlucky husband clings to the ancient superstition of his own authority, then will be war to the knife, and none can tell what will happen, save the certainty that, at some time or other, the wife will have her own way. To watch a woman training her husband to fetch and carry is delightful pastime for those who are inclined to philosophic study. With heaven-born instinct the wife knows exactly when to smile and when to frown, and where a touch of the whip or tongue will be most effectual. Graciously giving way to his wishes after they have been suggested by herself, she turns him round her little finger, and holds him up laughingly to the gaze of a wondering world.

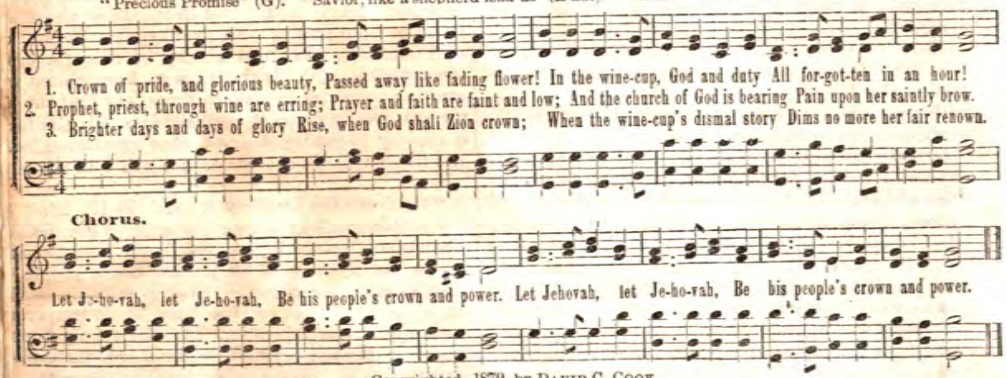
Women are not generally humorists; but they



No. 173. Tune—Bloomfield.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH. G. A. FYKE.

Old Tunes—"Guide Me, O thou Great Jehovah" (A flat). [Greenville] (F). "Brightly beams our Father's mercy" (B flat). "Precious Promise" (G). "Savior, like a shepherd lead us" (E flat). "What a friend we have in Jesus" (F).



No. 174. Tune—Hartshorn. See No. 3.

REV. A. A. HOSKINS.

Old Tunes—"The Morning Light is Breaking," (B flat). "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," (F). "Because He Loved me so," (F). "I Love to Tell the Story," omitting chorus, (A flat).

1. The pride of boasting drunkards, Their strength in which they trust, Are like the flower's beauty, Which fades into the dust.
The Lord, our God, is mighty, And all his hosts are strong, Like a destroying tempest, To overthrow the wrong.
2. The priest and prophet fallen Through treachery of wine, No more in dream and vision Discern the voice divine;
The holy and the mighty, Strong drink has overthrown, And left them weak and sinful, To weep and die alone.
3. Look up, look up, ye fallen, Up to the heavenly height, The star of hope is shining For all who seek its light.
Press on, ye faithful soldiers, The battle to the gate; The Lord of Hosts will strengthen And make the feeble great.

cannot help feeling the fun of the thing when they so successfully manage their husbands, who all the while think they are managing them. This artful appearance of innocence and obedience is, indeed, the surest sign that a wife is having all her own way. She is not so foolish as to care for all the semblances of power. He may seem to be the master, and really act as the figure-head of the vessel; but the wife rules the rudder, and steers the ship whithersoever she may chance to wish. Every wise married man knows this to be so, and bows to the inevitable. But then few husbands are wise; and they, therefore, only too often expose themselves to the ridicule of the philosophic few, who see things as they are, and smile serenely at the spectacle of the bold lions being driven, each in single harness, in the chariot of Home. They are but poor company, these married men; being either tamed out of all knowledge, or else restless in chafing under the bit and the reins. Their wives are far more sociable and amusing, because they are women of the world, who have shown the strength of their character by choosing men for husbands, and then having everything their own way.

WHICH WAY SHALL WE GO HOME?

They tarried in the wildwood,
Two children sweet and fair.
Though the autumn winds were blowing,
And the trees were almost bare.

But soon the twain grew weary
That lovingly did roam;
And Mary said: "Oh! Johnny,
Which way shall we go home?"

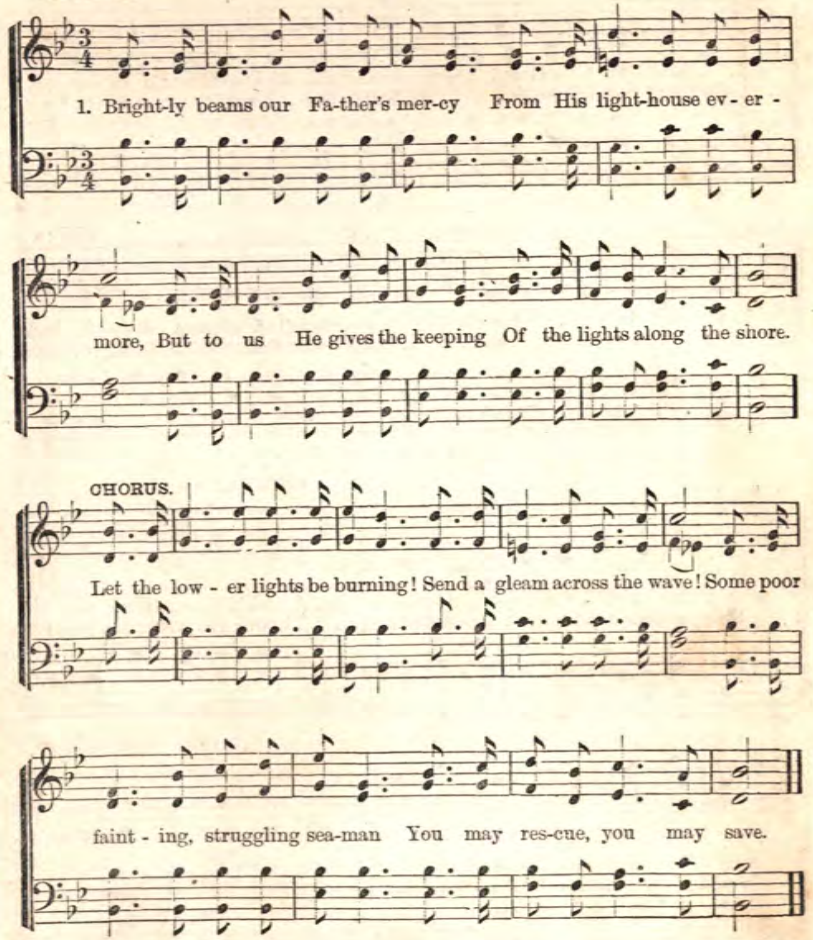
But the children were divided;
One said: "Across the hill
We can see the sunset, Mary,
And the big wheel of the mill."
But the other chose the main road,
As the hour was growing late—
So they went their way divided,
Meeting at the garden gate.

"You came *your* way," said Johnny,
"And, Mary, I came mine;
You plucked the roadside berries,
I stripped the mountain vine;
You passed the fields and meadows—
I saw the ocean's foam;
Yet we have met together
Here, in the *same dear home.*"

Dear, little, merry children,
You may not think the same;
Your tastes may be as different
As each familiar name.
But as brothers and as sisters,
Whichever way you roam,
Let all your fond thoughts center
In the *same* dear, happy home.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.*

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.—*Cho.*

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor.
In the darkness *may be lost.*—*Cho.*

WHICH IS BEST.

Up to the stars you mountain seems to rise,
And two are hastening toward its distant blue;
One ever keeps the far-off peak in view,
With silent resolution in his eyes.
The other longs to reach the mountain, too,
But oh, the sunshine is so warm and sweet,
The birds sing o'er his head, and at his feet
The blossoms smile through tender tears of dew.
At last they part, and when the day is done,
Upon the barren mountain, rough and steep,
One rests; and in the sun-warm valley one;
And both lie down that night in peaceful sleep.
Choose, heart! Two paths there are—one toil, one rest,
And they are Love and Fame—but which is best?

—*Seddie E. Anderson, in October Californian.*

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Coaches were first built in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826–27.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 3,685 pounds avoirdupois.

Until 1776 cotton-spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

One million dollars of silver coin weighs 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

The value of a ton of silver is $37,704.-84.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

LIGHT AND THE DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

A correspondent writes as follows:

"One of the New York daily papers gives an account of a recent lecture delivered by a Professor Grant on astronomy, in Great Britain, and reports him to have said that some stars are so distant from the earth that light, traveling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, would take half a million of years to reach us, and that consequently we would observe now what had transpired on such stars half a million years ago. Is not this last statement entirely erroneous? Does not the eye travel almost instantaneously along the line of direction of any object within the range of either unassisted human or telescopic vision, and do we not accordingly see what is transpiring now at any point within such range? Please state whether this view or that imputed to Professor Grant is correct."

To point out the error in our correspondent's reasoning, we have only to apply it to the propagation of sound and to the ear; and then we may ask, almost in the same words: "Does not the ear travel almost instantaneously along the line of direction of any sounding object within the range of either unassisted or assisted human hearing, and do we not accordingly hear what is transpiring now at any given point within such range?" We may ask this with good reason, because the natures of the propagation of light and sound are identical, the eye being the organ for the perception of the first, the ear that for the perception of the second. Now the fact is that the eye (or the sight) travels as little toward the luminous object as the ear (or the hearing) travels toward the sounding object; both organs merely receive impressions from the luminous or sonorous rays. It is perfectly well established that we see astronomical events later than they occur, and it was this fact which taught us that light moves with a velocity of 185,000 miles per second. The eclipses of the moons of Jupiter revealed to Roemer, the celebrated German astronomer, this fact; he found an irregularity which no astronomical data could account for, and he observed that the periods between these eclipses were longer when the distance between us and the planet was increasing, while, inversely, the periods became shorter when this distance was diminishing. He found at last, by close observation, that every time that the planet was, say 100,000,000 miles further off, we see that eclipses happen 9 minutes later then they do when the planet is at its nearest distance. As 9 minutes is 540 seconds, we have only to divide 540 into 100,000,000 to find the velocity of light per second, which is very nearly 185,000 miles. This has been verified afterward in various other ways; the velocity of light has been directly measured (by the help of most ingenious and delicate apparatus) by Foucault and Fresnel; while the aberration of the fixed stars, which consists in an apparent displacement of the same, produced by the yearly motion of the earth in its orbit, fully corroborates the scientific theory. It is, therefore, a positive fact that we see the stars as they were at the time when the light which reaches us now left them; and we see the sun as he was 8 minutes ago, the nearest fixed star as it was 3½ years ago, and the pole star as it was 36 years ago. Of the other stars, very few are near enough for us to measure their distances; but most of them are thousands of times further off, and therefore we see them as they were thousands of years ago; and when the telescope reveals, in the depths of infinite space, stars thousands of thousand times further off still, we are convinced that, as their light can only reach us in millions of years, we see them as they were millions of years ago. Perhaps at that remote period, in those unfathomable distances, blazing suns have been created of which the light has not yet reached us, and inversely those may have become extinct of which the light reaches us now: in the same way as when the sound of a gun, exploding at a great distance, reaches us, the real explosion is a thing of the past, and may have taken place 50, 60, or more seconds before, according to the distance.

NO SPRING.

Up from the South come the birds that were banished,
Frightened away by the presence of frost;
Back to the vale comes the verdure that vanished,
Back to the forest the leaves that were lost.
Over the hillside the carpet of splendor,
Folded thro' Winter, Spring spreads down again;
Along the horizon the tints that were tender,
Lost hues of Summertime, burn bright as then.

Only the mountains' high summits are hoary;
To the ice-fettered river the sun gives a key.
Once more the gleaming shore lists to the story
Told by an amorous, Summer-kist sea.
All things revive that in Winter-time perished;
The rose buds again in the smile o' the sun:
All that was beautiful, all that was cherished,
Sweet things, and dear things, and all things, but *one*.

Late, when the years and the roses were lying
Low with the ruins of Summer and bloom,
Down in the dust fell a love that was dying,
And snows piled above it, and built it a tomb.
Lo! now the roses are budded for blossom,
Lo! now the Summer has risen again.
Why dost thou bud not, O love of my bosom?
Why dost thou bloom not, and thrill me as then?

Life without love is a world without Summer
Heart without love is a world without song;
Rise then, revive then, thou indolent Comer—
Why dost thou lie in the dark earth so long?
Rise? Ah, thou can'st not! The rose-tree that sheddest
Its beautiful leaves, in the Springtime may bloom,
But of cold things the coldest, of dead things the deadest,
Love, buried once, rises not from the tomb.
Green things may grow on the hillside and heather;
Birds seek their old haunts, and build there, and sing;
All things revive in the beautiful weather;
But unto a dead love there cometh no Spring.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Collection of Them Becoming a Great Industry of the Country.

Curious Stamps and Their Collectors—Counterfeiting Stamps.

A writer in the New York *World* struck an interesting subject the other day, having accidentally encountered an intelligent collector of old postage stamps, from whom he learned that the pursuit of philately, or in other words the collection of postage stamps, is literally one of the great industries of the country. T. W. Scott & Co., formerly of Nassau street and now on Fulton are at the head of the American trade. That trade is not a small one, for this single house has a stock valued at $50,000; there are mercantile collections of still greater value at London, Liverpool, Brighton, Brussels, and Paris (two at Paris) and sworn evidence in a lawsuit by an expert places the number of collectors in the United States at 200,000, the value of their collections ranging all the way from $5 to $20,000.

VALUABLE STAMPS.

Twenty thousand dollars seems a big price for a collection of articles of no intrinsic value, but the wonder ceases when the prices of some of the rare specimens of stamps are considered, specimens without which no collection of high class is complete. The one-shilling Canada stamp of 1851 was withdrawn almost as soon as it was issued and so became a rarity. Its price now is $25. From $25 to $50 is the value of the provisional stamps issued by the Postmasters of Providence, Brattleboro' and New Haven in 1845, before the Government stamps had been put out; the early issues of Colombia; the Peruvian half-peseta of 1858; the yellow six-penny stamp of Victoria of 1861; the Tuscan three-lira (provisional) of 1859, and the Spanish two-cuarto of 1851 and 1852. The original Mulready envelope, which, issued under Sir Rowland Hill's penny postage system, may be called the father of the postage stamp, cost a penny; it sells freely now for $5. If a collector has say $150 to spare he may negotiate for the red penny or blue four-penny stamp of the Cape of Good Hope of 1860, but he must not confound these philatelical treasures with the blue penny and red four-penny stamps of the issue, which are worth but a few cents. Reason why—the printer made a mistake and changed the colors of the stamps from what it was intended they should be, and his error was not found out till a few sheets had been struck off and used. Then the correction was made, but the other stamps became rarities, like the "adultery bible" and other books made valuable through misprints. Or, if the enthusiastic philatelist can afford to pay $200 he can invest that sum in a stamp of the Sandwich Islands issue of 1852, or of the St. Louis Post Office of 1845 (denomination twenty cents.)

EXTENT OF THE BUSINESS.

Some idea of the magnitude of the business is incidentally afforded by such facts as these. The departments at Washington, since the abolition of the franking system and the institution of elaborate stamps for the Executive, the Treasurer, the War Department, etc., have been so overrun with applications, that they have had to print circulars containing all information as to the stamps they issue, their description and price, and to strike off sheets of stamps across which (for these stamps can only be used on department business), the word "cancelled" is inscribed. For these full face value is exacted, and as a complete set of stamps is worth something like $225 (not including revenue stamps, the collecting of which forms quite another branch of the subject) the legitimate inference is that the departments receive several thousand dollars a year from this source of revenue. Whether they are authorized thus to dispose of their stamps and what becomes of the receipts therefrom might be profitably inquired into by some committee of Congress with leisure and no big subject on hand.

Even less legitimate than this dealing was an incident that may profitably be recalled. In 1851 the Government issued a "delivery by carrier" stamp, technically known as the "Head Franklin," which was almost as soon withdrawn and became a rarity of nearly fabulous value, till in some mysterious manner some one got hold of the plate and struck off some sheets of the stamps; the natural consequence, in strict accordance with the laws of trade (which govern the philatelical industry as well as others) being that the bottom tumbled out of the "Franklin Head" market. Similarly, Postmasters who before the general Government took to issuing stamps, in order to save labor had their own stamps (known tecunically as "locals") printed, and the express companies have found it profitable to look up their old stamps and even to have additional impressions taken from the old plates.

COUNTERFEITING STAMPS.

Additional evidence as to the importance of the business is afforded by the existence of a body of counterfeiters, who, whenever a foreign stamp becomes moderately valuable—they are too keen to try and "shove" excessive varieties—counterfeit it. Giovanni Patroni, the finest artist in this department of nefarious industry, whose imitations of Nicaraguan and Argoian stamps in particular could not be distinguished from the originals, is serving a term of two years in the Pennsylvania State Prison, having, to the joy of all philatelists, been sent up November 29, 1875, by United States Judge Cadwallader. Patroni did business on a large scale, having no less than seven offices for the sale of stamps to collectors.

The noble army of philatelists contains recruits from every quarter of the globe and every class of society. General Sherman is the most prominent member of the order in the United States, and is said to possess a collection of much more than usual attractiveness, a fact which will be readily credited by those who know how domestic the General of the Army is, and the keen interest he takes in his children and their pursuits and pleasures. As any one can see who will take the trouble to visit the Philatelical Emporium, the devotees are of all social grades and of every age, from the school-child and messenger up to the millionnaire. Saturday is the "children's day," and from morn till night they pour in in throngs making their little purchases and exchanges, and obtaining opinions as to the value and genuineness of the rare specimens which are the pride of their gentle hearts. One sharp customer tells with glee how having a holiday and the privilege of ransacking the letters accumulated during many years in the bank of which he was a clerk, he enriched his collection and sold $250 worth of duplicates; another, how during his vacation in the Berkshire hills he found a Postmaster without guile, who sold him for fifty cents some sheets of "locals" of thirty years ago, for which the purchaser got $200, and that the dealer sold afterwards for $5 apiece, and so on.

PHILATELICAL LITERATURE.

So extensive a constituency could not be expected to be without a very copious literature. There is a catalogue which has reached already its thirtieth edition and seventieth thousand; a "Philatelical Library," which devotes no fewer than 104 pages to a mere list of books and magazine articles of interest to collectors, and, above all, the *American Journal of Philately*, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, which has now reached its hundred and twenty-fifth number. In lieu of a chromo, the publisher gives to each subscriber "a valuable foreign stamp." New York, too, has its Philatelical Society, a body strong in numbers, and more than strong in the social position of its members.

Postal-cards, as well as postage stamps, are the spoil and prey of the collector. Since just seven years ago Austria inaugurated the system, thirty-five nations have adopted the postal-card as an integral part of their Post Office departments, and in all European countries, save France, a "reply card" has been introduced, the original card being furnished with a flap, which is torn off, and on which the answer is indited, the carrier waiting a reasonable while. Newfoundland has the smallest card, 4½ by 2¾ inches, and Wurtemburg the largest, 6½ by 4¼.

HISTORY OF PHILATELY.

The first collector, so far as it it possible to ascertain the fact, was a Belgian schoolmaster, who in 1864 used his specimens to create an interest in geography among his pupils. In 1860 the business had attained such proportions in England that the collectors formed an "Open Board" in the streets near the Royal Exchange, which finally attained the dignity of a public nuisance. Barter was then the only means of doing business. A year later the mania took

dealers were to be found round City Hall Park and on Broadway and Wall street, while peddlers traversed the whole city. Gradually, instead of nailing their specimens on boards, the dealers took to pasting them in books; then came the crowning era of stores and massive safes.

There is no milder mania. For children, at least, there is furnished an admirable means of instruction, since each foreign stamp is a text to provoke description and discussion of the country that used it. If the interest is once awakened there is no saying where the philatelist will stop. Local history records the case of one man who, having been adequately teased by his children, paid in 1873, not without much grumbling, 10 cents each for some stamps to fill out their juvenile "collections," but being inoculated with the disease, progressed from stage to stage till not long since he considered it a personal favor to be allowed to pay $125 for five stamps to fill out his own august collection. And if any stern parent objects to the philatelical recreations of his offspring, all that the children need to do is to present to his notice a stamp from Bergdorf, the Straits Settlement, Thurn, Taxis, Cundinamarca or Reunion, and say, "Pa, where is that place?"

BABY IN CHURCH.

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,
And mamma had said, as she settled it 'round
Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes:
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud;
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours),
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,
The solemn hush and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow.
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the chinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong
She struck the first note, clear and long.

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried:
"*Aunt Nellie, you's being bad!*"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain,
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.
So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours and all the rest,
That we wait, may be, for a year or two,
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

—*Minnie M. Gow, in N. Y. Independent.*

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nia Powder Works.

Tuesday, September 19th, 1882.

Every ear in Santa Cruz, and for miles around, was startled this morning about six minutes before 8 o'clock, by the sound of an explosion which reverberated from the Powder Mill canyon with a shock that stunned individuals and shook the windows in every building like the jar of an earthquake. A huge volume of smoke ascending heavenward into the clear sky of the morning, directly over the powder mill valley, - only too certainly that the infernal forces of gunpowder had again escaped from the control of man, and vent d their awful explosive power on every object within reach. With all the speed of fleet horses, scores of people from town and suberbs, were soon flocking toward the scene of disaster. Swift messengers were met bringing the tidings that

ONLY ONE MAN

Was killed, which brought relief to many hearts filled with painful anxiety. From town the first appearances indicated that the explosion was at or near the magazine, contiguous to the track of the S. P. C. R. R. but it proved to be at the extreme limit of the valley, in the rolling mill or wheel house, as it is called by the workmen. Here a scene of horror met the eyes of the first arrivals. Where the building had stood not a board or stick remained that was not displaced, and the huge iron rollers or wheels that crush the powder, weighing

SEVEN AND A HALF TONS

Each, had been tossed about like playthings. Trees standing near were seared and stripped of their limbs to the top, and strewn about from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet distant were scraps of human flesh, which a few moments before had composed the body of Rufus W. Tufts. An hour's search failed to find any single member of the body save the head, which, shorn of hair and scalp, was discovered about fifty yards distant.

Window glass was shattered, and some slight damage caused by the explosion in other parts of the Powder Mill valley.

The exact amount of powder in the build-

Workmen and their families and townspeople quickly gathered, and a constant stream of visitors has thronged the scene of the accident all the forenoon.

Like all tragedies in which powder plays a part, there is

NO ONE LEFT

To tell the tale of how it happened. The building in which the explosion originated was a small frame building, situated several hundred yards from the roadway and at least a hundred yards from any other building, surrounded by a forest of second-growth redwood and madrona. The flume which conveys the water from the San Lorenzo to the works, ran past it, and a portion was used at this mill in dampening the powder before it passes under the rollers or wheels. Three men were working at this mill, R. W. Tufts, John Rooney and Fred. Carr, a brother-in-law to Tufts. They were working this morning on Government powder, converting a lot of musket powder into cannon powder. The effect of passing it under these rollers being to consolidate the grains into larger masses, suitable for artillery use. The powder is conveyed to this portion of the works on a tramway, the car being managed by Rooney and Carr. This morning after unloading, Tufts assisted them in running the empty car up the grade a few yards, and had just returned to the mill as the explosion occurred. Rooney and Carr had only passed beyond the reach of destruction, the concussion at the point they had gained being sufficient to knock Mr. Carr off the tramway and to cover them with dust and flying rubbish. John Ward and another workman had also only left the vicinity of the mill a few seconds previous, and escaped the destruction by a hair's breadth. There are

TWO SUPPOSABLE CAUSES

Assigned by workmen who have had many years' of experience at the Works. One, that the charge of powder passing under the rollers which requires four per cent. of moisture was an iota too dry. Another suggested reason is, that possibly the first charge of the morning was through, and that on his return to the mill Mr. Tufts had commenced to clean the roller from bits of powder which sometimes adhere to them, and in this act had by some fatality ignited the fatal spark. All inquiring into causes, others escaped by the rarest good fortune, and that financial loss to an amount impossible to estimate this morning, has befallen the Powder Company.

The scene among the employees of the Powder Works this morning was a heart rendering one. Every person seemed dazed and stunned, some bewildered and all sorrowful. The awful suddenness and terror of death in such a form appalls the most stolid heart.

Rufus W. Tufts, the man killed, was one of the most careful and trusty men in the employ of the company and had been in their service a long time. He was 42 years of age, and a native of Maine. He leaves a wife and four children, one son and three daughters. Mr. Tufts was the inventor of a water wheel upon which he had but recently received a patent, and on the success of which he had built high hopes. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of one or two other societies.

THE BOY.

A's the green apple
with bites all around.
B is the ball that is lost on the ground.
C is O the O cigar-
ette mak 0 ing him
pale. D is the dog
with ⁀ a can
on it's tail. E is
the errand
that
makes
him look wry. F is the fish-
ing and Fourth of July. G is the
games that make happy his days.
H is the hooky from school that he
plays. I is the Indians he's going to
slay. J is the jack-knife he's tr ading
away. K is the kite in the sky scarce
discern ed. L is the lickings for lessons
unlearn ed. M is for marbles and melons
sublime. N is the novels that cost him a
dime. O 's his 'old man' with a strap
by the gate. P's his toy pistol which
settles his fate. Q is the quarrels which
bloodies his nose. R is the
ruin he makes to his clothes.
S is the swimming, skates, snowballs
and sled. T is his tops and his toys
painted red. U is the
uproar he makes when
he's tanned. V's his vim
when he's leading the
band. W's his
whis tle so
happ y and
shrill. X is X
penses when ever he's ill.
Y is the yells he emits all the day.
Z is his zeal that he shows at his play.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

BEAUTIES OF LAKE TAHOE.

A person must live on the lake for days, and even weeks, must watch it in its various moods, its varieties of form and color, in order to appreciate, even to a partial extent, its real loveliness. I think the first impression, even in the best of weather, must be one of slight disappointment.

Lake Tahoe must always grow upon one. The visitor must ramble along its wooded shores, day after day, must look out upon the changing hues of the water, the green, the light and dark blues, the deep purples and violets, the orange and golden tints, which, under different conditions of the sunlight, blend into each other in an indescribable loveliness; he must watch the play of light and shade over the faces of the surrounding mountains; above all, he must often visit and become familiar with the charming spots which lie a short distance back from the shores, and which are completely hidden from the view of passengers on the steamboat—the exquisitely beautiful little mountain lakes, the numerous cascades and waterfalls, and the grand pine forests. He must see all these features of the scene before he can begin to understand Lake Tahoe. When he has thus seen them, and they have become, as it were, a part of his very being, he will then admit that the praises which have been lavished upon the lake are not exaggerated, and that it is one of the most beautiful spots in its natural loveliness to be found in the country, or perhaps in the world. At the extreme southern end of the lake there opens a valley, which runs back into the mountains several miles, gradually becoming narrower and wild. The hotel itself is situated in a pine grove, which fills the mouth of the valley and reaches to the water's edge.

FALLEN LEAF LAKE.

About two miles from the hotel, up this valley, lies the Fallen Leaf Lake. It is either a pleasant walk, ride or drive to the border and head of this little sheet of water. A good carriage road winds through the pine trees, crosses a large natural meadow, and soon turns down to the shores of the smaller lake. These natural meadows, often containing several hundred acres, are a very remarkable feature of the higher Sierra, being found in almost all the small valleys. At this season of the year they are filled with herds of cattle, brought up from the lower regions for the purpose of the feed. It is said that some of the very best dairy ranches in the State lie at the base of Mount Tallac. When the road reaches the Fallen Leaf Lake it turns and runs along its borders for about two miles to its head, and then follows up the valley for a couple of miles to a very remarkable soda spring. This road along the lake shore is certainly the most charming and delightful mountain road I have ever passed over. The Lake lies between Tallac Mountain on the one side, and a high pine ridge on the other. The latter slope is covered with the forest down to the very water's edge, and through this the road runs. with the lake a few rods or yards off on the right hand, the water, clear, blue and sparkling in the sunlight, while the ground on each side of the road is completely covered with numerous species of bright colored wild flowers. For quiet beauty and peaceful lovliness, this Fallen Leaf Lake is unsurpassed by any other of the numerous lakes in this portion of the Sierra. Fallen Leaf Lake lies about 50 feet above the level of Tahoe, and a large brook, coursing down through the valley, empties into it at its head, over a sucession of cascades, by the side of which the road runs on its way to Soda Springs.

CASCADE LAKE.

About two miles from the hotel, in another direction, is the Cascade Lake. This lies at an elevation of about 150 feet above Tahoe, in a wild gorge, rather than valley, at the north end of Mt. Tallic. Its outlet, a half mile long, pours down the mountain side in a continuous succession of small cascades, and enters lake Tahoe a mile and a half from Tallac House. At present the only mode of reaching this place is by a boat, since the road thither has been made impassable from the destruction of a bridge by high water. This bridge, however, will soon be restored. Taking a boat and rowing a mile over the calm, blue waters of Tahoe, you soon reach the outlet of Cascade Lake, where it actually tumbles in to Tahoe over a ledge of broken rocks. At this point, a few feet from the stream, an old fisherman has placed his cabin, and here he has lived alone, summer and winter, for eleven years. Leaving the boat and following up a rough road, or, rather, trail, on either side of the outlet, after a half mile of walking, you come to the Cascade Lake. This sheet of water is utterly unlike Fallen Leaf Lake. What it lacks in quiet beauty it fully makes up in wildness and grandeur. The mountain sides rise abruptly from each shore. On the south side it is impossible to make one's way to the head, the banks are so rough; on the north shore a pedestrian who is strong and active may, with difficulty, force a passage. The only conveninent mode of gaining the head is by means of a boat. The remarkable feature of this lake, which gives it its name, is a most magnificent waterfall at its very head. A large stream coming down from the hights of Tallac, through a wild ravine, pours by two or three successive leaps over a precipice into the very lake itself. It is so difficult to get near this cascade that I can only form an estimate of its hight; but I think the total descent over the series of ledges which really form one waterfall, must be at least 200 feet. It it is so high that the uppermost fall can be seen from the steamboat when three or four miles from the shore. This cascade resembles, in its wildness and in the broken character of the crags about it, some of the waterfalls on the Yosemite Valley.

EMERALD BAY.

The next interesting spot which attracts the visitor is Emerald Bay, since it combines the calm beauty of Fallen Leaf Lake with much of the wildness and grandeur of the Cascade Lake. It is a land-locked bay, open from Tahoe by a very narrow mouth, running inland about three miles, and surrounded by high mountains, and near its head by cliffs almost perpen-

dicular, which must be 1,500 or perhaps 2,000 feet in hight above the level of the lake. The entrance is about three miles from the hotel, and it can only be reached by a boat. There can be no more charming spot imagined for a picnic party than the wooded shores of this bay. Although called a bay, it is in all its features another mountain lake. Its waters are several hundred feet deep and have a beautiful green color in all their shallower parts from a growth of moss which seems to cover the rocks and pebbles on the bottom. As in the Cascade Lake, a stream coming down a wild gorge from the mountain hights enters this bay at its head by a most beautiful succession of waterfalls. A path, easily possible by both gentlemen and ladies, leads up to the falls, and one can, without much difficulty, reach the very top of the falls, and can thus obtain a complete view of them in all their various forms.

From these slight sketches the reader can form some conception, although imperfect, of the wonderful beauties which surround this spot. One of the finest expeditions which can be made in the vicinity of Lake Tahoe is the ascent of Mount Tallac. This can be accomplished through the greater part of the ascent on horseback. It is proposed by a party of guests to make this ascent. Should it be made, I will try and give an account of it, and thus finish my description of the Lake Tahoe scenery.
—*Cor. S. F. Bulletin.*

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

WORDS AND PHRASES.

It is by the agency of language, spoken and written, that man expresses his ideas. In all civilized communities men and women are presumed to be able to talk and to write. The natural inference is that in the present era of enlightenment due attention is given to such useful lines of learning. But such, in truth, does not appear to be the case, and probably the best abused of all the arts is the art of letters. Lexicons, grammars and rhetorics are comparatively useless to a man unless he has a desire to study and sufficient brains to comprehend them. Surely all who profess literature, in any of its varied departments, ought to be proficient in the principles and practical application of these studies. But the current literature of the day is replete with errors and absurdities. Clearness, purity and conciseness are the cardinal elements of style, and are essential to all writers, whether the attributes of elegance and power be lacking or not. Bombast and verbosity are the leading characteristics of many modern orators and authors, who thus try to conceal in a cloud of words a paucity of ideas. To express grand ideas simply, and not simple ideas grandly, is one of the secrets of a strong style. A great deal might be written upon small words and big words, Saxon words and Romanic words, the significance, morality and fallacies of words, the secret of apt words, etc.; but a few leading suggestions on the use and abuse of words, together with examples of many of the misused words and phrases, common in conversation and writing, are all that can be attempted in the limits of the present article.

MISUSED WORDS.

In the daily news journals, the magazines, the novels and the current literature of the day, the word agriculturalist is often used for agriculturist; conversationist or conversationalist for converser, lie for lay, etc. "Money is plenty," a common phrase, is incorrect, and should be money is plentiful. Corporal should not be confounded with corporeal, as it occasionally is when a writer talks of corporeal punishment. Such an error ought to subject its author to the kind of punishment that he has in his mind, which is corporal, not "corporeal." Balance refers to accounts, etc., and should be distinguished from remainder, meaning that which is left or remains, while balance, in its common sense, signifies to compare in relative value or weight. It is accordingly erroneous to say "the balance of the week." Healthy and wholesome are frequently misused. Healthy means in a state of health, while wholesome is that which is conducive to health. Lobsters are usually healthy, but not wholesome. Less, relating to quantity, should not be used for fewer, which relates to number. It is correct usage to say, "less than a cord of wood," and "fewer than 1000 sticks." Alone should not be confounded with only, and there is a marked difference between also, which classes together things or qualities, and likewise, which couples actions or states of being. For example, Lawrence Barrett is an actor; Billy Emerson is an actor also, but not likewise. A man may be a lawyer by vocation or calling, while his avocation or avocations may comprise billiards, music and equestrianism. Evidence and testimony are not necessarily synonymous. The evidence (the convictive view of the mind) in a case in Court is sometimes the direct reverse of the testimony. Learned Judges and attorneys are prone to a misapplication of these words. At ought not to be used for by as in sales at auction. As the idea is to express the manner of sale by is the proper word. Party, signifying plurality, cannot properly be used for the singular noun person. Don't, a colloquialism, is a contraction of do not, and should not be confounded with doesn't, an abbreviation of does not, as for instance in the phrase "he don't know his business."

A LIST OF COMMON ERRORS.

In the long list of common errors may also be mentioned the word try for make, as in "try the experiment"; deceiving for trying to deceive, as in "you are deceiving me"; excessively for exceedingly, as in "it is excessively warm"; never for ever, as in "charm he never so wisely," ever being an adverb of degree, and not relating to time; seldom or never, for seldom if ever; from thence, and from whence, for thence, and whence; least for less, as in "of two evils choose the least"; appreciates, for rises in value, as in "gold appreciates"; proven, for proved; plead, for pleaded; no, for not, as in "whether I am there or no"; such, for so, as in "I never saw such a high spire"; how, for that, as in "I have heard how some critics have been pacified with a supper"; directly, for as soon as; equally as well for equally well; restive, which means inclined to rest, for restless; quantity, for number, as in "a quantity of books"; allude, for refer; whole, for all, as in "the whole Russians are inspired"; preventative, for preventive; undernanded, for underhand; casuality, for casualty; speciality, for specialty; firstly, for first; dangerous, for in danger, as in "he is quite ill, but not dangerous"; mutual, for common or reciprocal, mutual applying to sentiments and acts, but not to persons; stopping for staying, as in "Senator Miller is stopping at the Palace," the question being when will he stop stopping; rendition for rendering, as in "Booth's rendition of Hamlet"; but for drop or particle, as in "He has not drank a bit of liquor"; extend for give, except for unless, apt for likely or liable, seraphim for seraph, the former being plural, the latter singular; people for persons, as in "Many people think so"; ugly for ill-tempered; accord for grant, as in "He accorded them all they asked"; older for elder, older applying to objects animate and inanimate, and elder to rational beings; overflown for overflowed, as in "The river has overflown"; spoonsful for spoonfuls; scarcely for hardly, scarcely pertaining to quantity, hardly to degree; raising for increasing, as in "raising the rent."

OTHER STUMBLING BLOCKS.

Still pursuing the subject we find elect used for choose; donate for give; which for that, and *vice versa*, the word which referring to inanimate objects; imbroglio for row or quarrel, imbroglio meaning an intricate or complicated plot; deductive for inductive, and *vice versa*; illy for ill, there being no such word as illy; indorse for approve, as "I indorse his action"; gents for gentlemen; transpire for occur; love for like, and *vice versa*, as "I love a leg of mutton"; humanitarian for philanthropist, the former being one who denies the divinity of Christ, and the latter a lover of mankind; the masses for the people —the masses of what? had have for had, as in "had I have seen him"; jeopardize for jeopard; superior for able, or virtuous, as in

have been lavished upon the lake are not exaggerated, and that it is one of the most beautiful spots in its natural

rods or yards off on the right hand, the water, clear, blue and sparkling

of the outlet, after a half mile of walking, you come to the Cascade

"a superior man"; intoxicated for drunk; a man can be intoxicated only when he has lost his wits, not by quantity, but by quality—by drinking drugged liquor; was for is, as in "there was a God"; all general truths should be expressed in the present tense; equanimity of mind for equanimity; as equanimity denotes evenness of mind, the words "of mind" are superfluous; previous for previously, as in "previous to my departure"; myself, for I, as in "Mrs. Smith and myself would be pleased to dine with you"; myself should be used either as a reflective pronoun or for the sake of distinction and emphasis; leave as an intransitive verb, as in "he left yesterday"; quantity, for number, as in "a quantity of books"; quantity applies to a collection or mass and number to individual objects; indices for indexes; in rices are algebraic signs, tables of contents are indexes; couple for pair or brace, two persons or things when joined or linked together for a couple; on to for on or upon; posted for informed; folks for folk, as folk implies plurality, the s is needless; neighborhood applies only to location, and the phrase "in the neighborhood of $100" is accordingly incorrect; scarcely for hardly; scarcely pertains to quantity, hardly to degree, as in "there is scarcely a bushel," "I shall hardly finish my job today"; inconceivable for incredible and *vice versa;* that which is incredible is not necessarily inconceivable; vacant for empty; a thing is empty when there is nothing in it, as "an empty room," vacant adds the idea of its having been previously filled or that it is about to be filled, as "a vacant mind," "a vacant chair at the table," etc.

SHALL AND WILL.

Shall and will are often confounded and misapplied. When the simple idea of future occurrence is to be expressed, unconnected with the speaker's resolve, use shall in the first person and will in the second and third, as "I shall die," "you will die," "he will die"; but when the idea of compulsion or necessity is to be conveyed—a futurity connected with the will of the speaker—will must be employed in the first person and shall in the second and third, as "I will go," "you shall go," "he shall go."

The words would and should are similarly misused. Crushed in and crushed out, higher up and lower down and like phrases are the silliest of solecisms. At all is a needless expletive. Had better and had rather are absurdities not altogether unauthorized, but how can future action be expressed by a verb which signifies past and completed possession? There are words, such as nervous, mistaken, mortal, etc., which have a distinct or double meaning, according to the sense in which they are used. Male and female as adjectives and nouns are commonly misapplied. The adjective male signifies pertaining to the male sex, that begets, or procreates, as distinguished from the female that conceives and bears offspring. It will thus be seen that the terms are used properly merely to distinguish between the sexes, whether humans or animals. "Male and Female Reading-room" is one of the signs in the Cooper Institute in New York, and it really means a reading-room for all animals, educated pigs for instance, as much as it does a reading-room for rational men, women and children. The error in the use of the words arises from a mistaken idea that male applies only to man and female to woman.

FAULTY PHRASES.

"In our midst" is a barbarism, since the possessive pronoun can properly be used only to indicate possession, or appurtenance. Among us, is a preferable phrase. The words either, neither, both and whether, a contraction of which of either, cannot be correctly applied to more than two objects. Sit and sat are widely abused words, and such phrases are common as "the coat sets well," instead of the coat sits well; "he sat off for Boston" instead of he set off for Boston, and "a setting hen" for a sitting hen, etc. Weakness cannot be strong, hence "a confirmed invalid" is a faulty phrase. Bound is a nautical term, and cannot be correctly used in the sense of ready, or determined, as "I am bound to do it," etc. Incorrect orthography is obviously erroneous, since the word orthography signifies correct writing and spelling. "She looks beautifully" is a gross barbarism. What a person does is qualified by an adverb as in "She looks coldly on him," and what a person is or seems to be, by an adjective, as "She looks cold." She looks beautiful is the proper expression. Carnival means, literally, a farewell to meat, and in Catholic countries it is a festival, celebrated a week before Lent. But in any other sense it should not be used synonymously with the words fun, frolic, spree, or festival, as in "a skating carnival," etc. All of them, which is equivalent to all out of them, is incorrect. It is proper to say, take one of them, or take two of them, but take all of them should be, take them all. Alternative means a choice, one choice, and to write "two alternatives" is a palpable contradiction in terms. Almost ought not to be used as an adjective, as in "the almost universality of instruction." Condign means that which is deserved, hence it is improper to say "he did not deserve the condign punishment he has received." Paraphernalia, from the Greek, is strictly a law term, meaning whatever the wife brings with her at marriage in addition to her dower, such as her dresses and her jewels. The word is commonly misapplied and used in the sense of trappings. It is not difficult to go by an object, but to go past is a contradiction in terms. Caption is often erroneously used for heading, as in "the caption of a press article." Caption is that part of a legal instrument which shows where, when and by what authority it was taken, found or executed. Enthuse, a word occasionally heard upon the rostrum and in the pulpit, is not to be found in Webster or Worcester.

SINS AGAINST THE LANGUAGE.

To, the sign of the infinitive, should never be separated from the verb. "To extremely maltreat" is incorrect, and should be, "to maltreat extremely," or "extremely to maltreat." "In the lot of apples there were but two good ones"—two ones—a clumsy and incorrect phrase.

Whole, entire, complete and total are words usually used without due discrimination. That is whole from which nothing has been taken; that is entire which has not been divided; that is complete which has all its parts, and total refers to the aggregate of the parts, as "a whole loaf of bread," "an entire set of spoons," "a complete harness," and "the total cost or expense." Suicided and burglarized, two very popular words with the police reporters, are unknown to the lexicographers. Persuasion, the definition of which ought to be apparent to every speaker of English, is often ludicrously used in the sense of sect or denomination, as in "he is of the Methodist persuasion." Correct writers will never write of successful or unsuccessful attempts, use the word inaugurate for begin, or commence, or drunk for drunkenness, yet these and many other errors are of constant recurrence in the public prints. It is the habit of many writers to be continually breaking butterflies on a wheel, summoning oceans to drown a fly, and loading cannon to shoot canaries. A tendency to prolixity, bombasticism and turgidity is the leading trouble with the majority of modern orators and authors. A superfluity of words is offered in atonement for a paucity of ideas. The erroneous words and phrases cited in this article, offenses against nearly all the established laws of literary taste, rhetoric and grammar, are merely instances of a class of errors common in educated circles of society, and the list might be indefinitely multiplied and extended. Suffice it to say that such critics and philologists as Spencer, Mathews, White, Trench, Whateley, Whipple, De Vere, De Quincey and others have repeatedly criticised and condemned all such and similar sins against the English language, and declared that the style which is to please to-day must be free from all such faults, dense with ideas, full of color, clear, concise, powerful and pure.

MAMMOTH FOSSIL TRACKS AT THE NEVADA PRISON.

The State Prison of Nevada is situated in Eagle Valley, which is between the Sierra Nevada mountains on the west and the Carson river on east, and is about a mile and a half from Carson City, the Capital of the State. The prison yard is quarried out from the face of one of the numerous sandstone hills or knolls that intersperse the valley. In excavating this soft clayey sandstone for the yard floor a semi-circular area has been cleared off of about 100 feet in radius. A cliff-like wall is thus formed which curves in and meets the line of the main penitentiary building at its eastern and western extremities. This wall, the parapet on which the guards make their rounds, varies in hight above the floor of the prison yard irregularly from ten to about forty feet, according to the contour of the hill. As work in the quarry has ad-

vanced,

FOSSILS OF VARIOUS KINDS

have been brought to light. The kind found in greatest abundance is the muscle or fresh water clam. The presence of this fossilized shell-fish, however, has excited no special interest as it is found alive in the Carson river but a short distance from the quarry. Petrifactions of pine cones, of worms now living in the neighborhood, and of indigenous sagebrush and greasewood are, also, found in considerable numbers and well preserved in form. Occasionally

IMMENSE BONES

have been dug out of the rock, but no care has been taken to preserve them. Not one of these can now be had—which is greatly to be regretted, as a few of these mammoth fossil remains might be of important aid as supplementary data to determine the nature of the prodigious beasts that made certain tracks on the prison yard, of which it is the chief aim of this article to give a brief description. It cannot be expected that convicts would know much about or care for such things; and until the advent of the present Warden, Hon. William Garrard, the officers of the Penitentiary have felt hardly more interest in the subject than the prisoners themselves. It may be, however, that these valuable specimens, so full of suggestion to the scientific inquirer, have been allowed to disappear partly because their preservation is not altogether an easy matter. Some of the fossils lately extracted must be treated with the utmost care to prevent their crumbling, the sandstone in which they are found being damp and soft when first dug up and falling to pieces when made dry by exposure to the air. Some

MARVELOUS STORIES

are told by the convicts who have been working in the quarry for the last ten years. They tell of one bone of some monstrous animal that roamed these regions in untold ages ago, that was as thick as a large man is across the shoulders. Seemingly incredible on its very face and having its origin in such a questionable source of authority, this story would not be listened to were it not that signs exist which make it probable that after all they may be telling nothing more than the unvarnished truth. In the State Museum, at this place, there is a perfect shank bone of some extinct cow or horse of which nothing is known in the earliest history of "Washoe." But to substantiate (in speculation, at any rate,) the traditions of the Penitentiary, we shall no longer delay to give a description of what, so far as we have been able to learn, are probably the

MOST REMARKABLE FOSSIL TRACKS

ever yet discovered. A lady tourist from the East who was very lately investigating objects of scientific interest on the Pacific Coast, highly cultivated, enthusiastic in research and devoted to this branch of geology, heard, on her way through Carson, that there were such fossil remains in the vicinity. She was so much interested that she went immediately to the Prison on foot, there being no conveyance on hand, in order not to miss the next train. She told us that she had no thought of seeing anything so remarkable; and she was so much impressed with the scientific importance of what she had seen that she ordered plaster of Paris casts made of the imprints at her own expense. These have been made and sent to her at Louisville, Kentucky, where, no doubt, they will give rise to much learned furore.

THE MEGATHERIAN FOOTPRINTS

of which we shall first speak are nearly circular in outline and bear no resemblance to the track made by any known living animal, that we are aware of, except that of the elephant. And this resemblance is in shape only, the former being immensely larger than the latter. The tracks we wish to describe are seven in number, that is, there are seven that are visible. How many more might be found can hardly be speculated upon as they terminate with the wall of the quarry. They are made in a seam of what was plastic sandstone long ago, or mud which marked the interval of two strata of native rock; and they make an impression from an inch and a half to two inches deep. As we have said, they are nearly round, and they measure a shade more than

TWENTY-FOUR INCHES IN DIAMETER.

We measured them and found the steps of the great beast to be quite regularly taken. The distance between any two successive tracks on either side is eight feet; the distance between the foremost and the hindmost of any set of four tracks we found to be fifteen feet; hence the maker of the tracks cannot have been less than

TWENTY FEET IN LENGTH.

It, also, must have been a quadruped, as the tracks forming a double line of direction are wide apart, five feet two inches transversely from the outer lines of the impressions; the biped making tracks almost directly one in front of the other. We examined another sort of fossil tracks on the ground floor of the prison yard, which are hardly less remarkable. These are numerous, and extend conspicuously across the yard, except where, in places, they have been obliterated by other footprints—those of the Nevada jail-birds. In shape, but not in size, thank heaven! these bear a strong

RESEMBLANCE TO THE HUMAN FOOT.

They sink deeper into the clayey mud than the others by a half-inch. Across what may be called the ball of the foot the measure is eleven inches and a half; across the center nine inches, and across the heel seven inches. From the center of the foot to the heel there is an inward curve (as of the instep) the narrowest part of which measures five inches across. The transverse distance between two parallel lines, marking the outer limits of these tracks, is two feet six inches; hence this monster, also, must have been of the four-footed sort.

The Prison yard is marked by a number of other imprints, the most noticeable of which is that of a mammoth four-toed water fowl. The track made is rectangular and measures ten inches on either line!

MARRIAGES.

PHILLIPS-COOPER—In this city, October 31, by Rev. E. G. Beckwith, Henry B. Phillips of Caspar to Henrietta A. Cooper of Santa Cruz.

AN ARAB WEDDING.

Professional Dancers Amusing Bedouin Stoics.

London Belgravia.

The wedding I propose to describe took place in the present year of grace 1883, at Souakin. This town is situated on the Red sea and is the chief port for the produce of the Soudan and the equatorial provinces of Egypt. The fathers of both bride and bridegroom were leading merchants in the port, the father of the bridegroom being the owner of nearly two-thirds of the island on which Souakin is built.

The festivities in connection with the wedding lasted for ten days, during which time open house was kept by the bridegroom's father, music, singing and dancing being kept up night after night until dawn announced the approach of day. Each night some different tribe gave its own peculiar songs and dances in a large shamiana which had been erected for the purpose, and all Souakin flocked to participate in or be passive spectators of the scene.

Professional singers and dancers had been brought over the sea from Jeddah to assist the local talent, and the intervals between the dances were filled with Arab love songs. The favorite musical instrument of all Arabs is the drum, or tum-tum. This consists of a gourd, or a large earthen bowl, with a skin stretched over it. The Souakinese have also a sort of double flageolet, made of reeds, which makes a very shrill though not unpleasant sound, and the Hadramaut Arabs use a species of bagpipes which emits sounds productive of the most exquisite torture. The music, as a rule, is of a very monotonous character, though at times something like a quick march is struck up, which is always accompanied by the audience with a clapping of hands.

Entertainments were given on successive nights by men from various tribes and by professional dancing girls from Jeddah, who gave several performances of the deluka, a dance very similar to the Indian nautch.

The national dance of the Bishareen Arabs is of a military character, as becomes the members of so warlike a tribe. The dancers form a circle, standing about four paces apart, so as to give space for the brandishing of their spears. They then move slowly round to the beating of the tum-tums, singing the while and now and again halting and raising their spears high above their heads, as if about to hurl them. Gradually the music quickens and with it the step of the dancers; the spears whirl round the heads of the dusky warriors at an astonishing rate and it looks as though somebody would certainly be impaled. This continues until the dancers are tired out, when they retire and their places are taken by another batch. They soon come up to time again, however, and about thirty of them will keep the dance going incessantly throughout the night. The dance of the Hadendoas is somewhat similar, except that they are armed with swords and all carry round shields made of hippopotamus hide. As they get excited in the dance, they crouch and spring and assume the most grotesque attitudes, clashing their swords and making wonderful close shaves of cutting off each other's heads.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL TREASURES.

Relics of an Extinct Race Found Near Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara Independent, October 15.

About two or three months ago C. W. Clark of this city decided upon collecting a small cabinet of curiosities, to include coins, relics and trinkets. The result has been the accumulation of a store of rare curiosities which would make an ordinary natural history society turn green with envy. The last important addition is a collection of stone utensils manufactured by a race of people now extinct upon this coast who were evidently far advanced in the science of stone-cutting, and also in the arts culinary and ornamental. The Digger Indians were not the first inhabitants of this region. There was a race of people living here in Santa Barbara more industrious and better informed as to how life and comfort might be prolonged and promoted than the poor, groveling, subservient race of "root diggers" found here when the Dominican padres came here to plant and cultivate civilization. Most of the houses of the old residents of Santa Barbara's sea-coast contain queer and well-finished articles of stoneware dug up or found upon the surface of the earth, all relics of a people now extinct.

These articles are nearly all of stone. Some, however, are of bone and fibrous formation, and none of metal or wood. The archæologists have for years been digging up and investigating the formation of the mounds in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. They have dug up and sent East shiploads of arrow-heads of flint and spear-heads, war clubs and trinkets of a crude and rough shape. Pieces of pottery have been collected in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, all showing that civilization once existed upon this continent prior to the arrival of the now fast disappearing Indian race. We had a very industrious and intelligent race of people living upon this coast in the long, long ago. Who were they? Vancouver, the famous navigator, says in his description of this coast more than a century ago that there were no less than thirteen populous villages of natives upon the sea-coast now known as Ventura and Santa Barbara. Where are those thirteen populous villages? Where are the native descendants? All that can be found concerning them are the fragments picked up in the valleys or the relics dug from the graves. The Indian graves of this section and the adjacent islands are prolific in specimens of the handiwork of an extinct population. These specimens that are exhumed, and of which the Smithsonian Institute at Washington contains many tons, are indications of industry practiced here two or three centuries ago, which puts all of our fine stonecutting and sculpture in the shade. These extinct tribes made piping or tubes out of the hard agate rock, beads out of shells, charms and talismans of exquisite shape and perfection, representing fishes and animals, out of abalone shells; fine fish hooks from mussel shells, and all kinds of cooking utensils from the solid rock. They had no metallic chisels or drills, no metals of any kind, no turning lathes, and yet their work is perfect.

The collection donated yesterday to Clark's Natural Museum includes one mammoth-sized mortar and pestle, both cut out of solid hard rock, the mortar nearly two feet across the top, the pestle two feet in length. Both are perfect in contour and finished as smoothly as rock can be dressed. The mortar would hold about half a bushel of grain and was no doubt the property of the miller of the tribe, who could grind corn meal very rapidly by the aid of such a large sized hand-mill. Then there are a dozen or more beautifully finished mortars and pestles all of solid stone, some of one variety of stone and some of another. Some of the mortars are of smoothly polished agate and very beautiful. The most remarkable of these exhumed Indian curiosities are the ollas or water vessels and the solid stone cooking vessels. These latter articles are wonderful. The largest is a globular vessel of solid stone chipped out of the hardest kind of rock and as round as a ball. It is hollow and has been patiently chipped out until the globe is quite hollow, about two inches thick, with an aperture about four inches in diameter at the top. It still bears the marks of fire, although it has been buried, perhaps, two centuries. There are several of these globular stone cooking vessels in Clark's collection and dozens of other aboriginal curiosities.

Dentistry seems to have been quite an art in the days when the extinct race held control here. Among the store of curiosities exhumed from the graves upon the Santa Barbara islands and now in Clark's collection are six or seven sets of false teeth. They are formed each from a shell which was fashioned to fit the roof of the mouth or could be adjusted outside of the gums. These shell teeth are perfectly formed and easily adjustable. Whether they were used for ornament or for the mastication of food is one of those mysteries the grave still

BE TRUE TO YOUR BOYHOOD, MY BOY.

In the days of my youth, I remember,
A blithe mower sang me this rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."
And he said: "Whate'er be thy profession,
Whatever thy hands may employ,
Start out with life's foremost procession,
And be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the tall grass to the rune—
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

And once when the autumn was smiling
I met the old mower again,
The thin swaths of the aftermath piling
Where the round rows of clover ha lain.
"'Tis the few lead the world, not the many;
'Tis the few that life's blessings enjoy;
And your chance is as good as is any;
Be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"Let the weak and the aimless have leisure,
But count of it not in thy plan:
In life's purpose and struggle find pleasure
That is worthy the heart of a man,
And hold as the wiles of the tempter
Whatever thy effort debars—
The lamps of the gay billiard palace
Are not the bright lamps of the stars."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"In the old time were wreckers in Cornwall:
And false lights they set on the coast,
And the sailors beheld the bright beacons
And steered for the reefs, and were lost.
And sin like a fair lamp is gleaming
In secret thy soul to destroy:
False lights are its profitless pleasures;
Be true to your boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin g ass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

"Then early be active and earnest;
The youth that is chary of toil
Is like the unprofitable sower
That spares the full seed to the soil.
And remember the great hopes of Heaven
Were meant for the young to enjoy,
And they may have harvests immortal
Who are true to their boyhood, my boy."
And he whetted his scythe, the old farmer,
And cut the thin grass to the rune:
"The aftermath of the September
Is not the sweet clover of June."

Hezekiah Butterworth, in Christian Union.

NOW.

"*Quand on est mort c'est pour long temps.*"

When I am lying pale and dead,
Come not, dear friends, around my bed
And pour your loss in deafened ears
And wash my heedless face with tears.
What thrill of hope or tenderness
Will beat beneath my burial dress?
What look of gratitude arise
And lift the lids of sightless eyes?
What loving voice escape those lips,
From which no speech or language slips?
Alas! I can not rouse and say:
"If ye lament me I will stay."
Speak while I hear, and while I long
To feel your love is true and strong,
While peace can soothe my troubled brow.
Wait not to miss me; hold me now!

Set not your kisses on my cheek,
Nor on my mouth, too cold to speak;
And in your fruitless grief forbear
To shed their sweetness on my hair.
In life I long to feel their breath,
But what are kisses worth to Death?
Like blossoms dropped on ice and snow,
Like songs when howling tempests blow,
A wasted gift, a vain caress
That might have been a power to bless,
A longing answered all in vain,
A touch that Death must needs disdain,
That might a life with joy endow.
Oh! if you kiss me, kiss me now.

Remember not when I am gone
The deeds I did or would have done,
How much I loved, how vainly strove
To find an answer in your love;
Nor weep to think what loss is yours,
Since neither life nor love endures;
Say not with tears and cries and prayers:
"Would that we showed her tenderer cares,
Had patience with the faults we knew,
Clung to the heart so warm and true,
That now we weep with hopeless pain
And know will never come again."
Ah! breathe not then the useless vow:
But if you love me, love me now.

Nor, standing round my wintry grave,
Too late to serve me or to save,
Fling on it all you have to give:
"At last her follies we forgive!"
An angel might repel with scorn
Such speech of poor repentance born,
Might weep to see such Levite pride
Pass coldly by a coffin's side.
No! if within your hearts there be
A kind but slumbering thought of me,
A memory of the vanished past,
A hope of peace and love at last,
A speechless prayer, a silent sense
That sometimes speaks in my defense,
That says: "Our life is not too long,
And we perhaps, were sometimes wrong."
Ah! listen to that pleading voice
And bid a living heart rejoice.
If late remorse or grief allow
Forgiveness then, forgive me now.

—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Chicago Standard.*

holds in concealment. The water bottles are round and are of woven grass mixed with asphaltum. The pipes are tubes of agate or fine colored stones gathered upon the beach. How the natives turned and polished this hard flint like stone and then drilled holes through it so as to use it for a pipe is a mystery. Among these recently exhumed curiosities from the Santa Barbara Islands are dozens of highly polished stone rings; some of them have been broken, but have been mended with a cement of which asphaltum is the principal ingredient. This cement used by these extinct tribes appears to have been durable and effective, as the shattered stone rings united by it are as strong and as solid as those not damaged. The islanders appear to have made good use of seals' teeth and whalebone. The latter, when found in a petrified state, was used as our Chinese abalone gatherers use an iron bar—to pry up the mollusks from the rocks. Clark has one of these petrified bone crowbars, one side of which was used as a creator of fire. Its rough side resembles a file, and the rapid friction between it and a piece of dry wood creates fire.

What the Great Eastern Has Come To.

A use has at last been found for the Great Eastern, which has been, figuratively, eating her head off at Milford Haven for some years past. She has been chartered by a company which proposes to bring coals from Scotland to London; and as the great vessel can take 20,000 tons at a time, the enterprise ought to pay. This is not a very dignified employment, perhaps, for a ship which was accounted years ago one of the wonders of the world, but her owners will not trouble themselves much about the dignity if they can earn a little on their shares.—*London Cor. Manchester Weekly Times.*

—An ant town in the Alleghany Mountains consists of 1,600 or 1,700 nests, which rise in cones to a height of from two to five feet. The ground is riddled in every direction with subterranean passages.

1.

M. VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.

What is the longest and yet the shortest thing in the world, the swiftest, and the most slow; the most divisible, and the most extended; the least valued, and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours every thing, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to all things, however great?

2.

My number, definite and known,
Is ten times ten, told ten times o'er;
Though half of me is one alone,
And half exceeds all count and score.

3.

I am the centre of gravity, hold a capital situation in Vienna, and as I am foremost in every victory, am allowed by all to be invaluable. Always out of tune, yet ever in voice; invisible, though clearly seen in the midst of a river. I have three associates in vice, and could name three who are in love with me. Still it is in vain you seek me, for I have long been in heaven, and even now lie embalmed in the grave.

4.

Four people sat down in one evening to play;
They played all that eve and parted next day.
Could you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other played with them, nor was there one bet.
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Tho' none of them lost to the amount of a penny.

5.

How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat upon an empty stomach?

6.

There are two words only in our language wherein the five vowels follow in successive order. Which are they?

7.

There are two youths mentioned in Scripture, who, in degrees of consanguinity, were so remarkably circumstanced, that their father was their grandfather—their mother were their sisters—their sisters were aunts—and they were each other's uncles! Who were they?

8.

There is a word of three syllables, from which, if you take away five letters, a male will remain; if you take away four, a female will be conspicuous; if you take away three, a great man will appear; and the whole word presents you with a great woman. What is this word?

9.

Name two English words. one of which, being of one syllable only, shall contain more letters than the other of five syllables.

10.

Which English word contains the greatest number of letters?

CONUNDRUMS.

1—Why was Herodias' daughter the *fastest* girl mentioned in the New Testament?
2—What did the seven wise men of Greece do when they met the sage of Hindoostan?
3—Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?
4—Why do old maids wear mittens?
5—Why is green grass like a mouse?
6—What is the difference between a grandmother and her infant grandchild?
7—Why does a miller wear a white hat?
8—Why is a nail, fast in the wall, like an old man?
9—Why are washerwomen the most inconsistent of persons?
10—What is the difference between killed soldiers and repaired garments?
11—Why is a shoemaker like a true lover?
12—What is the difference between Solomon and Rothschild?
13—What is the difference between a successful lover and his rival?
14—What was Eve made for?

SOLUTIONS TO RIDDLES.

1—Time. 2—Thou-sand. 3—The letter V. 4—Four Fiddlers. 5—One, after which his stomach is not empty. 6—Abstemious, Facetious.

7—Moab and Ben-ammi, by Scripture, 'tis clear,
Were the sons and the grandsons of Lot,
Whose mothers, their sisters and aunts also were,
Each was uncle to each—was he not?

8—He, Her, Hero, Heroine. 9—Strength, Ideality. 10—Disproportionableness.

SOLUTIONS TO CONUNDRUMS.

1—Because she got *a-head* of John the Baptist on a *charger*. 2—Eight saw sages [ate sausages.] 3—Because it is the latter end of pork. 4—To keep off the chaps. 5—Because the cattle eat it [cat'll eat it.] 6—The one is careless and happy, the other is hairless and cappy. 7—To keep his head warm. 8—Because it is in firm [infirm.] 9—Because they put out tubs to catch "soft" water when it rains "hard." 10—The former are dead men, and the latter are men[-ded.] 11—Because he is faithful to the last. 12—One was king of the Jews, the other Jew of the kings. 13—The one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss. 14—Because she was Adam's Express Company.

DIVISION OF YEAR.

The Japanese year is divided into twelve months corresponding to the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The months, however, vary in length, and are regulated by the Mikado. The Chinese year consists of twelve months and, like the Mohammedan year, is lunar, each month having thirty and twenty-nine days alternately, but in every nineteen years there are seven years which have thirteen months. The Parsee year contains 365 days; there is no leap year, but one month is added in every 120 years to make the year correspond with the seasons.

A YOUNG person at a concert conscientiously sang, so as to set your teeth on edge, the fine air, "I sing well when he is near." An impatient listener arose and said, in a loud voice: "It would appear that he has not yet arrived."

hem, a foot apart, in
p. A rich sandy loam
off the stalks, spread
good dressing of fine
not be cut over before
nay be formed by in-

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Better face a danger once than be always in fear.
He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.
Borrowing money is a bad habit; and borrowing trouble is no better.
Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them.
The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.
A fool always finds one still more foolish to admire him.
Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Thought is the poetry of those only who can entertain it.
He who buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.
The conditions of success are three—first, work; second, concentration; third, fitness.
The government of a nation demands a certain harmony like music, and certain proportions like architecture.

Which Squakin is built.

The festivities in connection with the wedding lasted for ten days, during which

and making wonderful close shaves of cutting off each other's heads.

up in the valleys of the [illegible] graves. The Indian graves of this section

is one of those mysteries the grave still

A GOLDEN RAY.

Sir William Jones, in his voyage to India, found in the Island of Johanna, a secluded speck in the Atlantic off the coast of Africa, this inscription in Arabic, above the door of a mosque:

The world was given for our edification;
Not for the purpose of raising sumptuous dwellings.
Life for the discharge of moral and religious duties;
Not for pleasurable indulgence.
Wealth to be liberally bestowed;
Not avariciously hoarded.
And learning to produce good actions;
Not empty disputes.

BOTH RIGHT.

At the conclusion of a sermon, somewhere in Iowa, the preacher requested some one to pass around the hat and "take up a collection." A young man, a stranger in the place, jumped up and commenced "circulating the hat" in such a way as to finish the job at the door, and pass out with the proceeds.

The preacher, eyeing him as he went out, observed:

"If that young man runs away with that money he'll be damned."

A deacon, sitting by the window, seeing him make off down the street, responded: "And if he hasn't run away with the money I'll be damned."

A GENTLEMAN lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he. "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge." "At first," said the lady, "I thought you were guilty of flattery only, but now you are really making game of me."

VICTOR HUGO talking about age not long ago, confessed that the most disagreeable advance to him was that from thirty-nine to forty. "But," said a friend, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied Hugo; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty years is the youth of old age."

A HAPPY RETORT.—"What business was your father?" asked an imperious colonel of a modest looking lieutenant. "A tobacconist, sir." "What a pity he did not make you one." "Possibly, sir. And now, will you allow me to ask you a question?" "Certainly. What is it?" "What was your father?" "My father was a gentleman, sir," replied the haughty and imperious colonel. "Well, then, it is a deuced pity he didn't make you one."

THIS is a story with a moral:—A gentleman in the midst of a stormy debate thought to smooth matters over by a few words of practical advice, so he said, "Gentlemen, all I want for the settlement of this whole controversy is a little common sense." Jerrold, who was present, disturbed his equanimity by breaking in and saying, "You are right, sir; that is precisely what you do want."

A TEST OF PRONUNCIATION.

The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed upon the blackboard of a teachers' institute, and a prize of a Webster Dictionary offered to any person who would read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, however, as 12 was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made: "A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered Bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head-waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptionable calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and a bowie knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the Coroner." The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay, calliope, chameleon, suite, coadjutor, calligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jugular and debris.—*Rutland [Vt] Herald.*

DAME PARTINGTON.

"LA ME!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're ill."

A FARMER of Ohio County has this "notis" pasted up in his field: "If any man's or woman's cows or oxens gits in these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

A YOUNG lady in the country whose beauty formed a matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellow, "By heaven, she's painted." "Yes, sir, and by heaven only," she quickly replied. The officer acknowledged the full force of the rebuke and apologized.

Stand take to
I you throw my

1	Tu	Santa Anna president, 1833
2	We	U. S. Mint established, 1792
3	Th	Earthquake at Scio, 1881
4	Fri	Tyler inaugurated, 1841
5	Sa	Plato died, B. C. 347
6	S	Washington president, 1789
7	Mo	Lelande died, 1807
8	Tu	French enter Spain, 1823
9	We	Edward IV. died, 1483
10	Th	*Total Eclipse of Moon.*
11	Fri	*Good Friday.*
12	Sa	Henry Clay born, 1777

(14.) Palm Sunday.

April.

Facts Worth Knowing.

There are 2,750 languages.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
The average human life is 31 years.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
A barrel of flour weighs 186 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Watches were first constructed in 1476.
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.

Only Mamma.

"Where is mamma? Where is mamma?
Doesn't anybody know?
Wants to tell her how I tumbled
Down 'e steps and hurt me so!

"Won't tell g'amma all about it;
Won't let papa look and see
What an awful bump my head is;
Won't let auntie shing to me.

"Where is mamma? Where is mamma?
Can't 'ou anybody tell?
Only mamma knows 'e way to
Kiss it quick and make it well."

sometimes shrink

1889

Day	Day		
(1)		1st Sunday after Christmas.	♀ in
1	S	*New Year's Day*, Sl'v'y abol. U.S. '63.	*Cloudy.*
2	M	Bat. of Murfreesboro, 1863. (Jackson, '61.	
3	T	Ga. State Troops seize Forts Pulaski and	
4	W	37 Sioux ind. hanged for murder, Minn., '63.	
5	T	Archb'p Hughes of N.Y. d., '64.	*Mists* ['60.
6	F	*Epiphany.* Str. N'therner wr'd, 30 lives lost,	
7	S	Bats. of Romney and Paintville, Ky., 1862.	
(2)		1st Sunday after Epiphany.	♂ in
8	S	Battle of New Orleans, 1815.	*and Rain.*
9	M	Miss. Conv. passed Seces. Ord., '61.	*Cool.*
10	T	Sacramento almost dest'd by inund., 1850.	
11	W	Str. Alb. sunk Str. Hatteras, 1863.	
12	T	Burnside Ex. sailed from Hamp. R'ds, '62.	
13	F	Geo. Fox, found. of Quakers, d., 1600.	*Clear*
14	S	Queen of the West, taken, 1863.	*and*
(3)		2d Sunday after Epiphany.	♃ in
15	S	*Endymion*, Brit., capt. *President*, U. S., '15.	
16	M	Bat. of Corunna, Sir John Moore killed, 1809.	
17	T	Benj. Franklin born, 1706.	*Cool.*
18	W	Daniel Webster born, 1782.	*Warmer.*
19	T	Bat. of Mill Spring, Zollikoffer killed, 1862.	
20	F	First English Parliament met, 1265.	
21	S	Jeff. Davis left U. S. Senate, 1861.	*Very*
(4)		3d Sunday after Epiphany.	♄ in
22	S	South Sea Bubble inaugurated, 1720.	
23	M	St. Pacific left L'pool, 1856, never heard of.	
24	T	Frederick the Great, born, 1712.	*dry and*
25	W	First Colored Reg't formed, 1863.	*warm*
26	T	Louisiana adopted Seces. Ord., 1861.	
27	F	Str. Pearl exploded n. Sacramento, '55. [of.	
28	S	Str. City of Boston l. Halifax, '70, never h'rd	
(5)		4th Sunday after Epiphany.	♂ in
29	S	Battle of Danville, Tenn., 1864.	*for the*
30	M	Walter Savage Lander, Poet, born 1775.	
31	T	Great Eastern launched, 1858.	*season.*

Day	Day		
1	W	Texas seced., '61. call for 500,000 men, '64.	
2	T	Pope Clement XIII. died, 1769.	*Cloudy.*
3	F	Inquisition abol. in Spain, 1820. lost, 1797.	
4	S	Earthquake in Quito, Equador, 40,000 lives	
(6)		Septuagesima Sunday.	♀
5	S	Jacksonville, Fla., taken, 1864.	*Very light*
6	M	Battle of Fort Henry, 1862.	*Rain.*
7	T	Dickens b., '12. Roanoke Isl'd captured, '62.	
8	W	Mary Q. of Scots beheaded, 1587, aged 47.	
9	T	Canada ceded to Britain, 1763.	*Cool and*
10	F	Queen Victoria married, 1840.	lives lost.
11	S	Str. Nellie Stevens burnt, Red River, '63, 69	
(7)		Sexagesima Sunday.	♂
12	S	Sir Astley Cooper died, 1841, aged 73.	
13	M	Springfield, Mo., taken, 1862.	*Breezy.*
14	T	St. Valentine's Day.	
15	W	Confederates evacuate Bowling Green, '62.	
16	T	Grant took Fort Donelson, 1862.	*Drizzling*
17	F	Columbia, S. C., taken, 1865.	*rain*
18	S	Charleston, S. C., taken, 1865.	*with*
(8)		Quinquagesima Sunday.	♃
19	S	Florida ceded to U. S., 1821.	*much*
20	M	Battle of Olustee, Fla., 1864.	*wind.*
21	T	Downieville, Cal., destroyed by fire, 1852.	
22	W	*Ash Wednesday.* Wash'ton's Birthday, 1732.	
23	T	Anson Burlingame died 1870.	
24	F	Nashville, Tenn., taken, 1862.	*Clear*
25	S	Napoleon escaped from Elba, 1815.	*and*
(9)		Quadragesima Sunday.	♄
26	S	Rank of Lieut.-Gen. conferred on Grant, '64.	
27	M	P. Barton Key killed by D. E. Sickles, 1859.	
28	T	Iron-clad Atlanta captured, 1863.	*warmer.*

Day	Day		
1	W	Gen. Twiggs expelled from the army, 1861.	
2	T	Nicholas I., Russia, died, 1855.	*Clear.*
3	F	Serfdom abolished in Russia, 1863.	
4	S	Lincoln inaugurated, 1861.	*Warmer.*
(10)		2d Sunday in Lent.	♀
5	S	Battle of Spring Hill, 1863.	
6	M	The Peterhoff sunk, 1864.	*Rains.*
7	T	Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., 1862.	
8	W	Bernadotte, King of Sweden, died, 1844.	
9	T	Monitor and Merrimac fight, 1862.	*Rain.*
10	F	Prince of Wales married, 1863.	[1702
11	S	First daily paper issued in London, *Courant*,	
(11)		Mid-Lent Sunday.	♂
12	S	Henry de Bourbon killed in Spain, 1870.	
13	M	Str. President left N.Y. 1841, never heard of.	
14	T	Burnside took Newbern, 1862.	*Cloudy.*
15	W	Julius Cæsar assassinated, B. C. 44.	*Rainy.*
16	T	Bristol's Sarsaparilla and Pills.	*Clears off.*
17	F	St. Patrick's Day.	*Warm*
18	S	Battle of Bentonville, N. C., 1865.	*and*
(12)		4th Sunday in Lent.	♃
19	S	Yale College founded, 1700.	*still.*
20	M	Sir Isaac Newton died, 1727, aged 85.	
21	T	Duc d'Enghein shot by order Nap. I., 1804.	
22	W	Battle of Winchester, Va., 1862.	
23	T	Emperor Paul, of Russia, murdered, 1801.	
24	F	Queen Elizabeth of England died, 1603.	
25	S	Thames tunnel opened, 1843.	*Showers.*
(13)		5th Sunday in Lent.	♄
26	S	Bank of England began, 1694.	
27	M	Jacksonville, Fla., burned, 1863.	*Windy.*
28	T	Gen. Geo. H. Thomas died, 1870.	*Very*
29	W	Vera Cruz taken by U. S. forces, 1847.	
30	T	Sicilian Vespers, 8,000 French massa'd. 1282	
31	F	Battle of Five Forks, Va., 1865.	*Windy.*

Day	Day		
1	S	Battle of Grand Gulf, 1863.	
(14)		Palm Sunday.	♀ in
2	S	Petersburg, Va. capt. by Union forces, 1865.	
3	M	Richmond, Va., captured, 1865.	*Warm*
4	T	Slavery abol'd in Dist. Columbia, '62.	*and*
5	W	Battle of Black Bayou, La., 1863.	*pleasant,*
6	T	Battle of Shiloh began, 1862.	
7	F	*Good Friday.*	*with*
8	S	Battle of Sabine Cross Roads, La., 1864.	
(15)		Easter Sunday.	♂ in
9	S	Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant, 1865.	
10	M	Battle of Franklin, Tenn., 1863.	*occasional*
11	T	Fort Pulaski, Ga., captured, 1862.	
12	W	Henry Clay born, 1777.	*showers.*
13	T	Edict of Nantes issued, 1598.	
14	F	President Lincoln shot by Booth, 1865.	
15	S	President Lincoln died, 1865.	
(16)		Low Sunday.	♃ in
16	S	Fight at Panama bet. Cal. emig. & natives, '56	
17	M	Benj. Franklin died, 1790.	*Fine*
18	T	Virginia passed Secession Ordinance, 1861.	
19	W	Lord Byron died, 1824.	*growing*
20	T	Louis Napoleon born, 1808.	*weather.*
21	F	Battle of San Jacinto, 1836.	
22	S	Turks massacre 40,000 Greeks at Scio, 1822.	
(17)		2d Sunday after Easter.	♄ in
23	S	Shakspeare born, 1564; d. same day, 1616.	
24	M	New Orleans taken, 1862.	*Light rain.*
25	T	Conf. Gen. Johnson sur. to Gen. Sherman, '65.	
26	W	J. Wilkes Booth shot, and Harold capt., '65.	
27	T	Americans cap. Toronto, Can., '13.	*Cloudy.*
28	F	Banquet in S. Fran. to Chinese Embassy, '68	
29	S	Battle of Bridgeport, Ala., 1862.	*Pleasant.*
(18)		3d Sunday after Easter.	♂ in
30	S	Leavenworth, Ind., dest. by hurricane, '5.2.	

Day	Day		
1	M	Battle of Port Gibson, 1863.	
2	T	Battle of Chancellorsville, 1863.	*Warm*
3	W	Machiavella born, 1469; died, 1527.	
4	T	Pres. Lincoln called for 42,000 men, '62.	*Clear*
5	F	Napoleon I. died at St. Helena, 1821.	
6	S	Battle of the Wilderness, 1864.	*Rain*
(19)		4th Sunday after Easter.	♀
7	S	Arkansas secedes, 1861.	
8	M	Battle of West Point, 1862.	*Cloudy*
9	T	Stonewall Jackson died, 1863.	
10	W	The last rail of Pacific R.R. laid, '69.	*Foggy*
11	T	Bat. of Spottsylvania, Va., Stewart k'd' '64.	
12	F	Battle of Raymond, Miss., 1863.	
13	S	Yazoo City taken, 1863.	*Weather*
(20)		Rogation Sunday.	♂
14	S	Vaccination first tried, 1796.	
15	M	Dan. O'Connell died, 1847; aged 73.	
16	T	Battle of Champion Hills, Miss., 1863.	
17	W	Battle of the Big Black, 1863.	*Warmer*
18	T	*Ascension Day.*	
19	F	Lopez exp. landed in Cuba, cap. Cardenas, '50	
20	S	North Carolina secedes, 1861.	*and*
(21)		6th Sunday after Easter.	♃ in
21	S	De Soto d. 1542, (discoverer of Miss. river.)	
22	M	Sumner assaulted by Brooks in Senate, '56.	
23	T	Battle of Lewisburg, 1862.	*Clear*
24	W	Queen Victoria born, 1819.	
25	T	Battle of Winchester, Va., 1862.	
26	F	Battle of Tarrahand, Ireland, 1798.	*Fine*
27	S	Banks defeated at Port Hudson, 1863.	
(22)		Whit-Sunday (Pentecost).	♄ in
28	S	Noah Webster (of Dictionary) d., '43, aged 85	
29	M	Emp's Josephine of France d., '14.	*Pleasant*
30	T	Battle of Fairfax, 1861.	
31	W	Battle of Fair Oaks, 1862.	*Weather*

Day	Day		
1	T	Brit. *Shannon* cap. Am. *Chesapeake*, 1813.	
2	F	Battle of Phillippa, 1861.	*Dry*
3	S	Stephen A. Douglas died, 1861.	
(23)		Trinity Sunday.	♀ in
4	S	Mexico declared War against U.S., '46.	*and*
5	M	Battle of Zurich, Switzerland, 1799.	
6	T	Patrick Henry died, 1799.	*Hot*
7	W	The Prophet Mahomet died, 622.	
8	T	*Corpus Christi.* Bat. of Cross Keys, Va., '62	
9	F	Charles Dickens died, 1870.	*Thermometer*
10	S	Battle at Big Bethel, 1861.	
(24)		1st Sunday after Trinity.	♂ in
11	S	Darian, Ga., burned, 1863.	*at 90°*
12	M	Battle of Morris Island, 1863.	
13	T	Gen. Stuart rode ar'd McClellan's army, '62	
14	W	Gen. Lee's forces enter Maryland, 1863.	
15	T	Washington app. Com.-in-Chief, 1775.	*Light*
16	F	Pope Pius IX elected, 1846.	
17	S	Battle of Bunker Hill. Mass., 1775.	
(25)		2d Sunday after Trinity.	♃ in
18	S	Battle of Waterloo, 1815.	*Winds*
19	M	The *Alabama* sunk by the *Kearsarge*, 1864.	
20	T	McClellan took command in W.Va., 1861.	
21	W	Battle of Vinegar Hill, Ireland, 1798.	*Very*
22	T	Battle of Solferino, 1850.	

23	F	Steamer *Queen City* destroyed, '64. *Warm*
24	S	Tennessee secedes, 1861.

(26) 3d Sunday after Trinity. ♄ in

25	S	Battle of Lundy's Lane, 1813.
26	M	Battle of Mechanicsville, 1862. *and*
27	T	Bat. of Kenesaw, Ga., Sherman rep'd, 1864
28	W	Queen Victoria crowned at Westminster, '38
29	T	Henry Clay died, 1852. *Dry*
30	F	Battle of Hanover Junction, Va., 1863.

Day	Day	
		July
1	S	Battle of Malvern Hill, 1862.

(27) 4th Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in

2	S	Pilgrim Fathers sailed from England, 1620
3	M	Battle of Gettysburg, Lee retreats, '63. *Light*
4	T	Vicksburg surrendered, 1863.
5	W	Battle of Carthage, Mo., 1861. *Rain*
6	T	Battle of Sedgemore, England, 1685.
7	F	Payne, Atzerod, Harold, and Mrs. Surratt
8	S	Port Hudson taken, 1863. [hanged, 1865.

(28) 5th Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in

9	S	President Zachary Taylor died, '50. *Cloudy*
10	M	Columbus born, 1447.
11	T	Battle of Rich Mountain, Va., 1861. *Clear*
12	W	Yazoo City captured, 1863.
13	T	Dogma of Papal Infallibility adopt., '70. *and*
14	F	Crystal Palace, N.Y. City opened, 1853.
15	S	Cawnpore Massacre, India, 1857. *Hot*

(29) 6th Sunday after Trinity. 2𝔍 in

16	S	Battle of Jackson, Miss., 1863.
17	M	Charlotte Corday exe. for killi'g Marat, 1793
18	T	Battle of Blackburn's Ford, Va., '61. *Fine*
19	W	Pres. Lincoln calls for 300,000 men, 1862.
20	T	Reb. Cong. first met at Richmond, Va., '61.
21	F	First Battle of Bull Run, Va., '61. *Weather*
22	S	Battle of Decatur, Ga., McPherson k'd, '64.

(30) 7th Sunday after Trinity. ♄ in

23	S	1st paper, *Mercury*, pub. in Ln'dn, Eng., 1588
24	M	Martin Van Buren died, 1862. *Very*
25	T	Bat. of Aboukir, 5,000 French defeat 15,000
26	W	Bat. of Banbury, Eng., 1469. [Turks, 1799
27	T	Laying of Atlantic Cable completed, 1866.
28	F	Battle of Atlanta. Ga., 1864. *Hot*
29	S	Slavery abolished in Mexico, 1829.

(31) 8th Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in

30	S	William Penn died, 1718. *Dry*
31	M	Loyola, Founder of Jesuits, died, 1556.

Day	Day	
		Aug
1	T	Bat. of the Nile, Nelson dest'd Fr. fleet, 1798
2	W	Pr. Lincoln calls for 500,000 men, '61. *Light*
3	T	Columbus sailed for America, 1492.
4	F	Pr. Lincoln cal'd for 300,000 men, '62 *Breezes*
5	S	Bat. of Baton Rouge, Gen. Williams k'd. '62

(32) 9th Sunday after Trinity. ♀

6	S	Bats. Woerth & Forbach, Fr. def'd in bth, '70
7	M	Hampton burned, 1861. *Fine*
8	T	Fort Gains captured by Farragut, 1864.
9	W	Bat. of Cedar Mountain, Va.,, '62. *Bracing*
10	T	Bat. Wilson's Creek, Mo., Gen. Lyons k'l'd, '61
11	F	British bombarded Stonington, Conn., '13.
12	S	Lord Castlereagh com'd suicide, '22. *Air*

(33) 10th Sunday after Trinity. ♂

13	S	Battle of Grafton, 1861.
14	M	Admiral Farragut died, 1870. *Cooling*
15	T	Nap. I. born, 1769. Walter Scott born, 1771
16	W	McClellan evac'd the Peninsula, '62. *Rain*
17	T	Frederiek the Great of Prussia died, 1786.
18	F	B. of Las Tunas, Cuba, Valmaseda def., '69.
19	S	Eng. *Guerrierre* cap. by Am. *Constitution*, '12

(34) 11th Sunday after Trinity. 2𝔍 in

20	S	Battle of Contreras, Mexico, 1847. *Clear*
21	M	Battle of Bowling Green, Ky., 1862.
22	T	Yacht *America* won Queen's Cup, '51. *and*
23	W	Wm. Wallace, Scot. Pat. exe., 1305. [1572
24	T	Mass. of St. Bartholomew, 70,000 Prot. k'd,
25	F	Eng. yacht *Cambria* beat Am. *Sappho*, '61.
26	S	B. of Crecy, 36,000 Eng. b't 130,000 Fr., 1346.

(35) 12th Sunday after Trinity. ♄ inv

27	S	B. of L. I., Eng. def'd the Am., 1776. *Still*
28	M	Dudley Obs'y, Alb'y, N.Y., inaug., '56. *Sultry*
29	T	Hatteras Inlet sur. to Stringham & Butler,
30	W	Second Battle of Bull Run, 1863. [1861
31	T	John Bunyan died, 1688. *Cloudy*

Day	Day	
		Sept
1	F	Bat. of Sedan, French defeated, 1870. *Very*
2	S	Atlanta, Ga., occupied by Sherman, 1864.

(36) 13th Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in

3	S	Gold discov. in Cal., by Capt. Sutter, 1847.
4	M	Empress Eugene flies to England, 1870.
5	T	First Congress met in Phila., 1774. *Warm*
6	W	Battle of Washington, N.C., 1862. [1870
7	T	Eng. Iron-clad *Captain* sank, 483 lives lost,
8	F	The Malakoff cap'd by the French, 1855.
9	S	Cumberland Gap taken, 1863. *Cloudy*

(37) 14th Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in

10	S	Battle of Carnifex Ferry, Va , 1861.
11	M	Battle of Lake Champlain, 1814.
12	T	Str. *Cent. Amer.* sinks, 526 lives & $2,000,000
13	W	Battle of Chapultepec, Mex., '47. [lost, '57
14	T	Duke of Wellington, died, '52, aged 83. *Some*
15	F	British occupied New York, 1776.
16	S	Battle of Harlem Plains, N.Y., 1776.

(38) 15th Sunday after Trinity. 2𝔍 in

17	S	Battle of Antietam, 1862. *Signs*
18	M	Poland part'd bet. Russia, Aus. & Prus. 1772
19	T	Bat. of Winchester, '64; Bat. Chicamauga, '63
20	W	Temporal p'r of the Pope ceases, '70. *of*
21	T	Sir Walter Scott died. 1832.
22	F	Battle of Fisher's Hill, Va., 1864.
23	S	Planet of Neptune discovered. 1846. *Rain*

(39) 16th Sunday after Trinity. ♄ in

24	S	Monterey, Mex., sur'd to Gen. Taylor, '46.
25	M	Br. forces take pos. of Phila., 1777. *Cooler*
26	T	Battle of Pilot Knob, Mo., 1864.
27	W	Strasburgh sur'd to the Germans, '70. *Nights*
28	T	Am. Ship-of-war *Albany* left Aspinwall, '54,
29	F	*Michaelmas Day* [never heard of.
30	S	George Whitefield died, 1770. *Cloudy*

Day	Day	
		Oct

(40) 17th Sunday after Trinity. ♀

1	S	Str. *Yankee Blade* lost, 15 drowned, 1854.
2	M	First Rail Road in the United States, 1833.
3	T	First English Bible completed, 1535. *Breezy*
4	W	Independence of Belgium declared, 1830.
5	T	Galveston, Texas, captured, 1862.
6	F	Jenny Lind born, 1820. *Violent*
7	S	The Republic of Cuba proclaimed, 1868.

(41) 18th Sunday after Trinity. ♂

8	S	John Hancock died, 1793.
9	M	Florida purchased from Spain, 1820. *Gale*
10	T	1st overland mail arr. in S. Francisco, '58.
11	W	Columbus first sighted America, 1492.
12	T	William Penn born, 1644. *Much*
13	F	Murat, Mar. of Fr. & King of Naples, shot, '15
14	S	1st shot thrown into Paris by Germans, 1870

(42) 19th Sunday after Trinity. 2𝔍

15	S	Nap. Bonaparte arr. at St. Helena, '15. *Cooler*
16	M	John Brown's Insurec. at Harper's Ferry, '59
17	T	Pres. Lincoln calls for 300,000 men, '63.
18	W	Lord Palmerston died, 1865. *Rain*
19	T	Battle of Cedar Creek, Va., 1864.
20	F	Bat. of Navarino, Turkish fleet annihilated,
21	S	Earthquake in San Francisco, 1868. [1827.

(43) 20th Sunday after Trinity. ♄

22	S	Battle of Pocotaligo, S. C., 1862. *Cloudy*
23	M	Catholic mass, 40,000 Prots. in Ireland, 1641
24	T	Daniel Webster died, 1852.
25	W	Charge of light Brigade, 600 ag't 25,000, '54.
26	T	McClure dis. North-west Passage, '50. *Clear*
27	F	Metz capitulated, 18,000 Fr. taken pris'rs, '70
28	S	Battle of Saratoga, Ky , 1861. *and*

(44) 21st Sunday after Trinity. ♂

29	S	John Quincey Adams born, 1735.
30	M	Thiers allowed to enter Paris, 1870.
31	T	Nevada a State, 1864. *Hallow Eve. Pleasant*

Day	Day	
		Nov
1	W	Italian Gov. excom'cated by the Pope, '70.
2	T	Gen. Fremont removed, 1861. *Windy*
3	F	Great Fire in Sacramento, 1852.
4	S	George Peabody died in London, 1869.

(45) 22d Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in

5	S	Battle of Inkerman, 1854.
6	M	Battle of Belmont, 1861. *Cloudy*
7	T	Port Royal, S.C., taken, 1861.
8	W	Mason and Slidell taken off *Trent*, 1861.
9	T	Prince of Wales born, 1842.
10	F	Martin Luther b. in Eisleben, Saxony, 1483
11	S	Battle of Piketon, Ky., 1861. *Fogs*

(46) 23d Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in

12	S	Great commercial Panic in England, 1857.
13	M	Battle of Bull's Gap, 1864. *Rain*
14	T	Sherman left Atlanta on march to sea, 1864
15	W	The Speaking Trumpet invented, 1552.
16	T	Tea dest. in Boston Harbor, 1773 *Drizzling*
17	F	Suez Canal opened by Emp. Eugenie, 1869.
18	S	Longstreet rep. at Knoxv'le by Burnside, '63

(47) 24th Sunday after Trinity. 2𝔍 in

19	S	Battle of Ocaña, Spain, 1809. *Rain*
20	M	Cape of Good Hope dis. and doubled, 1497.
21	T	Hogg, Etrick Shepherd, died, 1835. *Windy*
22	W	Gen. Patterson died, 1862.
23	T	Battle of Orchard Knob, 1863.
24	F	Battle of Chattanooga, 1863. *Clear*
25	S	Battle of Missionary Ridge, 1863.

(48) 25th Sunday after Trinity. ♄ in

26	S	Kars surrendered to Russians, 1855.
27	M	Pacific Ocean dis. by Magellan, 1520. *and*
28	T	Washington Irving died, 1859.
29	W	London *Times* first printed by steam, 181
30	T	*St. Andrew's Day.* Bat. of Narva, 1700. *Cool*

Day	Day	
		Dec.
1	F	John Brown hanged, 1859. *Cloudy*
2	S	Napoleon I. crowned by the Pope, 1804.

(49) Advent Sunday. ♀

3	S	Longstreet raised siege of Knoxville, 1863.
4	M	Cardinal Richelieu died, 1642. *Much*
5	T	Mozart, the composer, died, 1792.
6	W	Battle of Cawnpore, India, 1857,
7	T	Marshal Ney shot at Paris, 1815. *Rain*
8	F	Ecumenical Council opened in Rome, 1860.
9	S	Father Mathew, temp. apostle, died, 1858.

(50) 2d Sunday in Advent. ♂ inv

10	S	Female Suffrage enacted in Wyoming, 1869
11	M	Indiana admitted as a State, 1816. *Very*
12	T	Cromwell decl. Protector of England, 1653.

13 W Bat. Fredericksburg, Lee beats Burnside, '62.
14 T Washington died, 1799, at Mt. Vernon. *Cold.*
15 F Bat. Nashville beg., Thomas beats Hood, '64.
16 S "Boston Tea Party," takes place, 1773. *and*

(51) 24

3d Sunday in Advent.

17 S Simon Bolivar, Liberator of S. A., died, '30.
18 M Sir Humphrey Davy born, 1778. *Chilly*
19 T Fort Niagara taken by British, 1813.
20 W South Carolina seceded, 1860.
21 T Sherman's Army ent'd Savannah, '64. *Clear*
22 F Louis Napoleon elected Pres. of France, '51
23 S Washington res'gs his com'n to Cong'ss, 1783

(52) 1

4th Sunday in Advent.

24 S Land'g of Pilgrims at Plymouth, 1620. *Warm*
25 M *Christmas.* Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642.
26 T Battle of Trenton, New Jersey, 1776. [761.
27 W Mason & Slidell g'n back to British Minist'r,
28 T Macaulay, the historian, died, 1859. *Cloudy*
29 F Sherman repulsed at Vicksburg, 1862.
30 S Order of Jesuits founded, 1534. *Rain*

(53) 6

1st Sunday after Christmas.

31 S Bat. of Murfreesboro, Tenn., begun, 1862.

—Prof. Newcombe, of Washington, has erected apparatus on the terrace about the foundation of the Washington Monument, and is there continuing his experiments to measure the velocity of light. A revolving mirror is placed at Fort Whipple and a stationary mirror at the monument. The time required for a flash of light to travel to the monument and back to Fort Whipple is ascertained by delicate measurements.

—The thirty-eight States of the Union contain 2,229 counties. Texas leads off having 151 counties, followed closely by Georgia's 137. After Georgia in the table come Kentucky with 117 counties; Missouri, 115; Virginia, 105; Illinois, 102; Iowa, 99; Tennessee and North Carolina each 94 and Indiana 92. As a rule the Southern States have

A LITTLE SUFFERER.

I'm taking out my Claribel
This morning for an airing;
She has been sick so very long,
We bofe have found it wearing.

She's had the measels and the mumps,
And all since last December,
'Sides several ovver sicknesses,
Whose names I can't remember

The time when she was teeving.

I sat up all night long wis her;
She grew worse fast and faster;
I gave he pollygollic, and
Put on a mustard plaster.

She's been so patient and so sweet,
I love to kiss and pet her.
Poor child, she's suffered ev'ryfing!
But now the darling's better.

I hope the air will do her good;
"Dear, don't kick off your cover."

THE RIDDLE.

Fierce and bitter was the struggle,
But the strife at length was o'er,
And the joyful news went ringing,
Ended is the cruel war.
Proudly homeward rode his lordship,
Bold Sir Guy of Atheldare;
Flashed his eyes with pride and triumph
As his praises filled the air.

Every heart was full of gladness.
Said I, every heart? Ah, no!
Here, amidst this joyful people,
One heart ached with speechless woe:
'Twas the little captive stranger,
Claude, the vanquished Norman's son—
Taken pr soner, brought a trophy
Of the victory they had won.

Bravely fought he for his freedom,
And, when taken, smiled disdain
As his captors stood around him,
Bound his arms with gyve and chain;
Smiled defiance when they told him
That Sir Guy his life would spare,
Should he serve and swear allegiance
To the house of Atheldare—

Spurned their offer, while his dark eyes
Spoke the scorn he could not tell,
As he followed, without murmur,
To his dreary prison-cell.
Then they left him, and his young heart
Bowed beneath its weight of pain
For a moment. But he rose up,
Calm and cold and proud again.

From without the grated window,
In the pleasant court below,
He could see the little Princess,
As she wandered to and fro.
Long and eagerly he watched her;
Like a cloud the golden hair
Glanced and rippled in the sunlight,
Framing in her face so fair.

And the little Highland Princess,
As if by a magic spell,
Seemed to feel her eyes drawn upward
To the dreary prison-cell;
And the sad, pale face she saw there
Caused the ready tears to start,
While a woman's gentlest pity
Filled the tender, childish heart.

Then a firm resolve rose in her—
Lit the troubled little face.
Not a moment to be wasted;
Breathless, hurrying from the place
On an errand fraught with mercy,
Straight she to her father sped;
Humbly kneeling down before him,
Lowly bowed the dainty head,

While the sweet lips, red and quivering,
Faltered out her anxious plea,
Told her pity for the captive,
Begged Sir Guy to set him free.
But he answered, sternly gazing
On the downcast face so fair:
"Can our daughter doubt the justice
Of the house of Atheldare?

"But we pardon this, and tell you
Of our wise and just decree:
If this captive swear to serve us,
We will spare and set him free."
Then up rose the little maiden
Dauntlessly, without a fear.
"Would you have a traitor serve us?"
Rang her voice out, sweet and clear.

And Sir Guy paused for a moment,
All his anger from him fled,
As he watched her, flushed and eager,
While her cause she bravely plead.
Gravely smiled he as she ended,
Drew her gently on his knee:
"You have conquered, little pleader—
You have gained the victory.

"But your Prince must earn his freedom:
Not with bow or spear in hand—
We are weary of the bloodshed
Spread so long throughout the land.
Let him ask our court a riddle;
Six days' grace to him we give,
And the court three days to guess it;
If it fail, he then may live."

Once more in the pleasant court-yard
Danced the little maid in glee;
But five long days and five nights passed,
And the Prince no riddle gave;
To his brain, all dazed with sorrow,
Came no thought his life to save.

And the little blue-eyed Princess
Pondered sadly what to do,
Till at last she sought the counsel
Of her old nurse, tried and true.
"Go," her nurse said, as she finished,
"Go, and search the green fields over,
Never stopping for an instant
Till you find a four-leaf clover.

"Take and put it in a nosegay,
In the center, full in sight,
Throw it to the little captive;
All I promise will come right."
Out into the merry sunshine,
While her feet scarce touched the ground,
Went the Princess, never stopping
Till the treasure she had found.

Threw it, with the pretty nosegay,
In the window, barred and grated.
Then, and only then, she paused—
Paused, and hoped, and feared, and waited.
Through the window, barred and grated,
In the dreary prison-cell,
Like a ray of happy sunshine
At his feet the nosegay fell.

As he raised and held it gently,
While the burning tears brimmed over,
Through the mist he caught a glimpse
Of the little four-leaf clover.
Thoughts went dashing through his brain,
And, before the evening dew
Kissed the flowers of the land,
All the court this riddle knew:

"Fourteen letters am I made of.
Over countries fair and bright,
Under many different heavens,
Raise we flags, both red and white.
Living with my many brothers,
Ever in the long, sweet grass,
As we play, the happy zephyrs
Fan us gently as they pass.
Chanced you e'er to find me out,
Luck I'd surely bring to you.
Often of me have you heard,
Very often seen me, too:
Ere you turn away from me,
Read me well—my name you'll see."

Three days passed, unguessed the riddle,
And the sun rose joyfully.
Turned the prison bars all golden,
Told the captive he was free.
Life had never looked so radiant,
Earth had never seemed so fair;
Sang the birds and played the fountain,
Sweetest fragrance filled the air.

But the day wore slowly on,
Sank the sun from out the sky
Ere the waited summons came,
And he stood before Sir Guy.
In the stately council there
Knelt he down, with peerless grace;
Not a tinge of doubt or fear
In the proud patrician face.

To him, then, began Sir Guy:
"You have earned your freedom well,
And, we pray you, speak the answer
That our court has failed to tell."
Then up rose the little captive,
While his eyes with fun danced over:
"If you read its letters downward,
You will find a four-leaf clover."

And Sir Guy laughed long and loud
As he read the riddle through,
That the court had failed to guess
With the answer in full view.
So the little Prince was saved,
And ere many days were o'er,
Happily he sailed away
Toward his longed-for home once more.

But he carried back a memory
Of a court-yard fresh and fair,
Where there walked a little Princess
Radiant with her golden hair.
So my story's almost finished,
And the end I need not tell—
For of course 'tis in the ringing
Of a joyful wedding-bell.

—*St. Nicholas.*

The willow tree at Mount Vernon which overshadows the tomb of Wash

one,
Delight in teasing little girls and kitties, "just for fun."
The way he used to pull her tail—it makes me angry now—
And seat her up the cherry tree, to make the darling "meow!"

I've had her all the summer. One day, away last spring,
I heard a frightful barking, and I saw the little thing
In the corner of a fence; 'twould have made you laugh outright
To see how every hair stood out, and how she tried to fight.

I shooed the dog away, and she jumped upon my arm;
The pretty creature knew I wouldn't do her any harm;
I hugged her close, and carried her to mamma, and she said
She should be my own wee kitty if I'd see that she was fed.

A cunning little dot she was, with silky, soft gray fur:
She'd lie for hours on my lap, and I could hear her purr;
And then she'd frolic after when I pulled a string about,
Or try to catch her tail, or roll a marble in and out.

Such comfort she has been to me I'm sure no one could tell,
Unless some other little gir. who loves her pussy well.
I've heard about a Maltese cross, but my dear little kit
Was always sweet and amiable, and never cross a bit!

But oh, last week I missed her! I hunted all around;
My darling little pussy-cat was nowhere to be found.
I knelt and whispered softly, when nobody could see:
"Take care of little kitty, *please*, and bring her back to me!"

I found her lying, yesterday, behind the lower shed;
I thought my heart was broken when I found that she was dead.
Tom promised me another one, but even *he* can see
No other kitty ever will be just the same to me!

I *can't* go to your party, Nannie—Maccaroons' you say?
And ice-cream?—I know I ought to try and not give way;
And I feel it would be doing wrong to disappoint you so!—
Well—if I'm equal to it by to-morrow—I *may go!*

—*Sydney Dayre, in Wide Awake.*

IN THE LAST PEW.

She sits, bent o'er with wrinkled face,
Poor and forlornly old; no grace
Smoothes the sharp angles of her form,
Long buffeted by life's slow storm.
All else around is fine and fair;
The stained light falls, a golden glare,
In seeming mockery on her loose gray hair.

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed,
Tells how our hearts afar have strayed,
And how all souls should be content
With these good blessings God has sent.
And one of all that self-poised throng
Hangs on his words, nor deems them long,
And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn,
Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim;
What can their gay world hold for her—
This worn and weary worshiper?
Now, rustling down the aisles in pride,
They toss bright smiles on every side;
Nor does she know the hurts such fair looks hide.

And still she sits, with tear-wet face,
As loath to leave that sacred place;
The organ, with quick thunders riven,
One day, within some grander gate
Where Kings and Ministers must wait,
While she hopes humbly for low place
Far from the dear Lord's shining face,
Above the chant of Heavenly choir
These words may sound, with gracious fire:
"Well done, good, faithful servant, come up higher!"

—*Good Company.*

THE LOST GARDEN.

There was a fair green garden sloping
From the southeast side of a mountain ledge,
And the earliest tints of the dawn came groping
Down through its paths from the day's dim edge.
The bluest skies and the reddest roses
Arched and varied its velvet sod,
And the glad birds sang as the soul supposes
The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my veins seemed bursting
With life's rare rapture and keen delight,
And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting
For something over the mountain height.
I wanted to stand in the blaze of splendor
That turned to crimson the peaks of snow;
And the winds from the west all breathed a story
Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden's south side growing
The brightest blossoms that breathe of June;
I saw on the east how the sun was glowing
And the gold air shook with a wild bird's tune.
I heard the drip of a silver fountain,
And the pulse of a young laugh throbbed with glee,
But still I looked out over the mountain
Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway
That led to the path I longed to climb,
But a shadow fell on my spirit straightway,
For close at my side stood graybeard Time.
I paused with feet that were fain to linger
Hard by t at garden's golden gate;
But Time spoke, pointing with one stern finger:
"Pass on!" he said, "for the day grows late."

And now, on the chill gray cliffs I wander,
The heights recede which I thought to find,
And the light seems dim on the mountain yonder
When I think of the garden I left behind.
Should I stand at last in its summit's splendor,
I know full well it would not repay
For the fair lost tints of the dawns so tender
That crept up over the edge o' day.

I would go back, but the days are winding—
If ways there are to that land in sooth.
For what man ever succeeds in finding
A path to the garden of his lost youth?
But I think sometimes when the June stars glisten
That a rose-scent drifts from far away,
And I know when I lean from the cliffs and listen
That a young laugh breaks on the air like spray.

Ella Wheeler, in Our Continent.

BED-TIME.

"Indeed and indeed, I am not sleepy—
I want a story, one story, oh please!
My eyelids just feel a little creepy,
And my head would like to lie on your knees."

"It's the sand-man making your eyelids creepy,"
I say, as I stroke the curly-head;
"My darling is very, very sleepy,
And here comes nurse to take her to bed."

"Just a minute, mamma, a little minute!
I haven't finished my dolly's hood;
I left the needle all sticking in it,
But the dark has come, and the stars are shining,
And nurse is waiting; so go to bed."

"But I left my dolly under the willow,
Without her hat or her little shawl,
With only an apple for her pillow,
And nothing over her—nothing at all!"

"I will bring her in, and to-morrow morning
You shall find her under her patchwork spread,
All safe and sound, with her hood beside her;
So kiss me, baby, and go to bed."

"I was cross this morning, and whipped my kittens
Because they wouldn't play horses right;
And I rubbed a coal on my little new mittens:
Forgive me, mamma; I'm sorry to-night."

A clinging hug, and a dozen kisses
From lips that are soft, and warm, and red.
"I forgive you, darling; I know you're sorry;
Love mamma always—and go to bed."

"Ah, mamma darling, it's very lonely,
I think I would like to wait for you;
The bed is so big with just me only.
Why are *you* waiting? You *might* come, too."

"You will be asleep in a minute, precious,
After you lay down your little head;
And when you awake, you will find me by you.
One kiss, and then you *must* go to bed!"

—*Margaret Vandegrift, in Wide Awake.*

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I tan't see what our baby boy is dood for, anyway:
He don' know how to walk or talk, he don' know how t' play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-bil-ly tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.
He's al'ays tumblin 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night he never says his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clo hes,
An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pinc'in' Dolly's nose;
An' ze uzzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he ought to done.
He laughed, an' kicked his head 'most off, as zough he zought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up nigh, an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's al'ays wantin' *you*, of course, jus' when you wan's you'self.
I rat'er dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,
Zey all was made a-purpose for to 'noy us little dirls:
An' I w sh zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby boys—
Why—why, zat's him a-kyin' now; he makes a dreffal noise.
I dess I better run and see, for if he has—boo-hoo!—
Felled down ze stairs and killed his-self, *whatever s-s-s'all I do!*

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE WRITER OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

A stranger in London, all friendless, alone;
He walked through the city, unheeded, unknown;
The lights of the houses shone forth on his face,
There were thousands of homes, but for him was no place.
Aweary and hungry, disheartened and sad,
The time had been long since his spirit was glad,
And he sat on the steps at a nobleman's door,
And for solace he sang the refrain o'er and
When he wrote what in luxury many have said:
"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
The words full of cheer from his sorrows were wrung,
He sighed, what in thankfulness others have sung:
"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere;
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there s no place like Home."

Old London looked fair to his eyes growing dim,
But the lights of the city no welcome gave him.
"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;"
So sang the poor stranger, and went on his way,
But millions of voices have sung since that day:
"The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give these, and the peace of mind, dearer than all,
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like Home."

Did it need that one heart thro' deep anguish should learn
That others the truth might more swiftly discern?
A triumph of love by the singer was won,
Our homes are the dearer for him who had none!
We weep for the exile that longed for a home,
And yet was compelled as a wanderer to roam;
But he had some rapture to banish his pain,
As he heard in all lands the familiar refrain:
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

But the toil and the sorrow are over at last,
And the journeys and loneliness things of the past:
America finds him with honor a grave,
And England above him the laurel would wave;
In all climes and countries the man has his fame,
And old men and children are speaking his name.
But the best of all is, he no longer shall roam,
The homeless, tired stranger at length is at Home.
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

—*Marianne Farningham.*

AT THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

We went to see the pictures, Tom and I,
Because, in truth, we both are fond of art;
And then, besides—well, I will tell you why:
We wished to learn each painter's style by heart.

We lingered all the afternoon, we two,
It was so pleasant in the softened light.
Around and 'round we went, each gem to view,
And often almost kneeled for better sight.

Judging by haltings, and long, eager looks,
By rustling converse with our guide and friend,
The catalogue had seemed the book of books,
And life a stretch of paintings to the end.

Picture by picture, page by page, we went,
Dubbed this one "perfect," and that other "poor;"
You never saw two critics so intent.
I don't know what folks thought of us, I'm sure.

About the pictures on those walls, I doubt
If I had known a single word to say.

In fact, that evening, in our homeward walk,
We settled much concerning Tom and me,
And not one word was said, in all our talk,
Of pictures or of painters—don't you see?
—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SECOND BURIAL OF PAYNE.

[The body of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was brought from Tunis and reburied in Georgetown, March 26, through the liberality of W. W. Corcoran, of Washington.]

At last—the long-neglected one!
At last the land that gave him birth
Enfolds him in her robe of earth,
His ocean journey done.

At last the senseless dust is drawn,
Long lain beneath Tunisian sands,
From crypts in those far alien lands
That early meet the dawn.

And here we lay the sacred frame,
And mark the spot where rests the head
Of him who, dying, is not dead
While rings the trump of Fame.

The brain that framed the lay is naught;
The voice that spake is heard no more;
Yet myriad throats and voices pour
The simple song they taught.

And Music, trembling o'er the strings,
Puts forth her fullest flood of sound,
Till souls to raptured heights enwound
Rise far from earthly things.

And upward float, in vague desire
To feel and reach a higher height,
Where, streaming inward, springs to light
A touch of Heavenly fire.

He had his more than happy time,
This poet. Surely he who sings
A song whose homely cadence rings
In every sphere and clime

Is great—yea, greater far than he
Who wastes a land with sword and war,
And scatters wild alarms afar,
With woe by land and sea;

Or that one, perched above the throng,
To shape a mighty Nation's fate,
A part of all the hollow state
Where pomp and show belong.

They fall, and Memory moving on
Makes no long halt above their names;
Like leaves that fly, or dying flames,
They perish and are gone.

But he, by suffering taught so much,
Upon the chords a finger laid,
And every heart responsive made
An answer to his touch.

Till each had made the lay his own,
And of the thought became a part,
For what is grown about the heart
Outlives the graven stone.

And down the ages, sounding long,
Shall troubled hearts from sorrow rise,
And sing with blurred and misty eyes
The sweetness of his song.

Let Fame speak from her loftiest dome!
Let Glory weave her richest wreath!
For he who homeless rests beneath
At last has found a home.

And honored be the kindly mind,
Cast in a wide philanthropy,
That reached beyond the restless sea
And moved the far design.

All praise be to the liberal zest
That swept away a public wrong,
And brought the bard, forsaken long,
And laid him here to rest.
—*Fay Hempstead, in Boston Transcript.*

An unlettered clergyman wanting a place,
(His manners were genial and pleasant his face),
Received a kind letter inviting him down,
To preach to a church in a large country town.

The town was uncultured, old-fashioned and plain;
The principal business was harvesting grain,
And none of the church members ventured to speak
A word of the Hebrew or Latin or Greek.

For this very reason they wished all the more
A scholar well grounded in classical lore;
While a candidate might just as well stay away,
If he didn't quote Hebrew at least once a day.

The divine about whom this odd story was told,
By the *Times* of Manhattan, was cunning and bold,
And knowing they wished for a classical man,
Though he didn't know Latin, he hit on a plan.

For he thought: "We shall see how much shrewdness avails,
Though I can not read Greek, I'm a native of Wales;
If a few Welsh expressions I cautiously use,
It may rival the Hebrew in pleasing the pews.

On the critical day, with exceptional grace,
With well-attuned voice and well-controlled face,
He read from the Bible a passage or two,
And remarked: "My dear friends, this translation won't do,

"To be sure, 'tis correct, but if beauty you seek,
Hear the rythmical sound of original Greek!"
Then boldly a medley of Welsh he recited,
And marked the effect on his hearers benighted.

The children gazed up with a wondering stare,
Their mothers assumed an intelligent air,
While the deacons all nodded, as much as to say
That Greek was by far the more excellent way,

A still bolder venture he hazarded next,
By a curious way of announcing his text:
"These words, as my hearers have noticed, of course,
Have lost nearly all their original force.

"In the Hebrew how clearly the thought flashes out,"
And more of his Welsh he proceeded to spout;
When what was his horror to spy, near the door,
A jolly old Welshman, just ready to roar!

Overcome with remorse and foreseeing the shame
Exposure would bring to his reverend name,
The preacher's mad impulse at first was to run,
But the Welshman's round face, so brimming with fun,
Suggested a possible plan of escape,
Which none but a terrified parson could shape;
He bravely confronted that dangerous smile,
And coolly continued his sermon awhile.
Till at length, without showing the least agitation,
He rallied himself for a final quotation:

"The rendering here is decidedly wrong;
Quite different thoughts to the Chaldee belong;"
Then Welshman in pulpit to Welshman in pew,
In the barbarous dialect they alone knew,

Cried: "Friend! By the land of our fathers, I pray,
As you hope for salvation, *don't give me away!*"
The joke was so rich, the old Welshman kept still,
And the classical parson is preaching there still.
—*H. H. Ballard, in Good Cheer.*

Swish and gurgle! splash and spatter!
"Halloo, good folks! what's the matter?
Seems to me the roof is leaking!"
Jack from down below is speaking.

You know little Jack? In the spring he stands up on the swampy edge
Of the hemlock-wood, looking out from the shade of the ferny ledge;
But in winters he cuddles close under a thatch of damp leaves,
Hark! the water is trickling fast in through his garret-eaves,
And he opens his eyes, and up he starts out of his earthy bed;
And he carefully holds, while he climbs aloft, his umbrella over his head.
High time for you to be up, Jack, when every living thing
Is washing and sunning itself, Jack, and getting ready for spring!

Little Jack, the country preacher,
Thinks: "These rustics need a teacher!
I shall reprimand the flowers—
Flirting with the rude March showers
That invade my honest dwelling!
What I'll tell them, there's no telling!"

They call him Jack-in-the-pulpit, so stiff he looks, and so queer,
As he waits on the edge of the swamp, for the flower-folks to come and hear
The text and the sermon and all the grave things that he has to say;
But the blossoms they laugh and they dance, they are wilder than ever to-day—
No hearers—so never a word has the little minister said,
But there in his pulpit he stands and holds his umbrella over his head;
And we have not a doubt in our minds, Jack, you are wisely listening
To the organ-choir of the winds, Jack, and the tunes that the sweet birds sing!
—*Lucy Larcom, in Wide-Awake.*

TRUST.

I can not see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know He hath said: "Child, follow Me."
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but faintly pray;
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I can not know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path—
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic vail
That hides the unknown future from my sight!
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light,
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see while here the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.
—*London Evening Magazine.*

Weed's Autograph Collection.

The autograph letters left by Mr. Weed are thought to form the finest private collection in this country. The collection includes letters written by every President of the United States since the formation of the republic. All of those since the time of Madison were

by Benedict Arnold. Nearly every man of note in the political parties in the last half century has held correspondence with Mr. Weed. Nearly all of the political leaders of Great Britain are represented in the collection of letters. Many of these were received direct by Mr. Weed from the writers during the war of the rebellion and since. Royalty is also well represented in the collection. Mr. Weed greatly prized this collection of autographs, and took great pride in showing some of the rarer autographs to his intimate friends. He had a room fitted up with shelves especially for this collection, and before his eye-sight failed he could lay his hand upon any particular letter he wanted.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Bird-like, she's up at day-dawn's blush,
In summer heats or winter snows;
Her veins with healthful blood aflush,
Her breath of balm, her cheek a rose;
In eyes—the kindliest eyes on earth—
Are sparkles of a homely mirth;
Demure, arch humor is ambushed in
The clear curves of her dimpled chin.
Ah! guileless creature, hale and good,
Ah! fount of wholesome womanhood,
Far from the world's unhallowed strife,
God's blessing on the Farmer's Wife!

I love to mark her matron charms,
Her fearless steps through household ways,
Her sunburnt hands and buxom arms,
Her waist, unbound by torturing stays;
Blithe as a bee with busy care,
She's here, she's there, she's everywhere;
Long ere the clock has struck for noon
Home chords of toil are all in tune,
And from each richly bounteous hour
She drains its use, as bees a flower.
Apart from Passion's pain and strife,
Peace gently girds the Farmer's Wife.

Homeward (his daily labors done)
The stalwart farmer slowly plods,
From battling, between shade and sun,
With sullen glebe and stubborn sods;
Her welcome on his spirit bowed
Is sunshine flashing on a cloud!
All vanished is the brief eclipse!
Hark to the sound of wedded lips,
And words of tender warmth that start
From out the husband's grateful heart!
O, well he knows how vain his life,
Unsweetened by the Farmer's Wife!

But lo! the height of pure delight
Comes with the evening's stainless joys,
When by the hearthstone spaces bright
Blend the glad tones of girls and boys;
Their voices rise in gleeful swells,
Their laughter rings like elfin bells,
Till with a look 'twixt smile and frown
The mother lays her infant down,
And at her firm, uplifted hand,
There's silence 'mid the jovial band;
Her signal stills their harmless strife—
Love crown's with law the Farmer's Wife!

Ye dames in proud palatial halls—
Of lavish wiles and jeweled dress,
On whom, perchance, no infant calls
(For barren oft your loveliness)—
Turn hitherward those languid eyes,
And for a moment's space be wise;
Your sister 'mid the country dew
Is three times nearer Heaven than you,
And where the plains of Elen stir,
Dream not that ye shall stand by her,
Tho' in your false, bewildering life,
Your folly scorned the Farmer's Wife.
—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

WANDERING FROM HOME TO HOME.

When swallows were building in early spring,
And the roses were red in June:
When the great, white lilies were fair and sweet,
In the heat of the August noon;
When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat,
And the song of the harvest nigh,
And the beautiful world lay calm and sweet,
In the joy of a cloudless sky—

Then the swallows were full of glad content
In the hope of their northern nest;
Were sure that the land they were tarrying in
Of all other lands was the best.
Ah! if they had heard in those blissful days
The Voice they must heed say: "Go,"
They had left their nests with a keen regret,
And their flight had been sad and slow.

But when summer was gone and flowers were dead,
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,
And they watched the sun setting every day
Further on in the northern sky,
Then the Voice was sweet when it bid them: "Go,"
They were eager for southward flight,
And they beat their wings to a new-born hope,
When they went at the morning light.

If the way was long, yet the way was glad,
And they brighter and brighter grew,
As they dipped their wings in the glowing heat,
As they still to the southward flew;
Till they found the land of the summer sun,
The land where the nightingale sings,
And joyfully rested 'mid rose and song
Their beautiful, weary wings.

Like swallows we wander from home to home—
We are birds of passage at best—
In many a spot we have dwelt awhile,
We have built us many a nest.
But the heart of the Father will touch our hearts,
He will speak to us soft and low,
We shall follow the Voice to the better land,
And its bliss and its beauty know.

—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.*

A Woman Only in Love With Girls.

"Miss Alcott carries the burden of her 50 years lightly," writes Mrs. Moulton. "If you meet her now you would see a stately lady, unusually tall, with thick, dark hair, clear-seeing, blue-gray eyes, and strong roseate features, full of varied expression. How well I remember the humorous twinkle in her eyes, which half belied the grave earnestness of her manner, when she told me once that she was inclined to believe in the transmigration of souls. "I have often thought," said she, "that I might have been a horse before I was Louise Alcott. As a long-limbed child, I had all a horse's delight in racing through the fields, and tossing my head to sniff the morning air. Now I am more than half persuaded that I am a man's soul put by some freak of nature into a woman's body." "Why do you think that?" I asked, in the spirit of Dr. Boswell addressing Dr. Johnson. "Well, for one thing" (and the blue-gray eyes sparkled with laughter),

SOME OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

I have been back to my home again,
To the place where I was born.
I have heard the wind from the stormy main
Go rustling through the corn;
I have seen the purple hills once more;
I have stood on the rocky coast
Where the waves storm inland to the shore;
But the thing that touched me most

Was a little leather strap that kept
Some school-books, tattered and torn.
I sighed, I smiled, I could have wept,
When I came on them one morn;
For I thought of the merry little lad,
In the mornings sweet and cool,
If weather was good or weather bad,
Going whistling off to school

My fingers undid the strap again,
And I thought how my hand has changed,
And half in loving, and half in pain,
Backward my memory ranged.
There was the grammar I knew so well—
I didn't remember a rule;
And the old blue speller—I used to spell
Better than any in school;

And the wonderful geography
I've read on the green hill-side,
When I told myself I'd surely see
All lands in the world so wide,
From the Indian homes in the far, far West
To the mystical Cathay.
I have seen them all. But home is best
When the evening shades fall gray.

And there was the old arithmetic,
All tattered and stained with tears.
I and Jamie and Little Dick
Were together in by-gone years.
Jamie has gone to the better land;
And I get, now and again,
A letter in Dick's bold, ready hand
From some great Western plain.

There wasn't a book, and scarce a page,
That hadn't some memory
Of days that seemed like a golden age,
Of friends I shall no more see.
And so I picked up the books again,
And buckled the strap once more,
And brought them over the tossing main:
Come, children, and look them o'er.

And there they lay on the little stand,
Not far from the Holy Book;
And the boys and girls with loving care
O'er grammar and speller look.
He said: "They speak to me, children dear,
Of a past without annoy;
And the Book of Books in promise clear
Of a future full of joy."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Flower Color Changes.

Mr. Grant Allen says that changes in color of flowers appear to follow a regular and definite order. All flowers, it would seem, were in their earliest form yellow; then some of them became white: after that a few of them grew to be red or purple; and, finally, a comparatively small number acquired shades of lilac, mauve, violet or blue. Even the successive stages of a single flower sometimes afford us hues of a progressive law of color change from yellow to blue. For example, an English forget me-not, *Myosotis versicolor*, is pale yellow when it opens, gradually becomes faintly pinkish, and ends by being blue: and a *Lantana* noticed in South America by Fritz Muller was yellow on its first day, orange on the second, and purple on the third. Such changes are not rare among flowers, and

A Relic.

One day last week Mr. Geo. Swartz, in looking around his furniture shop, came across an old coat that was hung up by his father some 7 years ago; being away from the house Mr. Swartz took down the coat and put it on, to wear up town, when he found in one the pockets a pair of spectacles that had never been used. Seven years ago Mr. Swartz's father came in the shop put on the coat, and started up town; remarking that his eye sight seemed to be leaving him, and that he must go and get himself a pair of spectacles that would magnify a pin as large as a cat. Mr. Swartz came back from town, took off the coat, and hung it up again, and that evening at about 10 minutes after 9 o'clock he died, having been stricken down with heart disease. Mr. Swartz showed us the spectacles, and they are just as they came from the jewelers, having the number, and price mark still on them.

GOOD-BYE.

Who knows to-day that our "good-bye,"
At first, was not a wish, but prayer;
A thought of help forever nigh,
And "God be with you" everywhere!

"Not as the world doth give," said He—
Who of all men on earth was true—
To His disciples tenderly,
"Give I my parting word to you."

Then said He: "Peace with you I leave,
My peace, O friends! to you I give,
Let not your hearts be sad—believe!
They that believe in me shall live."

Oh! that upon our hearts might He
Breathe evermore that self-same word!
And oh! that our "good-bye" might be
Prayer for the presence of our Lord!

Could clearer, surer pledge be given?
Could even He a better send
Than that with which He went to Heaven:
"Lo, I am with you to the end"?

What need we but with trustful heart
Cling to His word of hope and cheer,
And say: "With me Thou always art,
Therefore no evil will I fear!"

Then, as along these earthly ways
With weary feet we go and come,
Long winter nights, long summer days,
But every footfall nearer home—

"Not as the world," our lips shall say
Peace and good-bye whene'er we part,
Until we reach, some coming day,
The blessing of the pure in heart.

—*Alexander R. Thompson, D. D.*

The schooner Fanny Gilmor has been sold to Charles S. Holmes for $4750. She was

A PICTURE.

How can I paint a face that is so fair
That none may know its grace unless they see it?
Yet should you dream of any face so rare
It seemed all goodness, that would surely be it.

No bright-eyed girl, although she once was such,
Is she I sing. Time her girl-beauty stole;
And since has drawn, with soft, artistic touch,
The wrinkles that reveal her gentle soul.

Kind charity—that almost seems to cheat
Her hate of sin by loving still the sinner
Beams from her eyes, gray eyes, that, soft and sweet,
Scarce hint the depths of tenderness within her.

She always sees some good in every one;
And so each feels for her esteem a debtor;
Her passing sheds a radiance like the sun,
And yet she does not know she makes us better.

Sweet, sympathetic face! In smiles or tears,
I cannot see such good in any other;
Nor better tell the tie that her endears
Than just to write her name; and that is: "Mother"

And so with silver cord that naught can sever,
And set in my unworthy frame of rhyme—
Praying that God will keep it bright forever—
I hang her picture on the walls of Time.

—*C. H. Crandall.*

THE STORM WILL HAVE ITS WAY.

The rain came beating down, the winds blew fierce and loud,
The mightiest of the trees before the blast were bowed,
And I seemed to hear them say, on that dark, tempestuous day:
"Stoop and let it pass. The storm will have its way."

The blossoms that appeared so beautiful and strong,
And held their heads up bravely all the Summer long,
No longer bright and gay, submissively could say:
"Stoop and let it pass. The storm will have its way."

The spirit that would dare, with proud, defiant form,
To fight against the whirlwind or battle with the storm,
Fate, surely, will compel its useless rage to quell,
And learn 'tis better to endure than always to rebel.

Through the woods and meadows, as the tempest goes,
They are soonest wrecked who its onward way oppose:
They their fears allay who, ready to obey,
Stoop and let it pass. The storm will have its way.

Aching, breaking heart, o'erwhelmed with griefs and pains,
Weary of the beating of autumnal rains,
On thy knees I say, for pluck and patience pray.
Stoop and let it pass. The storm will have its way.

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Independent.*

WHY THE DAISIES ARE WHITE.

Once on a time a quarrel rose,
'Tis said, between impatient Spring
And that old gray-beard Winter, who
Yet longer to his throne would cling.
"'My turn it is," quoth Mistress Spring,
"To reign, and clothe the earth anew.
How long must all my beauties lie

And though old Winter battled well,
His kingdom soon began to fall.

"But if you think," he coldly said,
"All trace of me to wipe away,
My memory still shall haunt and lie
Upon your meadows day by day."
And on that night a messenger
By Winter sent to Daisyland
Upon each daisy blossom laid
A sheet of snow with lavish hand.

And Mistress Spring, when she beheld
The souvenir of Winter's reign,
Smiled as she softly kissed her pets,
And foiled his purpose once again;
For in the heart of each white flower
She laid a bit of golden sun,
And bade it nestle closely there
Until sweet daisy life was done.

And thus the fair field flower grew,
Spring's golden sunshine, warm and bright,
At rest forever in its heart,
The while its leaves, like snow, are white.
—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE MAYOR AND THE GOAT.

[An Incident of the Term of Andy J. Bryant, ex-Mayor of San Francisco.]

His Honor sat in busy state,
When soft the sanctum door
Opened a timid inch, and there
Beneath the knob he saw
A little midget's dirty face
That tears had veined o'er.

"Please, sir, I come about my goat;
They've got him in the pound."
"Get out, you little rascal, you!"
The City said, and frowned.
A big tear from the tiny nose
Fell piteous on the ground.

An hour ticked by; the civic gaze,
Drawn by a pigmy sigh,
Saw still, the pond'rous door behind,
That small but steadfast eye
Strained like the shipwrecked sailor's to
Some distant hope descry.

"Please, sir, he's *such a little goat*,
He slipped our palings through.
He never butts the boys and girls;
'Deed, sir, he never do."
And then with sudden wile he said,
"*His* name is 'Andy,' too."

Now Bryant plays a double part;
Of all known Mayors, 'tis said,
He carries round the softest heart,
Beneath the hardest head.
He paused—then seized his pen, and soon
The goat's reprieve was read.

"Did you put 'Andy' in? Because
As by the pound I came
I saw they had a heap er goats;
And put: 'This goat is lame.'"
The Mayor's eye twinkled; solemnly
He wrote the prisoner's name.

A wild whoop in the corridor
Gave every ear a twinge,
But in a moment once again
The door creaked on its hinge;
A brown, reluctant paw was seen,
A sleeve with ragged fringe.

"Here, sir—take this—'fur keeps,'" he said,
Half smiling, half forlorn—
A huge glass "alley" dropped and rolled
The city's carpet on.
The door shut with a hasty snap—
The giver brave was gone.
—*"Derrick Dodd," in Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Le Bar, a sister of Wm. H. Vanderbilt, who has been stopping at the Kittredge House, drove up to Pescadero on Tuesday, accompanied by her *suite*, consisting of maid, nurse, companion and physician.

MAD RIVER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The following, which appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is Mr. Longfellow's last poem. It received his revision in the proof only a day or two before his final illness:

TRAVELER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From overwork and worry?

THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of waiting.

EDITH BAXTER.

The story of how Miss Edith Baxter, aged twelve years, rescued a little boy from drowning, at Bath, L. I., is thus told in rhyme, by Mrs. M E. Sangster, in *Harper's Young People:*

A beautiful day in summer,
At Bath, beside the sea,
Where a bevy of careless children
Were as gay as gay could be.

Some with their spades so tiny
Were turning over the sand,
Some were merrily racing
With the surf that dashed on the strand.

And others, bold and daring,
The sturdy, frolicsome crew
Had never a thought of danger
Under the sky's soft blue.

And nobody noticed Harry,
A dear little five-year-old,
With just a glimmer of sunshine
Tinting his curls of gold,

Till, after the rest, as swiftly
As a flash the darling went;
And a cry of sudden terror
The giddy gladness rent.

The billows have caught the baby,
They are bearing him far away;
Alas for Harry's mother
And her empty arms this day!

Some one has darted to save him,
Forth from an awe-struck throng,
A fearless heart to the rescue,
Steady and true and strong.

Buffeting surge and breaker,
Straight through the curdling foam,
On through the angry waters,
She is toiling to bring him home.

Only a child, with girlhood's
Clear light in her candid eyes;
Only a girl, but a woman
In her glory of sacrifice.

On the shore they watch and listen,
Spell-bound in a dumb despair,
Ah! hark to the shout of triumph
That ends in a thankful prayer.

Edith has saved wee Harry.
'Twas a noble deed was done,
At Bath, that day, by the ocean,
In the light of the summer sun.

SUB LUNA.

Suppose that we could read as in a book
The moon's enchantments—all romantic lore
Learned by the heart in her bewitching look—
And every secret of her charm explore:

What legends of sweet dreams would sate our eyes,
And sumptuous pictures of untold desire!
What miracles of tenderness surprise,
And hopes ablaze with Pentecostal fire!

With pages writ in ecstasies and tears,
And yearnings that have never had a tongue!
What loves, ambitions, lamentations, fears,
What hymns of Beauty that are yet unsung!

Into what realms of wonder, what strange bowers,
What palaces of pleasure, would we go!
What music lull us, and what flowers
Of unknown incense would about us blow!

What seas of mystic splendor would we sail,
Enchanted isles and fairy shores along,
And muse in gardens where the nightingale
Interprets the o'erloaded heart in song!

Even now I hear youth's passionate appeal,
Pleadings of parched lips that thirst to meet,
Great sobs of joy that years of anguish heal,
And Love's first kiss that makes a life-time sweet.

And beauteous beings follow shapes that fade,
And white hands droop that sacred treasures bore,
And some in ghastly landscapes grow afraid,
And find the paths that once looked bright no more.

O wistful faces! rapt, uplifted eyes!
Poor feet bewildered with a tearless pain!
And still earth's long processions rise and rise,
And dream their moonlight dream of bliss again.

Tell me the charm, dear girl, this balmy eve,
That makes the luscious languor of thy trance:
How do the moonbeams with thy fancies weave,
And common things transfigure to romance?

That something in thy luster overflows
From Heaven, like echoes of a low-breathed prayer,
And lovers' lips cling closer, till life's rose
With perfect sweetness blossoms everywhere!

White on the valley slopes the splendor lies,
Touching a holy mound where pansies blow;
And in my heart, from depths of viewless skies,
Burns one soft beam that lights the way I go.
—*Horatio Nelson Powers, in Harper's Magazine.*

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

A casual meeting—one of merest chance;
An introduction—bows, a smile, a dance.
'Twas thus we met; and little dreamed I then
He would be more to me than other men.
Of course I thought him handsome, bright and gay;
But so were others—he not more than they.
My heart, that might the future have revealed,
Was stilled and sleeping, all its secrets sealed.
To meet so coolly seems a mystery now;
To part so gayly—ah, I wonder how!
To clasp his hand, to lean upon his arm,
Yet no soft flutterings fill me with alarm;
To stand beside him, close beside his heart,
Nor dream that of my own it formed a part—
'Twas all so natural! Oh, we little know
What fate was shaping out betwixt us two;
What each to each, what heart to heart might be,
What I should be to him—what he to me.

* * * * * * *

A moment when I first had dared to feel
Emotions which my pride would fain conceal,
When sudden thoughts across my mind were cast,
And sudden flutterings made my heart beat fast;
When fancies strange as sweet, and sweet as strange,
Sought shy admittance, through my heart to range.
O timid hopes, soft doubts and tender fear!
O coy concealment from the one most dear!
O burning blushes that unbidden rise!
O faltering tongue, and traitorous tell-tale eyes!
O sweet anxiety, and pleasing pain,
To love—to love: and not to love in vain!
To watch his eye, and half in wonder see
'Twas always brightest when it fell on me;
To mark, when by my side, his tender tone,
His hand's soft pressure when it held my own;
O thus to watch, and wait for him to tell
What my heart whispered that it knew full well?

* * * * * * *

A summer evening, calm, and bright and fair!
A moonlit garden, he beside me there;
My trembling hand above my heart was pressed,
To calm its thrills of happy, sweet unrest.
I longed so much his tale of love to hear,
Yet when he spoke was filled with fluttering fear—
A fear lest I might all unworthy prove
Of his affection true, of his deep love:
And something of my fears he seemed to know,
His manly voice had grown so soft and low.
Ah! what a tale he whispered in my ear,
So hard to answer, but how sweet to hear!
I could not answer; all my heart seemed filled
With language, but my recreant tongue was stilled.
And oh! so tender was his melting mood!
He clasped my hand—the clasp I understood:
He sought my eyes—but oh! I dared not raise
Those little tell-tales to receive his gaze:
"One little word," he said, with fond caress,
I spoke; that word, that little word was—
"*Yes!*"

* * * * * * *

A morning when the sunshine seemed to be
The fairest thing on this fair earth to me,
For—so at least old tales and stories run—
The bride is blessed whom it shines upon

The darling child with whom they fear to part,
The daughter who, like timid bird caressed,
Prepares to flutter from the parent nest.
And dearer, dearest to that blushing bride
Is he whose place till death is by her side.
Ah, ever side by side, and hand in hand,
And heart to heart, henceforth those twain must stand.
Then many a fond caress mid tearful smiles;
Bells pealing, holy altar, flower-strewn aisles;
A— wreath—a snowy robe—a bridal veil—
A happy bride, who tells this "old, old tale!"
—*Florence Nixon, in Chambers' Journal.*

TO-MORROW AT TEN.

A Newport Idyl.

How the band plays to-night all those lovely Strauss airs
That I danced here last year, or sat out on the stairs,
With Mulready and Blakesley, and that Be- glish cadet
Of her Majesty's service—little Beresford Brett!
Tum-ti-tum—there's that perfect "Blue Danube." Oh dear!
How I wish that Mulready or Blakesley were here!
What's to-day or to-night to the nights that are fled?
What's the rose that I hold to the rose that is dead?

But speaking of roses reminds me of those
That I wore at the French frigate ball, at the close
Of the season. 'Twas in early September,
Just a little bit coolish and chill, I remember,
But a heavenly fair night; and the band how it played!
And how to its music we waltzed there! and staid
Deep into the midnight, or morning, before
We thought of departure. Then that rowing to shore
In the cold and the dark. I shall never forget.
At my left hand sat Blakesley, and at my right Brett,
Whispering foolish soft nothings—Brett, not Blakesley, I mean,
For Blakesley was dumb. But under the screen
Of the darkness I saw him quite clear
Kiss the rose that I wore above my left ear.
Ah! as soft on my cheek I felt the light touch
Of his breath as he bent there, my heart beat with such
A wild pulse for a moment, that, giddy and faint,
I turned to the breeze with a sudden complaint
Of the air I found close: and the air was like wine—
A strong western wind from a sky clear and fine.
It was just at that moment our boat came to land,
And I stumbled and fell as I stepped on the sand,
And 'twas Brett's arms that caught me, and I never knew quite
What I said in that instant, for I thought, in the night,
It was Blakesley who held me; and Blakesley, it seems,
Was som where behind, and— But what foolish old dreams
Of that dead and gone time! for what do I care
For the things of last year, its mistakes or despair,
When here's to-day and to-night with such untroubled skies,
And laid at my feet the season's great prize
For my taking or leaving, and to-morrow at ten
I'm to give him my answer—this prize amongst men.

Of course I have made up my mind to accept,
And to-night I must burn up that rose I have kept
From last year, and the notes signed T. B., and cease to recall
That foolish old time of the French frigate ball.
Tom Blakesley, indeed! as if I should care
But to scorn such a stupid— Hark, there's a
as brought,
The donkey! Now, John—What! Mr. Blakesley! I thought—
Oh, Tom! Tom! let me go. How can you— how dare—
What, you thought that I chose little Beresford there
That night in the boat, and that you— Let me go, sir.
You're the stupidest man— A whole year! Don't you know, sir,
That to-morrow— What is that?—in Egypt and Rome
All this year—and meeting last month little Brett, you came home
In the very next steamer—and 'twas love, love, you say,
And despair, that sent you, and kept you away:
H-m.—well, it may be; but, you see, other men
Have not been so stupid; and I—well, to-morrow at ten
I'm to give— What is that?—you've been ill all this year?—
Come home but to die? Oh, Tom, Tom, my darling, my dear,
Not to die, but to live; and I—yes, to-morrow I'll give
My refusal at ten; and you—ah, you'll stay, Tom, and *live!*
—*Nora Perry, in Harper's Magazine.*

WORLDLY PRIDE.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
—Knox.

The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud.
—Young.

Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span.
—Prior.

How insignificant is mortal man!—Kirk White.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
—John Morris,

We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
—Blair.

Life's a long tragedy, this globe the stage.
—Watts.

And the dreams in youth are but dust in age.
—J. Miller.

There's no contentment in a world like this.
—Willis,

Beggars enjoy where Princes oft do miss.
—Greene.

Man's yesterday may never be like his morrow.
—Shelley.

For days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow.
—Quarles.

Think not too meanly of thy low estate.
—O. W. Holmes.

They also serve who only stand and wait.
—Milton.

Honor and shame from no condition rise.
—Pope.

The man forgets not, though in rags he lies.
—Akenside.

And oh! believe me, who have known it best.
—Madden.

'Tis not in mortals to command success.
—Addison.

Ye cannot know what ye have never tried.
—Bulwer.

What fates impose that man must needs abide.
—Shakespeare.

Free will is but necessity in play.—Bailey.
To which the gods must yield and we obey.
—Fletcher.

Man's but the toy of omniscient power.
—Stuart.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.
—Byron.

Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
—Herbert.

One statesman rises on another's fall.
—R. Brome.

Ah, fool, to exult in a glory so vain.—Beattie.
How little of life's scanty span may remain.
—Burns.

Honor's the darling of but one short day.
—Sir H. Wotton.

For the fashion of this world passeth away.
—Bible.

Why on such sands thy spirit's temple rear?
—Sigourney.

A sacred burden in this life ye bear.
—Francis Kimball.

The good begun by thee shall onward flow.
—Wilcox,

As falls the tree, so lies it, so shalt thou.
—Dana.

Death is the port where all may refuge find.
—Sterling.

Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
—Goldsmith.

—*Mrs. H. A. Deming.*

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

Where English daisies blossom,
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of Spring,

Two little sisters wandered,
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway.
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

'Twas not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest.
Spring smiled—but not for them.

Beneath the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadowy brown,
From out the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing,
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.

"Dear lady, said the eldest,
"My little sister Bess
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green;
We're very tired and hungry—
We want to see the Queen.

"For Mother's sick, dear Lady,
She cries 'most all the day;
We hear her telling Jesus,
When she thinks we're at play.

"She tells Him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy
And had most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But Father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—
I cannot tell you how.
We haven't any father,
Nor any nice things now.

"Last night, our mother told us
They'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she couldn't pay.

"So then, we came together,
Right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;

"Because Mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James' little girl,
And Father loved King James.

"And if we had to leave it,
I'm sure Mamma would die,
For there's no place to go to—
No place but in the sky."

Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen
Her royal seal was on it,
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children
Their home beside the Thames."
Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in St. Nicholas.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of at eight, for they troubled him more
With their questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as Santa Claus ever had been,
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year;
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep—
And whispered: "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus.
Now we know that there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died.
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say.
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why can't we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask him to send us some presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more
Four little feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the Amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie—Amen!"

"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Claus tum down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is light;
I want he would dive me a nice 'ittle sled,
With bright shining yunners and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy—
Amen—and den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dream-land were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again.
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed,
But then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But, of course, they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss.
But just to make sure I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door, to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange! Strange! I'd forgotten," he said, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed;
Then he turned to the stair and softly went down.
Threw off velvet-slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street.
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full o' candy to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the center was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
With bright, shining runners, and all painted red.
There were balls, dogs and horses, all pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the trees,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop,
And as the good father the picture surveyed
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear:
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
So thinking, he softly extinguished the light,
And tripped down-stairs to retire for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night—
Just the things that they wanted—and left before light,
And now added Annie, in a voice soft and low:
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know"—
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be.
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer.
"Then we dot up and prayed dest as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our prayers—now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all thase,
And knew just what presents my children would please,
(Well, well, let him think so—the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father, who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

—*Mrs. Sophia P. Snow.*

FEATHERED FRIENDS.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

From the earliest ages there has lingered about the feathered creation a vast amount of superstition. The appearance of certain birds during times of trouble or death has augured disaster for the hereafter of the afflicted, and the singing or crowing or cackling of certain birds has been by the credulous strangely mixed up in affairs of State. The old doctrine that the souls of people passed into animals, which was a tenet of the philosopher Pythagoras, has even believers to-day. In 1872 a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe who were encamped in the Rue Duheesme, Paris, was taken sick and died. Among the funeral ceremonies a live bird was held to the lips of the dying girl with the view of introducing her soul into that of the bird. In certain districts of Russia bread-crumbs are placed in a piece of white linen outside of the window for six weeks, under the belief that the soul of the recent inmate will come in the shape of a bird to feed upon the crumbs. When Deacon Theodore and his three schismatic friends were burnt in 1681, the "Old Believers" affirmed that the souls of did not contain the spirit of Daniel Marvin, the patriot. The hieroglyphics found so abundantly in Egypt indicate that a bird signifies the soul of man. When they burnt up St. Polycarp his blood put out the fire, and from his ashes arose a white dove, which flew toward heaven. Every one has heard of the dove that appeared and bore off the soul of Joan of Arc.

STRANGE BELIEFS.

There used to be a belief that certain birds possessed talismanic stones which had peculiar virtues. One of these stones was obtained from the head of the vulture and it was supposed to give the owner health and success in obtaining whatever favors he sued for. Eagles, it was thought, possessed a stone which had the virtues of Jonathan Wild and the shrewdness of a detective. It was a thief-catcher stone. Milo, the wrestler, who could knock down a bullock with his fist, used to own a stone which had been taken from the gizzard of a fowl and was called the Alectonius. It was the possession of this that was supposed to give him such superhuman strength. A stone like a crystal, about the size of a bean, was taken from a cock, and the Romans believed that it made the wearer invisible. Corvia was the name of a stone taken from crows' nests and it possessed, according to chroniclers of the Middle Ages, like peculiar powers. Every one who has read Longfellow's "Evangeline" recollects the lines:

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of her fledgelings,

Referring to a stone that this bird found on the sea-shore, which possessed the faculty of restoring the blind to sight.

HARBINGERS OF EVIL.

There are a great many birds whose appearance has been and still is considered the sign of death, and even to this day as fully believed in in some parts of the world as in the death-watch of the ticking spider or mournful howl of the cur dog when any one is sitting up with a sick person. The raven is one of the birds that is especially ill-omened. Gay, in his dirge, speaks of

The boding raven on her cottage sat,
And, with hoarse croakings, warned us of our fate.

The Danes, if a raven appears in their village, say it's a sure sign that the priest will die, and in Cornwall, Eng., there is no avoiding evil and death when a raven croaks over your house. The old soothsayers used to predict all sorts of dire disaster from the appearance of certain birds. When the swallows lit upon Pyrrhus' tent they said he would be slain at Argos, and when they lit upon Marc Antony's ship, as he was sailing after Cleopatra, they declared he would die in Egypt. Swallows followed Cyrus the Great from Persia to Scythia, and the wise men said his time had come. And the ill-omened ravens were in the wake of Alexander the Great when he came back from India and went on the spree at Babylon. Bishop Hall says: "If a bittern fly over a superstitious man's head at night he at once makes his will;" and Homer declares that cranes forbode disaster.

NIGHT BIRDS.

In India there is a night bird that is very fond of eating dead bodies, just as the gentle cat in our climate will scent a corpse from afar and come down the chimney after a piece of it, or the armadillo in South America will burrow into new-made graves and wood coffins to satiate its unholy appetite. Now, the Mohammedans believe if this India bird called the *burree churree* drops any portion of the corpse on a live person, they will die in forty days. The wise owl has been the subject of a great deal of superstitious dread. When the suicide of Dido was predicted, the owl appeared as a portent, and when the Earl of Arundel's last hour had come, two large owls perched on the battlements of Wardour Castle. "Lady Macbeth" hears the owls hoot during the an owl is painted, and, if he wants to be in fashion, he will speedily commit suicide. In some parts of Europe owls are nailed to barn doors to avert evil consequences, and in the doleful death of cock robin the owl performs a melancholy mission.

Thieving magpies are birds about which considerable superstition lingers. One of them foretells misfortune, which can only be obviated by pulling off the hat and making a polite bow to the bird. They say in Lancashire:

One for anger, two for mirth;
Three for a wedding and four for a birth;
Five for rich, six for poor,
Seven for a witch. I can tell you no more.

THE BIRD OF BAD REPUTE.

Many people seeing a magpie when they set out on a journey will return, and it is no infrequent sight to see peasants in Catholic countries cross themselves before them. Russians believe that when witches die they turn into magpies, and, according to the poetry of the people, when the false Demetrius died she turned into a magpie.

Even in America the prejudice against killing robins, robin red-breast, is common. Though they make excellent eating and are especially relished by convalescents, yet it is considered almost a sacrilege to shoot them.

Dick took a robin's nest from the cottage side
And ere a twelvemonth pass'd his mother died,

Is a line which fastens itself more firmly on the wild schoolboy's memory than all the trouncings that could be given him. It makes the cows give bloody milk, is one of the superstitions, and cattle will die and corn will blight if you rob their nests, says another rustic authority, but when the cherries begin to ripen the farmer is very apt to load up his old shotgun and blaze away at the lovers of ripe cherries despite his superstitious wife.

HENS.

Who has not heard the old warning which every tomboy girl who romps with her big brothers has dinned in her ears?

A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Always come to some bad end.

Or

Are fit for neither God nor men.

Along the border between England and Scotland a crowing hen is a sure sign of death. There is a story told of an old woman who lived in East Kilbreth who heard one of her hens crow near the house. She told a neighbor of the fact, who predicted that no good would come of it. Soon she lost her husband. A month passed by and she heard the fatal crow again, followed by the news of the death of her only son. A week later her hen crowed again and her daughter died. Then the old woman got mad and wrung the hen's neck. There are many superstitions attached to birds flying about a house and tapping on the window-pane, or resting on the sill, as it is said that death speedily follows. When there is sickness in a house if the servants hear a cock crow in the night they will frequently leave, and in some parts of England and Scotland it is considered fatal for a sick person to hear a robin sing. S. Baring Gould says: "I was once in the chapel of St. John's College, Hurstpierpont, one evening at 6 o'clock, when a robin entered at the open circular east window in the temporary opse, and, lighting on the altar, began to chirp. A few minutes later the passing bell began to toll for a boy who had just died."

THE SACRED BIRD.

There are many beautiful legends and not a few baneful superstitions that cluster about the dove. From its gentle and loving nature and the purity of its plumage it has probably been preferably selected as the image of the Holy Ghost. The Apocrypha states that the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, selected Joseph as the spouse of the Virgin Mary by alighting on his head, and in the same way, says the sacred historian Eusebius, was Fabian designated as the divinely appointed Bishop of Rome. There is a legend that the Council of Nice, when the creed was signed, was attended by a dove, who signed for the Holy Spirit, and when Clovis was crowned King of France a dove sat upon his head. When found in the possession of persons about to be married

A standing antidote for poison by dew
poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a band-
ful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it
stand half an hour, then paint the
poisoned part with it. Three or four
applications will never fail to cure the
most aggravated cases.

Brooks explained that when the serpent was opened sixty-nine small live snakes were found inside, varying from three to six inches in length. Captain Linden, who brought the serpent from the Tres Marias Island, explained that the serpent was perfectly harmless. He said that the island is situated about sixty miles from the mainland and that very often people come over and take the snakes back with them in

When they reached 486 feet it was thought they struck bed-rock, but it was not so, for the drill passed through and they found strata of basalt and reddish-gray rock. At 1165 feet they found volcanic ash, and at a depth of 1615 feet they found wood, nine feet in thickness. Of this wood Charles Crocker has many valuable specimens. It is very difficult to obtain a large specimen, as it is so soft that it is easily disintegrated.

The Academy of Sciences.

The Academy of Sciences held its semi-monthly meeting last evening, Professor Davidson presiding. A letter was read from W. C. Chapin, who is superintending the boring of a well in what is called the Forty-mile desert, in Nevada. He says that at a depth of thirty-eight feet they found clay and sand and cobbles; at 300 feet a stream

doves are supposed to bring bad luck and frequently they dispose of them on this account.

Sailors are full of superstitions about birds following a ship, declaring that a storm is inevitable. The stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, as it is called, always to their illogical mind indicates a tempest. The truth is, the bird is a storm-lover, and by the violence of the storm the food upon which it lives is brought to the top of the waves and greedily snapped by the bird before it sinks again. The bird possesses some innate faculty by which it knows of the approach of the storm. Sailors declare that it never goes ashore, but lays its egg under one wing, and holds it there till it is hatched; but naturalists have long since found their nests with their solitary white egg in them off the islands of Nova Scotia, burrowed into the sand.

THE DIGGERS OF NAPA

[Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

NAPA CITY, October 27, 1883.

Where the thousands of Digger Indians who formerly inhabited the various valleys of Napa county and the entire State as well came from, is a disputed question. They were of the same habits, the same build physically and the same grade of intelligence as the Indians who inhabited Oregon and Washington Territory, but they were far less intelligent than their brothers of New Mexico and Arizona. Their rancherias, as the Spaniards came to call their villages, were scattered here and there throughout the valley, usually located upon the banks of running streams. Although Napa valley is but about forty miles long, with an average width of three or four miles, the Diggers were divided into many tribes, each having its own chief, its band of fighting men—for they were not altogether a peaceful people—and each its tribal boundaries. Their dress was inexpensive; in fact, Mother Nature provided the entire outfit of the young and that of many of the older ones, especially during the warmer months of the year. Often an apron made of tule was the only article of dress worn, and in winter, garments rudely fashioned from the skins of animals. For weapons they used bows and arrows. The latter were made of reeds and light sticks and were pointed with heads of black obsidian, in the construction of which great pains were taken. It frequently occurs that the plowman of the present day, in turning the furrow with his improved gang, brings to the surface arrow-heads that years ago, possibly centuries, were used by the naked Digger in his chase for small game. A very large supply of obsidian is found in the mountains near the head of the valley, and from this source it is evident that the Indians obtained the stone from which their arrow-heads were fashioned. These varied in length from one inch to four inches. The upper end was pointed, the sides were brought to a sharp edge. The tools with which these were made were round or sharpened stones, but for all that they exhibit in their construction considerable skill. While great progress has been made in the arts and sciences of Europe, and even while the forests of the Atlantic slope and of States bordering the Mississippi valley were giving way to populous cities and well-tilled farms, these Diggers were yet in the darkness of the Stone Age.

RUDE DWELLINGS.

The dwellings of the aborigines were

season. Their food consisted of roots, wild berries and acorns, with grasshoppers, beetles and snakes thrown in for a relish, and what small game they were able to capture, such as hare and birds. Stone mortars and pestles were used to pulverize their food and this labor fell to the lot of the squaws. Hundreds of these stone mortars are found to this day throughout the length of the valley and on many farms they do duty as gate supports. In those early days deer roamed over the valley in large numbers, tame and fearless. So also did the mild-eyed hare. In the mountains skirting the valley the grizzly and the cinnamon bear, the lion, the wildcat, the coyote and many other wild animals, now seldom or never seen, then preyed upon one another, but the larger game was rarely pursued by the dusky son of the soil. In stature the Indian was short, with thick-set body, supported by slender legs. Many of them lived to a great age and became like shriveled, animated mummies. They interred their dead in graves from three to four feet deep, usually in a sitting posture, with the knees drawn close up to the chin, the hands clasped in front of the legs. The bodies were wrapped with bark, which, in recently discovered graves, has been found in a fair state of preservation. With the body was buried bright-colored beads and other trinkets. It is evident, judging from the discoveries mentioned, that cremation was sometimes practiced, as the ashes of the dead have been found in considerable quantities.

The foregoing, in great measure, applies to the time previous to the advent of the Spaniards, who, coming from Mexico, first established their missions in the southern part of this State and subsequently those farther north, until they reached San Francisco. No mission was established in Napa valley, but large grants of land situated within its confines were made by the Mexican Government to three different parties. These grants embraced the entire valley, which was then unfenced and covered with a very luxuriant growth of wild oats and alfilleria, which rolled in grand billows in the summer wind. The grantees soon assembled large numbers of the Indians and set them to work, with the Spaniards for overseers. They made sun-dried brick and built large adobe buildings, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in various parts of the valley. Some of these old buildings are now in a fair state of preservation and afford comfortable shelter to families. Around these adobes were located the huts of the Indians in so great numbers as to form small villages. But of these huts there is not a remnant left.

THE SPRING RODEO.

The Spaniards brought cattle and mustangs, which were turned loose to graze upon the level plain and sloping hillside. These multiplied rapidly, and the one great event of the year was the spring rodeo, when the half-wild cattle were driven into strongly constructed corrals and the increase of the previous year branded. Scores of Indians who had become skillful horseback riders dashed here and there on their broncos, yelling at the dazed cattle at the top of their voices. The owner of the herds allowed the Indians a stated number of beeves for food and over their barbecues they held high carnival. After the adventurous Yankee shipmaster found his way to San Francisco bay thousands of cattle were killed for their hides and tallow, which articles were conveyed by boats or otherwise to the ships.

The virgin soil was exceedingly fertile. Soon after their arrival the Spaniards commenced to cultivate beans, wheat, melons, etc., and as the large haciendas required generous supplies, extensive patches of ground were planted to the crops mentioned. The implement used to break up the soil was the merest apology for a plow. It principally consisted of two stout sticks lashed together, the beam in a horizontal position, the share—pointed with iron—and the handle in one piece, at an angle of forty-five degrees. The teams were oxen. The yokes were not placed upon the necks of the beasts as now, but were lashed to their heads in front of and at the base of

their plows in the ground. The result was very unsatisfactory, that is, a farmer of the present day would say so, for the ground was merely scratched over. Yet, notwithstanding this slovenly mode of farming, excellent crops were raised, and in the fall the adobe granaries were filled to overflowing.

CUMBERSOME CARTS.

But few carts were used and these were very cumbersome affairs, with large, solid wooden wheels. The wagon body was an awkward wooden box. Much of the crop was carried to the granaries by the Indians in large, closely woven grass baskets of a conical shape, which were strapped to their backs. From the fields to the granaries long lines of these carriers would transport their burdens, and even, in the same manner, from Napa to Sonoma, across the hills dividing the two valleys. They had their chiefs who led them in war, for one tribe often fought another stubbornly. They had their traditions, but these have been lost. As a general thing they were a healthy people, but the oftentimes remarkable skill of their medicine men was relied upon when sickness did come. Their knowledge of the medicinal properties of the native roots and herbs, such as may now be found in great abundance in the valley and on the surrounding hills, would be accounted, in these days, remarkable. Soon after the discovery of gold settlers from the Eastern States began to come into the valley, and gradually the large grants were subdivided into farms of from 50 to 300 acres. The Indians, previously decimated to a great extent by tribal warfare and widespreading epidemics, still existed in the valley in considerable numbers, but from this time they melted away before the approach of civilization. Soon they became entirely dependent upon the whites, working for them in various capacities.

RETREAT OF THE NATIVES.

Then, the number of the new-comers continually increasing, they retired to the shores of Clear lake, Lake county, where tribal distinction long before obliterated, they formed a common settlement and obtained their living by fishing, raising small patches of beans, melons, pumpkins, etc., and by working for the whites. This labor was chiefly done in the harvest fields. Reapers were then used in cutting grain and the Indians soon became expert binders. As help was scarce, farmers were very glad to employ them, and, having their homes in Lake county, hundreds of them would revisit Napa valley year after year. Many of them were inveterate gamblers, and having earned a few dollars, would spend their time in gaming, generally using cards, and never quitting until one or more of the party had lost the whole of his money. They would even gamble away their blankets, their clothing and sometimes their wives.

Unprincipled men would frequently kidnap or purchase from their parents Indian children of a tender age and sell them to whites. So far as the writer is aware—and he is acquainted with many cases—the Indians so purchased were treated with great kindness. They grew up in the families as servants, were of much service, and many, receiving the rudiments of an English education, became quite intelligent. As a rule—there are very few exceptions—these Indians died before they reached the age of 20 years.

One or two old Indians still linger in Napa city and a very few in other portions of the valley, the only representatives in the entire county of the thousands that formerly called themselves lords of the soil. Their indolent, aimless existence has given way to a restless, untiring, progressive civilization, the achievements of which, during the brief time it has occupied the valley, have become marvelous in the eyes of the whole land.

CUTHBERT.

IN ANSWER.

"Madam, we miss the train at B——."
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped
"Impossible; it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face, white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way, that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B——?"
"'Twill do no good, it's due at three,
And"—— "Yes, but God *can* hold the train;
My dying child is calling me,
And I *must* see her face again.
Oh, *won't you* pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train,
On time, swept on past wood and lea
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed: "O Lord, hold the train at B——."
Then flung the throttle wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting sides and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley, swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
Along these burnished lines of steel
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand and brain, with one accord,
Work while his pray'r ascends to Heaven,
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord.
And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage homes, and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides.

They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but He
Who listened while His children prayed,
In answer, held the train at B——.
—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in Youth's Companion.*

THE DEACONS' WEEK.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, full in earnest to do his Lord's work, and to do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on their power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while, perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity. The minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him, imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for the purpose and wrote on it a name. The pastor said after he had counted them: "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for 't," said the deacon, rising and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I am pretty well

to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it a'n't good for me, the doctor says it a'n't; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they'll try, for I've stopped, and I'm a goin' to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and onreliable as a weather-cock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come acrost that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't! and, lo'ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye, my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him an' help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Then another man's old mother says to me, before he come in from the shed, says she: 'He's been a sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached, you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill-hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethering, so was I. I tell you that day's work did me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month o' Sundays ever showed me.

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towardst everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell Philury says, says she: 'Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat! Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a breakin' into my lots ever since we got in th' aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one just comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as crackli'n's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feeling with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship meetin' day, ain't it, Deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothing else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlasting nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'n't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Go on Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothing. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called my wife.

"'Dear me!' says she. 'I've got such a the ache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.' I didn mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not being bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and gave me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty odd year, 'most scar't because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she'd always drawed herself, and then I milked the cow. When I came in Philury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a leetle meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twan't nothing to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy: 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiar Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin pleasant and good-natered I can't but think he's struck with death.'

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I did, reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as He did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tryed to fetch 'em up jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right an' reason to expect I'd do my part as well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons' shortcomings than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cut-ering, but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas getting easy to practice after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a han'some piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin', every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come acrost me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods; 'taint thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times before I'd done such mean, onreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone-wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I: 'Good mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n convert the folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, and fin'lly I said, says I: "We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis'

"Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good,' says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"'Look a here, Deacon!" she snapped, 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen years, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we a'n't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer 'n death and uglier 'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you a comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' Why, she come at me with a broom-stick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say: 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many another bent, too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart, too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old: "Go forward," and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday-school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent.—*Ross Terry Cooke, in Congregationalist.*

The National Song of "Hail Columbia."

[Youth's Companion.]

There is a story or two about "Hail Columbia" which some readers may not have heard. Neither the words nor the music of the song can be highly praised, but we all know that when the patriotic feeling of an assembly is roused, if a person will only come forward and say, "Behold the Flag of our Union!" the audience will burst into cheers. I have been present when Senator Hoar, of Massachussetts, by a happy allusion to his seeing the flag of the United States in a foreign land, excited a large assembly to a degree that it was almost painful. Young men injured their hands by clapping, and tears glistened in many eyes.

"Hail Columbia" was written in the summer of 1798, at a moment when the United States seemed about to be drawn into a war with France, their old ally and friend. The American envoys sent out by President Adams, with no other object than to restore a good understanding, were thought to have been grocely insulted by France. An army and navy were in preparation, General Washington had accepted the chief command, with Alexander Hamilton as his second, and nothing was thought of but impending war.

A vocalist by the name of Fox was about to give a benefit in Philadelphia, and owing to the excitement that prevailed, the prospect of a good attendance was not encouraging. His benefit was announced for a Monday evening, and it was only on the Saturday previous that he had an idea for "drawing a house."

ual circles of Philadelphia society. He was Vice President of the American Philosophical Society, founded by Dr. Franklin, and presided over by Thomas Jefferson. He was President of the Academy of Fine Arts, and was somewhat noted for his poetical effusions.

The vocalist, in his extremity, went to his old school-friend and told him that he had little chance of a paying audience unless he could announce something new and striking in the way of a patriotic song, piece that could be sung by the whole company to an easy or familiar tune, like the "President's March." He added that the poets of the company had been trying to produce the required song, but had been unable to accomplish it.

"I will try what I can do for you," said Hopkinson.

The vocalist called the next afternoon, when the words were ready for him, and he took them at once to a musician of the theater, who selected and adapted to them an easy air. On Monday morning the song was announced in the newspapers and diligently rehearseed upon the stage.

A crowded house rewarded the efforts of the singer and poet, and the song was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The words and music were at once published, and the piece was sung at every patriotic gathering during that period of excitement.

A particular circumstance added to its popularity, and was, perhaps, the true cause of its remaining for forty years not merely the favorite National song, but the only composition that could be fairly called by that name.

During the first years of the Revolutionary movement in France—from 1789 to the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in 1793—its progress was watched in America with an enthusiastic approval of which we can now scarcely form an idea. But the cruel and needless execution of the King and Queen checked the enthusiasm and soon divided the country into two parties on the subject, one defending, the other execrating the conduct of the Revolutionary leaders.

At the height of the first excitement, while even the placid Washington was still in sympathy with the people of France, a manager in Philadelphia revived Addison's famous old tragedy of "Cato." Before the play began the curtain rose, and the whole company of actors, arranged in a semi-circle upon the stage, sang the national hymn of France, "La Marseillaise," a new composition then. The audience sprang to their feet and joined in the chorus. The house presented a scene of excitement without previous parallel in the staid city of Penn and Franklin.

At the end of the first act of the tragedy, the audience called for a repetition of the inspiring song. It was given as before, the people joining wildly in the chorus. At the end of every act the "Marseillaise" was demanded and repeated. It seemed as if the people could not get enough of it. Even upon us, who have been familiar with it from childbood, this wonderful song has an effect unlike that of any other.

The next evening, and every evening, as soon as the musician came into the orchestra, the cry arose all over the house for La Marseillaise! It was of no use to resist, for the people would listen to no other music. Generally the audience, or some part of it, would catch the spirit of the piece, and thunder out the chorus. It grew into a custom, and for three or four years the piece was sung every night.

audience joined in one decisive and overwhelming hiss. The Marseillaise was not played, and was never played again.

It was at this time that the new song of "Hail Columbia" made its great hit at the benefit of a favorite vocalist. Never was composition better timed. It immediately took the place of the banished "Marseillaise," and continued to be sung, as a rule, in all places of amusement of the United States, until about the year 1840.

I can well remember myself when the introductory music was usually presented in the following order: an overture, followed by "HailColumbia," played several times, and then "Yankee Doodle."

Joseph Hopkinson died at Philadelphia in 1842, aged seventy two years. A few months before his death he placed on record the facts given above, and added,—

"The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of, and above, the interest, passion and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us; of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were American; at least, neither could disown the sentiments and feelings it indicated."

The following are the words of the song, as originally written in Philadelphia in 1798.

"Hail Columbia."

I.

Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes! Heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

II.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend our rights, defend our shore!
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace sicere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice may prevail
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united—let us be, etc.

III.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear:
With equal skill and god-like power
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united—let us be, etc.

IV.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But armed in virtue firm and true
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay
And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or libery,
Firm—united—let us be, etc.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

HYMN AND RECITATION.

I.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!"
Carelessly a little child,
In the sunshine, at her play,
Lisping sang, and sweetly smiled,
On a joyous April day;
Sang with laughter, light and droll—
Sang with mirth in each blue eye:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

II.

"Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!"
Sang a maiden with a face
Free from look of earthly care,
With a form of faultless grace,
With a wreath of golden hair;
Sang with heart by grief untried—
Sang with no regretful past:
"Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!"

III.

"Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me!"
Sang a mother while she bowed
O'er her baby as it lay
Wrapped within its snowy shroud,
On a dreary autumn day;
Sang of hopes forever flown—
Sang of eyes that could not see:
"Leave, ah, leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me!"

IV.

"All my trust on Thee is stayed—
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!"
Faint and weary in the race,
In death's winter-evening gray,
With a sweet, angelic face,
Dreamed a woman. Far away,
As the feeble twilight fled,
Angels seemed with her to sing:
"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!"

V.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!"
Ah! how soon our hopes decay—
We must suffer and endure;
Strive and struggle as we may,
Life is short, and death is sure.
We may hear the anthem roll,
Through the starry realms on high:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

—*Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Tribune.*

The Degenerations of Old Age.

We have spoken of the atrophy of old age—he wasting due to the lessened power of the system to take up the proper nourishment of its respective parts. Were this all the loss that comes with years, most old persons would live to a hundred and over, and die by an almost imperceptible decay.

But there is besides—in part both a consequence and a cause of the former fact—a change, more or less, in the tissues, or substance, of the body.

In the place of muscular fiber there often is fat resembling the fat of bacon in an accumulation of fat around an organ or between its muscular fibers, such as takes place in the corpulent, but a substitution of fat for the fibers themselves. Of course the toughness and elasticity of the muscles are thereby lost.

Sometime the change is to a chalk-like substance which is known by the name of "cretaceous" degeneration. While the former renders the muscle soft and weak and easy to give way before unusual pressure, the latter renders it unyielding and brittle.

While all the organs are liable to these degenerations, the heart and the arteries are especially so. Such changes in these important organs greatly hasten on the decay which characterizes old age.

It is the opinion of Dr. Charles Murchison, LL.D., F.R.S., that these degenerations are due to the liver, the great sewer of the system. This, weakened by age, is no longer able so to act on certain waste matters that they can be properly eliminated by the kidneys. Hence they remain in the blood and juices of the body, and work, besides other harm, the above results.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

There's something I'd have you remember, boys.
To help in the battle of life;
'Twill give you strength in the time of need,
And help in the hour of strife.
Whenever there's something that should be done,
Don't be faint-hearted and say:
"What use to try?" Remember, then,
That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win;
But though at first they fail,
They try again, and the earnest heart
Is sure at last to prevail.
Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,
You can win the heights, I say,
If you make up your mind to reach the top;
For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those
Who never could bear defeat:
Their failures only made them strong
For the work they had to meet.
The will to do and the will to dare
Is what we want to-day;
What has been done can be done again,
For the will finds out the way.

—*Ellen E. Rexford, in Harper's Young People.*

E Pluribus Unum.

"Did you know that the words *E Pluribus Unum*, which have appeared on different United States coins, and are on the standard silver dollar, were never authorized to be so placed by law?" asked the numismatist of a reporter.

"No. When were they first used?"

"In 1786. There was no United States mint then, but there was a private one at Newburgh, and the motto of the United States was first placed on a copper coin struck at that mint. A very few collections have specimens of this coin. They are very valuable. In 1787 a goldsmith named Brasher coined worth to-day, $2,000, and only four are known to be in existence. In 1787 the motto also appeared on various copper coins of the State of New Jersey.

"A great many of our early coin, before there was any legal authority for National coinage here, were made in England. The State of Kentucky had some peculiar copper coins which were minted in England in 1791, and bore the National motto. The United States mint was established in 1792, but the use of the motto on any of the gold, silver, or copper coins was not authorized or directed by any of the provisions of the act establishing it. The motto had not appeared on any of our coins since 1837, until the standard silver dollar was coined. It remained on our early gold and silver coins until 1834, when it was omitted from the gold coins. In 1836 it was dropped from the twenty-five-cent piece, and the following year from all silver coins."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The First Casting of Iron, and

Cast iron was not in commercial use before the year 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had brought some Dutch workmen to establish a brass foundry at Bristol, Eng., conceived the idea that iron might be substituted for brass. This his workmen did not succeed in effecting, being probably too much prejudiced in favor of the metal with which they were best acquainted. A Welsh shepherd-boy named John Thomas had, some little time previous to this, been received by Abraham Darby into his workshop on the recommendation of a distant relative. While looking on during the experiments of the Dutch workmen, he said to Abraham Darby that he saw where they had missed it. He begged to be allowed to try; so he and Abraham Darby remained alone in the workshop all night struggling with the refractory metal and imperfect molds. The hours passed on and daylight appeared, but neither would leave his task; and just as morning dawned they succeeded in casting an iron pot complete. The boy entered into an agreement with Abraham Darby to serve him and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but he continued faithful; and from 1709 to 1822 the family of Thomas were confidential and much-valued agents to the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than one hundred years after the night in which Thomas and his master succeeded in making an iron casting in a mold of fine sand contained in frames and with air-holes, the same process was practiced and kept secret at Colebrook Dale with plugged keyholes and barred doors. —*Exchange.*

suggested the idea of a boot, the peninsula constituting the leg, with Cape Sable, its southernmost point, constituting the top of the leg.

The general causes which operate now have doubtless been in operation ever since there has been a sea. These causes send the surface current of the water from the equator northward, but diverging to the east. Had there been no obstruction the course of the sea current from the east of the coast of South America and north of the equator would have been through the Caribbean Sea, Gulf of Mexico, and on up the valley of the Mississippi into the North Polar Sea. But the rise of the Appalachian Mountains obstructed this course, and forced the current around the southern point of upheaval that reached the surface of the water. Possibly at that time the Gulf of Mexico extended far north of its present boundary, and the States lying north of the Gulf were all under water, and in that case Georgia was a peninsula, occupying a position similar to that of Florida at the present day. Now, granting that this upheaval that gave origin to the Appalachian Mountains shot out a spur from its southern extremity, and this spur, trending to the southeast, and we have all the conditions necessary to account for the origin of the peninsula of Florida, with all its phenomena. The heated and turbulent water from the shallow gulf, in its attempt to flow northward and eastward, would, by such obstruction, be turned further to the south. This would necessarily create an eddy just off the southern point of land. At such points, where the water from the eddy could find comparative rest, sand-bars would be formed. The sediment from the turbid gulf, and the salt and lime with which it is saturated, because of the rapid evaporation of a hot sun on the wide surface, in its shallow water would be precipitated in unusual quantities from the double cause of comparative rest in the eddies and contact with the colder waters of the Atlantic. South of each successive sand-bar and deposit the current would be swifter. In such a swift current, saturated with lime and salt, the coral insect would delight to build. For the coral insect, like the speckled mountain trout, loves a rapid current; and an abundance of lime in the water furnishes material for rapid building.

And thus it has been going on for ages—sand-bar and deposit, and coral-reef. And thus the building and extension of the peninsula continues to this day. The gradual upheaval of the land has lifted the northern and central portions of the peninsula far above the sea-level. This elevation will probably increase, and the Everglades become dry, even if not assisted by artificial means. The digging of wells, etc., has disclosed closed high up in the peninsula and Northern Florida as are to be found on the reefs south of Cape Sable. Should these causes continue the deep channel of the Gulf Stream may be closed, Cuba annexed by natural causes, the Valley of the Mississippi be extended, and the Gulf of Mexico become a fertile plain.
—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

THE LAUGH IN SCHOOL.

Hold on for a moment, teacher!
You'd better ignore the rule,
Than punish that little urchin
Who has just laughed out in school.
Had he done it out of malice,
It would be a different thing;
But he could no more help it
Than a lark can help to sing.

I know by his clouted jacket,
And his shoes tied with a cord,
That a laugh is the only luxury
Of childhood he can afford:
And he hasn't much time left him
For even that trivial joy,
For he'll have to earn his living
While he is yet a boy.

You ask why I defend him;
Well, the fact is, yesternight
I found a dog-eared primer
That I used when but a mite;
And, in imagination,
As I turned its pages o'er,
I saw some wonderful pictures
That I never found before.

I saw a certain urchin
(Called Clarence by the boys)
Go toddling into the school-room
Making his share of noise:
And I saw him during school time
Play pranks upon the sly
With the rosy little Agnes,
Till she laughed as she would die.

And I think we all are better
When grown up to be men,
If we have something to make us
Look backward now and then;
And therefore I insisted
You'd better ignore the rule
Than punish that little fellow
Who has just laughed out at school.

The Olive of the Sea.

The *Oil and Paint Review* says that in the waters of the Northern Pacific there swims what might be called the olive of the seas. The Indians call it the oolachan. It is the fattest of all fish, and from it the oil absolutely drips. an oleaginous fluid as sweet and limpid as that which comes from the fruit of those ugly, dwarfed, and rusty-looking trees which give so little shade on the Mediterranean coasts. Perhaps, some of these days, oolachan-oil will go to France and Italy and come back to us as the best salad dressing. This fish is so fat that if a dried specimen is taken, as was shown at the United States National Museum, all that has to be done is to light the head of the oolachan, holding the tail in the fingers, and it blazes away like a spermaceti candle, giving light without smoke or smell. But the oolachan might be cloying as a constant food, though Dr. T. H. Bean and other explorers of the northwest coast declare that when fresh it is the sweetest of all morsels, being the ortolan, the rice or reed bird-fish of the sea.

I dare not idle stand,
While upon every hand
The whitening fields declare the harvest near;
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for Thee,
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet;
Beneath some shell's rough side
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,
While over all the land
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine;
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem,
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But at my Lord's command,
Labor for Him throughout my life's short day;
Evening will come at last,
Day's labor all be past,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.
—*Presbyterian.*

Interesting Pension Statistics.

From the fundation of the Government until 1861 the United States paid in pensions the sum of $89,886,359.65. Since that time the enormous sum of $562,741,170.67 has been paid out. The following table shows the amount that has been expended each year since 1789:

YEARS.	*Pensions.*	YEARS.	*Pensions.*
1789-91....	$175,813 88	1838	2,156,057 29
1792	109,243 15	1839	3,142,750 51
1794	80,087 81	1840	2,603,562 17
1794	81,399 24	1841	2,388,434 51
1795	68,673 22	1842	1,378,931 33
1796	100,843 71	1843	880,041 12
1797	82,255 47	1844	2,032,098 99
1798	104,845 73	1845	2,40 ,788 11
1799	95,444 0	1846	1,811,027 56
1800	64,130 73	1847	1,744,883 63
1801	73,533 27	1848	1,227,496 48
1802	85,440 39	1849	1,338,867 64
1803	62,902 10	1850	1,866,886 02
1804	80,0 2 80	1851	2,2 3,377 22
1805	81,851 59	1852	2,401,858 78
1806	81,875 53	1853	1,756,306 20
1807	70,50 09	1854	1,252,665 09
1808	82,5 6 0	1855	1,477,612 33
1809	87,8 5 54	1856	1,296,229 65
1810	8 ,744 16	1857	1,310,380 58
1811	75,0 3 88	1858	1,219,768 30
1812	94,40 10	1859	1,222,222 71
1813	93,949 91	1860	1,10 ,602 32
1814	90,164 26	1861	1,0 4,5 9 73
1815	69,65 06	1862	852,710 47
1816	188,804 15	1863	1,078,513 36
1817	207,374 4	1864	4,985,473 90
1818	850,719 90	1865	16, 47,621 34
1819	2,415,969 85	1866	15,605,549 88
1820	3,208,376 31	1867	24,968,551 71
1821	24 ,817 25	1868	23,782,3 6 78
1822	1,948,194 40	1869	28,476,621 78
1823	1,788,5 8 52	1870	28,340,202 17
1824	1,499,326 59	1871	34,443,894 88
1825	1,308,810 57	1872	28,533,405 76
1826	1,57 ,5 3 82	1873	28,359,426 86
1827	976,1 8 86	1874	29,038,414 66
1828	850,573 57	1875	29,456,216 22
1829	949,594 47	1876	28,257,395 69
1830	1,363,277 51	1877	26,963,752 27
1831	1,170,665 14	1878	27,137,019 68
1832	1,181,422 40	1879	35,121,482 39
1833	4,589,452 40	1880	57,240,540 14
1834	3,364,285 30	1881	60,626,538 51
1835	1,954,711 32	1882	54, 96,280 54
1836	2,882,797 96		
1837	2,672,102 45	Total..	$852,627,530 32

The first pensions were paid by the United States in 1789. Of the 278,021 soldiers who served in the Revolutionary War, 57,623 received pensions for service, and the aggregate amount paid to them was $46,082,173.97. The last survivor of the revolution pensioned under the general laws was Lemuel Clark, of Clarendon, N. Y., who died May 20, 1866, aged 104 years. Of two pensioned by special act of Congress, Daniel Bakeman, of Freedom, N. Y., died April 9, 1869, aged 109 years.

The total number of enlistments of all kinds during the war of 1812-14 was 527,654, of whom 296,916 served sixty days or more, of which number 21,451 were pensioned.

The total number of enlistments in the war with Mexico was 73,280, of whom 11,308 were pensioned as invalids.

The total number of enlistments during the war of the rebellion was 2,780,178; of this number 716,787 were re-enlistments, leaving 2,033,391 as actual individual enlistments.

Of this number there are:

1. Living individual soldiers and sailors who have not applied for pension, 1,000,469.
2. Living individual soldiers and sailors who have applied for pension, 458,553.
3. Dead, having pensionable relatives who have not applied for pension. 86,803.
4. Dead, having pensionable relatives who have applied for pension, 297,536.
5. Dead, leaving no pensionable relatives, 220,000.

Total, 2,033,391. Of this number 837,361 have applied for pensions and 472,776 have received pensions.—*Washington Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day—
So long expired its grief and glory—
There flourished, far away,

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying,
Made any face less fair.

Without the city's walls Death reigned as ever;
And graves rose side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

Oh, happiest of earth's favored places,
Oh, bliss to dwell therein!—
To live in the sweet light of loving faces!
And feel no grave between!

To feel no death damp, gathering cold and colder,
Disputing life's warm truth—
To live on, never lonelier or older,
Radiant in deathless youth!

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blest abode.

Where never death should come between and sever
Them from their loved apart—
Where they might work and win and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,
And never any died.

And many years rolled on and saw them striv-

And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this—
Mark how the dwellers in this wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of lifes long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
Outside the city wall;

Craving with wish that brooked no more denying,
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying—
The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Oh, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death!

Ours were, indeed, a fate deserving pity
Were that sweet rest denied;
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died!

—*Elizabeth Akers, in Boston Transcript.*

over the world.

THE BROOK.

[AFTER TENNYSON.]

A gentle brook meanders here,
And, in its wild, sweet chirpings, hark!
A pleasing strain regales my ear:
"I run through ridges, cold and dark;
I wind around the peaceful leas,
Refresh the roots of oak and pine;
I dally with the mountain breeze;
I sparkle in the summer shine.

"I glide by valleys; feed the mills;
I fret amid the desert wild;
Exhaust a dozen purling rills;
I'm Nature's trusting, happy child.
I live in beauty, love and light;
I'm cheerful, blithesome, glad and gay;
With shadows of the darkest night
I wind along; I dance and play.

"Amid the sharpest storms I sing;
I'm cheery when the thunders roar;
I rock the bird with weary wing;
And to the answering hills I pour
Exultant lays. I lave the reeds
That grace my sunny slopes, and give
Fresh life and beauty to the meads
And plants that on my bounty live.

"I hide beneath the hazy spruce;
I glance beside the shelving rock;
I give the maple half its juice,
And satisfy the thirsty flock;
I creep along the silent woods;
All day I travel and rejoice,
Delight the fields and solitudes
That listen to my chattering voice.

"The rushes kiss me as I pass;
The swallow taps me with his wing;
Fair maidens praise the faithful glass,
And rollick at my side and sing;
Faint travelers stop to slake their thirst:
Gay insects sport upon my breast;
And, if by rippling waves immersed,
The eager, sharp-eyed trout arrest.

"The willows reach their fingers down
Among my ruffled fans to play;
The lily lifts its rested crown
And shakes the pearly drops away;
The dainty, modest violet,
Smiling upon the verdant banks,
With my chaste, twittering waves I fret;
I gently stir the osier ranks.

"I feed the minnows in my fold,
Their silver bellies flashing out;
Beside the sand of sparkling gold
They leap up and they dash about;
And, when is heard a tramping foot,
To broader depths they swiftly fly,
Amid the broom and rushes pass;
Bring wealth to cheer the arid soil;
I nourish roots of meadow grass;
I slip through field and green recess,
O'er sparkling sands by fen and glade;
I leap beside the water-cress;
I babble in the sun and shade.

"As in the past, I slide, I go.
Forever laughing as I sing;
In sunlight and in starlight flow,
A blessing and a joy I bring.
The same bright, mantling path I keep
As in the dreamy ages gone.
I wind, I twist, I dash, I leap,
My course is on, forever on."

—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, and named for her birth-place. Her father's name was Shore, but was changed legally to Nightingale by the terms of an inheritance. Her present home is in London, but when well enough she journeys a good deal among reformatories and hospitals in Scotland and Germany.

THE WORLD IS A LOOKING-GLASS.

The world is a looking-glass
Wherein we look all day,
And each one sees reflected there
His own true image, foul or fair,
Sullen, or sad, or gay;
Lit up with love or dark with hate,
Or cheered by Heaven or soured by fate.

The sweet eyes meet an answering smile,
The glad face fronts the sun;
The mourner nothing sees but shade,
And shivers, lonely and afraid;
The guilty-hearted one
Reads in the glass, without a doubt,
His sin detected and found out.

The innocent child looks gally in
With frank and fearless gaze,
And sees a face reflected there
Bright as his own is and as fair:
The old man, full of days,
Peers with his tired eyes, and sees
But weariness and vanities.

The world is a looking-glass
Wherein ourselves are shown.
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,
Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear,
To every soul its own;
We can not change the world a whit,
Only ourselves which look in it.

—*Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.*

THE BABY'S BED-TIME.

This is baby's bed-time;
Dimplechin climbs on my knee,
With "Mamma, I's dest as sleepy
An' tired as I tan be."
So I take up the little darling,
And undress the weary feet
That have been making since daylight
A music busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pitty 'tory."
She pleads, in a sleepy way.
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her:
"What shall I tell you, pray?"
"Tell me"—and then she pauses
To rub her sleepy eye—
"How ze big pid does to martet,
An' ze 'ittle pids all cry."

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles
Ever at war with the comb,
How the big pig went to market,
And the wee ones staid at home;
And I count on the rosy fingers
Each little pig once more,
And she laughs at the "pitty 'tory,"
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together
Of her eyes in slumber close,
But the words that are left unuttered
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow,
With a lingering good-night kiss,
Thinking how much God loves me
To give me a child like this,
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,
He will help me guide aright
The feet of the little darling
I leave in His care to-night.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Harper's Young People.*

ALI'S PUNISHMENT.

Ali Ben Achmet, from his tent,
Looked out upon the firmament.

He saw the wonder of the skies
And watched the pallid moon arise;

And mused upon the promise made
By Allah's angel, fire arrayed,

Who, in a dream long years ago,
Had spoken to him soft and low:

"Thy deeds of good have won this grace
That some day thou shalt see my face.

"Ask not when this reward shall be,
But some day I will come to thee;

"Be ready to receive, therefore,
Great Allah's angel at thy door."

Long years had passed o'er Ali's head,
Since those first words of hope were said;

But every night before his door
Ali had placed from out his store

Half his supply of dates and bread,
And milk, and rich pomegranates red,

And watched, to guard them from the clutch
Of hungry hand's profaning touch.

"Touch not," he said, "these things are stored
To wait the angel of the Lord."

And as he sat and prayed, that night,
The angel came in glory bright.

Ali fell low upon his face:
"Allah, I thank thee for this grace."

Then rising, to his door he went:
"Enter, I pray, thy servant's tent."

"Nay," said his guest, "I go not in;
The tent is one defiled by sin!"

Poor Ali stood in sore surprise:
"Is my life sinful in thine eyes?

"Have I not given all my days
To Allah's love and Allah's praise?

"See here, where lies the wasted sum
Of food, laid by lest thou should come."

"There," said the angel, "lies thy sin,
Forbidding me to enter in.

"For how shall I take joy in food
That did no human being good?

"The sick and poor whom thou'st denied,
The hungry, who still hungry died,

"These hadst thou fed with what I see,
The gift would have been made to me."

Ali Ben Achmet bent his head;
"Allah hath punished pride," he said.

—*E. K. Munkittrick, in Good Cheer.*

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day:
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know,
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm:
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,

"And shall I fear to own His cause"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose:
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good night;
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the Captain begged,
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round; with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call:
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But, ah, the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

—*Mrs. E. V. Wilson, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A VALENTINE.

When evening spreads her mantle wide,
And calls each weary laborer home,
I turn from care and toil aside,
And bid my roving fancies roam.
My loved one's matchless form I see;
I think of her who thinks of me.

Though time should keep us long apart,
And stormy seas should roll between,
Full well I know that faithful heart,
Though distant far, unchanged has been.
Regardless of the raging sea,
I think of her who thinks of me.

Should sleep proclaim her gentle power,
And bid my wandering fancies rest,
E'en at the silent midnight hour
Her smile is seen, her hand is pressed.
For in the chains of slumber free,
I dream of her who dreams of me.

The busy, changing world around
Holds many a gem of beauty rare,
And captive hearts are daily bound
In fetters by the conquering fair.
But this alike unmoved I see—
I love but her who loves but me.

Should He who rules in Heaven above
Be pleased to spare my worthless life,
No earthly cause shall change my love—
No other maid shall be my wife.
Each plighted vow shall honored be—
I live for her who lives for me.

And should the same Almighty power
In wisdom call me hence away,
Then shall that dark and trying hour
Bear witness to the words I say—
My latest prayer on earth shall be
A prayer for her who prays for me.

—*Dr. A. W. Jamieson, in Inter Ocean.*

[An invalid child who had lived in London all her life, and had never seen a tree, was taken into the country, together with many others, at the expense of a "fresh-air fund." She clung to one of the teachers in dreadful alarm on seeing a tree, and could not understand what such a great green thing could be. "Why don't it keep still?" she said, in a paroxysm of terror, as the wind swayed its branches. It was only after some time that she could be induced to go near enough to touch it.]

They took the little London girl from out the city street
To where the grass was growing green, the birds were singing sweet;
And everything along the road so filled her with surprise,
The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.

The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on the cheek,
And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak,
Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls,
Expecting she would laugh or scold like other little girls.

But she didn't—no, she didn't; for this crippled little child
Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled,
And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain
Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.

The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky,
The soft green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by;
But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath,
And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh! like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed,
With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed;
It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gestures and grimace
That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in their arms,
And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms,
And said: "Oh, what a foolish little goose you are to be
So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it, and put her arms around
The trunk, and see how firmly it was fastened in the ground;
They told her all about the roots that clung down deeper yet,
And spoke of other curious things she never would forget.

Oh, I have heard of many, very many, girls and boys
Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and toys,
Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought to me
Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a tree.

—*Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Young People.*

THE "MOTHER'S ROOM."

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's that boy that lives with his aunt, you know;
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,
And talk of the things his heart loves best.
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
May be I lose my things—what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more;
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet.
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—*Mary D. Brine in Harper's Young People.*

When a dish of oranges is seen on the table for dessert, the fact is hardly realized that in all probability their surface is the habitat of an insect of the Coccus family. This tiny creature is found on the orange skin in every stage of transformation, from the egg to the perfect insect, during the winter months, instead of remaining dormant in the cold weather, as is the case with most of the insect tribe. It would hardly be possible to find a St. Michael's or Tangerine orange that had not hundreds of these little creatures in various stages of development on its surface. Lemons, too, are frequently covered. Upon inspection, the skin of an orange will be found to be dotted over with brownish scarlet spots of various sizes. These specks can be easily removed by a needle, and when placed under a microscope, an interesting scene is presented, consisting of a large number of eggs, which are oval white bodies, standing on end, like little bags of flour, some of the inhabitants of which may very probably be seen in process of emerging from the opened end of the egg. The female insect upon leaving the egg has six legs, two long hair-like appendages, and no wings; it thrusts a sucker into the orange in order to obtain nourishment, and never moves again, passing through the various stages of development until it lays its eggs and dies. In the case of the male insect, the chrysalis after a short period opens and the insect flies off. The male is supplied with wings twice the length of its body, and each of the legs has a hook-like projection. It has four eyes and two antennæ, and is so tiny that it cannot be seen when flying.

From some parts of Spain oranges come to us having their rind covered with a coccus of quite a different type. The surface of oranges, indeed, affords the possessor of a microscope an infinite amount of interest and amusement.—*Chambers' Journal.*

TRAVEL.

I sit at home in an easy chair,
With an excellent shaded light,
And a tropical warmth pervades the air
From the burning of anthracite;
As evening brings a grateful rest

I have no need of a stately ship,
No fear of a rolling sea;
In chosen books I take my trip
With the goodliest company;
And whether I read of Southern skies
Or the wealth of an Eastern port,
I may see the world through an author's eyes.
May dwell in a camp or court.

Through wonderful sketch-books that belong
To an artist friend of mine
I visit the places of legend and song
So famous along the Rhine.
I breathe the spirit of old romance
As I sail the Northern main;
I tread the vine-clad vales of France,
And look for my castles in Spain.

The song of Venetian gondoliers,
As they guide their moon-lit boats,
I seem to hear, or the mountaineer's
Tyrolean echo notes.
I may see the heather's purple plumes
Among the banks and braes,
Or wander where the primrose blooms
Along the English ways.

I seek the Land of the Midnight Sun,
Or trace the source of the Nile;
I find the cedars of Lebanon,
Or study Crete awhile.
Whenever I tire of time and tide,
No matter how far I roam,
I have only to lay my book aside
To find myself at home.

The world is wide and the world is fair,
And heroes good to see,
But a hearth and home, and friends to share,
Are all the world to me;
And to sigh in vain for foreign sight
There surely is no need,
As long as people live to write,
And I may live to read.

—*Martha Caverno Cook, in Harper's Bazar.*

ALTA WAYNE.

A LEGEND OF THE COAST RANGE.

Where the snow-clad mountains lifted high
Their heads sublime in the vaulted sky;
Where over the wild rocks, gray and brown,
The crystal waters came leaping down;
Where the towering pines by the winds were stirred;
Where the growl of the grizzly-bear was heard;
Where the fierce wolves followed the frightened deer—
Stood the low log hut of a pioneer.

Its walls were rude, and its roof was low;
'Twas built for safety, and not for show,
With thatch of boughs, with a puncheon-floor,
With windows barred, and a massive door;
'Twas simple—'twas picturesque and plain—
The forest-home of brave Alta Wayne.

Her form was tall, and her skin was brown
As an autumn-acorn when dropping down;
Her look was lovely; her limbs were strong;
Her ebony hair was thick and long;
Her full, red lips were as sweet to see
As ripening cherries upon the tree;
Her cheeks like the hue of an opening rose,
Or the crimson flush when the sunset glows;
Her teeth were white as the ocean's foam,
And her voice as sweet as the thought of home.

She had followed her husband across the plains;
She had shared his losses and golden gains.
With her pretty babe on her hopeful breast
The trackless forests her feet had pressed.
Love made her heedless of toil or pain;
A faithful wife was brave Alta Wayne.

'Tis near the close of a summer day,
And Alta Wayne, in the twilight gray,
Sits sweetly humming an old tune o'er,
With her young child playing before the door.
She thinks of her husband's golden pile
With a hopeful look and a happy smile;
She dreams of pleasure 'twill bring, some day,
To friends in the dear home far away.
There is nothing selfish, or proud, or vain
In the noble nature of Alta Wayne.

She springs to her feet with a frightened bound;
Her heart stands still at the awful sound;
Her lips grow livid; her cheeks turn pale;
She trembles; her courage begins to fail.
She hears a plash in the mountain-stream—
Then another cry. *'Tis a panther's scream!*

She leaps through the doorway—her childs gone;
Then into the thicket she rushes on;
She fancies his form in the panther's jaws,
Or mangled and torn by its cruel claws.
Her soul is filled with an awful fear.
But listen! A light laugh greets her ear—
A laugh that thrills through her trembling form.
Like sunshine that breaks through a dreadful storm.
She peers through the boughs with a look of joy,
And sees, unharmed, on a bank, her boy!

But look! Above on the rocks she spies
The crouching panther with angry eyes;
She sees the fangs in its quivering jaws,
Its long, gaunt form, and its strong, keen jaws.
It lashes the rocks with its tawny tail;
The soul of the mother forgets to quail,
And courage flashes from heart and eyes
As the child laughs loud at the panther's cries!

Ah! mother-love, in the fiercest ill,
What strength you give to a woman's will!
What heroism, what self-control,
You bring to a trembling woman's soul!
What power in moments of deep despair!
What wondrous burdens you help her bear!
No man so cruel, no beast so wild,
She will not dare for a darling child.

Loud screams the panther; its fierce eyes glare
With savage wrath on the bright boy there!
The mother springs from her hiding-place,
And clasps her child in a close embrace,
With a fearless look of exultant love;
Then, with flashing eyes, to the beast above
She turns and gazes with bated breath;
The hollow is hushed as the halls of death!

The crack of a rifle! A shout! a bound!
The panther tumbles upon the ground;
Its strong limbs quiver—its fierce eyes pale—
It lashes the leaves with its tawny tail.
The hunter leaps from the forest wild,
And clasps and kisses his wife and child!

—*Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Tribune.*

Who'll Take Care of the Baby?

Says Joe to Sam in fierce debate
Upon the woman question,
"You've answered well all other points,
Now, here's my last suggestion:
When woman goes to cast her vote,
Some miles away, it may be,
Who then, I ask, will stay at home
To rock and tend the baby?"

Quoth Sam: "I own you've made my case
Appear a little breezy,
I hoped you'd pass this question by,
And give me something easy.
But as the matter seems to turn
On this point as its axis,
Just get the one who rocked it when
She went to pay her taxes."

—Nye County, Nevada, is the largest county in the United States, covering 24,000 square miles. San Bernardino, California, with 23,000 square miles, is the next largest. California has four other counties, each of them as large as Massachusetts, three that are each larger than Connecticut, and fifteen others that are each larger than Delaware. Sioux County, Nebraska, contains 21,070 square miles. Oregon also has several large counties—Grant, Umatilla and Lake containing respectively 17,500, 14,260 and 12,000 square miles. Presidio, with 12,500 miles, is the largest county in Texas. The smallest county

ulation. The largest of the Territories is Dakota, with 147,600 square miles, and the largest county in any of the Territories is Custer County, Montana, with 36,500 square miles.

VERY ANXIOUS.

A Little Girl Who Examined a Bank.

Manchester (N. H.) Union.

One morning, this week, a little girl, not more than 6 or 7 years of age, opened the doors of the Merrimac Savings Bank on Elm street and walked in. Her appearance and demeanor attracted the attention of the Treasurer, ex-Governor Smyth, who inquired the object of her visit. She replied that she wanted to see the bank. The kind-hearted Governor, attracted by the childish simplicity of his interviewer, asked her to step behind the counter, and as she did so her wide-opened blue eyes wandered about the apartment in a calm scrutiny of its surroundings. When her little orbs rested upon the pile of shining coins of various demominations displayed upon the cashier's table, her face became a perfect panorama of expressions, viewed with interest and amusement by her gallant guide. She was permitted to step inside the vault, to examine the huge locks and interior and the inner safe and its belongings, all of which she did with studious care and minuteness. All this time the bank officers looked on in mute surprise, puzzled to know the motive for this rigid examination, if any she possessed. Suddenly she stopped, and looking up archly into the amused countenance of the Treasurer, exclaimed: "Well, I believe it's all right." "What is all right?" queried the official. "Why, the bank is all right," she said, and then continued: "Mr. Bankman, my name is Amy Bell, and my papa put $5 into this savings bank for me yesterday, and I wanted to see what kind of a place it was. I never was in a bank before." The gentleman assured her that the money was safe, and after answering a few childish questions she departed, feeling settled in her young mind concerning the custody of her wealth. Governor Smyth and assistants enjoyed the episode hugely, and their invitation to their young visitor to call again was given with genuine sincerity.

TELL-TALE VENUS.

She Gives Away the Secret of the Glowing Sunsets.

For several weeks past there has been a vast amount of speculation concerning the causes producing the crimson glories of the western skies at twilight's poetic hour. Sages have pondered long and deeply over the mysterious problem; scientists have wearied their practiced eyes gazing through their spectroscopes upon the brilliant garb assumed by the tired day when about to sink into the arms of restful night; the flying and floating ashes of mighty volcanoes, the smoke from burning forests, hitherto unknown magnetic disturbances at the frozen North Pole and various other theories have been advanced as the cause of the phenomena.

Learning that a Professor at the Cooper Medical College had a theory, a CHRONICLE reporter proceeded to investigate it, so that the public apprehension of dire calamity being evolved from the luminous heavens might be set at rest. At 5 o'clock last evening the Professor was found in an upper room of the college building, waiting, with telescope in hand, for the star Venus to emerge just above the crimson-hued atmosphere of the western horizon. Soon the goddess appeared low in the sky, outshining in brilliancy all others of the starry host soon to follow.

"We will observe Venus now through the telescope before she is affected by the line of crimson below," said the Professor. "You will observe that she now presents her usual normal appearance of bluish white, with a mild yellow glow similar to that of the moon."

pose to show you what I believe to be the cause of the rare crimson sunsets we have experienced recently and to do so by observing Venus later, as her light is reflected to us through the intervening atmosphere, which in my opinion contains an unusual quantity of aqueous vapor that acts as prisms. In other words, we will find from her a continuous spectrum. Spectrum in physics does not mean a ghost, as the word might indicate, but the rainbow colors obtained when the light of the sun or any other brilliant object is allowed to pass through glass in a prismatic form, through drops of liquid, or through vapor. Rain drops act as prisms and hence we have the spectrum in the sky in the form of a rainbow. The light from Venus passing through this red atmosphere is refracted and we will see the rainbow colors, red on one side, then the yellow and blue. This to me is satisfactory evidence that the red glow contains aqueous vapors in larger quantities than usual."

After receiving this explanation from the Professor an hour was passed by the reporter in star-gazing. Beauteous Venus was magnified by the telescope many times her apparent size as viewed by the naked eye. Sure enough, the evening queen took upon herself the prismatic colors of the rainbow, just as the Professor had stated; at one time her upper third would be a bright red, her lower third blue, while a band of yellow divided the two; again, in a moment the red and the blue would change places; anon from the star would flash prismatic colors—a triangle of varied hues would seem to hang from her lower disc an instant, to appear the next above her. So, until the twilight had deepened into darkness and the glow in the west had become purple, did the colors come and go, and the tell-tale Venus thus revealed the secret and vexatious problem of how the crimson sunsets are caused.

Death of Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Mary Lincoln, widow of the late President Abraham Lincoln, breathed her last at 8:15 Sunday evening, July 16th, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Hon. Ninian W. Edwards. The public is aware that for some years past she has been an invalid, and her movements from time to time since the tragic death of her husband have been noted. Last March, after a prolonged visit to New York, where she was under medical treatment, she returned to Springfield and made her home with her sister, Mrs. Edwards. Since that time until her death she was under the care of Dr. Dresser, an eminent physician of Springfield. Occasionally she was driven out in a carriage, and, aside from these times, none but her near relatives were permitted to see her. Her death may be considered a sudden one, nothing in her case being looked upon as alarming.

The immediate cause of her death was apoplectic paralysis. The last o'clock, when she looked at Mr. Edwards and said: "I am dying," and from that time until her death she was unconscious.

To those acquainted with her condition her death was not a surprise. In all these years of trouble which it has been Mrs. Lincoln's fortune to live she has been tenderly cared for by Springfield people, and has been the object of their most anxious solicitude. They ever recognized the fact that but few women at her day and generation were ever so shocked and shattered in their lives.

Mrs. Mary Lincoln was born December 15th, 1818, in Lexington, Ky., and died in her 64th year. She was the daughter of Hon. R. R. and Elizabeth P. Todd. She came to Springfield in 1839. She was married to Abraham Lincoln Nov. 2, 1842, and from that time until the assassination she shared the successes and fortunes of her distinguished husband. She came from a distinguished Southern family, and during her young womanhood was a reigning belle. She leaves behind her three sisters, residents of Springfield, Mrs. C. M. Smith, Mrs. N. W. Edwards and Mrs. Dr. Wallace. Her only living child is Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln, Secretary of War, who was not present when she beaut mother died.

THE CLOUD ON THE BROW.

The sky may be clear
And the landscape look bright,
And full of good cheer
In the sun's golden light,
When over the scene comes an ominous cloud
The prospect serene in deep darkness to shroud.

But the clouds that appear
In the world out-of-doors,
Though the storm be severe
And a tempest down pours,
Will do us less harm, every heart will allow,
And cause less alarm than a cloud on the brow.

A cloud on the face
Of a friend that we love
Will hide every trace
Of the sunshine above,
Fill the heart with its gloom, and the atmosphere chill,
Like a shadow of doom, the foreboding of ill.

The infant will smile
In the fond nurse's arms,
Who strives to beguile
Ah, many will roam,
Seeking places more fair,
When the gardens at home
Need their culture and care;
And many bright flowers a brief race have run
Because for long hours kept out of the sun.

Let the sunshine come in!
It will do us all good;
Its way let it win
Where the shadows now brood!
And once in the heart, it will manage somehow
To dispel with weird art every cloud from the brow.

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

THE BLOOD AND ITS VESSELS.

The blood is the principal source of vitality. It is composed of a thin, watery fluid filled with little red and white cells called corpuscles.

These corpuscles range in size from one-twenty-five-hundredth to one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and there are more than fifty billions of them in the human body. The total amount of blood in the whole system is equal to about one-eighth the weight of the body. The red corpuscles are composed largely of oxygen, which is essential to the life of all parts of the body.

The blood is distributed throughout the body by a system of closed tubes. Beginning with one great branch at the heart, this is gradually divided and subdivided into smaller branches, until they terminate in a fine meshwork of tubes called capillaries. These capillaries are so numerous that it is impossible to prick any part of the body with the finest needle without wounding some of them. The blood which is sent from the heart through these tubes (arteries) is ladened with oxygen, and is termed arterial blood.

As soon as it gets into the capillaries their walls are so thin as to allow the constituents of the blood to pass through them and mingle with the surrounding tissues. In so doing certain chemical changes take place in which the oxygen of the blood is consumed and carbonic acid produced.

Blood which has lost its oxygen is no longer fit for the nourishment of the body, and it must be sent back to the heart and lungs, where it gives up part of its carbonic acid, and gets a new supply of oxygen.

To carry the blood back to the heart, another system of tubes (veins) is necessary. These begin with the capillaries and gradually grow larger and larger until they terminate in two large trunks which empty into the heart. The blood thus returned is called venous blood, and differs from arterial blood in its dark red appearance.

The arterial blood is bright red, and inasmuch as it is sent directly from the heart, it gushes out in spurts if any of the arteries are wounded.

garded as more or less serious.

How to prevent excessive bleeding in case of injury is something which every one should know. For a person might bleed to death before medical aid could be procured.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.

This is the most common and the least dangerous of accidents to blood vessels, but some times the bleeding is persistent, and needs to be checked. The best way of doing this is to apply cold water to the neck and face. Hold a sponge saturated with cold water to the nostrils, or if this does not succeed, dissolve a little alum in a basin of water and inject or sniff some of this up the nostrils. Hold the head back and do not attempt to blow the nose.

BLEEDING FROM INJURY TO THE LIMBS OR BODY.

In case of a wound where there is considerable bleeding use cold applications freely. Small pieces of ice wrapped in a handkerchief are excellent. Before and after such applications can be obtained rely upon pressure immediately over the parts wounded.

If in the hand or arm hold it above the head in a vertical position. If in the foot or leg lie upon the back and elevate it above the body. In both cases you will lessen the flow of blood through the wound.

If the bleeding still continues you must try and discover its immediate source and check it.

If the blood is bright red in color, and flows in jets, you may know that an artery has been injured. In this case you must endeavor to stop the flow by exerting pressure upon the artery between the wound and the heart. Nothing is better for this purpose than the pressure which can be applied by bandaging.

If you have an elastic cord, or pair of elastic suspenders, wind these tightly around the limb, one layer above the other, so that the bandage will press the artery firmly. If you have no elastic, use common cloth, but put one layer above the other for several thicknesses, and when you have carefully secured them, pour cold water on the bandage to shrink it. If you can locate the artery, a stone tied in a handkerchief or a hard knot placed over it, and firmly tied, will sometimes relieve the hemorrhage. But unless you know exactly where the wounded artery is, pressure applied in this way will sometimes do more harm than good.

Now a few words as to the location of some of the important arteries likely to be tributary to a wound.

BLEEDING FROM THE HAND OR ARM.

If the finger or thumb is injured, pressure on the sides of each will usually cover the arteries of those parts. side of the wrist, where the pulse is usually felt.

If not, then pressure exerted on the inner side of the upper arm by gripping the muscles so that the fingers will cover the artery, pressure by a tight bandage, or by a block of wood or a stick placed under the arm will tend to stop the flow of blood to all parts below the elbow.

BLEEDING FROM THE FOOT OR LEG.

Dangerous hemorrhage from injuries to the foot or leg may be checked by pressure over the large artery on the inner side of the thigh.

This may be applied by the fingers or thumbs, but as their strength would soon be exhausted, it is better to rely upon the bandage. To get this tight enough put a stick or cane under the bandage, and twist it around until the bleeding stops.

BLEEDING FROM THE HEAD OR FACE.

Bleeding from a wound in the head or face may be arrested by pressure applied over the artery at the front side and base of the neck just above the collar-bone.

If the injured person faint either from the loss of blood, or from sight of it, or from emotional disturbance caused by witnessing the excitement of others, put him in a reclining position, with the head low and the extremities slightly elevated. As a general rule, do not administer spirits of ammonia, brandy or other stimulants, as they excite the action of the heart and may increase the hemorrhage.

Do not attempt to dress the wound with old rags, flour, whiting, clay, etc., as these substances interfere with the natural, healing process.

Continued pressure is the best means of stopping the bleeding; the dressing had better be left for the doctor to attend to. A clean pocket-handkerchief, or a piece of linen or cotton moistened with cold water, may be placed over the injury to protect it from the air, and a pad of the same material may be used with advantage under the bandage to keep the edges of the wound together and help arrest the flow of blood.

It must be remembered that a very little blood mingled with water will cause considerable coloration, and lead one to think that more blood is being lost than really is. You must not allow yourself to be deceived by false appearances, and thus lose your self-possession. You must show no sign of excitement, but work quickly, and with a clear knowledge of what you want to do.—*Dr. D. A. Sargent, in Wide Awake.*

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

Oh, my love! I love her so!
My wife with hair as white as snow:
I think it is a crown as fair
Oh. my love! she is so sweet!
From head to foot so trim and neat!
In modest gravity still dress'd;
White kerchief folded o'er her breast;
White cap upon her snowy head;
A ready hand; a gentle tread;
A mind serene; to anger slow;
A voice both musical and low.

Oh, my love! I love her so!
For she is ever true, I know,
And I might fail, or I might err,
But I would be the world to her;
In joy and sorrow, smiles and tears,
She's stood by me for fifty years;
The help, the comforter, the friend
On whom I always could depend.

In fifty years how love will grow!
Time sets her in such tender glow,
I love her better now, I know,
Than in the days so long ago;
Now, when our lives are sinking low,
And both our heads are white as snow,
I only ask with her to go,
Oh, my love! I love her so!

—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.*

SHORT LONG-HAND.

How to Save Half the Labor of Writing—Simple and Legible Method of Abbreviations—Seven Easily-Understood Rules—Specimens of the Results of the New Method.

By the application of seven simple rules a large part of the labor, time and vexation of the pen-user is saved, also the reader's time, for when words r (are) abreviated the eye can take in more at a glance. Letters standing alone, as u for you, r more legible than words. We easily read the a & I of the worst scribe, because the form of the letter is not changed by joining with others. This is why ordinary print is so much plainer than even engraved script.

The average penman writing seven hours a day writes "the" 700 times & several other words nearly as frequently. Some of these words occur 1,000 times as often as words to which abreviations have long beeu given. The frequent recurrence of 20 words makes up ¼ of English. These words represented by single letters would b (be) as plain as a & I & would effect enormous economy of time & save many millions of dollars annually in printing. They occur so frequently that reading a few pages of a book thus printed fixes them in the memory. We write I instead of ei or eye; why not u, you; r, are; &, and; b, be, etc.? Script circulates most among the intelligent classes, yet 99 persons write "you" 90,000 times a year for fear 1 dull person will not understand u. Better for the 1 dull person to ask some 1 to help him read. Even the majority of editors still write y-o-u & a-n-d altho the printers would understand u and &.

These word-signs (u, r, & etc.) we call arbitraries, but most of the brevity of fo (fonoscribing) results from the rules for omitting the letter e wherever it has its short sound (as in get); & from the omission of silent and useless letters as ot, ought, tho, though. These two rules alone cut down about ⅔ of the words in the language. E is not omitted where it begins a word unless followed by x.

Rule 1. Omit short e except where it begins a word or accented sylable: tl, tell; ltr, letter; evr, ever. But e is always omitted before x; xtra, extra. The rules r not applied to words v infrequent occurrence. rule to all words which it covers. In practicing on fo with printed matter (as already recommended), u should read 1 rule carefully; go over the printed matter applying it; then another rule & so on.

Rule 2. Omit useless letters: tho, though; ot, ought; laf, laugh; hi, high; vu, view; thru, through; wa, weigh.

Illustrations v useless letters. *H* is everywhere omitted after *x*, Xaust, exhaust. *H* is omitted after c where c has the sound v k, caracter, character. *U* is everywhere omitted after q. Ql, queli; qil, quill. *K* is everywhere omitted after c. Loc, lock; stic, stick. *B* is silent in many words. Dout, Doubt; dt, debt.

O is generally silent in *final unaccented* syllables when preceded by a consonant. Buttn, button; ben, beckon. There is no more sound of o in prison than in prism. (See Webster or Wood.)

This leads us to omit as useless any vowel before *m, n, r, l,* or *sh* in any *unaccented* sylable, unless the vowel begins the word.

To remember m, n, r, l, think v the word minrl (mineral). Examples: Colm, column; ben, beckon; rumr, rumor; morl, moral.

Only 1 syllable in a word is considered as accented; a secondary accent is disregarded.

Words v 1 syllable r accented syllables. Words r governed by their primitives; we omit a in moral, hence it is also omitted in morlity (morality), altho it is in an accented syllable in morality. Many fonoscribes do not omit anything but short e.

It is not considered advisable at present to change who, whose, whom, hour, & a few other words carrying dead letters. Ai, ei, oo, (as in vain, veil, moon, soon) r left undisturbed.

A good many who write our system do not follow rules 3, 4, & 5, but u r earnestly recommended to do so. They make writing more legible, as well as briefer.

Rule 3. Change ph to f wherever those letters have the sound v F, fotograf, photograph.

Rule 4. Change G to J wherever it has the sound v J, hj, hedge; rij, ridge; juj, judge. D is silent before g, but can not b omitted unless g is changed to j.

Rule 5. The plural v words ending in y is formed by adding s, pony, ponys. Y is also retained in the comparative & superlative degree v adjectives, as holy, holyr, holyst, & in the past tense v verbs; huryd, hurried.

There r two reasons for this rule. 1st, The impulse is to add s to y as the plural is generallp so formed. 2d, y suggests the short sound v i, because it rarely, at the end v a syllable, has any other sound. But i is as likely to b long as short. Hence if we, instead v ponys, holyst, etc., shd write ponis, holist, it would not be so suggestive.

Rule 6. Any vowel before nd, ng, nk, or nt is omitted unless it begins a word or is preceded by another vowel; hnd, hand; sng, sing; bnk, bank; wnt, want.

Rule 7. Omit all vowels from any unaccented syllable or any word v 1 syllable, which, in the singular has 4 or more consonants, thnk. think.

This in some cases produces an outline which represents 2 words, but the connection shows which word is intended. The word box has in English 8 different meanings & many words have several meanings.

The following is the list v arbitraries which experiment has shown can b read without previous explanation:

&, and; abt, about; b, be; bt, but; bn, been; cn, can; e, the; f, if; 4, for; frm, from; gd, good; gv, give; hd, had; him, him; hv, have; hs, has, his; n, in; nt, not; r, are, or; t

was; wht, what; wh, which; whr, where; wth, with; y, why; yr, year; cd, could; shd, should; wd, would; z, as, is. Notice the single-letter abbreviations: &, and; b, be; e, the; f, if; 4, for; n, in; r, are, or; t, it; 2, to, too; u, you; l, will; y, why; z, as, is.

V these, *n, in: t, it: l, will: z, as, is:* r the least suggestive, but when any v them is pronounced with the preceding word, the word it "stands" for is indicated. Thus, *he'l* (he will); *she'l* (she will); *they'l* (they will); *go'n* the house (go in the house); *he'z* going (he is going); *do't* now (do it now). In reading fo u should not pronounce the word u think any v these letters may "stand" for, but merely *utter the ordinary sound v that letter.* For instance u do not say z, but give utterance to the *buzzing sound* v z. This *sound* indicates *as* or *is* equally well, but the *name* v Z would not. But with u and *r* one must utter the *name* v the letter. In reading fo l never reads "will u go or not?" but "will u go *r* not?"

A period after an abbreviation is useless, because those who know the abbreviation will know it without a period. It is not only useless but misleading, especially in matter printed entirely in capitals. Many paragraphs need to b printed in capitals, & thousands v the writing machines now rapidly coming into use can not print anything else. It is often impossible to tell whether or not the period after the breviation is intended to end the sentence.

A punctuation point is useless after a skip or drop, as the skip indicates a pause. Thus we write

J G BLAINE ESQ
Dcr Sr
Ur estemd favr rceivd
Urs truly
JNO A LOGAN.

SAMPLE OF SHORT-LONG HAND.

Some persns after redng a litl v fo sa, "T wd tak me som tim 2 gt fmilr wth al e wrds." Most v e wrds wh mak up ordnry spch occr so ofn tht a fu hours redng maks thm fmilr. A list v 800 wrds wh u cn red n 4 mints maks up 4-5 ordnry Englsh. F u shd rit al othr wrds n ful u wd stil efct grat savng.

V (of) shd b mad smal & lik a prnt v (an invrtd caret.) Ths z plainst & "qicst." U shd drop al "curlicus." dmnsh sped & impair ljibility Ritng wh z nerst "strt up & down" (vrticl) z plainst.

Evry divinity, law & mdicl scool shd tech som systm v bref lng-hnd. Lt ech pupl rit a sntnc n e blacbord; & othrs 2 criticis.

Business colleges instd v giving pupls a parshl cours n fonografy, aftr wh n most coljs, nt 1 n 50 cn rt t at e sped v ful lng-hnd, shd tech e authrs r rportrs styl v fo r som othr systm v bref lng-hnd. A LITL FONOGRAFY Z A USLSTHNG, bt a sngl rul r abreviashn basd on e ordnry alfabt speds e pnmn. He wd hv 2 liv anothr lif 2 becom z familr wth anothr alfabt z he z wth tht he hs usd frm infncy. F techrs v fonografy tl u tht bref lng-hnd z ut, whn aplid 2 e ritng machen, swft enuf 4 rportng, r f tha tl u tht e Michela machen r Stnograf r noisy, we en rfut thm by e Amrien Consl-Jnrl Rome, Italy, whr e Michela hs alrdy displed pn shrt-hnd n e Italn Parlamnt, & courts r, by P. Deming Esq Albany, N. Y. r Prof Bartholemew, Belleville, Ill, & mny othrs.

40 yrs v failr hv provd al knds v shrt-hnd basd on a stnografic alfabt, usls 2 any xcpt thos who mak thr us a profshn, & gv t al thr tim, & 2 a fu othrs wth enuf ljibility 2 b abl 2 red t wthout losng mor tim thn ws svd n ritng t. E fonografic alfabt z, sductiv, bt look farthr & u l fnd e alfabt ztndd & e sam caractr mad a litl litr, a litl hyvr, a litl lngr, & a litl shrtr usd 4 mny difr nt ltrs. E pnmn hs no ee-way & e slitst dviashn clashs wh othr ltrs. T z prpostrus 2 clm fonografy ethr ljibl r esy v aquirmnt. T z nt ncsry 2 mploy a spshl techr n a scool r colj 2 tech bref lng-hnd, z any v e tchrs cn soon lrn it.

E SRMN ON E MOUNT.

& seing e multituds he wnt up into a hi mountn; & whn he ws st, hs dcipls cam unto hm; & he opnd his mouth & taut thm, saing blsd r e poor n spirit; 4 thrs z e kngdm v hvn. Blsd r tha tht mourn; 4 tha shal b comfrtd. Blsd re mek; 4 tha shal inhrit e erth; Blsd r tha wh do hungr & thrst aftr riteousns; 4 tha shal b fild; blsd r e mrcifl; 4 tha shal obtain mrcy. Blsd r e pur in hart; 4 tha shal se God. Blsd r e pecmakrs; 4 tha shal b cald e chldrn v God. Blsd r tha wh r prscutd 4 riteousns sak; 4 thrs z e kngdm v hvn; Blsd r ye whn mn shal rvil u & prscut u & sa al manr evl agnst u falsly, 4 my sak.

TO USRS V RITING MACHENS: U r gvng ur crspondnts ltrs n *plain prnt*, wh tha en red n e tim v ordnry scrpt. Mny v thm gv u *rchd scrawls.* Hv u nt a *ril* 2 lev out suprflus ltrs? U cd evn us e rportng styl v fo & gv ur crspondnts mor ljibl shets thn tha gv u. Cn e mn who thmslvs virtully lev out mny ltrs (*ritng haf a wrd & runng e rst into a tail*) dmur at *ur* abreviashns? Tha omit *imprint* ltrs & witout any rul 4 tracng thm. U only omit *usls* ltrs. E majority v profshnl mn alrdy abreviat xtnsivly. Fo merly asks thm 2 *abreviat by rul.*

Fo z nt al orijnl wth me. Som v e abreviasens, z, e 4 the, hv bn n us frm tim imemorial. E most importnt orijnl fechr n t z rul 1, T alon cuts down e lnguaj 5 times z mch z e 2,000 abreviashns n us & levs evry wrd redanl.—*Prof. Gamble, of Philadelphia.*

CRYPTOGRAPHY.

Since early times men have devised various ways of sending important intelligence in a manner so effectually disguised that only those for whom the news was intended should be able to understand the meaning of what was written.

Until comparatively recent years diplomats, statesmen and military or naval commanders were the principal persons compelled by circumstances to keep their affairs or their intended movements shrouded in secrecy. So were often at the mercy of one inclined to be dishonest.

Before the spread of education, and at a time when few possessed a knowledge of any other language than their own, to indite a letter or a dispatch in a foreign tongue was usually ample protection against a surreptitious prying into its contents. But it is now many years since this safeguard was broken down, and it became necessary for all who did not want their correspondence known to interested parties to contrive some means of communicating with the pen that would defy scrutiny. Hence there came into extensive use the art of writing in cipher, called cryptography, from two Greek words meaning "secret" and "to write."

Under this term are included all private alphabets or system of characters for the safe transmission of secrets. As fast as one devjee was discovered, human ingenuity contrived another still more intricate.

A cipher sufficiently perplexing for all ordinary purposes is found by using the alphabet of any language in an inverted order, taking Z for A, Y for B, X for C, and so on; examples of this may often be seen in the advertising columns of our great dailies.

When it is only desired to write a cryptogram, and not print it, such other characters may be used as are mutually agreed upon by correspondents, or the alphabet may be transposed in other ways. A figured cipher is one in which the letters of the alphabet are numbered, and these numbers compose the cryptogram. To insure secrecy it is, of course, necessary that the particular series of numbers chosen shall be known only to those who use the cipher.

Another plan consisted in choosing a certain book—a dictionary appears to have been the favorite—and by a simple citation of the number of the page, of the column and of the line, sentences were constructed, the key to which was extremely difficult of discovery by one not in the secret. But as the number of different dictionaries was necessarily limited, the mystery could usually be solved by any one willing to devote time and patience to hunting up the particular one adopted. Various other books have been similarly used, such as spelling-books, and even the Bible. But these systems were cumbersome, and were all more or less open to detection.

Still, with devices such as these, more or less ingenious, the world was fain to be content until about forty years ago, when a scientific discovery was made that indirectly converted cryptography into a recognized calling, requiring thought, labor and inventive ability.

The opening years of the second half of our century found the world in earth has been girdled with wires, and there is now scarcely any place of note unconnected by electricity with the remotest seat of civilization. Myriads of messages were soon sent flying over the earth or flashing under the sea; the money-kings and the monarchs of trade were quick to avail themselves of the new and speedier mode of controlling the world's markets, and soon became its best patrons; statesmen and diplomats sat in their respective cabinets and received intelligence in one short hour that must formerly have taken weeks to reach them.

Immediately a new want made itself felt. Secrecy had been sacrificed at the shrine of speed. If the mail was slow it afforded privacy, but the contents of a telegraphic message are of necessity known to others besides the sender and the receiver. So the minister, the banker and the merchant soon began to send cipher dispatches. It was quickly discovered, however, that existing methods of cipher-writing were unadapted to telegraphy; the costliness of the new invention necessitated brevity; and thus it was not long before there went whirling over the wire messages of ten words that, properly deciphered, included from thirty to fifty.

A great proportion of commercial messages—orders to buy and sell and the like—are similar in their terms, and hence it is that a single word representing three or four words in frequent use is the plan on which our present cable cryptography is based, whereby there is annually a large saving in expense.

Then, too, as trade increased and competition became fierce, every firm wanted its own cipher system, distinct from any used by other houses in the same business; and reflection will enable us to appreciate the vast number of separate ciphers in use in a great commercial center like New York City.

Therefore, in course of time, the preparation of cipher systems for merchants and others using the telegraph largely has come to be a regular calling, and in every large city the sign "Cable Codes" is to be seen. At one of these offices we may be accommodated with a code of from fifty to five thousand words, at a cost of hundreds of cents or of hundreds of dollars.

Most of these codes are alphabetically arranged in parallel columns, like shipping signals—the English words and phrases in one column, and their cipher equivalents in another. To such magnitude has this business grown that all languages are ransacked for suitable cryptographic codes, and every day sees their preparation growing more complicated and costly.

The modern telegraphic signals and our various systems of short-hand may be called examples of cipher-writing, though in these cases, of course, speed

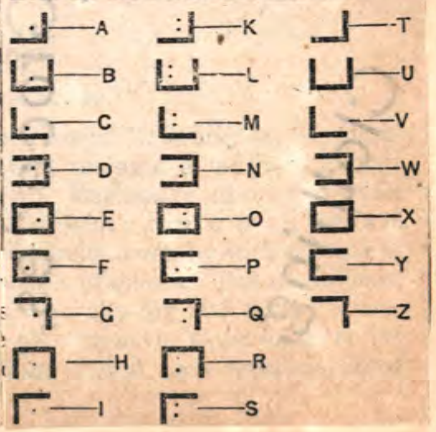
z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a
c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b
d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c
e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d
f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e
g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f
h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g
i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h
j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j
l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k
m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l
n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m
o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n
p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o
q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p
r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s
u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t
v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u
w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v
x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w
y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x

and brevity are aimed at, not secrecy. Not seldom very puzzling cryptograms appear on inscriptions. The reader will doubtless recall the amusing instance narrated in "The Pickwick Papers." There exists at the present time, on a tombstone in Trinity Church-yard, New York, a cryptogram that has often bothered many visitors to that historic spot. Recently, however, there appeared in a metropolitan newspaper a solution so interesting as to be worthy of preservation, more especially as this cryptogram is a capital example of a "private alphabet." The inscription in question is on the head-stone at the grave of James Leeson, in the up-town corner near Broadway. It is quite well preserved, and runs thus:

As a correspondent of the journal referred to says, it is apparent that the characters in this device are a combination of straight lines and dots. These may be obtained from the following "quadruple crosses:"

A	B	C	K	L	M	T	U	V
D	E	F	N	O	P	W	X	Y
G	H	I	Q	R	S	Z		

But as there are three crosses, so there are three sets of signs of similar appearance. These are distinguished one from another by dots, as in the annexed key—one dot for the signs derived from the first cross, two dots for the signs in the second cross, while those from the third cross are unmarked:



former was added to our alphabet. By aid of these clews we are enabled to see that the Trinity cryptogram stands for "Remember Death."

Printers tell us that in the English language the letter *e* is most used, while *x* and *z* are wanted the least often. After *e* come *t*, *n*, *s*, *a*, *o*, *i*, *h*, *l*, *c*, *r*, *u*, *d*, *m*, *f*, *p*, *w*, *y*, *g*, *b*, *v*, *k*, *q* and *j*, in order of frequency. If we tabulate this statement we get something near the following ratios:

e = 1000	i = 474	u = 185	w = 130	k = 21			
t = 665	h = 355	d = 185	y = 100	q = 8			
n = 505	l = 270	m = 140	g = 85	j = 7			
s = 495	c = 260	f = 130	b = 60	z = 6			
a = 490	r = 260	p = 130	v = 60	x = 5			
o = 480							

Keeping the above in mind, and remembering that *the* is a frequently recurring word in English composition, will materially aid one who essays to unlock some seemingly intricate cryptogram. In those cipher systems in common use the character appearing oftenest, whatever it may be, will probably stand for the letter *e*; if this can be determined, an important step is gained. The same remark applies to the word *the*.

There is, however, a cipher that absolutely defies detection, and of it we will now speak.

In war times such a cryptogram is of great value, and perhaps it was to meet this want that the French devised their "undecipherable cipher."

Its plan is somewhat involved, but its secrecy can not be violated save by those having the key-word. Both the writer and the person to whom the message is sent must possess a diagram like the accompanying alphabetical diagram; they must be agreed as to a key-word, and upon the success with which the latter is concealed depends whether the cipher remains undecipherable.

Now, let us suppose the key-word chosen be "notwithstanding," and that the message it is desired to send be, "The battle is lost." The two are written, one beneath the other, as follows:

n o t w i t h s t a n d i n g
t h e b a t t l e i s l o s t

The first letter in the top line is *n*, and the one under it is *t*. Finding *n* in the top horizontal line of the diagram, we also look for *t* in the left-hand perpendicular column, and, following the perpendicular column from *n* downward to where the horizontal line from *t* intersects it, we find *h* at that angle. Proceeding in this manner with the rest of the sentence, we obtain this cryptogram:

HWY YJNBEY JG PXGA

That all ordinary means of cipher-reading would fail to solve this may be inferred from the fact that the letter *t*, which occurs four times in the message, is represented in the cipher first by *h*, secondly by *n*, thirdly by *b*, and fourthly by *a*. The "undecipherable fraction of it may be used. To unlock the cryptogram the key-word is applied and the process reversed.

Recently a Danish civil engineer invented a machine for cipher-writing, which he calls "The Cryptograph." This apparatus is constructed on the general plan of the type-writer, has forty-one signs worked by the same number of tangents or keys. It can be so arranged that two persons, having agreed upon a key-word, may communicate with each other in a sign language unintelligible to others not acquainted with the particular key-word. All that is necessary is for each correspondent to possess one of the machines set in the same manner. The combinations possible are said to be practically endless.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Wipe My Tears!

She was nothing but a baby, a little quaint old-fashioned thing, with tumbled locks of sunny hair and deep soulful blue eyes that were always full of clouds or sunshine, one following the other in rapid succession. Only a baby, toddling about after her weary mother, falling down and hurting herself a dozen times a day, and going just as often to hold up a sweet flower-fair face all wet and dewy, with the lisped request: "Please, mamma, wipe my tears!" or to other members of the family in a more dictatorial and peremptory voice: "Wipe my tears!" Either she could not or would not make any attempt at brushing away the tears of sorrow herself, and sometimes we laughed to see the shut eyes and tightly drawn features, bathed in a liquid shower; sometimes there was a pitiful accent in that little household wail that made our hearts ache, but oftener we talked nonsense as we wiped away the pretty drops from the long curled lashes, the dainty cheeks, the small, quivering chin, and we drew gay pictures of the baby going about with tear-bottles hung around her neck, and crooned her to sleep with an idle repetition of Tennyson:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

And we wondered among ourselves what she would do as she grew older and learned to know real sorrow, and if there would always be some dear one near to wipe away the ready tears as there was now.

And God Himself shall wipe away all tears!

We had never thought of Him, and she was still only a baby, a sweet, winsome little thing that we thought we had safe in our hearts under lock and key, with love for the keeper, when all at once her tears were dried and ours began to flow, for we all stood beside her, and she knew us not, was insensible to her mother's voice, to tears and prayers. There was a short, sharp

struggle with the destroyer, hours of insensibility even to pain, and then for a moment the baby woke and knew us, and as she felt the last pangs of dissolution, her dear little face knotted and seamed with the deadly pain, she put one tiny, trembling hand up to her mother and said in a whisper, the old, quaint words: "W-i-p-e m-y t-e-a-r-s." Then a sweet, glad smile followed, and she was gone where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Baby's Prayer.

She knelt with her sweet hands folded;
Her fair little head bowed low:
While dead vines tapped at the window
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the leaden silence,
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
And help me be good;" she said,
Then stirred by a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shiny head.
Did she catch on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold, white winter,
Oh, help them to grow in spring;
And the flowers that I loved to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May;
The dear little violets, sleeping
Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah! earth may be chill with snowflakes,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence,
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing;
For when earth is wrapped in winter,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

—Alice M. Eddy, in Advance.

My Little Boy that Died.

Look at his pretty face for just one minute,
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes,
His firm shut hand, the favorite plaything in it,
Then tell me mothers, was it not hard to lose
And miss him from my side,
My little boy that died?

How many another boy as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight;
Mine was so short a pride,
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger,
I hear him pattering through the house all day,
I watch his great blue eyes grow large, larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside,
So dark now since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are;
When good-night kisses I all around am giving
I keep one for him, though he is so far;
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies,
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round),
Continually God's hand the curtain raises
And I can hear the merry voices sound,
And I feel him at my side,
My little boy that died.

—Miss Mulock.

--R. H. Rigg and family have removed from Rigg street to the Light House, where they will make their home in future.

DONZEL—In Alameda, April 19, at her late residence, Helen Mary Donzel, only and beloved daughter of Alice A. Donzel and the late A. J. Donzel, aged 24 years.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral this day (Saturday) at 2 o'clock P. M., from Christ Church, corner Oak street and Santa Clara avenue (Park-street station), Alameda, Cal. Interment at Santa Cruz.

DIED.

At the U. S. Light House in Santa Cruz, California, March 18, 1885, of consumption, Robert H. Rigg, aged 50 years.

Deceased was a brother-in-law of Mrs. O. K. Stampley of this place. It is just two years since Mrs. Stampley's father died at the same place.

—Married, September 21st, by Elder J. B. Royal, at his residence here, Mr. Stephen Reed and Miss Clara, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Mercer, all of Astoria. 1884

PROFESSOR DANA ON CREATION.

Moses' Book of Genesis Consistent With Geology—The Mosaic Record Upheld.

(New Haven Evening Register.)

Professor Dana discussed the book of Genesis and geology yesterday afternoon in President Porter's lecture room, and had many hearers. The Professor said the earth had been gradually made, and in all the different periods of the world's growth there has been a gradual progress in the forms of life.

In the Archæan age there was probably no life; this was followed by an age in which there were the lowest forms of it, as sponges and worms. Then came in regular order fishes, reptiles, small quadrupeds, birds, large quadrupeds, and, last of all, man. As to these facts there are no geological doubts. When the fiat went forth the result was not immediately accomplished. The days were longer than twenty-four hours. The periods of the earth's rotation had not then been discovered. There are two great periods, the inorganic and the organic, the account of each of which is begun with the creation of light. Science shows that light is molecular motion, and if this molecular energy ever began it was then.

The first creation was the universe, the next the separating of the different parts of the system. Then the land rose above the water, and on it a primitive vegetation grew, which received its light from the earth's aurora. Then comes the second, the organic era—the creation of the sun, moon and stars was simply breaking away the clouds which encircled the earth. In the inorganic era the principle of life in the lowest kind of plants was begun, and in the organic era this life gradually advanced till man is created. The account of Genesis and geology accord in a wonderful way.

Moses probably did not fully understand what he wrote, and we can not but believe that he must have been inspired when he wrote that which the greatest advance in science has but just enabled man to understand.

1	Tu	♁ stat. Circumcision. *Ceres* disco.'01.
2	We	☉ in perigee. Gen. Wolfe b. 1727.
3	Th	☿ gr. heliocentric lat. S. *Cold.*
4	Fri	☽ ☿ gr. elong. E. 19° 16′.
5	Sat	☽ **5.** Dr. Benj. Rush b 1745.

1) Sunday. Epiphany. Venus in Capr

6	*Su*	☾♉. Epiphany. *Clear.*
7	Mo	♁♆☾. Allan Ramsay d. 1757.
8	Tu	☿☊. Bat. of New Orleans, 1815.
9	We	♁♄☾; ☾ in perigee. *Snows*
10	Th	Mary Russell Mitford d. 1855.
11	Fri	☽ ☿ stat. Alex. Hamilton b. 1757.
12	Sat	**12.** Lavater d. 1801. *in the*

2) 1st Sunday after Epiphany. Mars i

13	*Su*	♁♃☾; ☿ in perihelion. *North.*
14	Mo	♁♂☾. Bp. Berkeley d. 1753.
15	Tu	Edward Everett d. 1865. 184
16	We	Spenser d. 1599. Gibbon d. 1794.
17	Th	♁♁☾. Franklin b. 1706. *Bluster-*
18	Fri	☽ Daniel Webster b. 1782. *ing.*
19	Sat	**19.** ☿♃☉. Jas. Watt b. 1736.

3) 2d Sunday after Epiphany. Jupiter in

20	*Su*	♁☿☉ inf.; ☾☊. Garrick d. 1779.
21	Mo	☾ in apogee. Hallam d. 1859.
22	Tu	Bacon b. 1561. Byron b. 1788. Jan
23	We	☿ gr. heliocentric lat. N. *Chinook.*
24	Th	Frederick the Great b. 1712.
25	Fri	Conver'n of St. Paul. Burns b. 1759.
26	Sat	♁☿☾. Dr. E. Jenner d. 1823.

4) 3d Sunday after Epiphany. Saturn in T

27	*Su*	☽ **27.** Audubon d. 1851.
28	Mo	♆ stat. W. H. Prescott d. 1859.
29	Tu	Surrender of Paris, 1871.
30	We	♁♀☾. Chas. I. beh. 1649.
31	Th	Ben Jonson b. 1574. *Moderate.*

1	Fri	☿ stat.; ☿♂☉. Adm. Maury d. 1873.
2	Sat	☾♉. Purification — Candlemas.

5) 4th Sunday after Epiphany. Venus in A

3	*Su*	☽ **3.** ♄ stat. 5th, Carlyle d. 1881.
4	Mo	♁♆☾; ☾ in perigee. *Rough*
5	Tu	♁♄☾. Galvani d. 1799.
6	We	Dr. Jos. Priestley d. 1804.
7	Th	□♆☉. Pope Pius IX. d. 1878.
8	Fri	Gen. W. T. Sherman b. 1820. *weather.*
9	Sat	♁♃☾. Mariners' Compass inv. 1302.

6) Septuagesima Sunday. Mars in

10	*Su*	☽ **10.** ♁♂☾. Q. Victoria m.'40.
11	Mo	Alex. H. Stephens b. 1811.
12	Tu	Abraham Lincoln b. 1809. *Look for*
13	We	♁♁☾; ☿ gr. el. W. 26° 12′. *chinook.*
14	Th	St. Valentine's Day. Oregon ad.'59.
15	Fri	Cardinal Wiseman d. 1865.
16	Sat	☿♉; ♂ gr. hel. lat. N.; ☾☊. 184

7) Sexagesima Sunday. Jupiter in

17	*Su*	☽ Michael Angelo d. 1563. *Mild.*
18	Mo	**18.** ☾ in apog. Luther d. 1546.
19	Tu	Copernicus b. 1473.
20	We	Leo XIII. elected pope, 1878. Feb
21	Th	Rev. Robert Hall d. 1831.
22	Fri	□♄☉. WASHINGTON b. 1732.
23	Sat	John Quincy Adams d. 1848.

8) Quinquagesima — Shrove Sund. Saturn i

24	*Su*	♁☿☾. St. Matthias. *Cold*
25	Mo	☽ Bat. of Trenton, 1776. *and*
26	Tu	**26.** ☿ in aph. Moore d. 1852.
27	We	Ash Wednesday. Longfellow b. 1807.
28	Th	Lamartine b. 1789. *capricious.*
29	Fri	♁♀☾; ♀☊. Rossini d. 1792.

1	Sat	☾ in perigee; ☾♉. St. David.

9) 1st Sunday in Lent. 184 Venus in

2	*Su*	♁♆☾. Pope Leo XIII. b. 1810.
3	Mo	♁♄☾. Copley Fielding d.'55. *Snow*
4	Tu	☽ **4.** Saladin d. 1193.
5	We	☽ Correggio d. 1534. *or rain.*
6	Th	Dr. Samuel Parr d. 1825.
7	Fri	♁♃☾; ♁♂☾. Bp. Wilson d. 1755.
8	Sat	Bernadotte, K. of Sweden, d. 1844.

10) 2d Sunday in Lent. March Mars in

9	*Su*	Mrs. Barbauld d. 1825.
10	Mo	Cz. Alex. III. b.'45. Benj. West d.'20.
11	Tu	☽ **11.** ♁♁☾. Purim. *Chinook.*
12	We	☽ ♂ stat. Decatur killed, 1820.
13	Th	♁ discov. 1781. Alex. II. assass. 1881.
14	Fri	☾☊. Bat. of Newbern, 1862.
15	Sat	Bat. of Guilf'd, 1781. Jackson b. 1767.

11) 3d Sunday in Lent. Jupiter in Ge

16	*Su*	☿♁☉; ☾ in apogee. Jullien d. 1860.
17	Mo	☿ gr. hel. lat. S. St. Patrick. *Cold.*
18	Tu	Princess Louise of Lorne b. 1848.
19	We	☽ **19.** ♃ stat. Rheims capt.'14.
20	Th	☉ enters ♈. Spring begins.
21	Fri	Cranmer burned, 1556. Southey d.'43.
22	Sat	♂ in aph. Emp. Wm. b. 1797.

12) 4th Sunday in Lent. Saturn in

23	*Su*	Laplace b. 1749. Von Weber d. 1829.
24	Mo	Longfellow d. 1882. *Stormy.*
25	Tu	Annunciation. [1727.
26	We	☽ **26.** ♁☿☾. 20th, Newton d.
27	Th	♁♆♀. Vera Cruz taken, 1847.
28	Fri	☾ in perigee; ☾♉. Raphael d. 1520.
29	Sat	♁♆☾; ♁♀☾. Swedenborg d. 1772.

13) 5th Sunday in Lent. Uranus i

30	*Su*	♁☿☉ sup.; ♁♄☾. *Vesta* discov.'07.
31	Mo	Charlotte Bronte d. 1855. *Clears.*

1	Tu	All Fools Day. Bp. Heber d.'26.
2	We	☽ **2.** ♀ in perih. Jefferson b. 1743.
3	Th	♁♃☾. Irving b. 1783. *Pleas-*
4	Fri	♁♂☾. Pres. Harrison d. 1841. *ant.*
5	Sat	☿☊. 2d, Prof. S. F. B. Morse d.'72.

14) Palm Sunday. April Venus in

6	*Su*	Dürer d. 1528. Bat. Shiloh, 1862.
7	Mo	4th, Goldsmith d. 1774. *Variable.*
8	Tu	♁♁☾. Patti b. 1843.
9	We	Gen. Lee's surrender to Grant, 1865.
10	Th	☽ **10.** ☿ in perih.; ☾☊. Pessach.
11	Fri	Good Friday. Sumter bomb.'61
12	Sat	♁♄♀. Henry Clay b. 1777. *Cold*

15) Easter Sunday. 184 Mars in

13	*Su*	☾ in apog. Edict of Nantes, 1598.
14	Mo	□♃☉. Pres. Lincoln assass. 1865.
15	Tu	De Tocqueville d. 1859.
16	We	Buffon d. 1788. 13th, Handel d. 1759.
17	Th	Benj. Franklin d. 1790. *rains.*
18	Fri	☽ **18.** Liebig d. 1873. [1824.
19	Sat	Bat. Lexington, 1775. Byron d.

16) Low Sunday. Jupiter in

20	*Su*	☿ gr. hel. lat. N. Chas. Darwin d.'82.
21	Mo	♁♆☿. Bat. San Jacinto, 1836.
22	Tu	Madame de Staël b. 1766. *Mild*
23	We	St. George. Shakspeare d. 1616.
24	Th	♀ gr. hel. lat. N.; ☾♉. *and*
25	Fri	☽ **25.** ☿ gr. el. E. 20° 32′. St. Mark.
26	Sat	♁♆☾; ♁☿☾; ☾ in perigee.

17) 2d Sunday after Easter. Saturn in

27	*Su*	♁♄☾. Pres. Grant b. 1822. *spring-*
28	Mo	♁♀☾. 23d, Wordsworth d. 1850.
29	Tu	Peace between Eng. and Russia, 1856.
30	We	♁♃☾. Washington inaug. 1789. *like.*

1	Th	1. ☌☍☾. St. Philip and St.
2	Fri	☿ gr. el. E. 45° 33′. [James.
3	Sat	Thomas Hood d. 1845. *The*

18) 3d Sunday after Easter. Venus in

4	*Su*	Bat. of Tewkesbury, 1471. *Trades*
5	Mo	☌♁☾; □☍☉. Napoleon I. d. 1821.
6	Tu	☿ stat. Lord Cavendish assass. 1882.
7	We	Ch. Justice Chase d. 1873. *now*
8	Th	☾☊. Bat. Palo Alto, 1846.
9	Fri	9. Stonewall Jackson d. 1863.
10	Sat	☌Ψ☉; ☾ in apog. *in order.*

19) 4th Sunday after Easter. Mars

11	*Su*	Sir J. F. W. Herschel d. 1871.
12	Mo	Bat. Spotsylvania, 1864.
13	Tu	John of Barneveldt beh. 1619.
14	We	☿☋. Fahrenheit b. 1686. *Warm.*
15	Th	Edm. Kean d. 1833. O'Connell d.'47.
16	Fri	Mrs. Hemans d. 1835.
17	Sat	17. ☌☿☉ inf. John Jay d.'29.

20) Rogation Sunday. Jupiter in

18	*Su*	Napoleon made Emp. 1804.
19	Mo	Hawthorne d. 1864. *Cloudy.*
20	Tu	Columbus d. 1506. Lafayette d. 1834.
21	We	☾☋. Maria Edgeworth d. 1849.
22	Th	Ascension Day. Pope b. 1688. [b.'19.
23	Fri	☌Ψ☾; ☌☿☾. 24, Q. VICTORIA
24	Sat	24. ☿ in aph.; ☾ in perig. *Dry*

21) Sunday after Ascension. Saturn in

25	*Su*	☌♄☾. Paley d. 1805.
26	Mo	Francis Joseph Haydn d. 1809. *and*
27	Tu	☌♀☾. Dante b. 1265. Noah Webster
28	We	☌♃☾. 27th, Calvin d. 1564. [d.'43.
29	Th	Patrick Henry b. 1736. *fine.*
30	Fri	☿ stat.; ☌♂☾. Shebuoth.
31	Sat	31. ♁ stat.; ☌♂ *Regulus.*

1	*Su*	☌♁☾. Prince Imperial killed, 1879.
2	Mo	☿ at gr. brilliancy. Garibaldi d.'82.
3	Tu	☌♄☉. Jeff. Davis b. 1808. *Growing*
4	We	☾☊. Bat. Magenta, 1859.
5	Th	Von Weber d. 1826.
6	Fri	☾ in apog. Jer. Bentham d. 1832.
7	Sat	Robert Bruce d. 1329. *hot.*

23) Trinity Sunday. Mars

8	*Su*	8. Jackson d. 1845. Jerrold d.
9	Mo	Chas. Dickens d.'70. [1857.
10	Tu	Big Bethel fight, 1861. *Cooler.*
11	We	St. Barnabas. Sir J. Franklin d.'47.
12	Th	☿ gr. el. W. 23° 19′. Corpus Christi.
13	Fri	☿ gr. hel. lat. S. 12th, Bryant d.'78.
14	Sat	□♁☉. Harriet B. Stowe b.'12. *Very*

24) 1st Sunday after Trinity. Jupiter in

15	*Su*	Thomas Campbell d. 1844.
16	Mo	16. 17th, John Wesley b. 1703.
17	Tu	☾☋. Bat. Bunker Hill, 1775.
18	We	☿ stat. Bat. Waterloo,'15. *agreeable.*
19	Th	☿☋; ☌Ψ☾. Maximilian shot, 1867.
20	Fri	☉ enters ♋. Summer begins.
21	Sat	☌☿☾; ☌♄☾; ☾ in perigee.

25) 2d Sunday after Trinity. Saturn in

22	*Su*	22. Matthew Henry d. 1714.
23	Mo	Bat. Solferino, 1859. *Hot*
24	Tu	☌☿☾. St. John, Baptist. [1314.
25	We	☌♃☾; ☌☿♄. Bat. Bannockb'n.
26	Th	Seven Days' Fight begins, 1862.
27	Fri	☌☍☾. Jos. Smith killed,'44. *winds.*
28	Sat	☌♁☾. Bat. Monmouth, 1778.

26) 3d Sunday after Trinity. Uranus i

29	*Su*	29. St. Peter. *Fine.*
30	Mo	☉ in apog. Argyle beh. 1685.

1	Tu	☾☊. Bat. Malvern Hill, 1862.
2	We	☿☊. Garfield shot by an assassin,'81.
3	Th	Bat. of Gettysburg, 1863. *Hot.*
4	Fri	☾ in apog. INDEPENDENCE.
5	Sat	4th, Adams and Jefferson d. 1826.

27) 4th Sunday after Trinity. Venus in G

6	*Su*	Daguerre d.'51. 4th, Monroe d.'31.
7	Mo	☿ in perih. Sheridan d. 1816.
8	Tu	8. Bat. Pultowa, 1709. *Very*
9	We	Braddock's defeat, 1755. *dry.*
10	Th	Calvin b. 1509. 9th, Pres. Taylor d.'50.
11	Fri	☌☿☉ inf.; ☌☿☿. Alexandria bomb.
12	Sat	☌☿☉ sup. Bat. Boyne, 1690. [1882.

28) 5th Sunday after Trinity. Mars

13	*Su*	Evacuation of the Crimea,'56.
14	Mo	Bastile taken, 1789.
15	Tu	15. ☾☋. Stony Point capt. 1779.
16	We	Margaret Fuller Ossoli d.'50. *Hazy.*
17	Th	☿ gr. hel. lat. N.; ☌Ψ☾.
18	Fri	Dean Stanley d.'81. 21, Burns d. 1796.
19	Sat	☌♄☾; ☌♁♂. Iturbide shot, 1824.

29) 6th Sunday after Trinity. Jupiter in

20	*Su*	☾ in perigee. Petrarch b. 1304.
21	Mo	☌☿☾. Bull Run,'61. *Agreea-*
22	Tu	22. ☌☿♃. Bat. Atlanta,'64.
23	We	☌♃☾; ☌☿☾. 17th, Dr. Isaac Watts b.
24	Th	☿ in aph. Van Buren d.'62. [1674.
25	Fri	☌♁☾. St. James. Dibdin d. 1814.
26	Sat	☌♂☾. Robt. Fulton b. 1765. *ble.*

30) 7th Sunday after Trinity. Saturn in T

27	*Su*	Murder of Jane M'Crea, 1777. *Intense*
28	Mo	☾☊. Robespierre guillot. 1794.
29	Tu	29. Wilberforce d.'33. *heat.*
30	We	☌♁ *β Virginis.* Penn d. 1718.
31	Th	☾ in apogee. Pres. Johnson d. 1875.

1	Fri	Lammas Day. Bat. Minden, 1759.
2	Sat	☿ stat. Horace Mann d. 1859.

31) 8th Sunday after Trinity. Venus in

3	*Su*	Bat. Saarbrücken, 1870. *Bright.*
4	Mo	Hans Chr. Andersen d. 1875.
5	Tu	Atlantic Cable landed, 1858.
6	We	6. Ben Jonson d. 1637.
7	Th	☌♃☉. Bat. Thermopylæ, 480 B. C.
8	Fri	Bat. Mackinaw, 1814. *Sultry.*
9	Sat	Capt. Marryatt d. 1848.

32) 9th Sunday after Trinity. Mars in

10	*Su*	☿☋. Bat. Oak Hill, 1861. *Cooler.*
11	Mo	☾☋. Bat. Cummersdorf, 1759.
12	Tu	Geo. Stephenson d. 1848.
13	We	13. ☌Ψ☾. Bat. Blenheim, 1704.
14	Th	□Ψ☉. Adm. Farragut d. 1870. *Hot.*
15	Fri	☿ gr. hel. lat. S. Napoleon I. b. 1769.
16	Sat	☌♄☾; ☾ perig. Sen'r Hill d.'82.

33) 10th Sunday after Trinity. Jupiter in

17	*Su*	☌☿☾. Frederick the Great d. 1786.
18	Mo	☿ at gr. bril. Ole Bull d.'80. *Cool*
19	Tu	☌♃☾. Rob't Bloomfield d.'23.
20	We	20. ☿ in aph. Herrick b. 1591.
21	Th	Lady M'ry W. Montagu d. 1762. *nights.*
22	Fri	☌☿☾; ☌♁☾. Bosworth Field, 1485.
23	Sat	☌♁☿; ☿ gr. elong. E. 27° 21′.

34) 11th Sunday after Trinity. Saturn in T

24	*Su*	☌☍☾; ☾☊. St. Bartholomew.
25	Mo	Sir Wm. Herschel d. 1822. *Dry*
26	Tu	Ψ stat. Louis Philippe d. 1850.
27	We	Bat. Long Island, 1776. *and*
28	Th	28. ☾ in apo. Leigh Hunt d.'59.
29	Fri	Brigham Young d. 1877.
30	Sat	Com. Semmes d. 1877.

35) 12th Sunday after Trinity. Uranus in

31	*Su*	♂☋. Bunyan d. 1688. *warm.*

1	Mo	John Brown hung, 1859.	
2	Tu		
3	We	2. ☾ in per. Bat. Austerlitz,'05.	
4	Th	☌☿♂. Carlyle b. 1795.	
5	Fri	♀ gr. helioc. lat. N. Mozart d. 1792.	*Cold.*
6	Sat	☿ gr. hel. lat. S. St. Nicholas.	
		49) 2d Sunday in Advent.	Venus in
7	*Su*	Algernon Sidney ex. 1683.	
8	Mo	☌♃☾. Rich. Baxter d. 1691.	*Moun-*
9	Tu		*tain*
10	We	9. Milton b. 1608.	*snows.*
11	Th	☌♎☾. 17th, Whittier b. 1807.	
12	Fri	☾☊. Charleston fire,'61.	*Chinooks*
13	Sat	☿☌☉. Edwin Forrest d. 1872.	
		Bat. Fredericksburg, 1862.	*begin.*
		50) 3d Sunday in Advent.	Mars in Sagit
14	*Su*	☌♀☾. Washington d. 1799.	Dec.
15	Mo	Iz. Walton d. 1683. 14th, Agassiz d. '73.	
16	Tu	☾ in apogee. 14th, Pr. Albert d. '61.	
17	We		
18	Th	17. ☿ gr. el. E. 20° 12′.	
19	Fri	☌♂☾. Samuel Rogers d. 1855.	
20	Sat	☌☿☾. Emp. Brazil b.'25.	*Freezing*
		♃ stat. 21st, Pilgrims landed, 1620.	
		51) 4th Sunday in Advent.	Jupiter
21	*Su*	☉ enters ♑. Winter begins. St.	
22	Mo	*Geo. Eliot* d. 1880. 184	[Thomas.
23	Tu	San Fran. fire,'49. 24th, Thackeray d.	
24	We	□♎☉. Hugh Miller d. 1856.	[1863.
25	Th		
26	Fri	25. ☿stat.; ☿☊; ☾♉. CHR'MAS.	
27	Sat	St. Ste. 2d, Newton b. 1642.	
		St. John, Evangelist.	*cold.*
		52) 1st Sunday after Christmas.	Saturn in ♐
28	*Su*	☌ΨC. Innocents. Macaulay d. 1859.	
29	Mo	☌☿♂. Gladstone b. 1809.	*Fine.*
30	Tu		
31	We	☿ in perihelion; ☌♄☾.	
		31. ☉ in perig.; ☾ in perig.	

1	Sat	☾♉. All Saints' Day.	*Colder.*
		44) 21st Sunday after Trinity.	Venus in
2	*Su*	Erie canal finished, 1825.	['71.
3	Mo	3. ☌ΨC. Stanley met Livingst.	
4	Tu	☌♎☿; ☌☿☉ superior; ☾ in perigee.	
5	We	☌♄☾. Bat. Inkerman, 1854.	*Rains*
6	Th	☿♉. 4th, Geo. Peabody d. 1869.	
7	Fri	Bat. Tippecanoe, 1811.	*frequent.*
8	Sat	Milton d. 1674. Mad. Roland ex. 1793.	
		45) 22d Sunday after Trinity.	Mars in ♐
9	*Su*	9. Pr. of Wales b. 1841.	
10	Mo	☌♃☾. 9th, Boston Fire, 1872.	
11	Tu	Great hurricane in Havana,'46.	*Snow*
12	We	☌♎☾. Chas. Kemble d. 1854.	*on*
13	Th	☿ΨC; ☿ in perih. Rossini d. 1868.	
14	Fri	☌☿☾; ☾☊. Chas. Carroll d. 1832.	*the*
15	Sat	Kepler d. 1630. Herschel b. 1738.	
		46) 23d Sunday after Trinity.	Jupiter
16	*Su*	☿ in aph. John Bright b. 1811.	
17	Mo	17. Opening of Suez Canal,'69.	
18	Tu	☌☿☾. Cape Good Hope disc. 1497.	
19	We	☌♂☾; ☾ in apog. Garfield b. 1831.	
20	Th	Bat. Pensacola, 1814.	Nov.
21	Fri	Prs. Royal b. 1840.	*mountains.*
22	Sat	Sir Henry Havelock d. 1857.	
		47) 24th Sunday after Trinity.	Saturn in ♑
23	*Su*	Pres. Pierce b. 1804.	
24	Mo	John Knox d. 1572. 184	*Clear.*
25	Tu		
26	We	25. New York evacuated, 1783.	
27	Th	□♃☉. Dr. Joseph Black d. 1799.	
28	Fri	Hoosac Tunnel pierced, 1873.	
29	Sat	☾♉. W. Irving d. 1859.	
		Horace Greeley d. 1872.	*Rain.*
		48) 1st Sunday in Advent.	Uranus in ♉
30	*Su*	☌ΨC. St. Andrew.	

1	Mo	Nap. III. capt. at Sedan,'70.	*Warm.*
2	Tu	Howard b. 1726. Gen. Moreau d. 1813.	
3	We	Cromwell d. 1658. Thiers d. 1877.	
4	Th	French repub. proclaimed, 1870.	
5	Fri		
6	Sat	5. Dog-days end.	*Expect*
		☿ stat. Hannah More d. 1833.	
		36) 13th Sunday after Trinity.	Venus in ♌
7	*Su*	☾♉. Ind. of Brazil, 1822.	*a*
8	Mo	Sevastopol evacuated, 1855.	
9	Tu	☿ gr. hel. lat. S. Dr. Jos. Leidy b.'23.	
10	We	☌ΨC; ☾ in perig. Perry's vict.'13.	
11	Th	Bat. Brandywine, 1777.	*change.*
12	Fri		
13	Sat	12. ☌♄☾. Guizot d.'74. ♓ ['82.	
		Wolseley's vict. at Tel-el-Kebir.	
		37) 14th Sunday after Trinity.	Mars in ♌
14	*Su*	Humboldt b. 1769. Wellington d.'52.	
15	Mo	☌♀☾. 13th, Wolfe k. at capt. Quebec,	
16	Tu	□♄☉; ☌♎☾; ☌♃☾.	[1759.
17	We	Bat. Antietam, 1862.	Sept.
18	Th	☌☿☾. 19th, Garfield d. 1881.	*Cooler.*
19	Fri		
20	Sat	19. ☌♎☾; ☌☿☉ inf.	184
		☌♎☉. Hebrew New Year, 5645.	
		38) 15th Sunday after Trinity.	Jupiter
21	*Su*	☾☊; ☿ gr. el. W. 46° 6′. St. Matthew.	
22	Mo	☌♂☾; ☉ ent. ♎. Autumn begins.	
23	Tu	Ψ discov. 1846. Paul Jones captures	
24	We	Bat. Monterey, 1846.	[*Serapis*, 1779.
25	Th	☾ in apog. Mrs. Hemans b. 1794.	
26	Fri		
27	Sat	Holy Alliance, 1815.	
		27. ☿ stat. Gen. Bragg d.'77.	
		39) 16th Sunday after Trinity.	Saturn in ♑
28	*Su*	☿☊. 23d, LeVerrier d. 1877.	*Clear.*
29	Mo	Michaelmas Day. Yum Kippur.	
30	Tu	Geo. Whitefield d. 1770.	

1	We	Sir Edwin Landseer d. 1873.	
2	Th	André ex. 1780. Dr. Channing d.'42.	
3	Fri		
4	Sat	☿ in perih. 4th, Succoth.	
		4, ☿ gr. el. W. 17° 58′; ☾♉.	
		40) 17th Sunday after Trinity.	Venus
5	*Su*	♄ stat. Bat. Thames, 1813.	*Agreeable*
6	Mo	☌♀♃. 4th, Bat. Germantown, 1777.	
7	Tu	☌ΨC; ☌♀ *Régulus*; ☾ in perig.	
8	We	☌♎☿. John Hancock d. 1793.	
9	Th	☌♄☾. Chicago Fire, 1871.	
10	Fri		
11	Sat	Father Mathew b. 1790.	*nights.*
		11. ♀☊. Samuel Wesley d.'37.	
		41) 18th Sunday after Trinity.	Mars in ♍
12	*Su*	Gen. R. E. Lee d. 1870.	Oct.
13	Mo	☿ gr. hel. lat. N. Murat shot,1815.	*Cool*
14	Tu	☌♃☾. Bat. Hastings, 1066.	*morn-*
15	We	☌♀☾. Allan Ramsay b. 1686.	*ings.*
16	Th	☌♎☾. Marie Antoinette beh. 1793.	
17	Fri		
18	Sat	☌☿☾. Bat. Saratoga, 1777.	
		18. ☾☊. St. Luke, evangelist.	
		42) 19th Sunday after Trinity.	Jupiter
19	*Su*	Cornwallis' surr. 1781. Swift d. 1745.	
20	Mo	Battle of Navarino, 1827.	*Frost on*
21	Tu	☌♂☾. Lord Nelson killed, 1805.	
22	We	Rev. of Edict of Nantes, 1685.	*moun-*
23	Th	☾ in apog. Penn lands in Pa. 1682.	
24	Fri	D. Webster d.'52. 22d, Fr. Liszt b.'11.	
25	Sat	Bat. Balaklava, 1854. 184	*tains.*
		43) 20th Sunday after Trinity.	Saturn in ♑
26	*Su*		
27	Mo	26. 25th, Chaucer d. 1400.	
28	Tu	Joseph Worcester d.'65.	*Fair*
29	We	St. Simon and St. Jude.	*and*
30	Th	Raleigh beh. 1618. Surr. of Metz,'70.	
31	Fri	Gambetta b. 1838.	*pleasant.*
		Halloween. Arcot taken, 1780.	

O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming:
And the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dead silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-step's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

GIVEN AND TAKEN.

Smoothing soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy-led,
Thus a grave eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was a vanity of pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope, but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed with moistening eyes,
"Love is sweet in any guise;
But its best is sacrifice!

"He who, giving, does not crave
Likest is to Him who gave
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

—[John G. Whittier.

TWICE A CHILD.

"Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep."
Strange, sad words, that summer noon,
Stranger yet that all should weep,
As they heard that plaintive croon.

"I-pray-the-Lord-my-soul-to-keep."
Low the aged grandsire lay,
Drifting to that dreamless sleep
Which awakes to higher day.

"If-I-should-die-before-I-wake."
On the sunken lips a smile,
Let no word the silence break,
Or his thoughts to earth beguile

"I-pray-the-Lord-my-soul-to-take."
One glad sigh, 'tis nature's last,
Child of God! awake! awake!
Life's dark night forever past!

—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.*

Life's Mistakes.

We plant sweet flowers above the spot
Where rest our unforgotten dead,
And while the summer roses bloom
We beautify their lowly bed,
We rear the snowy marble shaft,
That every passer-by may learn
How sacred memory keeps her trust
In votive gift and storied urn.

But oh, the hearts that ache and break,
Through all the long, bright summer days,
For some sweet word of tenderness—
That all things beautiful and bright
Of love and glory come too late.

Then take the rose that blooms to-day
And lay it in some loving hand,
And wait not till the ear grows dull
To tell the sweet hope that you planned.
One kiss on warm and loving lips
Is worth a thousand funeral flowers,
And one glad hour of tender love
Outweighs an age of mourning hours.

—Mrs. D. M. Jordan, in Commercial Gazette.

RICHMOND, IND., September 20.

The Longest Rivers.

The following are the longest rivers with their extent: The Amazon, in South America, falls from the Andes through a course of 2,600 miles; the Mississippi, from the Stony mountains, runs 2,690 miles; La Plata from the Andes, 2,215 miles; the Hoangho, in China, from the Tartarean chain of mountains, is 3,260 miles; the Yangtse-kiang runs from the same mountains, and is 3,060 miles long; the Nile, from the Jihel Kumri mountains, runs 2,690 miles; the Euphrates, from Ararat, is 2,020 miles long; the Volga, from the Valdais, cources 2,100 miles the Danube, from the Alps, is 1,790 miles long; the Indus, from the Himalayas, is 1,770 miles; the Ganges runs from the same source, and is 1,650 miles long; the Orinoco, from the Andes, is 1,500 miles long; the Niger, or Wharra, is 1,909 miles long; the Don, the Dnieper and the Senegal are each over 1,000 miles in length; and the Rhine and the Gambia are each 888 miles in extent.

COMMON DEEDS.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years.
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

—[H. Burton, in Texas Siftings.

us."

It was a son who said this of his mother, whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was a clerk on a salary. He was hard-worked through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to fault-finding and fretfulness.

Harder still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week and month after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door, and hurry after her to keep her from wandering out into the night alone, as her melancholy half-madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough she had turned against her husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for her good. His work by day and his vigil by night wore on him sorely, but he never complained.

One day his sisters asked him how he could bear it, and be always patient, when she—mother though she was—was in the house only as a presence of gloom, and foreboding, and unrest. And the answer came,—

"But, after all, she used to be good to us."

And then the thoughts of all the group went back to the years before this nervous prostration came upon her; when she had nursed them in illness, and petted them in childhood—when she had been "good to them," one and all.

"I know," the boy said, thoughtfully, "that I was a nervous, uncomfortable child myself, the first three years of my life. Father said he thought they'd never raise me, but mother said, 'Yes, she would;' and she tended me day and night, for three years, till I began to grow strong like the rest of you. I owe her those three years, anyhow."

And so he girded himself afresh for his struggle. It will not last forever. There are signs which the doctors can recognize that the cloud is lifting somewhat, and no doubt before long she will be her old self again. And then will come her son's reward. He will feel that he has paid a little of the debt he owed to the love that watched over his weak babyhood.

To many mothers, worn by long care, such years of melancholy and nervous prostration must come. And the sons and daughters who find their homes saddened by such a sorrow, should lovingly remember the days in which they were helpless, and mother was "good to them."

tasks are done;
The dews of life's evenin' glisten in the light of life's settin' sun.
To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away;
But I wanted to see how the world had grown, so I hobbled to school to-day.

I couldn't a told 'twas a school-house; it towered up to the skies;
I gazed on the noble structure till dim grew these old eyes.
My thoughts went back to the log house—the school-house of long ago,
Where I studied and romped with the merry boys who sleep where the daisies grow.

I was startled out of my dreamin' by the tones of its monstrous bell;
On these ears that are growin' deaf the sweet notes rose and fell.
I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered chair,—
An old man, wrinkled and gray, in the midst of the young and fair.

Like a garden of bloomin' roses, the school-room appeared to me—
The children were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee;
They stared at me when I entered, then broke o'er the whisperin' rule,
And said with a smile to each other "The old man's comin' to school."

When the country here was new, wife, when I was a scholar-lad,
Our readin' and writin' and spellin' were 'bout all the studies we had.
We cleared up the farm through the summer, then traveled through woods and snow
To the log house in the openin', the school-house of long ago.

Now boys go to school in a palace, and study hard Latin and Greek;
They are taught to write scholarly essays; they are drilled on the stage to speak;
They go into the district hopper, but come out of college spout;
And this is the way the schools of our land are grindin' our great men out.

Let 'em grind, let 'em grind, dear wife! the world needs the good and the true;
Let the children out of the old house and trot 'em into the new.
I'll cheerfully pay my taxes, and say to this age of mine,
All aboard! all aboard! go ahead! if you leave the old man behind!

Our system of common schools is the nation's glory and crown;
May the arm be palsied ever, that is lifted to tear it down;
If bigots cannot endure the light of our glowin' skies,
Let them go to Oppression's shore, where Liberty bleeds and dies.

I'm glad I've been to-day to the new house, large and grand;
With pride I think of my toils in this liberty-lovin' land;
I've seen a palace arise where the old log school-house stood,
And gardens of beauty bloom where the shadow fell in the wood.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away,
Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I've seen to-day;
Where the Master of masters teacheth,—where the scholars never grow old,—
From glory to glory I'll climb to the beautiful college of gold.

A Christmas Rhyme.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy that baby knew—
A little sock of faded hue—
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
While in his honest mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening pray'r
He asked the boon with childish grace;
Then, toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, as lengthining shadows crept,
I saw the white winged angels come
With heavenly music to our home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby pray'r,
For in the morn, with smiling face,
He toddled to the chimney place
And found the little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas tide—
That angel host, so fair and white—
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock—a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head come back for me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

—Chicago News.

National Blessings.

GREAT GOD of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

Thy Name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

We praise thee that the gospel's light
Thro' all our land its radience sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, shriveled and old.
The prey of the winds and the prey of the cold,
Cheeks that are sunken,
Eyes that are shrunken,
Lips that were never o'erbold.
Only a woman, forsaken and poor
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of its music go over the soul!
Silks rustled past her,
Thicker and faster,
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open this bronze church door.

Only a woman! In far-off days
Hope carolled to her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise.
Somebody faced up the battle of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are;
Somebody waits for her
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

Rev. Stevens, Harmon, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Sheeler, and Maggie, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Swartz. The guests were limited to relatives and a few personal friends, but the occasion was a most enjoyable one. The ceremony, short and impressive, was followed with an excellent supper, and an evening of old-time, hearty sociability, and good feeling. Monday, the same company was entertained by the groom's parents at their residence, the principal feature of which was an elaborate dinner, which fully sustained Mrs. Sheeler's enviable reputation as a culinary artist, and to enjoy which, no second invitation is ever needed. Harmon and Maggie are well known here, where they have resided since birth. They have grown up among us, earning the respect and good wishes of the community, and the CHRONICLE offers heartiest good wishes for their happiness and prosperity. 1885

The following presents were received: Silver knives and forks, John Andrews; silver knives and forks, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Amrine; napkin rings, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Durell; silver butter dish, Will and Emma Webster; silver and glass jelly dish, Will Martin and Effie Beal; glass water pitcher, Caroline Crail; glass set, Ray Hamer; glass fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. Fellon and Laura Crail; lamp, Fred Ayers; tie and pin, Mrs. M. M. Hecox; hanging lamp, Cris and Nettie Sheeler; table cloth, napkins and towel, Mr. and Mrs. H. Miner; pair of towels, Mrs. Beaty; pair towels, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crail; chromo, Frank and Mamie Swartz; camp rocker, Geo. and Emma Swartz; safe and tidy, John and Lina Swartz; cupboard, Mrs. S. J. Swartz; goblets, Annie and Nell Swartz.

The Sister.

She never knew that music soft and sweet—
The patter of a little baby's feet;
She never knew the world of joy and bliss
That lingers in a husband's tender kiss;
She never knew the heartache and the pain
Of living loving, and that loving vain;
She never knew the sorrow and the woe
Of losing light from eyes whose radiant glow
Was all her sun!
She lives in vain you say?
If, then, to live in vain is day by day
To go among the lowly and the poor,
A ray of sunshine to each darkened door;
To soothe with gentle words and gentle touch
Wretches who sinned, and sinned to suffer much;
To be the link that joins a weary life
To God; to be the comforter of strife;
To be the soothing balm for every pain;
Then that grand woman truly lives in vain!

—Cluskey Cromwell in the Republic.

following beautiful poem, which is printed by the request of many of our readers.]

Fare thee well; and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again!

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show:
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,
Though its smile upon thee blow,
Even its praise must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away!

Still thy own its life retaineth;
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is, that we no more may meet

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say, "Father!"
Though his care she must forego!

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed:

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Whither yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken:
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now!

But 'tis done—all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still,
But the thoughts we can not bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace
In the palace, cottage, hovel;
Oh, no matter where the place:
Would that never storms assailed it—
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain,
Bowers may with beauty grow—
Mothers to guide the streamlet,
For their soul's unresting flow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission

All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry;
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky.
Mingled where no tempests darken,
Rainbows ever more are hurled:
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

THE PARTING HOUR.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There is something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet, kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part—
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
That the one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter where the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far.
To the wild deep of bleak frontier.
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubting and with tears,
But does not Hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find.
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear!
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will
O take it not unkind
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it so—and so it is—
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not be happier far
Than those he leaves behind!

THE MINER'S STORY.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

He sat in the depot waiting room,
A big, strong man in a miner's guise,
Shading his face in the friendly gloom
Of a hat slouched over his tear-stollen eyes.

"Friend," I said, as I took my seat,
Where the motley crowd went to and fro,
Making a rhythm with its restless feet,
"The train's behind—Have you far to go?"

"A matter, mayhap, of a hundred miles,—
Not fur, I reckon, to what I've come:"
And, lifting his face, with a dreary smile,
He added—"Stranger, I'm going home!"

"Ah, that is the pleasantest thing in life,
From lonely journeying going home,
To meet, perhaps, a loving wife,
And children shouting, 'Papa's come!'

"Been absent long?" "Too long," he said,
And, his brown hand dashed away a tear—
"The dear old mother I left is dead;
I hev not been home for ten long year.

But they called me a lazy, idle shirk—
And harped on the same old string so long

"That it riz my grit—I slammed the door
And made a rumpus, for I was mad,
And left my mother a-crying sore—
Don't judge me hard, I was only a lad—

"The youngest of five—my mother's pet,
A sort of flaiky, good-for-naught—
But I went to the diggin's and there, you bet,
I worked like a beaver, with but one thought—

"To make my pile with an honest hand,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold,
And then go back to the Hoosier land,
And care for mother when she was old.

"The lovin' letters she sent I read
Over and over—I have 'em here—
I reckon she thought her boy was dead,
For, stranger, I never answered her.

"I always intended to write, but then,
I'd hed no schoolin' and sca'ce knowed how,
With my horny fingers, to guide a pen;
I never writ—it's no use now.

"She didn't hold it ag'in me, pard,
The words I said, but her letters show
She grieved for me, and it hurts me hard
To think she's gone and'll never know

"That I was a-delvin' day by day,
Early and late, in storm and clear,
Never riskin' a cent at play,
And doin' it all for love of her.

"I made my pile, you may well believe,
And now I am off for home,' I said—
But just as I was about to leave,
I got the word that mother was dead!

"I'm strong, but that was a heavy stroke!
I'd run my race and lost the prize—
Your pardon, stranger, the dust and smoke
Of the keers, I s'pose, has hurt my eyes.

"I'm going home to her funeral now!
Going to see her cold and dead—
Never to hear me say, as how,
I'm sorry and shamed for what I said.

"I'd give my pile and work for more,
With pan and pick in the same old place,
To meet her again, at the old home door,
With livin' light on her dear old face.

"But if ever we meet—you understand—
Up yonder, where she is an angel bright,
Before them all, in the happy land,
I'll beg her pardon and make it right."

Beech Bank, July, 1884.

LIDDELL—In this city, Feb. 16th, 1885, Mrs. Geo. E. Liddell, a native of England, aged 72 years and 5 months.

Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who received such a princely welcome from the American people thirty years ago, is rather a character of the past than the present. A newspaper correspondent recently met him at Turin and describes him as a clear-minded old gentleman of 77. He is twenty years older than General Grant.

acre.

"Hear the music of the bells—crystal bells." This time it was Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Amner, who, having reached the fifteenth milestone of their wedded life on Saturday evening last, were most completely surprised by a merry company of friends.

The party met at Temperance Hall and marched in force upon the Amner residence which they took by storm and without resistance on the part of the besieged. After congratulations and the bestowing of many beautiful gifts, a re-adjournment to Temperance Hall took place.

Here the whole building was taken possession of, up stairs and down, and while the older ones enjoyed themselves socially in the upper hall, the younger and more giddy ones danced merrily down stairs to the tune of "violin and bassoon" as played by Messrs. Ellery Young and Johnson. A delicious collation was spread later in the evening and some speech-making indulged in.

Mr. Goldsby presented Mr. Amner with a magic mirror in which he might see himself as he looked fifteen years ago and then, reversing it, behold himself with the added *weight* of those fifteen years upon his head. He also bestowed upon him a gigantic glass alley the significance of which was probably a secret between the two gentlemen. Mr. Bart Burke, in an able speech, presented a most convivial-looking beer-glass of "schooner" build.

Mr. and Mrs. Amner have been residents of Santa Cruz nearly twelve years and if anything were needed to assure them of the friends they have made, the gathering of Saturday evening must have been very convincing.

Among the guests and the gifts were the following: Z. N. Goldsby and wife, W. P. England and wife and C. L. Hamlin and wife, crystal table set of five pieces; Bart Burke and wife, cake dish; C. Steinmetz and daughters, berry set of 13 pieces; R. Barson and wife, crystal epergne; J. F. Simpson and wife, fruit dish; H. Randall and wife, cake basket; C. D. Folsom and wife, 2 cake plates; G. Staffler and wife, bread plate; P. E. Tilden and wife, condiment set; E. Farnham and wife, glass pitcher; Miss Alice Farnham, cake stand; Dr. and Mrs. Lundy, glass pitcher; S. I. Morris and wife, butter dish; Mrs. Curtis, celery glass and cheese dish; Mrs. Grant, pitcher; Mrs. A. Jones, berry bowl; Miss Frankie Jones, cake plate; Mrs. Hunter, celery glas and individual salt and pepper; Miss K. Hunter, set of liqueur glasses; Miss K. Pilkington, cake plate; W. H. Bias, decanter; J. G. Tanner, hand mirror; F. Ely, cologne stand; T. Stikeman and Miss Lora Effey, violet vases.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalsbury, who were

DIED.

AMNER—In Santa Cruz, Feb. 14th, 1885, Thomas Amner, a native of England, aged 44 years.

SAD FATE OF THOMAS AMNER.

Killed Instantly by the Accidental Discharge of His Rifle.

Our entire community was shocked on Saturday afternoon by the news that Thomas Amner had been instantly killed by the accidental discharge of his rifle while shooting at gophers on the hillside back of his foundry. He had fired one shot unsuccessfully and reloaded his rifle, and while waiting for the animal to re-appear rested the rifle—one of short calibre—against a step with the muzzle against his side. Meanwhile he was conversing with William Woods, who was startled to hear the report of the gun and reached Amner's side only just in time to see that he was shot. The wounded man was caught by Wm. Pringle but died instantly as the bullet ranged from the lower left side of the heart, upward and directly through that organ emerging at the right shoulder. It is supposed that the gun was fired by the foot of the unfortunate man which must have forced the hammer back as the rifle rested on the step. Medical aid was had immediately, but as death was instantaneous nothing could be done but to bear the remains mournfully to the home that Amner had left at noon with a cheery jest upon his lips.

Thomas Amner had been a resident of Santa Cruz for about twelve years and was a very popular man among his acquaintances, among whom are numbered nearly everybody in Santa Cruz. It is but a few weeks since the COURIER-ITEM chronicled the celebration of the crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Amner, which was a pleasant affair attended by many of our old residents. His widow and five little ones have the deepest sympathy of the community in their sad affliction.

Mr. Amner was prominent in almost all Santa Cruz affairs, and was a member in good standing of numerous fraternal societies. He was to the front in all political affairs during the late campaign, acting as Grand Marshal in all the Republican demonstrations. Of Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 38, F. & A. M.,

High Priest; of Idlewild Chapter, No. 19, O. E. S., he was Past Worthy Patron, and a member of Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 46, A. O. U. W. He was Commander of W. H. L. Wallace Post, No. 32, G. A. R., at its institution, and had served throughout the war.

The funeral services were under the auspices of the G. A. R. and were among the most imposing ever held in Santa Cruz. The remains were escorted from the house to Calvary Church, where the impressive ceremonies of the Episcopal Church were conducted by the Rector, Rev. C. O. Tillotson. The procession to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery was in the following order:

Pythian Band, playing a solemn dirge,

Wallace Post, G. A. R., with colors furled and heavily draped with crape, the standard surmounted by a beautiful wreath of callas and evergreen.

Firing squad of G. A. R. marching with arms reversed.

Delegation from Alert Hose Co.

Delegation from Hook and Ladder Co.

A. O. U. W.

Members of different Masonic lodges.

Hearse with coffin draped with U. S. flag, and attended by eight pall-bearers. Messrs. R. Effey, R. Thompson, Bart Burke, Z. N. Goldsby, H. Randall, O. J. Lincoln, H. E. Makinney and J. B. Peakes.

Family and friends of deceased in carriages.

Ladies of the O. E. S. in carriages.

Ladies of the G. A. R. in carriages.

Citizens in carriages.

At Evergreen Cemetery, after the concluding services by the clergyman, the beautiful ceremony of the Masonic order was conducted by Past Master F. W. Lucas.

On Saturday afternoon, Deputy Coronor Davenport held an inquest with the following gentlemen as jurors: B. C. Gadsby, J. T. Sargent, L. Schwartz, P. V. Wilkin, W. T. Cope, L. Dodero, A. Bedell, and John Werner.

Wm. V. Pringle's testimony was to the effect that he was in the employ of the deceased, Thomas Amner, and is a moulder by trade. That on Saturday afternoon the deceased came into the foundry, took his gun and went out of the back door of the blacksmith shop to shoot a gopher; he fired one shot, reloaded his gun and was standing in the door when Pringle went back to resume his work; he heard another shot, when Wm. Woods called out that Amner was shot. Pringle had already started for the door and reached Amner just as he sunk upon the floor; he died at once, uttering no sound but an audible sigh. Pringle left Woods and Amner just previous to the shot; they were on the most friendly terms and deceased had no enemies among the workmen or anywhere else that Pringle knew of. Witness was satisfied that the death was accidental.

The testimony of Wm. A. Woods was similar to the above. He had gone from the foundry to the back yard to look for a plank and saw Amner standing in the back door of the blacksmith shop with his rifle watching for a gopher. Deceased said to witness, "look out, Billy, you will scare my gopher." The remainder of this testimony corresponded with that of first witness. Witness went up street for a doctor but finding others were going, went back to assist Pringle and found Amner dead. Was satisfied that the rifle was discharged accidentally.

Frank Bartlett, brother-in-law of deceased, was third witness, he also was employed in the foundry and his testimony corroborated that of two former witnesses. He, too, was convinced that the death was accidental. Deceased was a native of Rugby, England and was about 43 or 44 years old. Bartlett notified wife of deceased of his death.

All these witnesses testified as to the pattern of the rifle and the range of the bullet which, after passing through the body of the deceased struck a pattern over head and lodged in a rafter.

The verdict of the jury after hearing all testimony was to the effect that Thomas Amner came to his death by a gun-shot wound, accidentally given by himself on the 14th day of February, 1885.

Mr. Amner was a member of the 15th Connecticut (Infantry) and served through the entire civil war.

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill
We must push and struggle and strive,
And always and everywhere
We'll find on our onward course
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet
And a difficult river to cross.

For rougher the way that we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve;
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve.
For the glory we hope to win
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So ready to do and to dare
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountain high
The billows may war and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm
When the difficult river we cross.

PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES, MUSEE DE ST. GERMAIN, PARIS.—Fig. 1.

PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES.

The plateau of Ancon, in Peru, is an arid table land overlooking the sea coast and situated about 12 miles northwest of Lima. It is the location of a vast sepulchre, dating back to the earliest historical periods. Owing to the dryness of the air and the impregnation of the soil with salts, the contents of the tombs are finely preserved; and, as was apparent from the collection of mummies exhibited at the Centennial, even the lapse of ages has not determined the disappearance of either skin or hair. Fabrics, wooden vessels, and food have been found in the tombs in perfect condition: and as it was the custom of the ancient people to inter with their dead their choicest ornaments and objects of utility, a rich treasure is now open to antiquarians, from which it is possible to determine the habits and manner of life of the Peruvians during the period prior to the Spanish conquest.

A collection of these relics now exists in Paris, at the Musée de St. Germain, and is to form a portion of a still larg ering relative to ancient life in A which is to be exhibited at the Fre position of 1878. Several of the teresting objects are represented i nexed engravings, for which we debted to *La Nature*.

There was recently exposed fo this city a collection of Peruvian which were sold at ridiculously lo The condition of the objects was such as to tempt the collector o brac, however interesting they mi been to the antiquarian; but de prevalent dilapidation, we noted amining the articles, the remarka of preservation of the woven f circumstance which our contempo considers the most phenomenal f the fine French collection; not o tissue intact—as our engravings i but the colors have kept their brilliancy, and this although th seem but rough specimens of wool ing. The designs are always ei

PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES, MUSEE DE ST. GERMAIN, PARIS.—Fig. 2.

tastic or combinations of geometrical figures. Grotesque representations of animals are frequently introduced, as witness the remarkable cubical birds and the geometrical cats shown in Fig. 1. The man represented is an astonishing figure: and it will be noticed that he is provided with but four toes or fingers on the respective limbs. This is an invariable peculiarity in the pictures of the ancient artists of the country, which has not yet been accounted for. On the right of the engraving are two birds, which look like geese or swans, and which, strange to say, closely resemble the birds of like species represented on ancient Etruscan vases. We can commend these designs to those who are searching for new grotesqueries for Eastlake rugs. Mr. Eastlake suggests figures of animals not accurately drawn but possessing character, and these certainly answer the requirements.

Besides manufactured fabrics, distaffs and spindles, used for spinning the cotton or llama wool yarn, of which they are woven, have been found. The spindles, F, Fig. 2, are often ornamented with pearls and are gaily painted. Hanks of yarn and hand looms, the latter roughly made sticks, have been exhumed, and even pins and needles. The pins are simply long thorns, the thick portion at the point of junction with the branch serving as the head. The needles are the same, having a hole for the thread.

In Fig. 2 are represented a number of other curious articles. D is a wooden spoon with carved handle; A is a llama in pottery, and B a terra cotta statuette of a woman; G and E are pendants in mother-of-pearl and ebony. H is an ivory ornament; and C is a red earthen vase representing a man seated.

Not only are objects of metal and wood found in the tombs, but some beautiful specimens of glassware have been obtained. The glass is perfectly clear; and as there is no evidence that the people possessed the material for making it, it would follow that it was imported; but whence, it is impossible to tell. The glass vase represented in Fig. 1 is of light blue

that commonly employed by the Peruvians, and thus another proof is added of its foreign origin. The handle and the neck were made separately, and fastened on afterwards in a manner which shows superior skill on the part of the workman. The neck is ornamented with a kind of griffin's head, which has no resemblance to any animal indigenous in Peru. It is supposed to have been brought from Asia, as it is believed that the Japanese and Chinese knew of the New World and maintained commerce with the inhabitant long before the discovery by Europeans. But the decoration is not Oriental, but strictly Spanish; and hence the more probable assumption is that the object was brought into the country by the Spaniards in the 16th century, and hence that the Ancon sepulchres were in use at that period.

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A New Way to Measure a Tree.

Youths' Companion.

Any person may easily get at the exact height of a tree when the sun shines, or during bright moonlight, by marking two lines on the ground three feet apart and then placing in the ground on the line nearest to the sun a stick that shall stand exactly three feet out of the soil. When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the farthest line, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly in length. By the same measurement as its height. Of course in such a case the sun will be at an exact angle of 45 degrees. By annual measurements it is interesting to compare the growth of trees from year to year.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of gladness glide,
For my heart and eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's home—
Went home to the dear ones all;
And I softly opened the garden gate
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me and then she sighed
And her head fell on my neck and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside
When the flowers have all decayed;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they all shall speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our soul shall know no blight—
Our love no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the River of Life,
And drink of its crystal tide;
And one of the joys of Heaven shall be
The little boy that died!

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
If was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys—they were not new—
But they make the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare—
But they'd help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

AMONG THE DAISIES.

Lay her down among the dasies,
With the fringes of her eyes,
Softer than their silver petals,
Closed for blissful reveries.
Fold her little hands in whiteness
As in prayer on her breast;
Fear not that their folded lightness
On the heart unmoving pressed,
For that heart of angel brightness,
Tired so early, lies at rest.

Tired so early!—when the dawning
Glimmered white winged through the room,
And the skies were half awaking,
Half in fading stalrit gloom,
From the heaven of the starlight
Came the angels of the dawn;
And the morning winds were sighing,
And the curtains eastward drawn,
And her sleeping face looked brighter
And a whispered sob said—"Gone!"

All the daisies were unfolding
In the fields, where never more
Shall the rapture of her child life
Run in shout and laughter o'er.
Tired so early!—she has gathered
All her gladness in swift space,
She has sung her song and ended,
Childlike turning pleading face
Back to home when joys are weary—
Toward the one familiar place.

Lay her low among the daises;
Angels knew her more than we;
They have led her home from wandering,
Tired with earthly revelry,
And above her daisied pillow
Let her simple tale be told:
Here the lover of the lillies
Bade a little blossom fold;
He that wakes the flowers shall wake her,
White as snow, with heart of gold.

—[Chambers' Journal.

The Wealth of the Country.

In 1860 the wealth of the United States was equivalent to $615 per capita: in 1880 it was $940 per capita. In New England the wealth to each person was $610 in 1860 and $1,235 in 1880. In the Middle States it was $525 per capita in 1860 and $1,430 in 1880. In the Southern States the rate per capita in 1860 was $595 and $299 in 1880. This falling off is due to the emancipation of the slaves and the losses by the war. In the Western States the rate per capita in 1860 was $450 and in 1880 $850. Exclusive of roads and public lands, the per capita wealth of the whole country was $535 in 1860 and $830 in 1880.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

We worked through spring and winter, through
summer and through fall.
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the
steadiest of all;
It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each
holiday;
It settled down among us and it never went away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as
theft;
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and
sometimes not;
The dark-browed, scrowling mortgage was forever
on the spot,
The weevil and the cutworm they went as well a s
came;
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all the
same.
It nailed up every window, stood guard at every
door,
And happiness and sunshine made their home with
us no more;
Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled
upon the grade.
And there came a dark day on us when the interest
wasn't paid,
And there came a sharp foreclosure and I kind o'
lost my hold,
And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm
was cheaply sold.
The children left and scattered, when they hardly
yet were grown;
My wife she pined and perished, an' I found my-
self alone.
What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors
never knew;
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I
wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctors
art,
The'd he' found a mortgage lying on that woman's
broken heart.
Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's
land may fall,
But for a first class ruination trust a mortgage
'gainst them all.

Rhyming Table of Presidents.

[New York Mail]

I noticed a week or two ago, an inquiry concerning a rhyming list of the Presidents of the United States. I had a recollection of having clipped several such lists from papers, and looked them up. The tersest, and therefore the easiest and most useful for memorizing, is the enclosed:

The American Presidential line
Began in seventeen eighty-nine,
By Washington was the list begun,
Who ruled two terms, then Adams one:
Jefferson, Madison, Monroe,
Sat for two terms each; and so
John Quincy Adams came for one,
While Jackson through two terms did run;
Harrison died and left four years
For Taylor: one term Polk appears;
When Taylor died and left three years
For Fillmore; one term next for Pierce
And for Buchanan: Lincoln then
Was shot as his second term began,
And Johnson sat until came Grant
For two terms; Hayes for one; and scant
Four months for Garfield, who was killed,
And Arthur the vacant office filled.

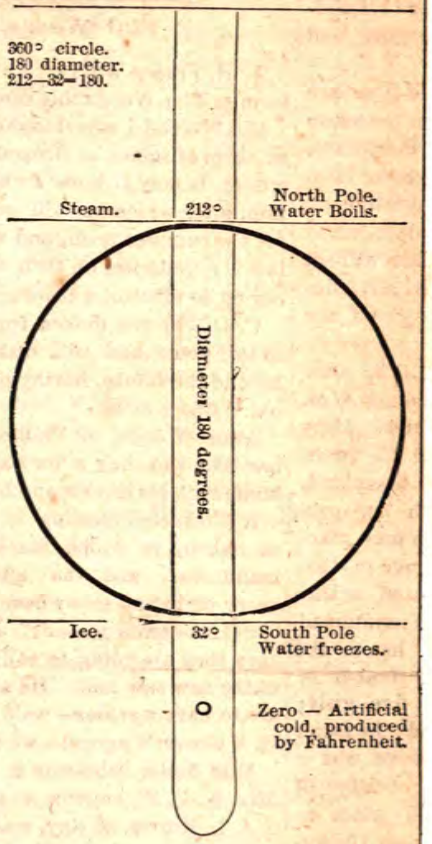
THE HOME

It is not doubted that men have home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possession and fortunes, whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away, whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wa der.—Condition from Civil Law.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest
The bird is safest in the nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky."
—Longfellow.

Thermometrical Fact.

Wednesday we published an article on "What Is Zero?" It led a prominent citizen to inquire into the matter, who prepared the following illustration and furnishes additional explanation:



Fahrenheit was a mathematician and knew that a circle was divided into 360 degrees. He found that steam and ice were the most natural fixed points in temperature, at opposite poles. He therefore naturally divided the distance on his glass tube between ice and steam into the number of degrees in the diameter of a circle, which is 180. He wanted an instrument which could be cheaply made and which would measure above steam and below ice, so far as would be used in every day life. He found that artificial cold could be produced that would cause the mercury to fall just thirty-two of the spaces he had marked off on his glass between ice and steam, and he there, sensibly or not, placed his zero on the point from which he could count. Hence ice or freezing is 32 degrees above, and steam or boiling water is the diameter of his circle or 180 degrees above ice, or 212 degrees above zero.—*Cor. Ohio State Journal.*

of Some Famous Structures.

The above diagram shows the height of the Washington Monument and that of some of the best-known edifices in both hemispheres. The reader will see at a glance that it is higher than the Cologne Cathedral, the wondrous Pyramid of Cheops and noted historical buildings. It is, in fact, the tallest tower of ancient or modern times. — *Chicago Tribune.*

WHAT SHE BROUGHT ME.

This faded flower that you see
Was given me a year ago
By one whose little dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
And she's a blonde and very fair,
And sunset-tints are not as bright
As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks
That come and go like living things;
Her voice is softer than the brook's
That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes
And rosy flushes of the cheek
That told of tender thoughts her tongue
Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said
And she was mine as long as life.
I gently laid the flower aside
And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up with earnest look
And said: "Oh, prize the flower,"
And tender tears were in her eyes—
"It is my only dower."

She brought me faith and hope and truth,
She brought me gentle thoughts and love,
A soul as pure as those that float
Around the throne above.

But earthly things she nothing had
Except this faded flower you see,
And though 'tis worthless in your eyes
'Tis very dear to me.
—*Every Other Saturday.*

"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest:
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and there blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offering seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And a sense of unpaid debt.

'Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was it vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed, with moistening eyes,
"Love is sweet in any guise;
But it's best is sacrifice!

"He who, giving, does not crave
Likest is to him who gave
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

—By John Greenleaf Whittier, in the Independent.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Master Jack's Song of Our Presidents.

First came General Washington,
Great man and high,
Who kept his little hatchet bright
And never told a lie.
He won us many a battle, boys,
And set our country free,
And shouldn't we be glad to get
Another such as he!

CHORUS.—Now a cheer for every President,
That ever yet has been!
And three times three, whoe'er he be,
For the next that shall be seen.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurray!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, my boys!
For the next election day!

John Adams next, then Jefferson,
James Madison also.
And after them another James,
Whose name it was Monroe.
Another Adams followed him,
And then "Old Hickory" came,
Stout Andrew Jackson, stern and grim,
Of Democratic fame.

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc.

Van Buren next; then Harrison,
Who ruled a month and died,
When Tyler had to take his place,
And fill his own beside.
Then Polk, he donned his polka,
And Taylor told his tayle,
And when four years again were gone,
'Twas Fillmore did paevail'

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc.

Now some will call the next our Pierce,
And some will call him Purce;
But either answers well enough
The purpose of my verse.
Buchanan next, and after him
Our Lincoln good and great,
Who through the raging storms of war
Steered safe our ship of Sate.

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc.,

But Lincoln's death, by murder foul,
Brought Johnson to the fore,
And after him came General Grant,
The hero of the war.
Then Hayes came, and then Garfield,
Struck down by traitor's hand.
When Arthur took the vacant place,
And rules to day the land.

CHORUS.—Now a cheer, etc., etc

...B. Royal, Mr. John Shaffer, of York, Neb., and Miss Laura B. Doebler, of Vermont. 1884

The wedding occurred at twelve o'clock and the couple started on the afternoon train for their home in York, Neb.

Many friends and relatives of the bride were present at the ceremony.

The bride, one of Vermont's most respected and genial young ladies, will be missed by her large circle of friends, who will vie with us in wishing her a long, prosperous and happy wedded life.

The groom is a man of sterling qualities and good business ability. We wish him well.

—**The following is the list of presents to Mrs. John Shaffer at her wedding last week:**

Edward Hamer and wife, silver berry dish.

Robert Fellon and wife, silver spoon holder.

George Whitney and wife, table cloth and fan.

Thos. Hamer and wife, bed spread.

S. M. Doebler and wife, silver table and tea spoons, knives and forks.

Charles Gilson and wife, silver butter dish.

Mrs. Swartz, lamp mat.

Mrs. Chaddock, pair linen towels.

Joseph Hamer and wife, piece of money.

Miss Delia Harper, book of poems.

Rena Shaffer, silver pickle castor.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Please inform me what is meant by the "Sunken Road of Ohain," mentioned in the description of the battle of Waterloo? F. D. S.

[Ohain was a small village not far from Waterloo, through which Blucher advanced to join Wellington's forces. The "sunken road" (of which we find no mention in military accounts of the battle) was probably the road from this village, which may have been in a cut below the general level of the ground.]

THREE QUERIES.

(1.) What is the height of Washington monument in Baltimore City? (2.) Name the five largest cities in California and give their population. (3.) Who is Governor of the state of West Virginia? W. L.

[(1.) Total height to top of statue, 175 feet. (2.) San Francisco, 233,953; Oakland, 34,556; Sacramento, 21,420; San Jose, 12,567; Los Angeles, 11,183. These are from the census of 1880. (3.) Jacob B. Jackson.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

A says Robert Fulton invented the first steamboat, and B says Dennis Papin invented the first. Who is correct? E. T. S.

[Experiments had been been made toward moving vessels by steam nearly 200 years before Papin tried his. None met with sufficient success to warrant the investment of capital; and although it was very widely believed that the thing was possible, and many persons were experimenting in that direction, the whole world allows Fulton the credit of first achieving a practical success.]

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand, we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own
That memory still would keep its grasp—
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen, dear, to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet—
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest, rather, more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance—
If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, O friend, to go,
I should have stayed my foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you last a long godspeed—
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
To bind the hearts so constant grown,
And kept it constant ever there—
If I had known.

If I had known that until Death
Shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more—
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you, before God's great white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth—
If I had known.

—Sheltering Arms.

At the Light House.

Not least among the attractions of this vicinity is the light house and its neighborhood. The light and its arrangements are objects of curiosity and interest to almost every one, and besides this, the museum of Miss Laura J. Hecox, the present keeper of the light house, is of itself well worthy of a visit. It is one of the finest collections in the country, embracing curiosities, coins, shells, Indian relics, antiques, etc., etc. Miss Hecox has displayed great ability and industry in this work, and has acquired a wide reputation as a conchologist. The visitors' register kept at the light house contains the autographs of 1160 persons registered since the first of January of the present year, and includes names from nearly every state in the Union, and many foreign countries.

You say "clever" when you mean smart.

You say "store" when you only mean shop.

You say "cunning" when you mean tricky or cute.

You say "now I want to know" when you do not mean it.

You say "depot" when you have in mind a railway station.

The carmels which you think "lovely" are only toothesome.

You find your eating "elegant" when you mean it is very good.

The lecture which struck you as "perfectly splendid" was in reality admirable.

You thought you had a "real good time," but you only enjoyed yourself very much.

If you do not quite understand any one you look up in a blank way and say "how?"

You say a house is "on Tenth street," very properly, when your British critics say "in Tenth street."

What you said was "too good for anything" was simply better than you thought it would be.

Arise with the lark and with the lark to bed," read a little boy from the "Third Reader." Then he stopped a moment and contemplated the picture of a lark at the head of the lesson. "Mamma," he said, "that lark's toe-nails are so long I'd be afraid to go to bed with him."

MOTHER'S WAY.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrongs that each have done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say,
Let us do our duty bravely—
This was our dear mother's way.

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

—*Selected by* C. H. W.

[Baltimore American.]

John B. Gough was a singer of comic songs in New York before he became a lecturer.

P. T. Barnum began his show life as an advertising agent for Turner's circus.

John H. Haverley was a tailor's apprentice. He first went into the show business with Cal Wagner's minstrels.

David Garrick was the wealthiest actor that ever lived; also, was most honored.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," is an English song; was changed from "Brittannia" to "Columbia," and was first sung in the United States by E. L. Davenport, an actor.

Baltimore has produced more actors than any other city. Next is Philadelphia, and then comes Boston, and least of all is New York.

The oldest theatre now standing in this country is the one in Savannah. The one ranking next is the Walnut-street theatre in Philadelphia.

The greatest slight-of-hand performers were Jews—Hazlemyer, Hartz, Heller, Jacobs, Phillippe, Herman and Adrian. Blitz, one of the most popular, was an Episcopalian.

Edwin Forrest was a tumbler and leaper in a circus company.

John R. Scott was a butcher boy.

Joe Jefferson painted scenes, as well as acted, when a young man. Salary, $18 per week.

The oldest actor living resides in St. Louis—N. M. Ludlow, aged 87.

Charles R. Thorne, Edmond S. Conner, Joe Proctor, Thomas Lyne and James E. Murdock, are all over 70.

Macklin, the actor, played Shylock at 95, and died at 105.

Lester Wallack was at one time an officer in the English army, served in India; born in 1819, and still plays juvenile characters.

Ed. Bingham used to keep a cigar-shop on the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets in 1850. Was also a soldier before he went on the stage.

Barney Williams set up tenpins for a livelihood when a boy; his real name was Bernard O'Flaherty; died worth $400,000.

Frank Mayo, real name Maguire, was a waiter in a restaurant in New York city.

James E. Murdock, George Jordon, William E. Burton, M. W. Leffingwell, Artemus Ward (Charlie Brown), J. H. McVicker were printers.

Lawrence Barrett was a bell boy in a hotel in Detroit.

Charles Wheatleigh, Edmond S. Connor, James M. Scott were tailors.

John Collins was a cook in Dublin.

Joe Wheelock and James E. Carden were sailors before the mast.

A. H. Davenport (Dolly) was a jeweller's clerk, then studied law with Daniel F. Sickles, was admitted to the bar in New York.

Edmund Kean (real name Carey), Dion Boucicault, Tyrone Power, Gustavus V. Brooke and John P. Kemble were all strolling players.

McKean Buchanan was a sugar broker in New Orleans.

Joe Emmet was a house and sign painter, before he became an actor, in St. Louis.

Tom Maguire was a hack-driver in New York.

The elder Charles Matthews was a driver for a London cabman before going on the stage as an actor.

LITTLE BLUE SHOES.

Two little shoes of worsted blue,
With satin ribbons woven through
The scalloped tops, and slowly tied
By trembling hands that could not hide
Their owner's joy, as, standing there,
She proudly held aloft the pair.
Two tiny shoes of azure blue
Were shown to me—but not to you.

She softly spoke. What matchless grace
Lighted her sweet Madonna face!
In smiling lips and cheeks aglow
I saw no fear of future woe:
But, with deepening trust in her tender eyes,
She leaned in meditative guise,
And showed me those shoes of heavenly hue,
As she whispered low—but not to you.

She whispers now; I yet can see
Her face with it- gentle mystery.
She smiles and beckons: my fancy teems
With fairy etchings, faint as dreams,

But dimly true, that I saw in thought
As I looked on the work her hands had wrought
In hours transcendent—those shoes of blue,
Long hid from me, still hid from you.

Like little ships, serene and still,
They wait for passengers to fill
Their cosy cabins, warm and neat,
Crocheted to shelter baby feet.
In many a port of love and cheer,
Such harbingers of life appear.
From myriad pictures this I choose,
A woman showing tiny shoes.

For little shoes must ever wait
The little feet that kindly fate
Brings into the hallowed harbor fair
Of father's kisses and mother's care;
And I hold that, fast as the world may go,
Such shoes and shoemakers 'twill never outgrow—
Queer little shoes, so soft and blue,
Sometime, sometime you'll see them too.

A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING.

Ay, good man, close the great barn door:
The mellow harvest time is o'er!

The earth has given her treasures meet
Of golden corn and hardened wheat.

You and your neighbors well have wrought,
And of the summer's bounty caught;

Won from her smiles and from her tears
Much goods, perhaps, for many years.

You come a tribute now to pay—
The bells proclaim Thanksgiving Day.

Well have you sown, well have you reaped;
And of the riches you have heaped,

You think, perhaps, that you will give
A part, that others, too, may live.

But if such argument you use,
Your niggard bounty I refuse.

No gifts you on the altar lay
In any sense are given away.

Lo! rings from Heaven a voice abroad:
"Who helps God's poor doth lend the Lord."

What is your wealth? He'd have you know
To have it, you must let it go.

Think you the hand by Heaven struck cold
Will yet have power to clutch its gold?

Shrouds have no pockets, do they say
Behold, I show you then the way:

Wait not till death shall shut the door,
But send your cargoes on before.

Lo! he that giveth of his hoard
To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.

To-day, my brethren—do not wait;
Yonder stands Dame Kelly's gate;

And would you build a mansion fair
In Heaven, send your lumber there.

Each stick that on her wood-pile lies
May raise a dome beyond the skies.

You stop the rents within her walls,
And yonder rise your marble halls;

For every pane that stops the wind
There shineth one with jasper lined.

Your wealth is gone, your form lies cold,
But in the city paved with gold

Your hoard is held in hands Divine;
It bears a name that marks it thine.

Behold the bargain ye have made;
With usury the debt is paid.

No moth doth eat, no thieves do steal,
No suffering heart doth envy feel.

Ring out the words: Who of his hoard
Doth help God's poor doth lend the Lord?

Go get your cargoes under way;
The bells ring out Thanksgiving Day!

A unique example of the use of glass with metal in Roman times is now in the British Museum. It is an oviform cup of silver, pierced with lateral holes, into which a lining of dark blue glass has been blown; this, swelling through the orifices at the sides, projects in convex form, giving the effect of *cabochon* sapphires set on the outer surface of the cup. It was found in Italy.

—

FLEUR-DE-LIS.

Nothing, says an old writer, could be more simple than the lily, which was the distinctive badge of the French monarchy; nor, at the same time, could anything be more symbolic of the state of the nobility and gentry, exempted from the necessity of working for livelihood or for dress, than lilies, of which it is said: "They toil not, neither do they spin," *neque labor aut neque nent*—which was the motto of the royal arms of France.

—

SUB ROSA.

T. S. R. asks in the *Observer*, of Sept 3, why the rose was chosen by the Germans as the pledge of secrecy. I have not been able to ascertain this, but may the choice not have arisen from this legend: "Cupid gave Harpocrates (the god of silence) a rose to bribe him not to betray the amours of Venus. Hence the flower became the emblem of silence (secrecy). For this reason it was sculptured on the ceilings of banquet-rooms to remind the guests that what was spoken *sub vino* was not to be uttered *sub divo*." T. C. H.

SOMETHING SURE.

"What a pity nothing ever
Has a beauty that will stay!"
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,
Stopping briefly in her play.
"All these velvet pansies withered—
And I picked them just to-day!"

"And there's nothing very certain,"
Answered Bess, with face demure;
"When it rains we can't go driving—
I wish promises were truer!
I could rest, if I were certain
Of a single thing that's sure!"

Grandma smiled from out her corner,
Smoothing back a soft gray tress;
"Sixty seconds make a minute;
Did you know it, little Bess?—
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Never more, and never less.

"For the seconds in a minute,
Whether full of work or fun,
Or the minutes in an hour,
Never numbered sixty-one!
That is one thing that is certain
Ever since the world begun.

"Though the rose may lose its crimson,
And the buttercup its gold,
There is something, through all changes,
You may always surely hold:
Truth can never lose its beauty,
Nor its strength, by growing old."

—*Mrs. Julia P. Ballard, in Our Little Ones.*

Written for the Mercury.

Down the River.

BY ROSALIE.

Rocking gently on its bosom,
Glide we down its waters free;
Oh, to live like this forever,
Drifting onward—you and me.

Onward, onward, ever onward,
Drop the oars, our work is done;
Brings the twilight's softening shadows,
Rest, relief, from noonday's sun.

Down the river, down the river,
Underneath the poplars shade,
Low the weeping willow bending,
Droops the tule's shining blade.

Down the stream of life together,
Side by side, we glide along;
Summer skies are smiling o'er us,
Singing birds their notes prolong.

Twilight shading into starlight,
Golden rays of setting sun
Fall athwart the sparkling waters—
Paint the scene elysean—

Fall upon thy golden ringlets,
Cast a halo round thy brow,
While thine eyelids, softly drooping,
Seemest thou an angel now.

Gliding onward in the shadows,
Bright skies shining overhead;
Ah! sits there an unseen pilot,
Grim and silent as the dead.

Sits he at the helm to guide us
Into some dark, turbid stream,
Whose cold waters shall close round us
Like some fever haunted dream.

HISTORICAL HOT SUMMERS.

Some of the Seasons That Have Been Exceedingly Warm.

People who are complaining of the heat says the *XIXme Siecle*, should remember the weather of former years. In 627 the heat was so great in France and Germany that all springs dried up; water became so scarce that many people died of thirst. In 879 work in the fields had to be given up; agricultural laborers persisting in their work, were struck down in a few minntes, so powerful was the sun. In 993 the sun's rays were so fierce that vegetation burned up as under the action of fire. In 1000 rivers ran dry under the protracted heat, the fish were left dry in heaps and putrefied in a few hours. The stench that ensued produced the plague. Men and animals venturing in the sun in 1022 fell down dying, the throat parched to a tinder and the blood rushing to the brain. In 1132 not only did the rivers dry up, but the ground cracked on every side and became baked to the hardness of stone. The Rhine in Alsace nearly dried up. Italy was visited with terrific heat in 1139; vegetation and plants were burned up. During the battle of Bela in 1260 there were more victims made by the sun than by weapons; men fell down sunstruck in regular rows. The summer of 1277 was also severe; there was absolute dearth of forage. In 1303 and 1304 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. In 1615 the heat throughout Europe became excessive. Scotland suffered particularly in 1625; men and beasts died in scores. The heat in several departments during the summer of 1705 was equal to that in a glass furnace. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and 4 P. M. In 1718 many shops had to close; the theaters never opened their doors for several months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1753 the thermoemter rose to 118 degrees. In 1779 the heat at Bologna was so great that a great number of people were stifled. There was not sufficient air for the breath, and people had to take refuge under ground. In 1793, the heat became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried upon the trees. The furniture and wood-work in dwelling-houses cracked and split up; meat went bad in an hour. The rivers ran dry in several provinces during 1811; expedients had to be devised for the grinding of corn. In 1822 a protracted heat was accompanied by storms and earthquakes; during the drought legions of mice overrun Lorraine and Alsace, committing damage. In 1832 the heat brought cholera in France; 20,000 persons fell victims to the visitation in Paris alone. In 1846 the thermometer marked 125 degrees in the sun. Finally the summers of 1859, 1860, 1869, 1870, 1874, etc., although excessively hot, were not attended by any disaster.

If We Knew.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded dusty way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We should pause where now we hasten,
We should oftener look around,
Lest our careless feet should trrmple
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms are fainting
For the shade which we could fling,
If we knew what lips are parching
For the water we could bring,
We should haste with eager footsteps,
We should work with willing hands,
Bearing cooling cups of water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew what feet were weary,
Climbing up the hill of pain,
By the world cast out as evil,
Poor, repentant Magdalenes;
We no more should dare to scorn them,
With our pharisaic pride,
Wrapping close our robe about us,
Passing on the other side.

If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say "Good-bye,"
Which among the lips that kiss us
First beneath the flowers would lie,
While like rain upon their faces
Fell our bitter, blinding tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We should whisper in their ears.

Evolution of the Flounder.

Croffut in Kansas City Journal.

Take this flounder for instance. It was obviously a flounder for it was a flat fish, some ten inches long by five broad, mahogany color on one side and white on the other, and both of his eyes were on the brown or upper side, somewhat askew, and looking very groggy indeed. But his brown side was speckled with light spots of an uncertain color, giving him the appearance of having a bad attack of measles.

This flounder, by the way, is a curious example of evolution—of organic change following the change of environment. Originally—1,000 or 1,000,000 years ago—it moved upright through the water, its broadest dimensions being up and down and its eyes on each side. But it was so thin it maintained that that position with difficulty, being much inclined to topple over. It did topple over to rest, more and more frequently, and the eye that was on the under side strained itsself to look up. The side that was on top the most began to be tanned by the sun, and the lower eye kept pulling its socket toward the back of its head to look up "around the corner," till, in process of time, it actually passed through the soft bones of the head, and both eyes appeared on one side of the body—not in the middle of the side, but towards the upper edge. The tendency of the left eye to work over to the right side strengthened con-

stantly, and the optical migration became constantly easier, but the strange process is still gone through with by each succeeding generation,

When a young flounder is hatched, his eyes are on opposite sides of the head, and his mouth is narrow and deep slit across below the eyes, and his two sides are white. Soon after learning to swim, he begins to lose his balance, his upper side begins to turn brown, his left eye starts on its queer pilgrimage, and even the mouth, finding a vertical movement of the jaw inconvenient, begins to twist awkwardly and set itself slantwise. The uncanny result is a fish that has complicafed strabismus both in his eyes and mouth—the result of his obedience to Edward Everett Hal's ambitious motto, "Look up and not down." The doctor explained all of this to us as we stood around him on the forward deck. The old skipper shook his head and evidently didn't believe the yarn; but I find that it is confirmed by books on marine life.

Secretary Folger's Funeral.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.

Acting Secretary of the Treasury Coon to-day issued the following order:

To the Officers of Customs, Assistant Treasurers of the United States and all other Officers of the Treasury Department:—Notice is hereby given that the funeral of the Hon. Chas. J. Folger, late Secretary of the Treasury, will take place at 2 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, September 9, at Geneva, New York. All buildings and offices under your control will be closed at that hour on the day mentioned. It being impracticable to reach all the Treasury officials throughout the country direct from this Department, on account of the large number of officials, this announcemant is made through the Associated Press.

—In the vacant lot on High street may be seen a pile of stone. This is part of a fort erected in 1792 for the protection of the residents of the Mission against the wild Indians who once inhabited the forests of this county, or pitched their wigwams on the hills of this city that are now dotted with cosy homes.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

There is an old-time school-house,
It stands upon a hill;
'Tis built of yellow sandstone;
I think I see it still
Glistening in the sunlight,
Just as it did of yore,
When, a fair-haired, barefoot lad,
I entered through the door.

Its walls are square and solid,
And pointed is its roof;
Constructed for duration,
Against the storms 'tis proof:
But the good souls that planned it
Long since have passed away;
The hands so strong that reared it
Have moldered back to clay.

Ah, well do I remember
Those days so sweet and fair;
The sun came up in beauty,
And balmy was the air;
The grass was wet with dew-drops,
And bathed my naked feet;
While meadow-lark and robin
Made melody so sweet.

I trudged then to that school-house,
With freshly-buttered bread
Within my dinner-basket—
By mother hands 'twas spread—
Her kiss was on my forehead
And I can ne'er forget
Those loving eyes so tender
I see them smiling yet.

And gathered there were playmates;
Bright boys and rosy girls;
Floating on the air again,
I see those golden curls;
I hear the merry laughter,
The shout and lusty call,
And join the jolly pastime,
In race, and bat, and ball.

I hear the chiming school-bell;
Its mem'ry will not die,
The call to which I listened
And quickly did comply;
Nor how we took our places
Each in his chosen seat;
O, how the stillness settled
As quiet grew our feet!

Nor those long hours of study:
How drowsily they passed!
Those days were each like ages,
So long they seemed to last;
But joyful was the moment
When we were all dismissed,
And round our patient teacher
We gathered to be kissed.

O days so bright and golden!
O days of life's best June!
Like open morning-glories
Ye closed up all too soon:
With misty eyes I see you,
And beautiful ye seem—
Again will ye not greet me
Beyond the mystic stream?

—*G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The tiles formerly covering the floor of the Carmelo Church were made at the Mission by the Indians under the direction of the Padres. They were made about 10x10 inches, and one and a half inches thick, of a quality of material and bake not to be found nowadays. They have a surface similar to pressed brick, but much harder and more durable. They could be used for years without any perceptible wearing away. How they were manufactured, or of what materials, is a mystery that probably died with the makers. As it is desired to duplicate these tiles as near as possible in repaving the old church, Father Cassanova intends to send East for pressed brick if none more serviceable can be found on this coast.

Great famines occur in Japan every forty or fifty years. The most notable seasons of dearth recorded in modern history being 1640, 1673, 1781, and 1835. This year the climatic changes have been so frequent and severe that a recurrence of the famine of half a century ago is feared.

Goldsmith Maid, at the height of her glory, for a joke, was taken from her quarters through a back street, led to a public place and put up at auction, the spectators bidding in good faith until the price was run up to $34, when some one connected with the stable bid $35, the hammer fell and she was led away.

When Cortez landed, 360 years ago, Mexico had a population of 25,000,000. To-day she has not half that. They had the best system of irrigation known to the world. Now all is gone, and the ruins of broken aqueducts trail across the land. They had a progressive agriculture, and in some of the fine arts were ahead of Europe.

"The Great American Desert" is a thing of the past. The quadrant which this "desert" occupied on the map once embraced the area now occupied by the States of Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas to the Indian Territory—"an area in total equal to nine New Englands." The grain product of this "desert" in 1880 amounted to 642,416,200 bushels.

Tar Smoke for Diphtheria.

The New York Sun of a recent date says: "On Thursday Dr. Nichols, of No. 117 West Washington place, who was attending her, received a copy of the Paris Figaro, which contained a report made to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Delthi. Dr. Delthi said that the vapors of liquid tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrinous exudations which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria.

Dr. Delthil's process was described. He pours equal parts of turpentine and liquid tar into a tin pan or cup, and sets fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke arises, which obscures the air of the room. "The patient," Dr. Delthil says, "immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rrttling stop; the patient falls ir to a slumber, and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous matter soon becomes detached and the patient coughs up microbicides. These, when caught in a glass, may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days afterward the patient entirely recovers."

Er. Nichols tried this treatment with little Ruth Lockwood. She was lying gasping for breath when he visited her. First pouring about two tablespoonfuls of liquified tar on an iron pan he poured as much turpentine ever it, and set it on fire. The rich resinous smoke which rose to the ceiling was by no means unpleasant. As it filled the room the child's breathing beceme natural, and as the smoke grew dense she fell asleep.

This dreadful disease is now on the Comstock. Every newspaper should give the above a wide circulation.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all—
One by one.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn what present duties teach—
One by one.

—*Selected.*

THE DIAMONDS OF BRAZIL.

The diamond-washing establishments in Brazil have recently been visited by the distinguished traveler J. J. von Tschudi. On his way thither he was invited to stay in the neighboring town, Serro, where considerable commerce is going on in this gem. Tschudi was not little surprised when he witnessed how unsuspectingly the dealers intrust their goods. At the request of a friend he was immediately furnished with over 570 carats, or about one quarter of a pound of diamonds, making a value of 21,400 rix dollars.

One of the most remunerative washing establishments (Lavra) of Brazil is, according to Tschudi, that of San Joao de Barro. It is, however, not rich in stones of the first water, or those free from slightest faults, while diamonds of the second and third water are met with quite abundantly. Diamonds of the second water are called such, which exhibit spots, clouds, or flaws; but those having an undecided color, or that are injured by other material faults, are designated as being of the third water.

The washing operation requires considerable skill. For an inexperienced eye it is exceedingly difficult to detect a small diamond among a mass of glittering quartz, talc, or micaceous schist. Tschudi, in spite of carefully searching, and although the gem lay on the top of the sand, was unable to find it. To the keen and well-practiced eye of the negro, however, not a diamond of the size of a pin's head remains unnoticed.

The quantity of gems collected per day amounts to from thirty-five to seventy carats, which is equal to about one hundred and fifty diamonds. The gems collected, from the beginning of the season up to the time of Tschudi's stay, weighed 2,700 carats, and consisted for the greater part of beautiful stones, some of which exhibited a greenish tint, which disappears in grinding.

During the time when the washing establishments were under royal administration, every negro who found a diamond of seventeen and a half carats, received his entire freedom, and presents were awarded to those who found smaller ones. As to the etymology of the term carat, it is derived from the word *kuara*, the coral tree, the red pods of which, when dry, were formerly used for weighing gold dust. Four grains are equal to one carat, 151½ carats being equal to one ounce troy weight.

Dr. Lewis Feuchtwanger, in his treatise on gems, gives the following prices for diamonds in gold currency, viz.;

2 grains (half a carat), from	$ 68	to $75
3 " " "	80	to 90
1 carat " "	110	to 140
1½ carat (6 grains)	200	
2 " (8 ")	400	
3 " (12 ")	1,200	to 1,400
4 " (16 ")	1,600	to 2,000
6 " (20 ")	3,000	to 4,000

Diamonds differ considerably in their color. Forty per cent are in general colorless, thirty per cent may exhibit a slight tint, and as many may show a decided color. Aside from the limpid or colorless stones, those of a dull whitish or greenish tint are most common. In polishing them some of the colors disappear, when the diamonds will distinguish themselves by their pure water. Light shaded rough stones are therefore not always less valuable than limpid ones. Light-tinged diamonds are more common than deep-colored ones, blue and green are very rare, and bring exorbitant prices.

low, but not sulphur-yellow; light-brown, pink, and red-brown; rose, peach blossom, and cherry-red; green in all shades, as pale sea-green, leek color, pistachio olive, thistle-finch color, emerald and bluish green, greenish gray; light gray, ash gray, smoky gray, pure black and dirty black.

Most colored stones are found in Rio da Bagagne, they also occur frequently in Sincora in the province of Bahia. The most refractory to the cut is the black diamond, such as used for the carbon tool points, which were described in our issue of July 24. It mostly occurs in the latter province, sometimes in pieces of from one to two pounds.

One of the most extraordinary curiosities in the way of diamonds is a crystal inclosing a gold leaf. Dr. Nello Franca, who makes mention of this stone, asserts that the gold is seen as if not imbedded in the diamond at all. This peculiar specimen speaks against the hypothesis of those who consider this gem as having directly originated from carbon or carbonic acid.

MOUNTING small insects for the microscope, such as parasites and acari from birds, beetles, etc., may be performed by placing the live insect on the inside of a sheet of tolerably good note paper, folded, and when in the act of running, closing the paper and pressing it tightly in a book. By this means the legs and antennæ may be nicely extended, all the expressed moisture absorbed by the paper, and the skin left apparently unbroken. It should be allowed to remain in the book about two days, when it may be carefully removed from the paper, put in the turpentine bath, and afterward mounted in balsam in the usual way.

OLD CHURCH HYMNS.

HISTORY OF SOME OF THE FAVORITES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The Rev. Joseph Hemphill lectured last evening at the Woodbridge Presbyterian Church upon the old hymns that are used in public worship. After dwelling at some length upon the philosophy of music and its attractions for the human soul, he proceeded to give a history of some of the most familiar numbers in the Hymnal. "Rock of Ages," he said, was composed by Augustus Montague Toplady, who was born in Surrey, England, in 1740. When 15 years of age Toplady went with his mother to Ireland, where, in a barn, he heard a sermon preached by an unlettered man that produced in him a change of heart. He studied theology and eventually became an energetic and useful preacher of the Gospel. Prince Albert, consort to Queen Victoria, was greatly taken with the words on their first appearance and set them to music. A few minutes before his death he asked that the last verse might be sung to him.

in Boston in 1652. The coins were of the value 3 pence, 6 pence and 12 pence. They were of silver, rude and somewhat uneven in thickness, and irregularly circular, with no device, legend or date, save the letters "N. E." on the obverse, and the Roman numerals on the reverse side to signify the value in pence. None of the three-penny pieces are believed to be in existence at present. These were soon followed by more elaborate coinage, and instead of the letters, "N. E." on the observe, there were a double circle of dots inclosing the word "Massachusetts," and within the inner circle a representation of an oak tree. Upon the reverse side the words "New England, Our Dam." They bore the date 1652, underneath which were the numerals expressing the value in pence. During the following year the oak was replaced by the pine tree, and for thirty years or more, silver coins with the pine tree and the date 1652 were issued. The denomination most largely issued was the coin of the value of 1 shilling, hence the famous "pine tree shilling." It should be noticed that the inscriptions varied during that period as sentiment or caprice demanded.

Religion and Science in a Pack of Cards.

A soldier by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before a magistrate in the old Puritan days of Massachusetts, for the crime of using cards at meeting. The sergeant who had charge of the company to which the soldier belonged, said that the soldier no sooner got to meeting, than pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card then another. The sergeant said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the services were over, the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the magistrate who said:

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you severely."

"I have," said the soldier, "neither Bible nor common prayer-book—I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading out the cards he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God.

"When I see the two it reminds me of Father and Son.

"When I see the three it reminds me of the Trinity.

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists.

NEW YORK CITY.— MODEL OF BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY, WITH THE PEDESTAL FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps.

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"When I see the seven it reminds me that, on the seventh day God rested from the great work which he had made, and hallowed it.

"When I see the eight it reminds me of Noah, his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Savior.

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the ten commandments.

"When I see the king it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven.

"When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The king sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrist; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the magistrate, "you have described every card in the pack except the knave."

"I will give your honor a description of that, too. The greatest knave I know of is the constable that brought me here. But still more; when I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year.

"When I count the number of cards in a pack I find fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year.

"I find there are twelve picture cards in the pack, representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the tricks I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter.

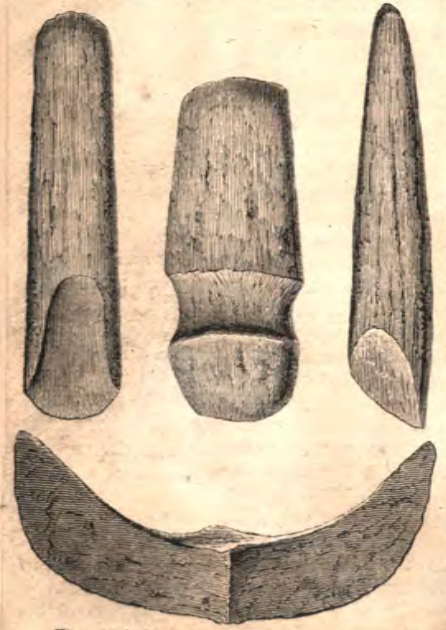
"So, you see, a pack of cards serves for a Bible and almanac, to a poor fellow who hasn't either."

That soldier was discharged.

ONE day, as I was hunting, in a piece of woodland on the shore of Little Otter

Figs. 1 and 2.—SHOWING THE INDIAN MODE OF ROASTING FISH AND MUSKRATS.

Creek, I came upon two dingy tents, pitched in the shade and shelter of some ancient hemlocks, through whose branches the smoke of a camp-fire was lazily rising. It proved to be the camp of a party of Indians who had come there to trap muskrats, and sell bows and baskets. They were of the St. Francis tribe, now living in Canada, the descendants of the once powerful Abenakis, who, in old times, occupied all Northern New



Figs. 3, 4, 5, and 6.—INDIAN TOOLS.

waged fierce and frequent wars. The Iroquois held the country west of Lake Champlain, and the Abenakis called that lake "Pe-tow-bowk," "the water that lies between," that is, "between the two countries."

But these men were little like their fierce ancestors; they wore felt hats and flannel shirts and "white folk's" pantaloons, and were mild-mannered and sociable enough after a while, except the son of the head man, who would not speak English, though he understood it well and could write the language in a fair hand. There was not a scalp to be seen dangling from their lodge-poles, only a few muskrat skins, stretched on bows of "Nanny-bush," and hung on poles to dry; and in place of captives suffering the torture of fire, were three or four muskrats roasting, spitted on green sticks stuck in the ground, and a few perch in the cleft of a split rod of birch, tied at the upper end to hold the fish in, and the lower end thrust in the earth—a very old "American Broiler," and unpatented (see figs. 1 and 2). These Indians prefer the flesh of the muskrat to almost any other, and it is sweet and good, though the rat-like appearance of the animal, and the dark color of the meat, are apt to set the squeamish against it.

Fig. 7.—AN INDIAN SYMBOL.

John Wadhso was the head man's name. Wadhso means mountain; but I don't know whether John's ancestor who gained the family its name, was big as a mountain, or lived on a mountain or in a mountain. John told me many of the old Indian names of our streams—that the Little Otter was "Wonakuke-tuk," the "River of Otters;" Great Otter, "Peconk-tuk," the "Crooked River;" Lewis Creek, once famous for its salmon, "Sungahnee-tuk," the "Fishing River." The Saranac was "Senhahlenac-tuk," the "River of Sumacs." He said that in old times the Indians smoked the dried leaves of the sumac, and used them in place of tobacco. Abenaki is properly "Waubanakee," the White Land. These Indians called themselves Zooquahgees, and Waubanakee was their country. Winooski is "The Onion Land;" Winooski-tuk, "The River of the Onion Land."

BIRCH-BARK CANOES.

instance, to procure fire as they did, not by rubbing two sticks together, as you have often read it was done, but by holding the point of a hard wood stick against a bit of soft wood, and twirling it rapidly by means of a bow, just as a "fiddle-bow" drill is worked.

On the lake-shore we often find arrow and spear heads of flint and horn-stone (see fig. 9), and I once found a beautiful one of jasper, hard enough to scratch glass. If you have ever seen these, no doubt you have wondered how they were made by those who had no steel tools to work with. This John Wadhso could not tell; but a traveler in Oregon not many years ago saw an Indian making arrow-heads of flint. He used a chisel of flint, which he struck with a mallet of wood, chipping away the hard material quite rapidly, and soon fashioned a handsome arrow-head. After a few trials, he succeeded in making one of a piece of a junk-bottle, given to him by the traveler.

Bits of Indian pottery are often picked up on the shore of the lake, where they have been washed up by the waves, or washed out of the bank in high water. Whole vessels are very seldom found, but here is a picture of a nearly perfect one that was found in Colchester, Vt., in 1825 (fig. 10). It was covered with a flat stone, and had lain in the ground so many years that a large tree had grown over it, and this had so long been dead that it was nearly all decayed. The pot, or urn, is about eight inches high, and seems to be composed of pulverized granite and clay. Here are pictures of a stone chisel, an ax, a gouge (figs. 3, 4, and 5), and of an implement whose use is unknown (fig. 6). It is about ten inches long, and made of a gray stone. It was found in Burlington, Vt.

Did you ever see a birch-bark canoe? and did you try to navigate the "tottlish" craft? If so, it is quite likely you got a ducking. They have a light frame-work of ribs, almost as thin as basket-stuff, over which the bark is laid, sewed together with cedar-roots, and the seams made tight with turpentine. Two of these frail boats were drawn up in the rushes near Wadhso's camp, and are shown in the picture below. Wadhso told me of his moose-hunts in the woods of Maine, where he and his companions went every year in February, traveling on snow-shoes, and hauling their blankets and provisions on toboggans, as their light sledges are called. They would find where the moose had gathered in their "yards," and would drive them from these retreats out into the deep snow. Once on the treacherous crust, through which they would break at every step, the poor moose were at the mercy of the hunters, who would frequently kill twenty in a two-weeks hunt. It was a wasteful as well as a murderous business, for the Indians could take home little mo the hides of their game. Wadhso m sketch of a moose for me, a faithful c which you have here (fig. 8). A quee ing picture, but yet it has a good deal character of the animal.

Here is a picture made by Indians lo on a rock near the Connecticut River, mont (fig. 7). It is plainly intended to sent a fish-hawk with a fish in his be

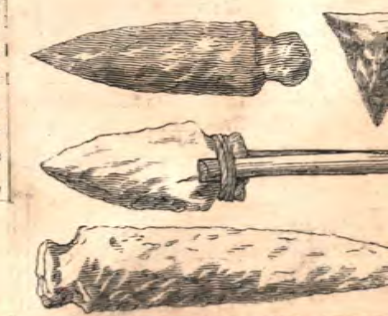


Fig. 9.—SPEAR-HEADS AND ARROW (showing the Indian mode of fastenin

Fig. 8.—AN INDIAN DRAWING.

perhaps it was made to commemorate some great event in Indian history. It may be the gobbling up of the Fish tribe by the Hawk tribe, for you know each tribe had its "totum"—a beast, bird, fish, or reptile—just as we of Uncle Sam's tribe have our eagle, and our English cousins their lion.

In fashioning their bows and arrows and smoothing their strips of ash basket-stuff, Wadhso and his companions used a knife of peculiar form, bent flatwise, downward, at an angle with the handle, and curving upward toward the point. It was held with the palm of the hand up, and drawn toward the workman (as shown in fig. 11). They were very skillful in its use, and turned out beautifully smooth work. The bows and arrows they make now are only toys for boys. The bows are of hard-hack, the strings of moose-hide, and the arrows of hickory, with

Fig. 10.—FINE SPECIMEN OF OLD INDIAN POTTERY.

blunt heads. And now I guess we have talked "Injun" enough for to-day.

Easter Sunday of this year occurs on the 25th of April. There is nothing particulary remarkable about that beyond the fact that it hasn't happened since 1734, and will not again until 1943.

other racy letter to the Silver State, and gives this kindly mention of our townsman, ex-Senator O. K. Stampley:

I find that the ex-Humboldters were delighted with the little notice I gave them in my last, and I imagine that anything connected with them will be read with interest by their old associates, therefore a further notice will be pardoned. On the 5th instant ex-Senator O. K. Stampley celebrated the completion of his sixty years' journey on the road of life. It is rumored that his old Humboldt and Santa Cruz (California) friends surprised him during the evening by invading his home privacy, bearing with them not only many good wishes, but numerous elegant birthday gifts, both useful and artistic. It is presumable that when friends who have known a man intimately for from fifteen to thirty-four years—as in this instance—are as firmly attached to him as are the friends of Mr. Stampley, that his heart must be in about the right place.

A Monkey's Trick.

An old monkey sat cozily asleep in a snug corner, with a friend nestling against him, and indulging likewise in a comfortable snooze. Presently a young skylarker approached them somewhat timidly, and squatting beside his friend, sat quietly for some seconds, then suddenly, as if possessed by some malicious inspiration, he reached his arm out cautiously behind the slumbering friend, and gave the elderly monkey a whacking box on the ear. He waking in just wrath, and unsuspicious of the truth—for the culprit was now shamming sleep and looked the picture of innocence—flew upon his friend with an indictment for assault, and chivied him with monstrous clamor round and round the cage, while the culprit sat regarding them and jabbering with joy. Some little time after the performance was repeated, the old monkey and his friend having settled in the corner, and the assault and wrongful punishment occurring as before. Once again the trick was tried, but the friend who had twice suffered was shamming sleep this time, and caught the culprit in the act, and, with the help of the old monkey, gave him a good drubbing, which, indeed, he well deserved.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much;
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped—
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

T. ALDINE.

TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES.

THE King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, turned a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Bedditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. On this diminutive needle, besides the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

STYLE IN OLD TIMES.

IN 1782, Governor Hancock received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, turned up over the edge of velvet one or two inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, white satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

The judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1773, wore robes of scarlet, laced with black velvet, and in summer, black silk gowns. Gentlemen wore coats of every variety of color, generally the cape and collar of velvet, of a different color from the coat.

In 1780, General Washington arrived in New York from Mount Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England, he wore the old Continental uniform, except on the Sabbath, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice-President, wore sword, and walked about the streets with his hat under his arm.

At levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles. He held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep with black feathers. A long sword in a white scabbard, with a polished steel hilt, hung at his hip.

The Valuable Cork Oak.

In Sardinia, Sicily, and the region around Naples, large cork plantations are being destroyed in the improvident haste of their owners to realize profit from the superior quality of tannin afforded by the bark, and from the carbonate of soda made out of the ashes of the wood. The French have planted this valuable oak largely in Algiers, where there is now over 500,000 acres in good condition. The number of trees in Spain is also increasing. It continues to grow for 150 years, and reaches the height of some fifty feet. The wood is not valuable except for fuel. It is thought that the tree would thrive in California.

1. Fish-hook. 2, 3. Knives, with Horn Handles. 4. Bronze Ornament. 5. Arrow-head. 6. Flint Axe. 7, 9. Hatchets. 8, 10. Sickles. 11. Dagger-hilt. 12, 15. Bracelets. 13. Ring Orn
14. Bronze Razor. 16. Deer-prong Fork. 17. Flint Axe-head. 18. Iron Spear-head. 19–23. Hair-pins. 24. Stone Spear-head. 25, 26. Awls. 27, 28. Iron Scabbard and Sword-blad

RELICS OF THE SWISS LAKE-DWELLERS.—Photographed by Pach from Specimens in the Collection of Mr. Erlinger, New York.

The Greatest Work of the Mound-Builders.

In Carroll County, Ind., there is a mound covering almost as large a space as the Cheops, built of earth from the surrounding country, and rising to the height of almost ninety feet. The country surrounding this mound is perfectly level, and none of us, in our school days, ever constructed a mound of sand whose sides were so symmetrical. Trees of the growth of several centuries grow near its apex, and near thirty years ago when a cellar was excavated at the top numerous bones of human skeletons were found within four feet from the surface. Who built this mound, and for what purpose was it erected? Certainly no Indian tribe could have erected it, for the task was far too great for their indolent natures to undertake; and besides, it is not probable that this section was inhabited by Indian tribes when this mound was built. The human bones found at its apex would denote that it was intended for a burying ground, and the only reasonable conclusion to be reached is that the ancient mound builders had erected the mound for a receptacle for their dead chiefs. This is, no doubt, the largest artificial mound in the State, and it has ever been a matter of surprise to the writer that some one has not explored its interior. No one knows what riches it may contain, but we can easily imagine what prayers and incantations ascended from its dusky builders, as, toiling to its summit, they carried the forms of their beloved chiefs and interred them there.—[W. H. Hamelle, in the Indianapolis News.

Crabs Three Feet Across.

Prof. Verrill, of the United States Fish Commission, reports that the zoological results of the deep sea explorations last year were of great interest. Many additions to the fauna of great depths were made, and a large portion of them are undescribed forms. Some of the fishes were of great interest. Huge spiny spider-crabs over three feet across were taken in 1,000 to 1,230 fathoms, and another very large crab occurred in great abundance in 500 to 1,000 fathoms, while in 2,574 fathoms a large and strong crab-like creature was taken. Many curious shrimp, some of them of large size and brightly colored, and often with perfect eyes, occurred in most of the deepest dredgings. Several very interesting new forms of star-fishes, ophiurans, and holothurians were dredged, some of them in large quantities, even in the deepest localities. Several interesting new forms of corals, gorgonians, sea pens, and allied forms also occurred. Numerous specimens of huge sea-urchins, with flexible shells, were obtained from several different stations, in 600 to 1,100 fathoms. Some of these are about ten inches broad. One sea-urchin not before observed north of the West Indies, was taken in 991 fathoms. Most of the deep-sea star-fishes belong to the genus Archaster and other closely related genera.

The Sleep of Fishes.—Experiments on the sleep of fishes have been made in London by Mr. W. August Carter. He has found that the fresh-water fishes observed—the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow, and catfish—sleep periodically like terrestrial animals. The same is true of some marine fishes—such as the wrasse, conger eel, dory, dogfish, wrasse bass, and all species of flat fish—but the goldfish, pike, and angler fish do not appear to sleep at all, although they rest periodically. The desire for sleep varies according to weather conditions, and fishes do not necessarily select night-time for repose.

How to Put an Egg in a Bottle.

A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* tells the young folks how they may perform the magic feat of putting an egg in a bottle. Like many other things, it is easy enough when you know how. This is the way it is done: Soak a fresh egg for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the lime of the shell, so that while the egg looks the same it will be soft and capable of compression. Select a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. With a little care you will have no trouble in pressing the latter into the bottle. Fill the bottle half full of lime water, and in a few days you will have a hard-shelled egg in a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. Of course, you pour off the lime water as soon as the shell hardens. How the egg got into the bottle will be a conundrum that few can answer.

Montana has over 92,000,000 acres within her boundaries, of which 70,000,000 acres are fine lands, suitable for agriculture or grazing. Nearly 20,000,000 are mountainous, but among these 20,000,000 acres are located some of the richest mining camps in the world.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Jos. Hamer, Mrs. Clara Reed, aged twenty years, two months and five days.

Clara Reed, was the daughter of T. M. and H. E. Mercer, and was born, in the same house in which she died, on the 22nd day of February, 1865. In her girlhood she removed with her parents to Astoria. When about sixteen years of age, she united with the Christian church in this place, and on the 21st day of Sept., 1884, was united in marriage to Mr. Stephen Reed. The remains of Mrs. Reed, were brought to the home of her parents in this place, after appropriate exercises, conducted by Elder J. B. Royal, were followed to the grave by a large concourse of grieving relatives and friends. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the whole community for the lost one was a favorite with all who knew her.

For years Clara had been a great sufferer, but her sufferings were never inflicted on others by useless complaining. Patience and resignation were impressed on her features; while a cheerfulness such as can spring only from a firm faith in the truth of the Gospel, made the decline of her life bright with the sunshine of peace. While on a visit to her grandparents, glowing with bright anticipations of her home-coming on the morrow, the summons came and with husband and other loved ones around her, she indeed, "went home."

For a little while, dear sister; farewell. We could go with you but a little way; only to the brink of the mystic river. We stopped and gazed after you, but could not see through the mists hanging over the water, nor see the bright beings who welcomed you on the other side; but we know that above the mist, where rises the New Jerusalem, bright and glorious; where the River of the Water of Life flows through all the land; where all is peace and joy for mists have cleared away." A.

—Died, on Monday, the 27th inst., of consumption, Mrs. Clara Reed, daughter of T. M. anp Lizzie Mercer, aged 20 years. Mrs. Reed was a native of this place and had a large circle of relatives and friends here. When she was quite small her parents moved to Astoria, where she received her education and spent her happy youthful days. A few weeks ago she came here on a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hamer, and was taken down with her last sickness. She was buried in the Astoria cemetery on Tuesday.

THE AMERICAN OYSTER AND ITS HABITS.—Our knowledge of the structure, breeding, and feeding habits of the American oyster has been forwarded by the careful studies of Mr. John A. Ryder, which form part of the last report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Maryland. Selecting a pond near the mouth of the Potomac River, with the design of converting it into a *claire*, or oyster park, Mr. Ryder spent the latter part of the summer, and obtained a good deal of practical, as well as scientific knowledge, which has an important bearing on the future of oyster culture in this country.

The sexes of the oyster are distinct; but there is no apparent possibility of determining the sexes from the external appearance of the glands, a microscopical examination of the tissues being necessary to distinguish the eggs or sperm-cells. The question how an oyster takes on flesh is then answered. The word "fat," as applied to indicate the condition of the oyster when in flesh, is a misnomer, since the condition of plumpness, which betokens a fitness for the market, is the result of a very extensive deposit of protoplasm, which has mainly been laid down in the substance of the mantle. "It is this relatively large amount of delicate, easily-digested protoplasm of the mantle which renders the oyster so wholesome and nutritious." In September, when the oysters for the most part stop spawning, the storing up of the protoplasm in the ovaries or spermaries stops, and the protoplasmic substance is stored up in the mantle, which now becomes much thicker than before. Thus oysters diatoms, the spores of algæ, the larvæ or young of sponges, Polyzoa, Hydroid polyps, worms, molluscs, Copepod Crustacea, as well as the young of the larger tube-building infusoria (Freia Cothurnia) and adult free-swimming infusoria. These organisms flourish in greater numbers and luxuriance in the headwaters of the inlets and creeks about the mouth of Chesapeake Bay than elsewhere, and it is here, in shallow water, that, as oystermen state, oysters "fatten" with the most rapidity.

Mr. Ryder thinks that the oyster crab, the little messmate of the bivalve, is rather an advantage to it than otherwise, as it may be the means of indirectly supplying its host with a part of its food, as it affords a place of attachment for forests of shell-animalcules and numerous other infusoria, on which the oyster feeds.

The natural spawning-grounds of the oyster were also studied. It appears that the oysters assume an approximately vertical position on the bank, with the hinge end downward and the free edges of the valves upward, so that the animals are in an excellent position to feed, while the outside vertical surfaces of the valves are well adapted to afford places of attachment for the "spat" or young oyster.

Oyster beds or banks, in a true sense, says Ryder, are interdependent communities, whose vigor may, no doubt, be impaired by the removal of a single one of its members. Though protected from injury by its heavy, thick shell, yet the oyster, entirely dependent for a vigorous existence upon the favorableness of surrounding conditions, should we remove the algæ, diatoms, oyster-crabs, vibriones, bacteria, infusoria, in fact, all the minute life, and we should greatly impair, if not destroy, the vitality of the beds. One great impediment to the growth of the young oyster is the accumulation of mud on the beds. When the infant oyster settles down and attaches itself, it is only 1-80 of an inch in diameter and a small amount of mud is enough to bury and smother it. Moebius estimates that each oyster which is born has 1-1,145,000 of a chance to survive and reach adult age. So numerous and effective are the adverse fraction ever develop. The egg of the oyster, being exceedingly small and heavier than water, immediately falls to the bottom, upon being set free by the parent. Should the bottom be oozy or composed of sediment, its chances of development are meagre, indeed. Irrecoverably buried, the eggs do not, in all probability, have the chance to begin to develop at all. The chances of impregnation are also reduced, because the male and female oysters empty their generative products directly into the surrounding water, whereby the likelihood of the eggs meeting with the male cells becomes diminished. What with falling into the mud and what with a lessened chance of becoming impregnated, it is not unlikely that Moebius's estimate is very nearly correct; but the American oyster, whose yield of eggs is much greater, not only on account of its larger size, but also because the eggs are smaller than those of the European, has probably still fewer chances of survival. When forty eight days old the oyster is about an inch in diameter, and the oyster attains a diameter of two inches in from two and one-half to three months. Hence, the smaller oysters in the market are about two years old.—*N. Y. Independent*..

THE TEREDO.—There are 24 species of the teredo, of which the ship-worm is the best known. The creature is said to suggest the flexible spiral steel auger encased up to near the bit in a rubber tube for convenience in handling, which has recently made such a revolution in the business of boring. The long and flexible body ends in cutting shells or bits, and is inclosed for protection in a long hose-like shell up almost to the cutting part. The body is soft and mucilaginous, but the muscles that drive the cutters are very strong, and easily bore through the hardest timber. Unlike the flexible auger, however, the teredo can change its course at any point. A hundred of the eggs, of which a single worm produces from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000, would hardly be as large as a small seed like mustard. The worm hatched from these almost invisible eggs is about 1-25th of an inch long, and after a day or two begins to seek timber, into which, as soon as met,

in only fast enough to make room for itself, until it becomes 10 or 12 inches long, and in the Gulf of Mexico much larger. The largest one scientifically observed was 23 inches long and ⅝ths of an inch thick at the cutting end, although Mr. I. W. Putnam, of New Orleans, found a hole in which one had died that was 3 feet long and ⅞ths of an inch in diameter at the large end. The burrow is generally straight where it does not turn aside to avoid a knot or the burrow of another worm, into which, although there may be hundreds of them, they never cut. Neither will they bore in wood impregnated with creosote. The small end is provided with a pair of hard file-like appendages, with which it closes and defends the hole against salt water or enemies. Sometimes so many get into one piece of timber as to consume it and die of starvation. Fresh muddy water kills them. As they never cut through the shell of wood, no matter how thin, which divides them from the outside of a log or from the hole of another teredo, a piece of timber may be completely ruined by them and yet not show it until it breaks. Defense by injecting the wood with many kinds of corrosive poison and solutions of metal has been tried without satisfactory results. Coal tar will keep them out until it is dissolved by the action of water, and when mixed with creosote oil—a colorless liquid distilled from wood—it becomes insoluble. The pores of the wood are first opened by steaming it, and then the tar and creosote mixture is forced in at high pressure. The latter process must be very thorough to prove successful.

"No, I mean that carmine is made of bugs, dried bugs. You see it is this way. In some warm countries there is found a sort of insect which lives on the cactus plant, and it is this insect which, killed and dried, is called cochineal, and out of it is made our carmine lake. When Cortez conquered Mexico he was struck by the beautiful color of the cloaks of the natives, and he determined to encourage the cultivation of the insect which produced the dye, and it became the source of great wealth to the Spaniards. The insect is very small; so small that 70,000 of them when they are of the right age they are gathered by brushing off into a vessel with some soft, feathery brush. I think I have read that the tail of the squirrel is sometimes used."

A LITTLE CHILD.

Down from the hill, up from the glen,
With waving flags and warlike din,
They rushed—two troops of mounted men—

The boys in blue, the boys in gray;
And they had almost met that day,
When, lo! a child stood in the way

Its hands were filled with flow'rs;
As clear and soft as summer skies,
Were opened wide in grave surprise

Upon the pretty baby head
The sun a golden blessing shed.
"I want mamma," the sweet voice said.

Both Captains shouted: "Halt!" The men
Reined in their eager steeds, and then
The blue leaped down and up again,

And galloping like mad, he bore
The child he'd grasped a mile or more
Back to it's mother's cottage door.

Loud rose the cheers from blue and gray
As smilingly they turned away;
There was no battle fought that day!
—*Harper's Weekly.*

Arborescent Sea Slug.

At the last meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical Society, F. L. Howard exhibited one of the most beautiful mollusks known, an arborescent sea slug, recently captured near the Pacific Mail docks in this city. The sea slugs are mollusks of the *Gasteropoda* class, *Phyllidia* family, section *Nudibranchiata*. *Nudibranchiata* sea slugs are found on all coasts where the bottom is firm and rocky, from between tide marks to a depth of fifty fathoms. They are found on this coast, but the arborescent form shown by Mr. Howard is new to all students of local marine forms who have seen it. It is most probably a *deudronotus*, possibly *deudronotus arborescens*. But the fact of its classification is of much less interest to most beholders than the sight of the animal itself. Its body is pinkish and translucent, about an inch and a half in length. From out his body there issue six tree-like branchiæ or tentacles, nearly as long as the body itself, with waving, feathery, palmate branches, tipped with coral and covered along their sides with downy filaments. These six plumes waving around in the water give the animal a most graceful and beautiful appearance.

LAKE DISCOVERIES.

The Oldest Human Habitation on the American Continent.

Maj. Powell, Chief of the Geological Survey, has discovered out in New Mexico, near California Mountain, what he pronounces to be the oldest human habitations upon the American continent. The mountains in this vicinity are covered with huge beds of lava, in which the prehistoric man and his comrades had excavated square rooms, which were lined with a species of plaster made from the lava, and in these rooms were found various evidences of quite an advanced civilization, among them a species of cloth made of woven hair and a large number of pieces of pottery. In wall, was a small branch of a tree. When this was pulled out it was found that there was a hollow space behind the wall. Mr. J. H. Stephenson, Maj. Powell's assistant, broke this with a pick and found a little concealed niche in which was a small carved figure resembling a man, done up in a closely-woven fabric which, with the touch of the hand, turned to dust. It was blackened and crisp like the mummy clothes of Egypt. In all, some sixty groups of these lava villages were found, there being about twenty houses in each group. The evidences of civilization were similar, but removed by their crudity and evident want of skill a good deal from the articles found in the cliff houses which have been so fully written up in the reports of the Geological Survey.—*Washington Special.*

THANKSGIVING.

Hushed at the silence that follows praise
Is the mystic peace of the autumn haze,
That, soft and mellow and touched with gold,
Wraps hill and vale in its lustrous fold,
Here and there by the sunshine kissed
To violet, amber and amethyst,
Or blown by the breath of the breeze away
From the meadows shorn and the woodlands gray.

We've heard the last of the wild bird's call,
We've watched the loose leaves flutter and fall;
There are empty nests on the naked bough.
There's a dream of snow on the mountain's brow.
The summer's work is over and done,
And the brown fields sleep in the waning sun;
Fruit of the harvest is gathered in,
And grain is heaped both in barn and bin.

And up from homes that are richly blest,
Dowered with abundance and crowned with rest,
And up from hearts that in highest mood
The lowliest bow in their gratitude,
Anthems arise to the Giver of all,
Whose love beholds if a sparrow fall,
Whose matchless grace on the earth hath smiled,
Like a parent's look on a cradled child.

From near and far, as the household bands
Cluster and clasp in the best of lands,
That aye in the wash of the silver sea
Hears the lofty music of liberty,
That still where its mighty rivers flow
Sees peace and learning and progress grow—
From near and far to the God above
Are lifted the strains of a Nation's love.

And even from those who must sit apart
In the glimmering twilight of the heart,
Whose hopes have faded, whose dear ones lie
With pale hands crossed 'neath the autumn sky,
Because there is healing after strife,
And a conquering faith in the better life—
From the sad and the worn, as the last leaves fall,
There ascends a psalm to the Lord of all.
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.*

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Reasons Why the Egyptian Pyramid Should be Explored.

Now that Great Britain is dominant at Cairo, would it not be a good idea to clear away the sand and rubbish from the Great Pyramid, right down to its rocky foundation, and try to discover ages has credited the Great Pyramid. This wonderful building, of such exquisite workmanship, was erected many years before any of the other pyramids, which are only humble imitations, built by another nation, and also for other purposes; for neither King Cheops nor anybody else was ever interred beneath this mighty mass of stone. The smallest pyramids also exhibit neither the nicety of proportion nor the exactness of measurement, both of which characterize the first pyramid. From internal evidence it seems to have been built about the year 2170 B. C., a short time before the birth of Abraham, more than 4,000 years ago. This—one of the seven wonders of the world in the days of ancient Greece—is the only one of them all still in existence. The base of this building covers more than thirteen square acres of ground. Its four sides face exactly north, south, east and west. It is situated in the geographical centre of the land surface of the globe. It was originally 485 feet high, and each of its sides measures 762 feet. It is computed to contain 5,000,000 tons of hewn stones beautifully fitted together with a mere film of cement. And these immense blocks of stone must have been brought from quarries 500 miles distant from the site of the building. The present well-known King and Queen chambers, with the various passages, might also be thoroughly examined by means of the electric or lime lights. The Astronomer Royal of Scotland some years since closely and laboriously examined all that is at present known of the interior of this enormous building. He states that the measurements in the chambers, etc., show the exact length of the cubit of the Bible—namely, twenty-five inches. This cubit was used in the building of Noah's Ark, Solomon's Temple, etc. He also maintains that the pyramid shows the distance of the sun from the earth to be 91,840,000 miles.—*Cor. St. James Gazette.*

OUR FLAG.

The Adoption of the National Ensign by the Continental Congress.

The subject of a flag or standard was considered early in the Continental Congress; and, on the 14th of June, 1777, this resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

The admission into the Union, after the establishment of the present Government, of Vermont and Kentucky as new States, caused the number of stars and stripes to be increased to fifteen each; and the subsequent addition of five other States led the following enactment, which is yet in force, approved

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes; alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white in a blue field.

SEC. 2 *And be it further enacted*, That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day July then next succeeding such admission.

Whenever, therefore, an American sees this glorious ensign of his country, the stripes recall to his mind the birth of the Republic, with the events that surrounded it; the stars suggest its wonderful development in size, in resources, and in power; and, in homage to the national grandeur and protective authority which it represents, wherever he beholds it—whether in mid-ocean floating at the head of a passing ship, or waved aloft in the streets of foreign lands,—he lifts his hat to it with a patriotic feeling of filial love and pride.—*Edmund Alton in St. Nicholas.*

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

Fraulein, the young schoolmistress, to her pupils said one day:
"Next week at Pfingster holiday King Ludwig rides this way;
And you will be wise, my little ones, to work with a will at your tasks,
That so you may answer fearlessly whatever question he asks.
It would be a shame too dreadful if the King should have it to tell
That Hansel missed in his figures, and Peterkin could not spell!"

"Oho! that never shall happen," cried Hansel and Peterkin, too,
"We'll show King Ludwig when he comes, what the boys in this school can do."
"And we," said Gretchen and Bertha, and all the fair little maids
Who stood in a row before her, with their hair in flaxen braids,
"We will pay such good attention to every word you say
That you shall not be ashamed of us when King Ludwig rides this way."

She smiled, the young schoolmistress, to see that they loved her so,
And with patient care she taught them the things it was good to know.
Day after day she drilled them till the great day came at last.
When the heralds going before him blew out their sounding blast;
And with music and flying banners, and the clatter of horses' feet.
The King and his troops of soldiers rode down the village street.

Oh the hearts of the eager children beat fast with joy and fear,
And Fraulein trembled and grew pale, as the cavalcade drew near;
But she blushed with pride and pleasure when the lessons came to be heard,
For in all the flock of her boys and girls not one of them missed a word.
And King Ludwig turned to the teacher with a smile and a gracious look:
"It is plain," said he, "that your scholars have carefully conned their book.

"But now let us ask some questions to see if they understand;'
And he showed to one of the little maids an orange in his hand.
It was Christel, the youngest sister of the mistress fair and kind—
A child with a face like a lily, and as lovely and pure a mind.
"What kingdom does this belong to?" as he called her to his knee:
And at once—"The vegetable," she answered

"Now tell me what this belongs to, the pretty coin that I hold?"
She touched it with careful finger, for gold was a metal rare.
And then—"The mineral kindom!" she answered with confident air.
"Well done for the little madchen!" And good King Ludwig smiled
At Fraulein and her sister, the teacher and the child.

"Now answer me one more question;" with a twinkle of fun in his eye—
"What kingdom do *I* belong to?" For he thought she would make reply:
"The animal;" and he meant to ask with a frown, if that was the thing
For a little child like her to say to her lord and master, the King?
He knew not the artless wisdom that would set his wit at naught,
And the little Christel guessed nothing at all of what was in his thought.

But her glance shot up at the question, and the brightness in her face,
Like a sunbeam on a lily, seemed to shine all over the place.
"What kingdom do *you* belong to?" her innocent lips repeat;
"Why surely, the Kingdom of Heaven!" rings out the answer sweet.
And then for a breathless moment a sudden silence fell,
And you might have heard the fall of a leaf as they looked at little Christel.

But it only lasted a moment, then rose as sudden a shout—
"Well done, well done for little Christel!" and the bravos rang about.
For the King in his arms had caught her, to her wondering, shy surprise,
And over and over he kissed her, with a mist of tears in his eyes.
"May the blessing of God," he murmured, "forever rest on thy head!
Henceforth, by His grace, my life shall prove the truth of what thou hast said."

He gave her the yellow orange, and the golden coin for her own,
And the school had a royal feast that day whose like they had never known.
To Fraulein, the gentle mistress, he spoke such words of cheer
That they lightened her anxious labor for many and many a year.
And because in his heart was hidden the memory of this thing,
The Lord had a better servant, the Lord had a wiser King!

—*Mrs. Mary E. Bradley, in Wide Awake.*

Attention has been drawn in the *Annales Chimie* to the peculiar chemical qualities of the new sugar obtained from the seeds of the laurus persea, a well-known tree growing in the tropics. It is extracted by boiling alcohol, from which it crystallizes on cooling. Analysis shows it to possess the same elements, in the same proportions, as mannite, but with different properties. Its point of fusion is about 184 degrees, Fah., while that of mannite is some twenty degrees lower; it is very soluble in hot, less so in cold water. Even in concentrated solution it has no action in the polarimeter. On adding borax, however, to a four per cent solution, it gave a rotation to the right of 0.55. It does not reduce copper solutions, and is not fermentable. Boiling nitric acid converts it into oxalic acid, without the production of mucic acid; and a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids gives a combination which detonates violently by a blow, and spontaneously decomposes.

can History.

Among all the superstitions few are so incomprehensible as the belief in lucky and unlucky days. We have a friend of more than ordinary general intelligence and business capacity, who can not be persuaded to start upon a journey or undertake an enterprise on Friday. He will not listen to argument or heed ridicule; he knows what he knows. But as he is a man who takes great interest in the history of his country, perhaps if he should study a recapitulation of lucky days in the American calendar, he might be cured of his prejudice.

For the benefit of all who may sympathize with our friend, we avail ourself of a Kentuckian's research, to show how great cause we Americans have to dread the fatal day.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy results would have never be known which led to the settlement of this vast continent.

On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety.

On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola on his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII. of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England.

On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States by more than forty years.

On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown. On the same day was signed that august contract, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth Rock.

On Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms.

On Friday, June 7, 1779, the motion was made in Congress by John Adams.

effectually exposed for Americans, is like many other prejudices preserved by tradition, an inheritance from our remote ancestors.

Ancient calendars designate two days in each month as unfortunate, namely: January the first and seventh; February, the third and fourth; March, the first and fourth; April tenth and eleventh; May, third and seventh; June, the tenth and fifteenth; July, the tenth and thirteenth; August the first and second; September, the third and tenth; October the third and thirteenth; November, the third and fifth; December, the seventh and tenth. Each one of these days was devoted to some peculiar fatality.—*Golden Days.*

GRACE DARLING.

In a biographical sketch appearing in these pag not long since, the home of Grace Darling was spok of as being on the coast of Scotland. This was mistake; her home was on the island of Longsto off the Northumberland coast, England, and ne the town of Bamborough. Her brother was keep at one time of the Longstone light-house.

Samuel Johnson, born 1709, died 1784, rendered essential service to English literature by the publication of the *first* thorough and complete *English Dictionary*—a work to which all subsequent lexicographers have been immensely indebted.

They Are Composed.

There is not a household convenience or a personal implement that is of more importance than the brush, and its name is many; a catalogue of different brushes would fill a column in this paper. Yet few know how a brush is made and of what it is composed. It has been supposed by some that split whalebone—which is only another form of hair or horn—was used as a cheap substitute for bristles, and readers of forty or fifty years old will remember that black bristled brushes were avoided, and only white ones were salable. In fact, however, whalebone is much more costly than bristles, and is only used for special brushes.

And even the bristle supply is becoming costly and scarce. Hereaway we raise no more bristled hogs; most of them have a coating of soft hairs sparsely distributed, and some of the finer sorts have a curly wool. Even the Southern hogs, which self-fared in the woods, are dying out, and a higher type of the class *Sus* is taking their place. Nearly all the bristles that are used in this country come from Russia, and they cost the brush maker from one dollar and a quarter to three dollars a pound. They come tied up in neat rolls, and assorted as to lengths and stiffness.

Horse hair is largely used for brushes; there is no material that will so finely polish sewing machine needles, as they come from the last machine process, as horse hair brushes. Horse hair makes the soft brushes for plush, velvet, and for the silk hat makers.

The vegetable kingdom is largely drawn upon for brush material. To say nothing of brooms, there is a grass called Tampico, from the place of its exportation, that is used for hand scrubbing brushes. It is a round fiber of light straw color, quite tough and elastic, and possessing the unusual quality of retaining its rigidity and elasticity however much soaked it may be in water.

Flattened steel wire, with the temper in, is used for fine cleaning brushes and for street and stable use. These are so coarse and rigid that they would be better designated as scrapers.

But there is a wire brush that is the very opposite of these. It is made of steel or brass wire that is so very fine that it goes quite beyond the finest gauge made in this country. It goes to what is known to the trade as forty-four English gauge. Brushes made from this are employed in the production of a peculiar finish on silver. When silver is used in plate, whether it is solid or an external deposit, it is not often compressed, or hardened, by any mechanical means, except when it is produced by these brushes of fine steel and brass wire. The brushes are rotary, and are run at a high velocity. The effect of their action on the soft surface of silver is to raise the particles so that they will not reflect the light as a polished surface will, but give a soft, velvety, refractive light to the eye. This elegant effect is produced by the soft wire brushes that feel under the hand almost like cylinders of down.

The common way of fastening bristles and hairs and Tampico grass in brushes is with common pitch, which is kept hot at a convenient bench, and is kept fluid by the admixture of a little tallow. The workman grasps from a bunch or pile of bristles a few in his fingers, doubles them over at the middle, winds a bit of fine twine about the butt or bend, dips that end in the hot pitch, and presses the bunch in a hole in the wooden back of the brush to be.

But a better process is wiring or twining; in either case the looped brush being held by a wire or twine that passes through a small hole in the back of the larger hole that receives the bristles. But, as all these wires or strings are seen on the back of the brush, they must be concealed by a false back for nice work.

The writer has a specimen with a solid back that was made more than fifteen years ago. In this the bristles, doubled, were led by a wire staple into the holes, and the ends of the staple being crossed by a die, the wire was forced into the wood by a plunger, and really locked in the solid material. The brush has been in constant use during all these years and is "as good as new."—*Scientific American.*

Percentage.

The reckoning of percentages, like the minus sign in algebra, is a stumbling block to the novice. Even experienced newspaper writers often become muddled when they attempt to speak of it. The ascending scale is easy enough: Five added to twenty is a gain of 25 per cent; given any sum of figures, the addition of doubling it is 100 per cent. But the moment the change is a decreasing calculation, the inexperienced mathemetician betrays himself, and even the expert is apt to stumble or go astray. An advance from twenty to twenty-five is an increase of 25 per cent, but the reverse of this, that is a decline from 25 to 20 is a decrease of only 20 per cent. There are many persons, otherwise intelligent, who cannot see why the reduction of one hundred to fifty is not a decrease of 100 percent, if an advance from fifty to one hundred is an increase of 100 per cent. The other day an article of merchandise which had been purchased at ten cents a pound was resold at thirty cents a pound, a profit of 200 per cent; whereupon a writer, chronicling the ... over thirty cents per pound, had been finally sold at ten cents per pound, a loss of over 200 per cent. Of course there cannot be a decrease or loss of more than 100 per cent, because this wipes out the whole of the investment. An advance from ten to thirty is a gain of 200 per cent; a decline from thirty to ten is a loss of only 66 2-3 per cent. The New York Sun prides itself on the exactness and purity of its style, and indulges in frequent criticisms of its contemporaries: but in its Thursday morning's description of the great orchird sale, it affirms "some of the highest priced plants brought 150 per cent less than Mrs. Morgan paid for them." Of course, if nothing was realized from them, this would only be 100 per cent less than they cost.—Journal of Commerce.

A Find at Pompeii.—One house recently uncovered at Pompeii appeared to have been undergoing repair at the time it was overtaken by the terrible volcano storm of November 23, A. D. 79. Painters' pots and brushes, and workmen's tools were scattered about, and spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner by themselves, but dinner had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood on the stove. The oven was filled with loaves of bread, and a suckling pig was awaiting on a brown dish its turn to be baked. But the pig never entered the oven, and the bread remained in it more than eighteen centuries. Mons. Fiorelli's museum at Pompeii contains the loaves—twenty-one in number—rather hard and black, but perfectly preserved.

Coin Standards of the United States.

The coinage law of 1792 provided for three gold coins, the eagle, half-eagle, and quarter eagle. It provided for the silver dollar as above mentioned, which was to weigh 416 grains, and be "the unit of Federal money." In 1837 a code of mint laws, drawn by Mr. R. M. Patterson, the director of the mint, and adopted by Congress, reducing the weight of the silver dollar to 412½ grains, and the smaller silver coins in proportion, and for both metals the standard of fineness used in the mint of France was adopted. The gold dollar was first coined under the act of Congress passed March 3, 1840. By an act of February 21, 1853, an important change was made in our coinage. By the laws (previously existing both the gold and silver except the 3-cent pieces) were a legal tender to any amount. At the ratio of silver to gold of 16 to 1, silver was of less value in ... mentioned placed a seignorage, or mint tax upon silver, reduced the half-dollar and smaller coins in weight, and took from the subsidiary silver coins their legal tender quality excepting in small amounts. The silver dollar of 412½ grains was not included in this change. The mint was no longer to coin silver for individuals, but to purchase the metal at its market price and manufacture coins on government account. The effect of this change was to give to the silver coin of this country a current value sufficiently above its market price as bullion to prevent its exportation, and at the same time to make silver money subsidiary to gold. The silver dollar, however, being still legal tender to any amount, and being heavier than a dollar's worth of small coins, stood at a premium of from 103 to 105. By the coinage act of 1873, prepared under the direction of John J. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, the coinage of the silver dollar of 412½ grains was dropped, and in its place was substituted the dollar of 420 grains, called the "trade dollar," since it was intended only for the convenience of our trade with Mexico and the Central American States, China, and Japan, and was never much used in this country excepting on the Pacific coast. The act of 1875 also provided that silver money should only be a "legal tender at its nominal value for any amount not exceeding $5 in any one payment." This restriction, together with the omission of the old silver dollars from the list of authorized coins, resulted in the demonetization of silver," of which so much was said when its effects began to be understood. By the "silver bill" of 1877 the dollar of 412½ grains was restored to the coinage and again made legal tender. In using the word "standard" in the article to which our querist above refers we had reference simply to the fact that gold, having the highest bullion value of the two metals, would naturally regulate the value of silver *as bullion*. As coin, silver and gold are of equal value, $1 in gold being exchangeable for $1 in silver at any time—or either of them for $1 in paper—as legal tender of the United States.—*Inter Ocean.*

The Jews of the World.

The Jews of the world numbered 6,377,602 last June, according to statistics gathered by the Geographical Society of Marseilles, and were distributed as follows: Europe, 5,407,602; Asia, 245,000; Africa, 413,000; America, 300,000; Australia, 12,000. Nearly a third of the European Jews live in Russia. Austria and Hungary come next. In the three Scandinavian kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, there are 7,000 Israelites all told.

Bisulphide of carbon, M. Pasture thinks, will become the most efficacious of all antiseptics, as it is also the cheapest, costing but a fraction of a penny per pound in large quantity. It is likewise the best insecticide known, and for this purpose may, it is thought, be useful for preserving wood-work in tropical countries. Some idea of the use it is already put to may be gathered from the fact, as stated, that more than 8,000,000 pounds of the substance are used annually to check the ravages of phylloxera. Carbon bisulphide, as produced, though an extremely offensive compound in respect to odor, is capable of complete purification.

The fact is mentioned that sponge is one of the most valuable materials for filtering for distilled water—the operation going on with great rapidity, while the product is remarkably clear. Distilled water, when filtered through paper, soon exhibits a sediment which is never formed when filtered through sponge. The improved apparatus, as described, consists of a bottle with an opening near the bottom, from which descends a bent glass tube, with a perforated rubber stopper at each end bearing a narrower glass tube. The wide tube contains one or two long strips of fine sponge that have been cleaned with diluted hydrochloric acid and then dried.

Comparative tests of the granites of New England and Minnesota, instituted by Professor Winchell, with a view to determine their crushing strength, exhibit some surprising differences. The pieces employed for this purpose were two-inch cubes unpolished, and, crushed between wooden cushions, the average strength of twenty specimens of Minnesota granite was found to be 93,272 pounds, or 23,318 pounds per square inch; crushed between steel plates, the average strength was 104,800 pounds, or 26,200 pounds to the square inch of surface. The average obtained for the same number of specimens of New England granite was 59,785 pounds, or 14,756 pounds per square inch. The age of Minnesota granites is archæn; that of New England granites is not definitely known.

Among the compositions for cementing iron, one that will resist heat and water, according to a German paper, is a combination of ten parts lime, five of iron filings, two of vinegar, and three of water; for objects which have to be heated, one hundred parts of iron filings, fifty of clay, ten of common salt, and twenty of quartz sand; for fastening iron to stone, the composition may consist of ten parts of fine iron filings, thirty parts plaster of Paris, and one-half part sal ammoniac, these to iron filings are to be mixed with vinegar, this being allowed to stand until it becomes brown, and the mass is then pressed into the joints very closely and firmly.

Some interesting particulars are given by M. Escalle, director of the important works at Tamaris, in regard to employment of blocks of compressed coal, in lieu of coke, for blast furnaces. With the ores of the country, which are argilo-silicious and small, the quantity of compressed fuel employed is 20 per cent, but with those of Motka or Pilhals it reaches regularly 30 per cent. It has been found that by the use of these blocks a much higher temperature of hot blast is obtained, and that the proportion of combustible consumed—coke and compressed coal included—per ton of pig iron produced is less than with coke alone. M. Escalle attributes this result to the quantity of water, 1½ per cent, contained in the compresed coal blocks used by him, as well as to the nature of the volatile matters. It appears that the volume of gas obtained per ton of the compressed fuel, at these works, was some 7,620 feet.

The improved kind of explosive recently brought to notice in foreign journals, and known as cocoa powder, is said to possess such superior value for many purposes that it has been introduced in the famous Krupp factory. It is asserted that, with equal pressure, this substance gives greater velocity to a ball than can be attained with ordinary powder, while its smoke is found to be less dense and to clear off more quickly. It is brown, or, rather, chocolate colored. In sundry tests about one-seventh less of it was required than of the ordinary kind of powder to produce given results. The merit which is specially advanced in its favor is, briefly, that of beginning its combustion moderately and steadily, and then, when the projectile has started through the bore, burning with great rapidity, and with, of course, tremendous impelling force. The method of preparation and the cost as compared with other explosives is not stated.

Where Camphor Comes From.

While only 225 miles long and 85 wide, the Island of Formosa, just conquered by the French, is very valuable for its richness in animal and vegetable life. One of its products is camphor, of which it is the world's chief source of supply, although the tree (*laurus camphora*) also grows in Borneo, Sumatra, Japan and China. The camphor is distilled from finely cut wood in gently heated crucibles, the vapors being condensed upon a net-work of rice stems. —[Science.

only allowed from 9 o'clock until 11 in the forenoon. This is the largest mint for the coinage of money in the world, the one recently constructed in Japan ranking next in size and capacity. They were not coining silver, but we saw the different processes required to make gold coins. It was all very interesting, especially at the last stage, where the bright, shiny pieces poured forth from the spout into crates, each box holding $20,000. Nothing less than $20 gold pieces are made here, and the capacity of the mint is $100,000 in gold or $10,000 in silver an hour, requiring 350 hands when in full operation. The pieces were shown us, round and smooth, ready for stamping, and then we witnessed the stamping, and the piece as it came from the stamp ready for circulation. It looked easy to do, and making money doesn't seem as hard for Uncel Sam as for us common folks. Several vaults were shown us, (that is the outside of them), that the superintendent said contained about $20,000,000 each; of course we took his word for it, as we were not allowed to go in and count it for ourselves. There are only four mints in the United States; the other three are at Philadelphia, New Orleans and Carson City, Nev. In the building we saw a very valuable collection of coins, said to be unequalled in the world. All the different silver dollars coined by the United States are shown. The first made was in 1794, and each year up to 1804; none were coined then until 1836, since that almost every year. The dollar of 1804 is the most rare, only two or three being in existence. This one here was bought in for $1400. The 1836 dollars have no stars on either face, the only ones coined without them. We saw an Irish dollar, coined several hundred years ago. On its face was a representation of St. Patrick, killing the snakes in Ireland. Old and rare coins from every nation are embraced in the collection. The Yankee cent piece of 1787 was a small piece of money: it had 13 rings linked together around the edge, and in the cente. of one side the inscription: "We are one," and on the reverse "Mind your own business," a very trite maxim indeed. A Yankee shilling of 1652 is probably the oldest American out on his anvil, and grew very rich on it, his royalty being one out of each 20 made. Two small gold tea spoons, with delicate wreath and vine leaf work traced over them, were shown us that came from Solomon's temple, 900 B. C. The oldest piece of money shown us, and probably the oldest in existence, was a Jewish shekel, 4,000 years old. The superintendent said that an old lady was in a few days before looking at the collection, and when he told her the age of this piece she looked at him and wanted to know why he told such tales to people that were informed. "Why," she says, "how can a piece of money be 4,000 years old when it is only 1885 now?" J. L. P.

A VERY GOOD REASON.

Said Robert: "I wonder why Kate has not married
In all the long years that have fled;
There must be a reason why she has thus tarried,
While all her companions are wed.
And none were so clever, so handsome and hearty
As she, I am free to declare;
At home or abroad, at a picnic or party,
The brightest and merriest there.

"Now Nell was not pretty in form or in feature,
And almost too lazy to stir,
And I cannot imagine what John, that good creature,
Could see to admire in her.
Yet she is well settled; a model of duty;
Has found a most excellent mate:
And yet in attractions of grace or of beauty
She can't hold a candle to Kate.

"And there are her sisters, her neices and cousins,
All married and living at ease:
While she who had suitors, alas! by the dozens,
Has shown herself harder to please.
With men of high rank she's accustomed to mingle,
Has had many offers, and so
The reason why she at her age remains single
I really am puzzled to know.

"Why we in our youth were like sister and brother;
I playfully called her 'my wife,'
And vowed with a boyish devotion, no other
Should be my companion through life.
I loved her—but she had no thought of my passion,
The dear little innocent elf!
And rather than see her left out in this fashion,
I'll go propose to her myself!"

Said Robert to Kate, in the honeymoon season,
"My darling, pray tell me the truth;
I often have wondered what could be the reason
That you did not wed in your youth."
Said Kate, with a look of reproach, as if summing
The amount of indebtedness due,
And a blush that was ever so sweet and becoming,
"*You goose, I was waiting for you!*"

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

—Mobile, Ala., was founded by the French in 1711 and New Orleans by the same people in 1741.

from St. Louis to Auckland, New Zealand, which costs over $3 per word to send went first from St. Louis to New York, and New York to North Sydney, Cape Breton, by land lines; cable to Valencia, Ireland; thence by land across Ireland and cable underneath St George's channel to London; by another cable, London to Lisbon, Portugal; thence by cable to the island of Malta, where it was repeated through another cable to Alexandria, Egypt. Land lines conveyed it to Suez, whence it went by cable beneath the Red Sea to Aden, Arabia, on the Gulf of Aden; by cable again under the Arabian Sea to Bombay India, and land wires from Bombay to Penang, on the Mala Peninsula; cable again to the Island of Java, where it was repeated again through another cable to Port Barwin, North Australia. Land lines then took it to Sydney, whence it again took it to the water by the South Pacific cable to reach Wellington, New Zealand. From Wellington it went by land to Auckland.—Ex.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL TREASURE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1885.

At the last meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, held in this city on Thursday evening, there was exhibited a relic of great interest to archæologists, with which is also connected a very curious history.

It appears that about forty years ago Rev. W. F. Williams, an American missionary to Syria, visited among places of interest the site of ancient Nineveh, about the time that Sir Henry Layard was making his famous explorations and discoveries. He wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, the late Mr. George Whitney, that he had secured for him a fine piece of Assyrian sculpture from one of the recently opened temples or palaces representing a life-size figure of a king, clad in royal robes, bearing in one hand a basket and in the other a fir cone. One portion of the stone was covered with hieroglyphics and was as sharply cut as though it had been carved by a modern hand, instead of by an artist who was sleeping in his grave when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, was yet an infant.

The letter describing this treasure arrived duly, but the stones did not come. It appears that the caravan bringing them down to Alexandretta, from whence they less. There they remained for some years. Finally they were recovered, shipped to this country (about twenty-five years ago) and, arriving at their destination during the absence of the consignee, were deposited temporarily in a subterranean storeroom at his manufactory. In some way they were overlooked, and here they have remained, unopened, until they were rediscovered a few days ago. Meanwhile the missionary and his friend have both passed away, ignorant of the fact that the rare gift had finally reached its destination and had become again lost.

The Rev. Dr. J. P. Peters, Professor of Semitic languages at the Divinity School has made a translation of the cuneiform inscriptions on this stone and he gave an interesting account of them. The inscription upon the stone proves it to be similar to the "standard" monolithic inscription in the British Museum. The stone came from the palace of Assur-nazir-pal and dates back nearly 900 years B.C. Some idea of the great antiquity of this relic may be grasped from the statement that it was 300 years older than the time of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, that it was contemporaneous with Ahab, and that it was carved within a century of the time of Solomon.

To the uninitiated such statements seem incredible, and yet much older engraved stones have been discovered. The figure on the slab is cut with admirable skill, having the noble but immobile countenance characteristic of Assyrian sculpture in its best days. The detail in the wings, bracelets, etc., is very fine, and it is interesting to observe the fine lines that have been ruled across the slab on the portion covered with inscriptions. The inscription as translated by Dr. Peters is a laudatory autobiography of the king, telling of his conquests and his power.

New discoveries are made around Jerusalem, notwithstanding the industry with which explorations have been pushed in days past. Near the church of the Resurrection, the Russians have in their possession a plot of ground which heretofore has been covered with the dirt and ruins of centuries. The Russian Orthodox Society has been making excavations there for the double purpose of discovering the plan of the old church of the Resurrection, erected on that place by the Emperor Constantine the Great, and also of determining the direction of the old city wall of the original rocks, the remnants of the old wall and of an old gate were discovered through which, in the days of the Lord, they entered Jerusalem.

Terrestrial Electric Currents.

In the supplement to the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, of May 23, 1885, is a notice of the experiments on the subject of electric lamps conducted by the Franklin Institute, and a remarkable diminution of the volume of light and of its return after forty-eight hours to its full strength, and finally of the cause having been traced to earth currents of electricity. As I have been searching in that field for some years past, and some two years ago satisfied myself that such currents *do* exist and that they change direction frequently, I will describe my case.

As *my system* and the manner in which it is affected by these earth currents has been the only instrument used in my experiments, I will outline its peculiarities and give results afterwards. I am seventy-two years old, very healthy, weigh 168 pounds, a hearty eater at the two first meals of the day, but a *very* moderate one at the third, never had headache in my life, never was ill but three times, am not troubled with bad dreams, fall asleep in two or three minutes after retiring, sleep sound, wake as soon as daylight peeps in at the window, and can do a respectable day's work on my farm, or at my work bench, carpentering. I cite all this to show that I am of sanguine temperament and not at all likely to be visionary. To carry out a long-conceived theory as to health, I built my house facing the northwest and southeast and sleep with my head to the northwest. During the last seven or eight years at intervals I have been awakened by a dull steady pain across the upper part of my forehead. At first I supposed it might be the result of some slight derangement of the stomach, but as sitting up in bed soon relieved me, I had to look for some other cause. Finally, after a long time, one night I changed my position in bed, placing my head towards the southeast and found at once that I was master of the situation. Three minutes only was required to allay the pain entirely, and now I change on every occasion requiring it and always with the same happy result.

Now, the following queries present themselves: Am I more sensitive from the fact of my perfect healthy condition than usual? Is the current indicated electric, galvanic or magnetic? Is there a constant wandering about *in* the earth of currents seeking equilibrium? And which way is the current traveling, from my head to my feet, or *vice versa*, when the pain comes on? Would insulation of the bedstead destroy or increase the influence of the currents?

Dodge County, Neb. S. RUFUS MASON.

Trunk Lines in the United States.

The tendency of the railways in the United States has been to combine into systems forming some of the longest lines of continuous railway administration in the world. The whole railway mileage in the United States The magnificent distances traversed by these railroads are as follows:—

	Miles.
Missouri Pacific	6045
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul	5804
Chicago and Northwestern	5645
Pennsylvania	4807
Union Pacific	4748
Central Pacific	4194
Canadian Pacific	3948
Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific	3507
"Vanderbilt" roads	3066
Grand Trunk	2950
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe	2799
Southern Pacific	2789
Baltimore and Ohio	2737
Northern Pacific	2549
Louisville and Nashville	2266
Total	57,954

Mullein Leaves in Consumption.

Dr. Quinlan, of Dublin, read before the International Medical Congress at Copenhagen last year an interesting paper on the medicinal qualities of the mullein. It has attracted widespread attention and among the more recent articles confirmatory of Dr. Quinlan's statements is one by Dr. Wilfert, of Cincinnati, which appears in the last number of the *Lancet and Clinic*, of that city. From the results obtained in 127 cases of pulmonary consumption treated by Dr. Quinlan with mullein alone, he draws the following conclusions, which are condensed from his original article, viz.:—

1. In the earlier and pretubercular stage of pulmonary consumption, mullein has a weight-increasing and curative power greater than that of cod liver oil, and equal to that of Russian koumiss.

2. In cases where tubercles are well established or cavities exist, the mullein has great power in relieving cough—a great boon to consumptives, whose weak stomachs too frequently cannot tolerate the usual cough remedies.

3. Phthisical diarrhœa is completely obviated by the mullein.

4. Mullein has no power or effect on the night sweats of consumptives, which should be combated by atrophia sulphate.

The method of using the mullein, which originated among the Irish peasantry, and was adopted by Dr. Quinlan just as he found it, is as follows:—Three ounces of the fresh green leaves, or about ten times that much of the dried, are boiled in a pint of fresh cow's milk. After boiling for a moment the infusion is allowed to stand and "sipe" for ten minutes, when it is strained, sweetened and drunk while warm. This quantity is taken twice or three times a day. It is generally much relished by the patients, who regard it as a pleasant article of diet rather than as a pleasant article of diet rather than as a medicine. The smoke of the mullein leaves inhaled into the respiratory passages relieves irritation and spasmodic cough.

Dr. Wilfert states that he has followed Dr. Quinlan's method in twenty cases of undoubted pulmonary phthisis, all of them more or less advanced, and all improved during the administration of mullein, no other drug being used. These results are certainly very encouraging, and should be followed up.

WHAT THE POETS SUNG.

All the best poets of the ages have sung of the earth's renovation and final renewal. The doctrine must be from God, and the hope of a new earth and heavens is cheering and precious. Witness the following gathered pearls from the poets who have attested to a truth that we all hold very dear:

"He whose car the winds are—and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved him and his wrath is hot—
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot, paved with love,
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair."

—*William Cowper.*

"Yet shall the flames the wasting globe refine,
And bid the skies with purer splendor shine;
The earth, which the prolific fires consume,
To beauty burns, and withers into bloom;
Improving in the fertile flame it lies,
Fades into form, and into vigor dies;
Fresh dawning glories blush amidst the blaze,
And nature all renews her flowery face."

—*Mather Byles.*

"The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries which attend the fall,
New made and glorious shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet."

—*Isaac Watts.*

"So burned the earth upon that dreadful day,
Yet not to full annihilation burned;
The essential particles of dust remained,
Purged by the final, sanctifying fires
From all corruption, from all stain of sin,
Done there by man or devil. Purified,
The essential particles remained, of which
God built the world again, renewed, improved,
With fertile vale, and wood of fertile bough,
And streams of milk and honey, flowing song,
And mountains cinctured with perpetual green.
In clime and season fruitful, as at first
When Adam woke, unfallen in Paradise."

—*Robert Pollok.*

"These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe."

—*Charles Wesley.*

"Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son,
He brings a train of brighter years;

—*William C. Bryant.*

It will, and it must, but not for long;
For faith is sure and hope is strong,
And man and his Maker have suffered wrong,
And Death will have had his day;
And the world will undergo repair,
And all be made pure, and all made fair,
And sin and sorrow shall have no share.
But in things that are passed away—
Hasten the time, dear Lord, we pray!"

—*James Hogg.*

Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm—
Lord God of Hosts, make bare thine arm,
Fulfill this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with fire."

—*J. G. Whittier.*

"Jesus, thou reignest, Lord alone;
Thou wilt return and claim thine own.
Come quickly, Lord! return again,
Amen! Amen!
Thine seal us ever, now and then."

—*Henry W. Longfellow*

How true, pure, and beautiful are these testimonies.—D. T. TAYLOR, *in Bible Banner.*

—The tombs of Esther and Mordecai are in a poor little shrine in Hamadan, Persia. They are covered each by a wooden ark, on which are small pieces of paper like labels, covered with Hebrew characters. They are placed there by the Hebrew pilgrims. All are under a small dome some fifty feet high. The building is of red bricks, the walls much patched with mud; the blue dome is of tiles. These tombs are held sacred by all Hebrews in Persia and thousands make pilgrimages annually.

10	is	10	times	1
10	is	6 2-3	times	1 1-2
10	is	5	times	2
10	is	4	times	2 1-2
10	is	3 1-3	times	3
10	is	2 1-2	times	4
10	is	2	times	5
10	is	1 2 3	times	6
10	is	1 3-7	times	7
10	is	1 1-3	times	7 1-2
10	is	1 1-4	times	8
10	is	1 1-5	times	8 1-3
10	is	1 1-9	times	9
10	is	1	times	10
10	is	10-11	times	11
10	is	5-6	times	12
10	is	5-7	times	14
10	is	2-3	times	15
10	is	5-8	times	16
10	is	5-16	times	32

—*New York Mail and Express.*

TRIAL OF THE PYX.

Testing the Purity of England's Coin.

On Thursday, at Goldsmith's Hall, took place, in conformity to warrants of the Lords of the Treasury, the annual testing, known as the Trial of the Pyx, of the national coinage executed by the Royal Mint during the past year ending June 30. At the first blush the proceedings seem to have been of a very simple and business-like nature. A jury of experts having been impanneled, the gold was first subjected to the customary ordeals. The aggregate of gold minted last year was not large, being less than £1,800,000, a sum considerably below the usual average; but, as a general withdrawal of light gold can not much longer be retarded, the establishment on Tower Hill has a heavy task to perform. It is believed by the authorities that £100,000,000 in gold supposed to be in circulation in this country is deficient in weight to the extent of five tons and a half, representing half a million of money. This deficiency is due to legitimate wear and tear. Although, for obvious reasons, the mint, has been holding its hand so far as the manufacture of sovereigns and half sovereigns is concerned, great [illegible] shown in the coinage activity has been [illegible] that metal to the amount of silver, moneys of [illegible] to the amount of more than a million sterling having been stamped. The total number of imperial coins struck during the twelve months was nearly 36,500,000. Some 1,800 sovereigns and 700 half-sovereigns, and about £400 worth of silver of all denominations, were placed in the Pyx last year; and on the box being opened on the 10th instant the jury selected a few gold and silver coins for assay. Each coin had to be of legal-tender weight, and the coins had next to be melted into ingots for comparison with the pure metal of the standard trial plates produced by the officer of the Board of Trade, to discover if they were within the legal "remedy" in the way of fineness. The residue of the gold and silver coins had also to be weighed in bulk, and certain coins were taken and assayed separately. The verdict of the jurors was duly signed and rendered to the Queen's Remembrancer, who, attesting it by his signature, rendered it as public record of the High Court of Justice. All the delicately-manipulated processes involved in testing and assaying having been gone through, and the Deputy-Master of the Mint having received his certificate or "quietus," the business of the day appropriately and characteristically concluded with a banquet, given by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, the high officials connected with our monetary system.

In olden times the trial of the Pyx took place before the Lords of the Council, and it is alleged that in a writ to the Barons, 9 and 10 Edward I., the assay of the purity and weight of the coinage by a jury of goldsmiths is spoken of as a well-known custom. Every detail of the ceremony of testing is grounded on immemorial tradition; only, in lieu of the trial being instituted by warrant from the Treasury, it was the Lord Chancellor who formerly issued his precepts to the Wardens of the Goldsmiths to impanel a jury. On the opening of the pyx, or box, the coins to be assayed are found in paper parcels, each under the seals of the Wardens, the Master of the Mint and the Comptroller. From every fifteen pounds' weight of silver, technically called "journies," a minimum of two pieces is taken at hazard for the trial, and the coins are then mixed together in wooden bowls and afterwards weighed. The assaying of bullion, anciently known as the "touch"—whence our still current word "touchstone"—with the function of marking or stamping, was a privilege conferred on the Goldsmith's Company by the Statute 28, Edward I. As a matter of fact, the Goldsmiths have had an assay office for more than 500 years; and in the statute just cited it is provided that all manner of vessels of gold and silver are expected to be of a good and true alloy, that is, "gold of a certain touch," and silver of the sterling alloy, and "no vessel is to depart out of the hands of the workman until it is assayed by the workers of the goldsmiths' craft." The expression "good and true alloy" presents a curious example of the mutations to which modern languages have been subjected. Our work "alloy" is derived from the French "a" and "loi," according to law, and meant primarily the legal standard of purity. Thus, the French still speak of money "de bon aloi," that is to say, money which has not been debased below the legal standard, and the inferior metal, which we call "alloy" they term "alliage." In this country we have kept the old French word, but have wholly perverted its meaning. The statute of Edward speaks of gold and silver "of good and true alloy;" but according to modern meaning attached to the word in England, the more a coin was alloyed the less it would possess the elements of goodness and truth. Thus there would be an intolerable amount of "alloy" in the happily burked "Childerses."

"It is, however, when we come to consider the pyx itself that the very old English nature of the solemnity performed on Thursday becomes pleasingly apparent to the antiquarian. In the east cloister of Westminster Abbey, close to the remains of the dormitory of the old monks, is an ancient double door, which can never be opened except by the orders of the Government or their representatives, who are at present the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, bearing seven keys, some of them of large dimensions, which alone will give admission to the chamber within. The chamber is the historic Treasury of England, known, from the remains of an altar and "piscina," as the Chapel of the Pyx, and it is now used

So burned the earth upon that dreadful day,
Yet not to fall annihilation burned;
The essential particles of dust remained.

Lord God of Hosts, ...
Fulfill this day our long desire.
—New York ...

...the Treasury; and the transfer of the keys of the Exchequer took place in May, 1866. In this storehouse, no doubt, immediately after the Conquest, the Norman kings lodged their treasures, under what was considered to be the inviolable sanctuary consecrated to St. Peter, and sanctified by the bones of the Confessor. Dean Stanley, in his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," has drawn a parallel equally striking and accurate between the exceptionally sanctified chapel and the cave hewn out of the rocky side of the Hill of Mycenæ, where in the same vault are yet to be seen the tomb and the treasury of the House of Atreus. Similarly, beneath the cliff of the Capitoline Hill at Rome, the Treasury of the Roman Commonwealth was also the shrine of the most venerable of the Italian gods—the Temple of Saturn. As for the Chapel of the Pyx, it seems to have somewhat fallen from its high estate as a repository for precious things, since at different periods it was the receptacle of the regalia of the Saxon Kings, the Black Rood of St. Margaret, or Holyrood-cross, from Scotland, the ampulla of Henry IV., and the sword of Wayland Smith. At a later period the Westminster Treasury was used only for the custody of the regalia, the Abbey relic, the records of treaties and the pyx or box containing the standard trial pieces of gold and silver. At the time of the Restoration the relics vanished, leaving no vestige behind. The treaties went to the Record Office, and, after the Restoration, the regalia were removed to the Tower. The pyx only remained.—*London Telegraph.*

How do the Tides Rise and Fall?—Let us consider the moon first, as its action, from its greater proximity to the earth, is much more effective in producing tidal waves than that of the sun. We know from the laws of gravity that the moon tends to draw the earth towards itself. If the moon be overhead, its tendency is to draw the earth upwards; if it be at the antipodes, beneath our feet, its tendency is to draw the earth downwards. Now, if the earth were a rigid, solid mass, like a ball of iron, this ac ion of the moon would have no other appreciable effect than to draw the earth as a whole upwards or downwards. The case, however, is different when on the surface of the solid globe there is an ocean of liquid matter. The force with which gravity acts is greater the nearer two bodies are to one another; conse-

yields to this force, and is raised up in the shape of a wave, much in the same manner as we may have seen the hair of the head rise up towards a charged electric machine. The converse of this action holds good also at the antipodes at the same time. There the bottom of the sea is attracted more than the surface of the waters; consequently the latter drop away, as it were, from the earth, and also form a wave-like form. Thus we have at opposite side of the earth similar waves raised at the same time by the moon's attractive force. Then the earth, as it revolves on its axis, brings every place in turn under each of these waves, when it is high water in each place as it arrives at the wave, and low water when between the two waves.

ESKIMO PATIENCE.

The number of years the Eskimo will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world.

When we were near King William's Land, I saw an Eskimo working upon a knife that as nearly as I could ascertain, had engaged a good part of his time some six years preceding that date. He had a flat piece of iron, which had been taken from the wreck of one of Sir John Franklin's ships, and from this he was endeavoring to make a knife-blade, which, when completed, would be about twelve inches long. In cutting it from this iron plate, he was using for a chisel an old file, found on one of the ships, which it had taken him two or three years to sharpen by rubbing its edge against stones and rocks. His cold-chisel finished, he had been nearly as many years cutting a straight edge along the ragged sides of the irregular piece of iron, and when I discovered him he had outlined the width of his knife on the plate and was cutting away at it. It would probably have taken him two years to cut out this piece, and two more to fashion the knife into shape and usefulness.

The file which he had made into a cold-chisel was such a proof of labor and patience that it was a great curiosity to me, and I gave him a butcher's knife in exchange for it. Thus almost the very thing he had been so long trying to make he now unexpectedly found in his possession. When I told him that our factories,

... the time we had spent in ... his, he expressed great surprise.—*St. Nicholas for June.*

Animals as Barometers.

Says a writer in the *Cincinnati Enquirer:* I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture during a rain and exude it afterward. This animal is never seen abroad except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree snail, as it is called, two days before rain will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, then they get on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain on the outside. Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by holes and protuberances, which before a rain rise as large tubercles. These will begin to show themselves ten days before a rain. At the end of each tubercle is a pore which opens when the rain comes to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows when swallows fly low that rain is coming; sailors, when the sea gulls fly toward the land, when the stormy petrel appears, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called, predict foul weather.

Take the ants: have you never noticed the activity they display before a storm—hurry, scurry, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees, and horses display restlessness.

When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening, worms, slugs and snails appearing, robin redbreasts pecking at our windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking, or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that a cat licks herself before a storm is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influence of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many people feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches, toothaches, rheumatic pains, and last, but not least, corns.

Scientific Notes.

Pickle for whitening silver watch-cases, silver filagree, etc., after soldering, is made as follows: 1 ounce nitre acid, 2 ounces sulphuric acid, 8 ounces rain-water. If the pickle can be boiled with the article in it, it is better, and

It is stated that pressed glass is turned out in the Siemens works that is as hard and tough as cast-iron. It is far lighter, and not affected by temperature, etc. It is intended to make out of this hard crystal, street lamp-posts, stairs, and gas and water pipes. It is thought these articles can be made thirty per cent cheaper than in cast-iron, but will not, of course, be so heavy.

CAVE TEMPLE OF KARLI.

The Grandest Cathedral of India Cut in the Solid Rock.

The temple-cave of Karli is an illustration of the fearful lapse of the ethnic faiths of Pagan India. The monks of Albania and other regions between the Adriatic and the Ægean Sea, dug out many a cell in the early days, and honey-combed vast regions, where they spent their lives, and were laid away when the long monotony was over.

The Karli cave-temple is very different in construction. It is by far the finest in India. To reach it, you take the train from Bombay, and go nearly a hundred miles eastward, on the general line to Calcutta. From Khandala to the Karli cave-temple we had a ride of five miles on horseback. It was not long before we were compelled to leave the carriage road, and take a path through the fields, toward the range of mountains on our left, and by the time we were getting accustomed to the path, we had to leave our horses, and begin climbing in downright earnest. Now, a climb in India, even to see its finest temple-cave, is not a little thing. My white pith-hat, with turban of light cloth folded about it, and then a double umbrella, of gray cloth, white within, seemed to help but little in keeping off the pressure of the heat on a late day of the Indian November. When we reached the cool and shaded vestibule and threw ourselves down on the first broken stones we saw, and looked up into the face of the colossal stone goddess who sat on an elephant of stone, we were glad enough to rest.

The temple walls, and every part of their adorning sculpture, are hewn out of the stone mountain. Were there no statury of pagan deities, no reminders of an early worship, and were the country any other than India, one would take this wonderful structure for a superb cathedral. Not many serious changes would need to be made in order to convert it into an English minister. The nave is 124 feet long, forty-five feet broad, and forty-six feet from floor to ceiling. There are aisles on either side of the temple, separated from the nave by octagonal pillars. The capital of each pillar is crowned with two kneeling elephants, on whose backs are seated

There is nothing of that repulsive sculpture which one sees at Puna and in other modern Hindu pagodas. I saw no figures which were in part human and in part beast-like. Each was true to its class, from vestibule back to altar. The altar, and the place where it stands, keep up the resemblance to a Christian church. Behind it there are seven pillars, which separate it from what, in a church, would correspond with the choir. There are altogether thirty-eight columns in the temple. The grandest is the large lion pillar in front, which has sixteen sides, and is surmounted with four lions.

All this great recess has been cut from the solid rock, which seems to be nothing softer that porphyry itself. The statuary is massive relief, like Torwaldsen's lion, in Lucerne. The great pillars are chastely proportioned columns, both base and capital proving that they have not been introduced, but, like all other portions of the temple, have been cut from the solid mass of which the whole mountain consists. They are part and parcel of floor and ceiling. There is an outward porch, or vestibule, fifty-two feet wide and fifteen deep, and on the heavy moulding above there are figures of a man, a woman and a dwarf. All this, too, like the whole spacious temple itself, has been patiently cut from the firm rock.

The only thing which is not of native rock is a wooden covering or ceiling. This has been the puzzle of all the toilers in Indian archæology, and they seem to-day to be no nearer a solution of the difficulty than when they began. The entire immediate covering of the temple is of teak, a native wood, almost the only one which resists the white ant and every Indian insect.—[Correspondence New York Independent.

Jewelry.

A light glove bracelet is a gold wire with a Japanese cat's-eye at each end to link on the arm. These cat's-eyes are the polished hinge or thick knob at the hinge of the pearl oyster, which, when cut, has the peculiar long light of the jewel without its brilliance, depth, and play, however. Sober, expensive gems have preference with wearers of taste at present, black pearls set with brilliants, Ceylon's cat's-eyes and smoky topaz being chosen for rings of sentiment. A necklace of true cat's-eyes in Roman gold fringes with bracelets and shoulder clasps to match, are handsomely worn by a tawny blonde, who chooses pearl gray and black lace toilets frequently, to show off her beautiful coloring and warm bloom.—[New York Express.

to music, and promises to become a popular song.

Don't forget to kiss the baby
Ere you hasten on your way;
'Tis a trifle to remember,
But 'twill brighten all your day.
It will linger in your presence
To encourage and to bless,
And you'll wonder at the magic
In a baby's soft caress.

Don't forget to kiss the baby
Where the laughing dimples grow;
Cheek or chin, or pearly lashes,
Whence the tearful dew drops flow.
Wrestle with the little darling,
For its blessing as of old
Jacob wrestled with the angel,
Nor will it the gift withold.

Don't forget to kiss the baby,
Heed those little pleading hands;
Give it of love's dainty service
All the food its soul demands.
Ah! time will not always linger,
Babyhood is but a span,
Years may change or death may hover,
Kiss the baby while you can.

REFRAIN.

Don't forget to kiss the baby,
Life is full of toil and fret;
Take the sweet before the bitter,
Don't forget; don't forget.

It ought to be generally known that a man's hat will serve in most cases as a temporary life-preserver to those in danger of drowning. When a person finds himself in the water he should lay hold of his hat between his hands, keeping the crown close under his chin and the mouth of the hat under water. The quantity of air contained in the cavity of the hat will keep the head above water for a long time—sometimes for several hours.

The Sandal-Wood of Japan.

Passing by a shop you see cords of wood cut into small blocks about six inches long. This you learn is nothing short of shoe-timber. These cords of wood will speedily be converted into shoes of various sizes, at prices ranging all the way from four to twenty cents. One feels quite exalted in a pair of twenty cent shoes. The wood is called kiri, and is very light. The clogs are still further lightened by hollowing out the center. So, in point of fact, there is little truth in calling the shoes heavy, although they appear so to the inexperienced observer. It must be admitted, though, that they are unreasonably clumsy. Sometimes the shoes worn by the ladies are lacquered, and are fastened by a velvet band passing from either side over the lower part of the instep, and between the first and second toes. With this same kind of wood is made bureaus provided with strong iron handles, and the whole box is adjustable in horizontal sections, one piled above another. Owing to the lightness of the wood these boxes may be filled with clothing and carried off on the shoulders of the coolie in case of fires, which so often vex the people of Tokio.—[Correspondence Chicago Times.

Only to do His will;
Only to be what He makes me,
Though I be nothing still.

Never a look beyond me,
Out of my little sphere;
If I could fill another,
God would not keep me here.

Only to take what He gives me,
Meek as a little child;
Questioning naught of the reason,
Joyful or reconciled.

Only to do what he bids me,
Patiently, gladly, to-day;
Taking no thought for the morrow,
Leaning on Him all the way.

Only to watch in the working,
Lest I should miss His smile;
Only to still earth's voices,
Listening for His the while.

Only to look to Him ever,
Only to sit at His feet;
All that He sayeth to do it,
Then shall my life be complete.

Selected by W. N. T.

Our Little Sister.

Within the Kingdom of Italy is situated the Republic of San Marino, the smallest republic in the world. It owes it foundation to a hermit, whose name it bears. He went to Italy to work as a mason at the rebuilding of the walls of Rimini. Its territory covers about twenty-two square miles. The population numbers 8,500 souls, and the capital, San Marino, has 1,200. It is perched on the summit of a mountain called Mount Titan, or the Giants, which sometimes leads to this little State being termed the Titanic Republic. The Republic has an order of chivalry, created in 1839, under the name of Order of San Marino. The motto is "Libertas." When Italy became a kingdom Napoleon desired to preserve this small State intact. "It is a rare sample of a republic to preserve," said the Emperor.

The Waters of Utah.

There is a pool in Utah only a foot deep, and situated at a high altitude, that refuses to freeze even in the severest winters. There is another that mysteriously replenishes itself with half-grown trout. One stream, though clear as crystal to the eye, and tasteless, stains all vegetation it flows over a deep brown. A warm spring near Salt Lake City is the strongest sulphur water in the world. A hot spring a few miles off, with waters so hot that you can hardly put your hands into them, and as bright as diamonds, is one of the most remarkable combinations of chemicals ever analyzed.

ones bring $10,000, and those from sixteen to twenty feet cost from $15,000 to $25,000.

SWEET PEAS AND BABIES GROW.

"How sweet peas and barley grow,"
Babies and grandmas all in a row;
Singing the words to the old, old tune,
With many a quaint and faulty croon,
"You and I and nobody knew
How sweet peas and barley grow."

First, must "the farmer sow his seed,"
And the babies think 'tis a mighty deed;
For try as hard as the darlings can,
Grandma's is still the steadiest hand,
"How sweet peas and barley grow
You and I and nobody know."

Then "he stamps his foot and claps his hand,"
So the play goes on with the merry band;
Each little heart beats fast and high
And the love light beams from grandma's eye,
"You and I and nobody know
How sweet peas and barley grow."

Play with them, grandma, while you can,
Soon will they be grave woman and man;
Learn my life to the same old tune,
With its faulty rhythm and saddening croon.
Ah! only God and the angels know
How sweet peas and our babies grow.

—*Tallahoma (Tenn.) Guardian.*

THANKSGIVING.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's Wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of soup and milk,
By homes, un beauty poured!

Yes, let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

NO. 14—THE CAPE CANAVERAL REGION.

Peculiarities of the Cape—Profitable Crops—Cape Canaveral Light House—Biographical Sketch of Capt. Miles O. Burnham.

The Cape Canaveral region has long been regarded as a singular one, and is one of which but little is known. It is an obtuse angle, with a length of base, along the Banana river, of about twelve miles, and a breadth, at the widest point, going eastward, from Burnham's Landing on the river, to the light-house, of five miles; that is, the perpendicular line from apex to base. It is five miles south of this line, to the point where the cape narrows to a mere strip between ocean and river, and

point where the Banana river approaches the ocean, within half a mile or a little more; thus, the Cape is formed, or what is sometimes known as the "State of Burnham."

The light-house itself stands at the point of the cape, and is twenty-seven miles from Titusville, the distances being as follows: across the cape, five miles; to Capt. Burnham's Landing, thence to entrance to Banana creek nine miles; along the creek eight, and thence across Indian rirer, five miles to Titusville.

FEATURES OF THE LAND.

This tract of land, along Banana river, consists of a rich and almost continuous hammock, from one-fourth to half a mile wide. For over two-thirds of the remaining distance to the ocean is found "scrub" land of good quality, and well adapted to the growth of pineapples, oranges, and other fruits. The half-mile or more bordering the ocean, and which consists mainly of sand-dunes, is probably worthless for agricultural purposes.

The scrub land, to which allusion haf just been made, grows an abundance of wild grapes, and other natural fruit. There will be, it is true, great difficulty in clearing the ground from the dense undergrowth of palmetto roots, which are here uncommonly thick and strong. Through this vast thicket, run at intervals, across the cape, savannahs, twenty or thirty yards wide and miles in length, which are fine grazing ground for horses and cattle. The arable land is very undulating; the portion that is not immediately along the sea-coast is just the place for fine residences, for those who do not, now and then, mind a stiff breeze.

The hammock land on Banana river, on the contrary, is comparatively free from gales, and is a grade of soil on which bananas and sugar-cane can be raised in great quantities—the latter is said to grow continuously, for twenty-five years, without being ever touched by frost, while syrup can be made every year, from November to June.

Capt. M. O. Burnham, has nearly two hundred acres on the Cape Canaveral land, but the greater part, in the hammocks along the river, especially, at his landing. Here, both bananas and pineapples grow from season to season, without being retarded to any appreciable extent, by the cold.

PROFITABLE CROPS.

The banana can be made to yield, by estimate of Mr. B., from four to five hundred dollars per acre. His varieties are the Martinique, fig, Cavendish dwarf, and red banana. These, at the middle of August last, were heavily laden with fruit, thongh some of them were set out in September last, thirteen months ago. The leaves may, in winter, show slight evidences of frost, but that will be no injnry to the plant itself. This is a great desideratum.

The sugar-cane industry is quite extensively pursued. Here, the cane often yieids five quarts from a single stalk, and five gallons of raw juice make a gallon of syrup. Eight hundred gallons can be made to the acre, which will sell at seventy-five cents a gallon by the barrel, realizing about $600 per acre. Fine sugar can also be made from this syrup. Cane has not been touched by frost in this region for twenty-five years. It will "rattoon" from year to year, and render a good crop for half a generation, without replanting. It can be made into syrup any month in the twelve.

In the way of pineapples, it is said that the Egyptian Queen is the best variety in Florida. It will yield in fifteen months; and in two years, at the rate of $400 per acre. It is rare and in high demand, Capt. B. asserting that there are none in Florida but what come from his cuttings or sprouts.

Cocoanut trees are in full bearing and have never yet been affected by frost. It remains to be demonstrated that they can be made a source of profit sufficient to warrant their cultivation for that purpose, this far north in Florida. The sugar-apple grows abundantly, but when ripe, is too delicate to admit of shipment.

On the scrub portion, there is yet a large amount of Government land, that will grow vegetables, as well as guavas and oranges, with but very little fertilizing. The prospective settler would do well to glance at

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

This handsome, tapering structure, known as "Cape Canaveral Light," stands within a few feet of the water's edge at the extremity of the cape. It is 165 feet above sea level, and on grouud ten feet above the water. It is a cast iron tower, one and five-eighths inches thick, lined with a brick wall a foot or eighteen inches in thickness. It was erected in 1868, going into operation on June 5th, and costing in the neighborhood of $480,000.

The tower is built on a solid stone cement foundation, fifty-six feet square, nine and a half feet deep, to which the superstructure is fastened with seventy-two bolts, each five and a half feet long. At the base, the tower is 33 feet in diameter, and twelve feet at the lantern. It is furnished with a revolving light, with a first-order lens of octagonal shape, making a complete revolution every eight minutes, and showing a flash every minute, at every point of the compass. The lens is a French invention, six feet in diameter, and ten feet high. It cost $46,000, and the light can readily be seen thirty miles, and its reflection ten more. On a dark night, the rays of light can be seen following one another around a horizontal circle, like the spokes of a wheel. The first tower, which was built of brick in 1847, and only sixty-five feet high, had a *reflecting* light. It stands near by, in curious contrast with the new and beautiful structure of which Capt. Miles O. Burnham now holds the rudder.

A SPLENDID HARBOR.

A few hundred yards below the light-house, is the place where, many think, will be one of the great harbors of the future, and for which it offers the highest advantages. The course of the coast from the light-house is "south-southeast, and north-northwest," to use nautical terms. From the point of land on which the ligh-house is built, is a deep curve inland, in the form a semi-circle of about ten miles, with a diameter, from tip to tip, of about three miles or a little over. The water is from fifteen to twenty-four feet deep, to within five or six hundred feet of the shore. Thus, it may be readily inferred that, with a proper breakwater, it would be one of the finest harbors in the world, and would float it is one of the best natural harbors on the entire Atlantic coast. Here will, some day, be a great city—a port of entry, as well as as a railway centre, and perhaps, at no distant date, if improved in a proper manner, this harbor would be, in times of heavy gales, a much-needed protection to shipping along the Florida and Georgia coasts, as well as for New Orleans, the West Indies and and South American commercial interests; indeed, for all vessels sailing southward near the Gulf-stream. It may be observed that the nearest point of safe anchorage for large vessels, is about two and a half miles from the light-hovse. This harbor is one that should receive attention from the Government, and for additional reasons than those just enumerated.

GENEALOGICAL.

The keeper of the Cape Canavera light-house, Capt. Burnham, fron the long and varied experienc through which he has passed on th voyage of life, is well deserving o passing notice, which should be given from the fact as well, that it woul be of general interest to the public

Capt. M. O. Burnham, U. S light-house keeper, was born in 181 and was married, September 9t 1835 to his present consort, in th city of New York; consequently, h celebrated his "golden wedding" the appropriate time, when there wa an immense gathering of his friend and relatives. In the fall of 1837, h came to Florida, and two years late brought his wife and two children Jacksonville, where he carried on th first gun and blacksmith shop at th place. In 1843, he settled under th "Armed Occupation Act," on th west bank of St. Lucie Sound, eig miles west of Indian river bar. T family was run from that place the second disturbance with the I dians in 1849, when he returned Jacksonville, but in a year or tw afterward, went to the residence Col. John J. Lawton, on the Halif river, and put up machinery f grinding his cane crop, running t engine for a couple of years.

In 1853, he took charge of Ca Canaveral Light-house station, d ing the administration of Preside Franklin Pierce, and has remained that position ever since, with incre

Yet not to full annihilation burned;
The essential particles of dust remained,
Fulfill this d y our long desire,

of emolument at different periods, having now seen thirty-two years of service as light-house keeper. During the building of the new tower, he was appointed inspector of its erection. It should have been stated in the proper place, that in 1837, Capt. Burnham was employed, in an official capacity, in the Ordnance Department, at the Westervalet Arsenal on the Hudson, and removed, as previously remarked, to Florida.

Capt. Burnham has five daughters, all married, and two or three of their families around him at Cape Canaveral. There are twenty grand-children, and three great-grand-children yet not a death in the entire round of families; a striking testimony, so far as those of his relatives living in Florida are concerned, of the wonderful salubrity of its climate. We have thus given a brief sketch of a prominent and widely known citizen of this State—and such a one, it is believed, as will be appreciated by the general reader. RAMBLER.

Yet not to full annihilation burned;
The essential particles of dust remained,

Fulfill this duty our long desire,

A LOST CONTINENT.

Submerged Lands in the South Pacific and the Destruction of Their Natives.

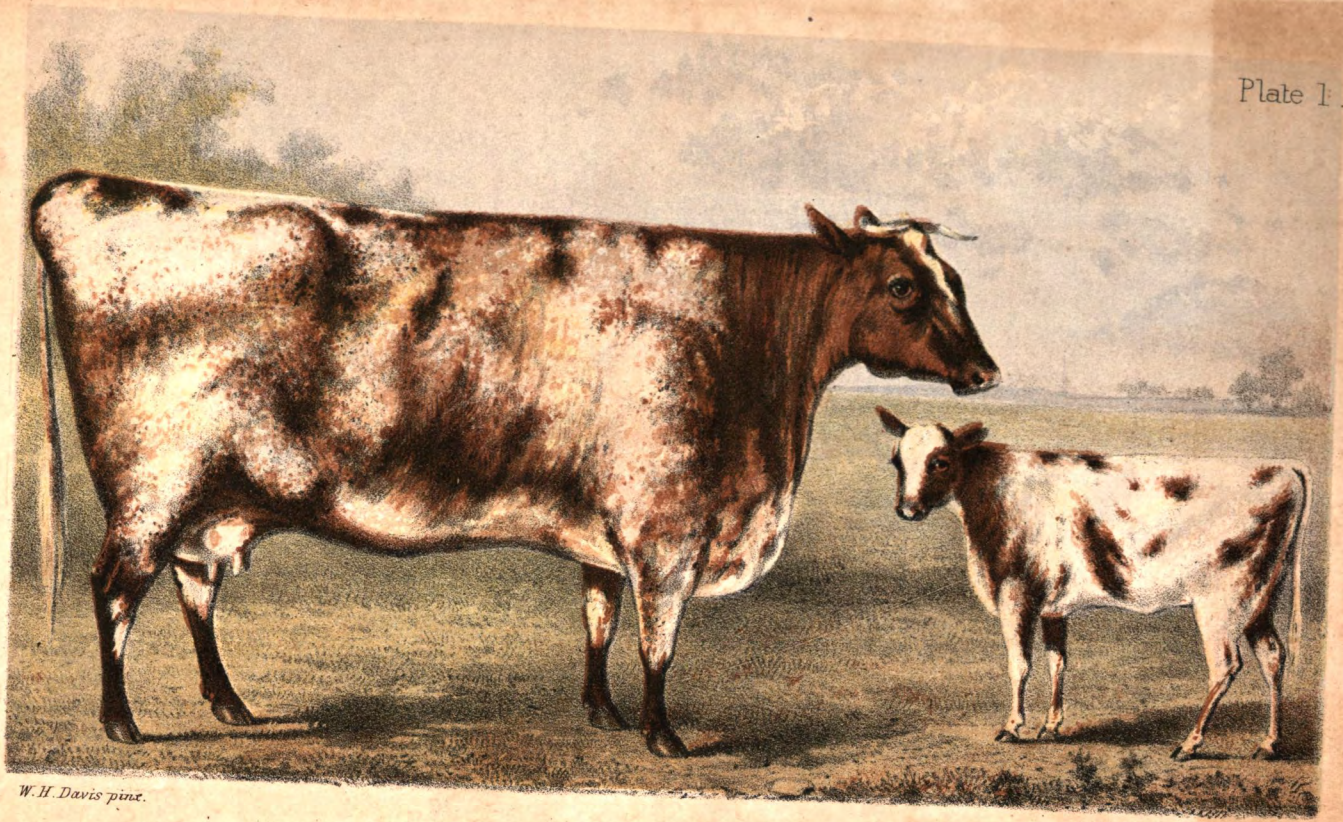
[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Captain William Churchill, before the Academy of Sciences, sought to show by the records of deep-sea soundings and from archaeological remains that the Pacific islands are only the remnants of a submerged continent, whose mountain peaks and lofty heights are all that remain above the surface of the ocean. He dwelt at length on the subject of a Polynesian antecedant civilization as revealed through ancient implements, statues and sculptured stone slabs found on a few of the groups, more notably the Fejees. The studies of zoophytes and coral formations taken from a depth of 2 000 fathoms and more also confirmed this belief of the subsidence of the prehistoric continent. On Pitcairn's Island and also on Tahiti and Tonga-Tabu had been found remains which showed the existence of a long-forgotten tribe. At Tonga-Tabu a monster trilithon is to be seen. It is composed of gray volcanic stone, with neatly dressed edges. It is ten by twelve feet square, and stands twenty feet out of the ground It is surmounted by a huge kava bowl. He described the implements and metals in use by the natives of several of the groups before the advent of the white voyagers, and said that iron and steel were unknown to them before their discovery by civilized persons.

Captain Churchill described the monolithic statues of stone and sculptured wood found on Easter Island. The monoliths were found standing in rows of five or six, only a few feet apart. They were hewn from volcanic rock, and were either very crude in workmanship or else they have suffered from the ravages of time. One row of these statues was quite well preserved. Each of them was ten feet high and they represented human heads and bodies, with a kind of cap or other head covering on the top. These were the same statues seen and described by Captain Cook in his works on travel and discovery. A finely sculptured hand of a dancing girl and some polished wooden slabs, on which were numerous hieroglyphical figures in long rows, had been discovered in an ancient and half-ruined stone house on Easter Island. This was the only relic of a native written language ever found in the Pacific Islands.

The depopulation of many of the Polynesian islands through the ravages of disease and "head hunting" was commented upon. Prior to this era of decay there had been a long period of over population, during which the practice of "swarming," as he termed it, was often resorted to in order that the remaining people might be able to find subsistence on their limited territory. He pointed to well-verified tales of the selection and sending forth of certain undesirable members of the tribes from their homes in canoes, to drift about in mid-ocean until they perished or reached some less crowded island, where they might find an abiding place. The masses of people crowded together on these small islands must, the speaker argued, have come from a larger territory than that which they latterly inhabited. Where could they have gone but into the sea?

Plate 1.



W. H. Davis pinx.

Lith. of SARONY & Co New York.

SHORT-HORNED COW FIDELLE, AND CALF

Bred by Thomas Robinson, Esq. of Burton on Trent 1848.

The essential particles of dust remained,

Fulfill this day our long desire;

SHORT-HORNED BULL, WISETON, BRED BY EARL SPENCER, OF ENGLAND.

Wagner & Mc Guigan Lith.

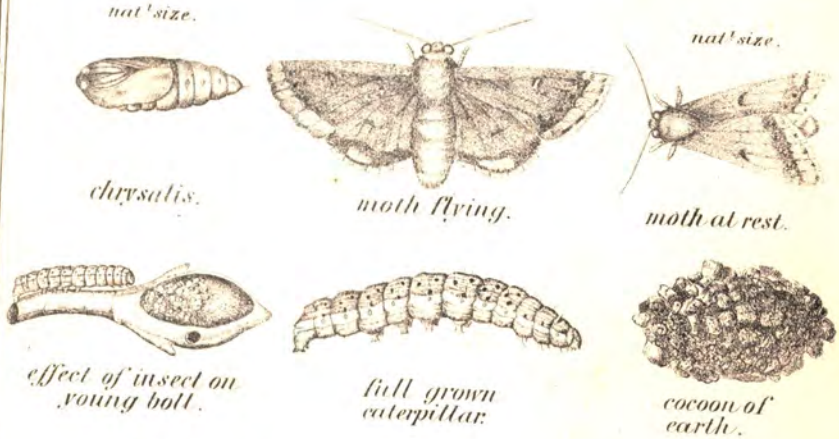
The essential particles of dust remained,

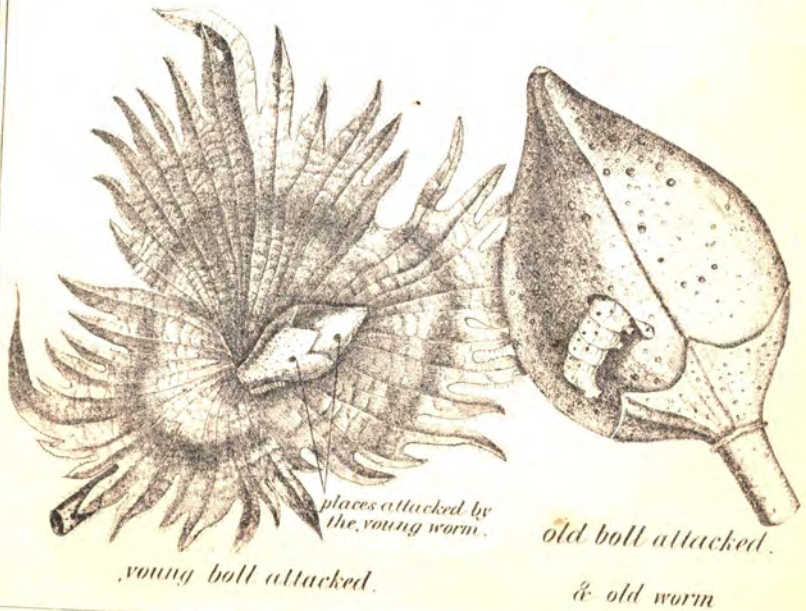
INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE COTTON.

COTTON LOUSE.

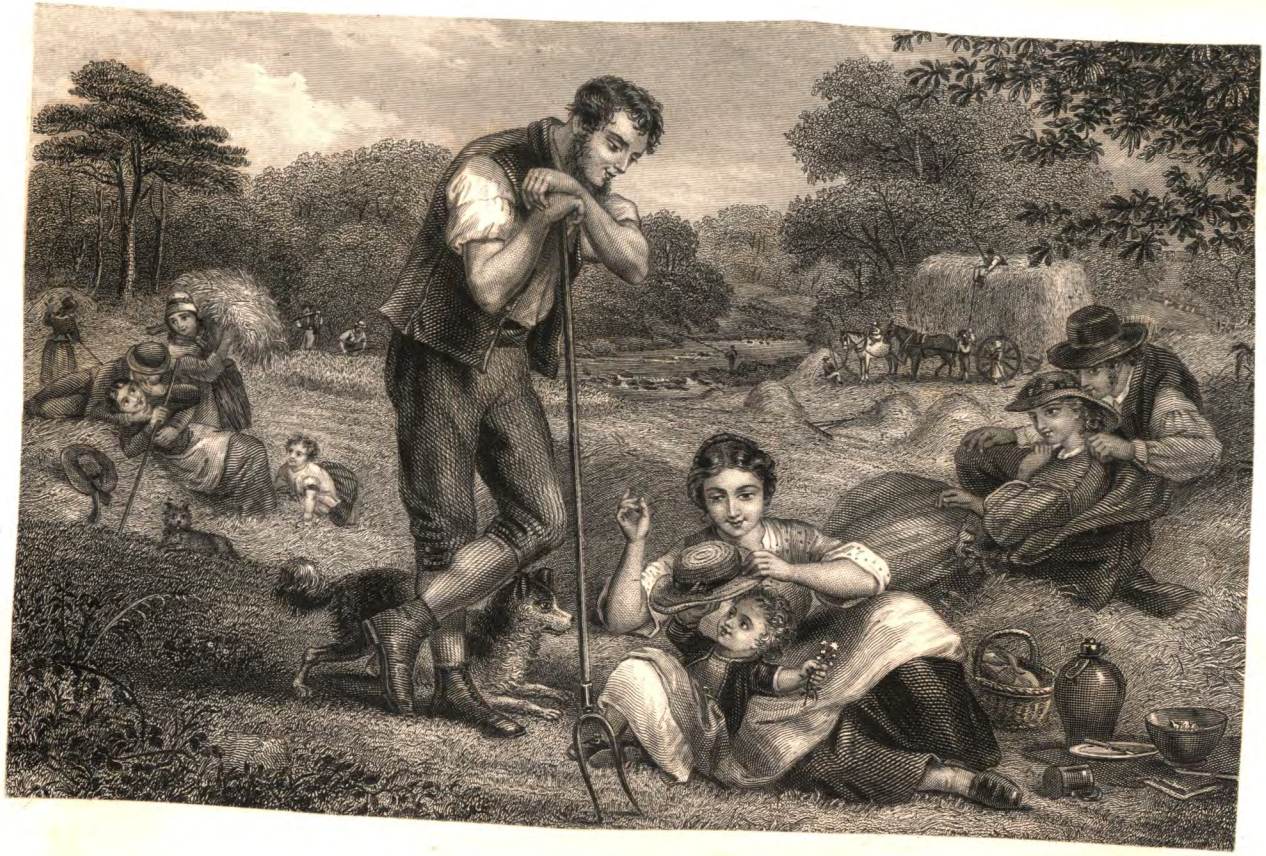
Plate 3.

BOLL WORM.



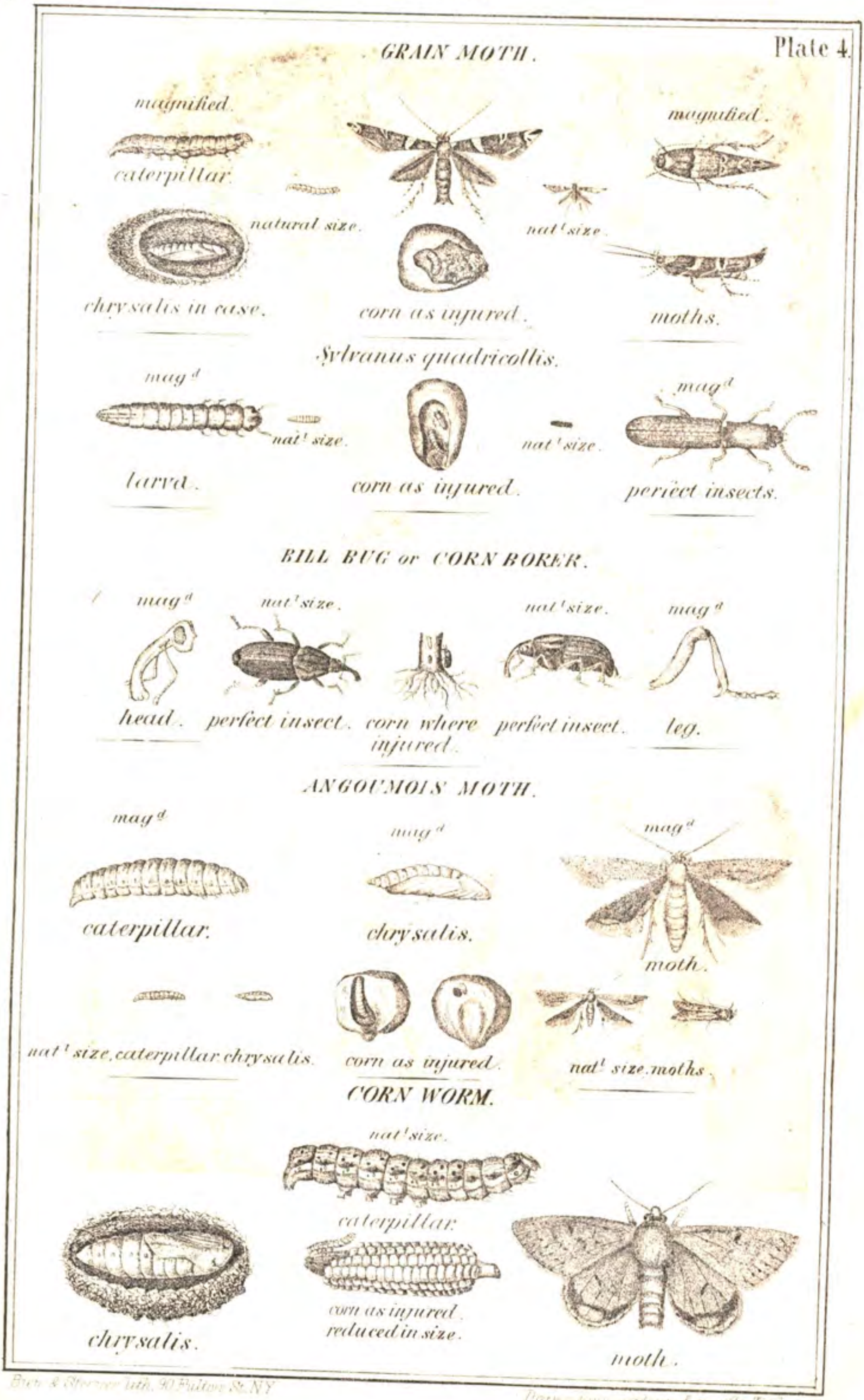


Bien & Sterner lith. 90 Fulton St. N.Y.
Drawn from Nature



The essential particles of dust remained,

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE
CORN.


GRAIN MOTH.
Plate 4.
magnified.
caterpillar.
magnified.
natural size.
nat.l size.
chrysalis in case.
corn as injured.
moths.
Sylvanus quadricollis.
mag.d
mag.d
nat.l size.
nat.l size.
larva.
corn as injured.
perfect insects.
BILL BUG or CORN BORER.
mag.d
nat.l size.
nat.l size.
mag.d
head.
perfect insect.
corn where injured.
perfect insect.
leg.
ANGOUMOIS MOTH.
mag.d
mag.d
mag.d
caterpillar.
chrysalis.
moth.
nat.l size, caterpillar. chrysalis.
corn as injured.
nat.l size, moths.
CORN WORM.
nat.l size.
caterpillar.
chrysalis.
corn as injured. reduced in size.
moth.

Bien & Sterner lith. 90 Fulton St. N.Y.

Drawn from nature & engr'd by T. Glover.

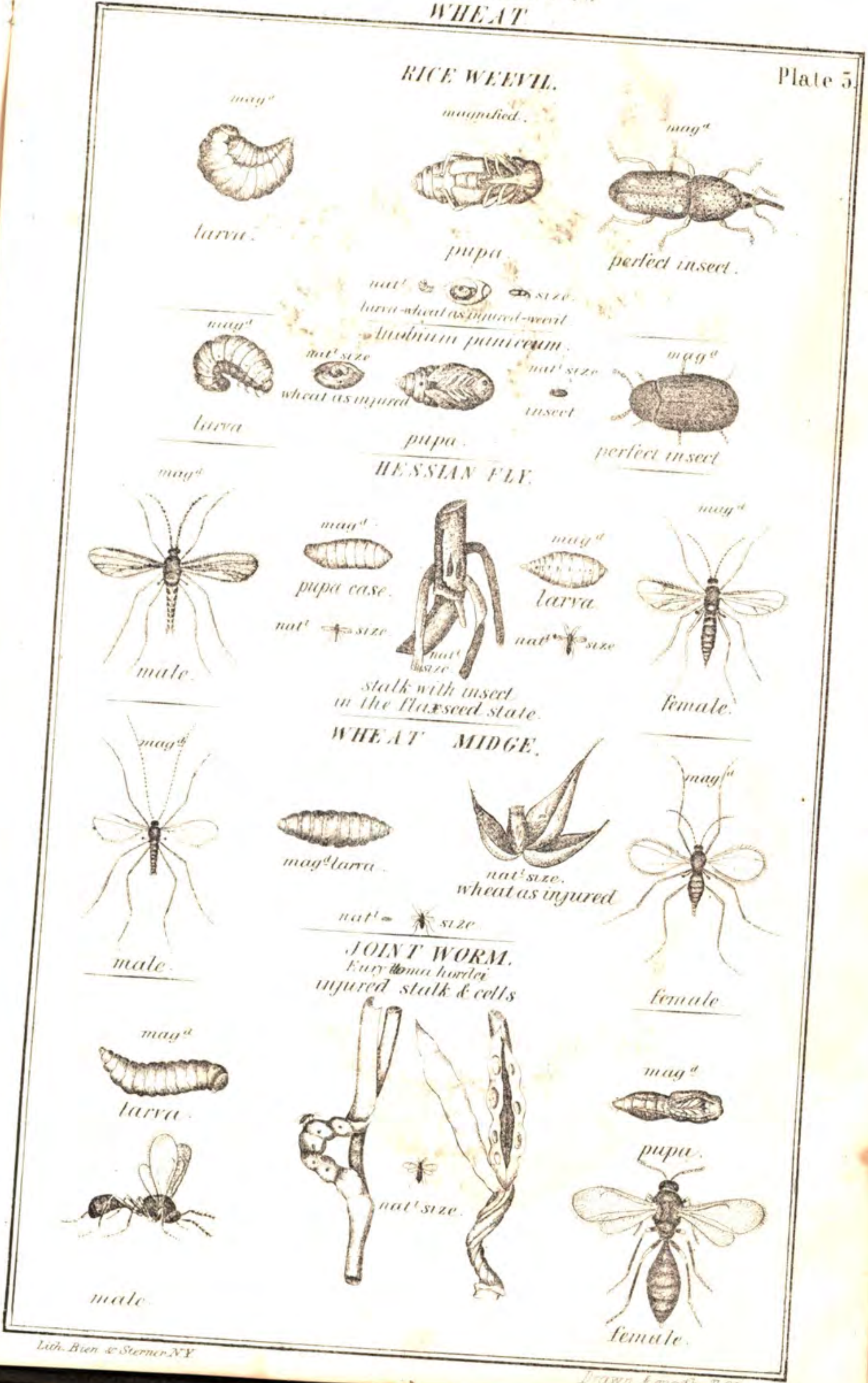
Zucchero delt

Lewis & Goodwill Sc.

Lady Harriet Ackland

The essential particles of trust remained,

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO
WHEAT.


RICE WEEVIL.
Plate 5.
mag^d
magnified.
mag^d
larva.
pupa.
perfect insect.
nat^l size.
larva-wheat as injured-weevil
Anobium paniceum.
mag^d
nat^l size
wheat as injured
nat^l size
insect
mag^d
larva
pupa.
perfect insect
HESSIAN FLY.
mag^d
mag^d
mag^d
mag^d
pupa case.
larva
nat^l size.
nat^l size
nat^l size
male.
stalk with insect
in the flaxseed state.
female.
WHEAT MIDGE.
mag^d
mag^d
mag^d larva.
nat^l size.
wheat as injured
nat^l size
male.
female
JOINT WORM.
injured stalk & cells
mag^d
mag^d
larva.
pupa.
nat^l size.
male
female.

Lith. Bien & Sterner N.Y.

Drawn & eng^d by T. Glover

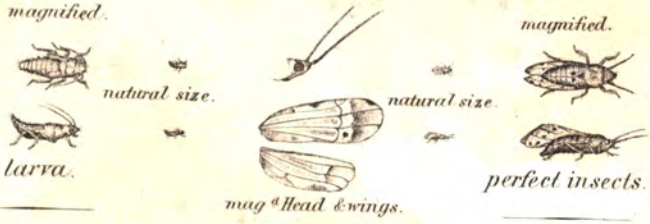
THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE

GRAPE VINE.

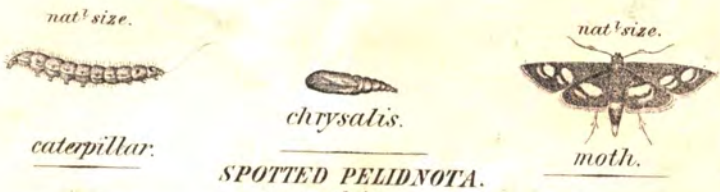
Plate 6.

VINE HOPPER.



AMERICAN PROCRIS.

Desmia maculalis.



SPOTTED PELIDNOTA.

GRAPE VINE BORER.

case from which the perfect insect has escaped leaving the empty chrysalis skin protruding.

Drawn from nature & engv^d by T. Glover.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO

FRUIT.

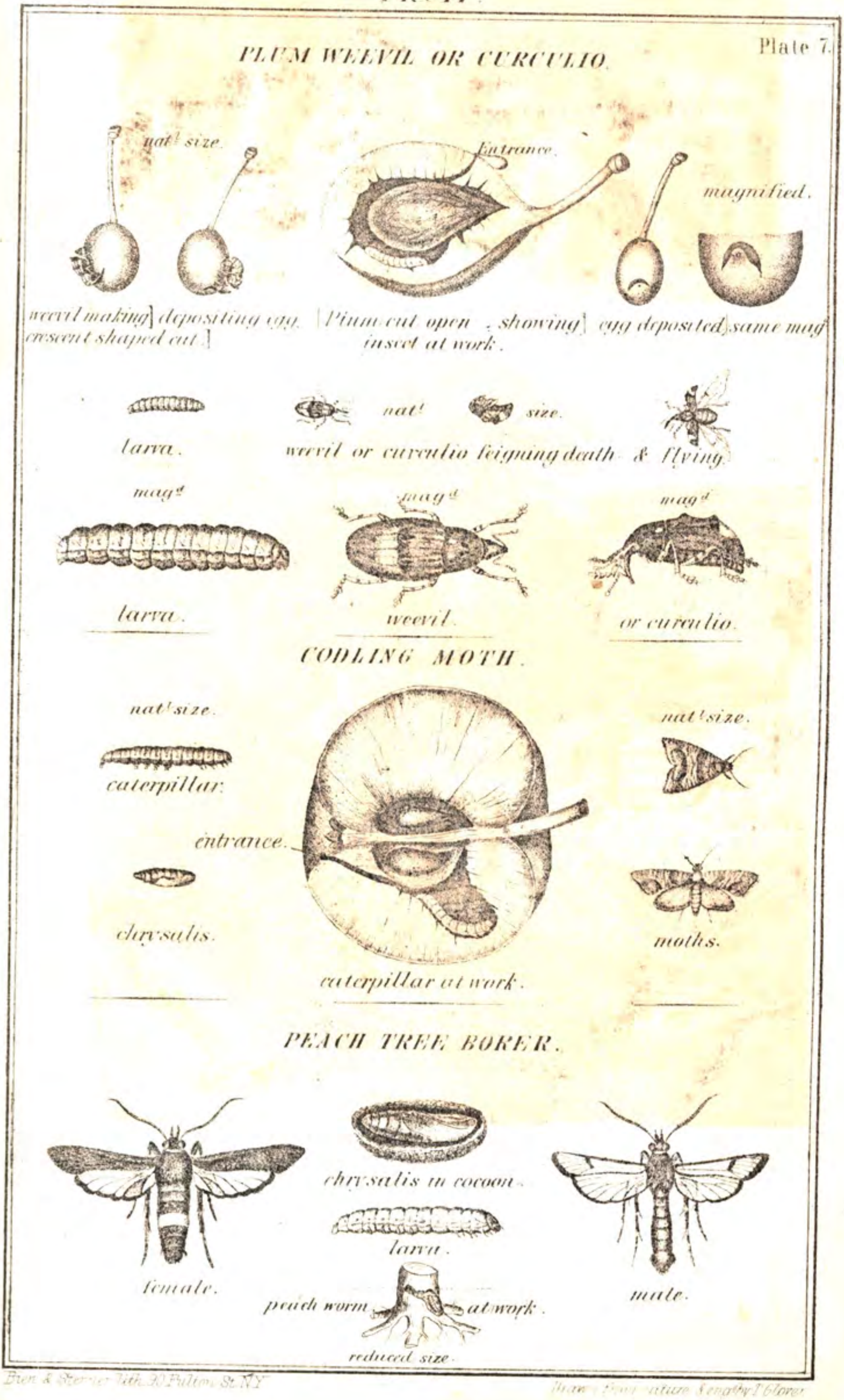


Plate 7.
PLUM WEEVIL OR CURCULIO.
natl size.
Entrance.
magnified.
weevil making crescent shaped cut.
depositing egg.
Plum cut open, showing insect at work.
egg deposited.
same magd
larva.
natl size.
weevil or curculio feigning death & flying.
magd
larva.
weevil.
or curculio.
CODLING MOTH.
natl size.
caterpillar.
entrance.
chrysalis.
caterpillar at work.
moths.
PEACH TREE BORER.
chrysalis in cocoon.
larva.
female.
male.
peach worm at work.
reduced size.

Dien & Sterner lith. 90 Fulton St. N.Y.

Drawn from nature & engd by T. Glover

INSECTS BENEFICIAL

TO THE AGRICULTURIST.

As their food consists of other insects injurious to vegetation.

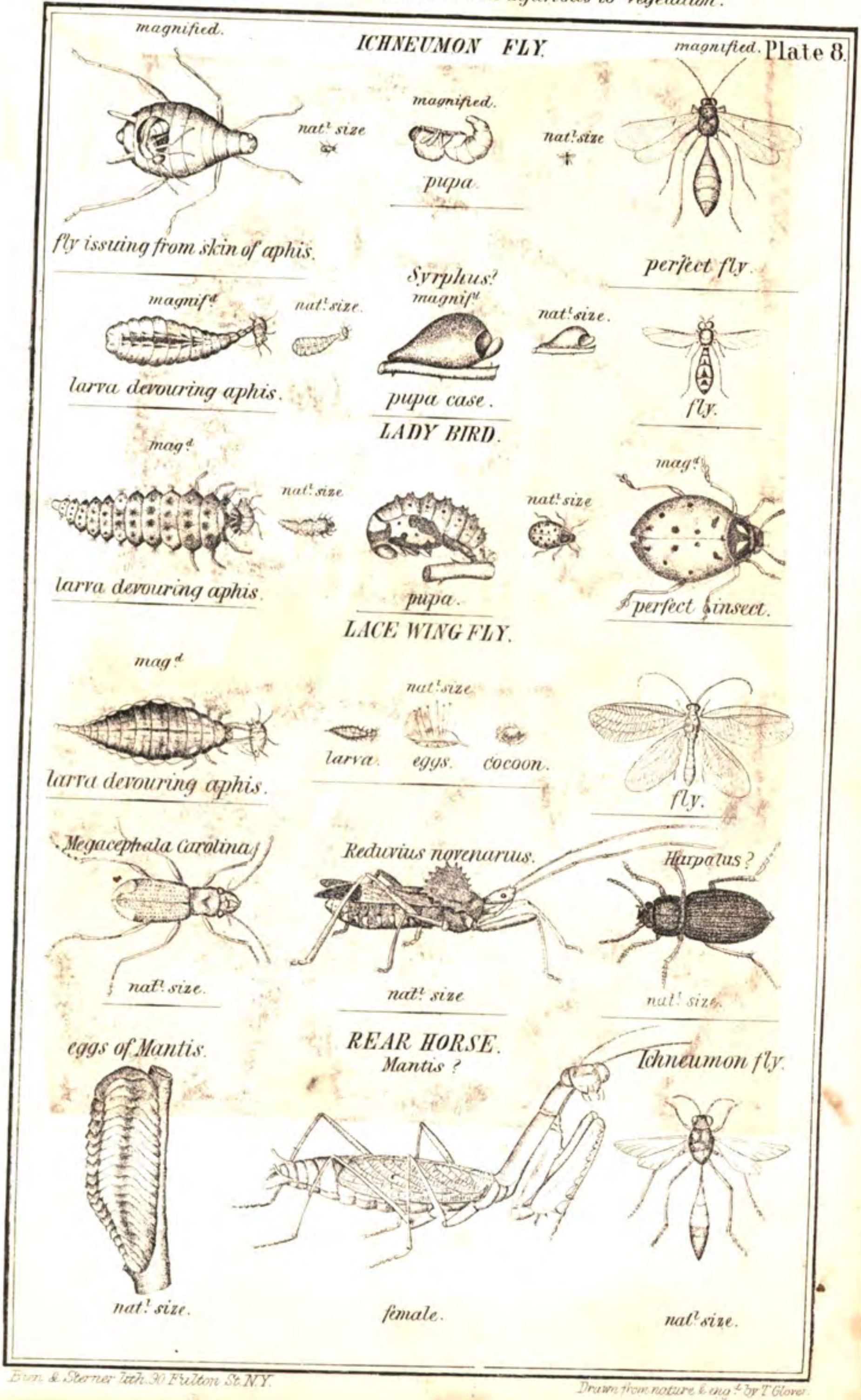
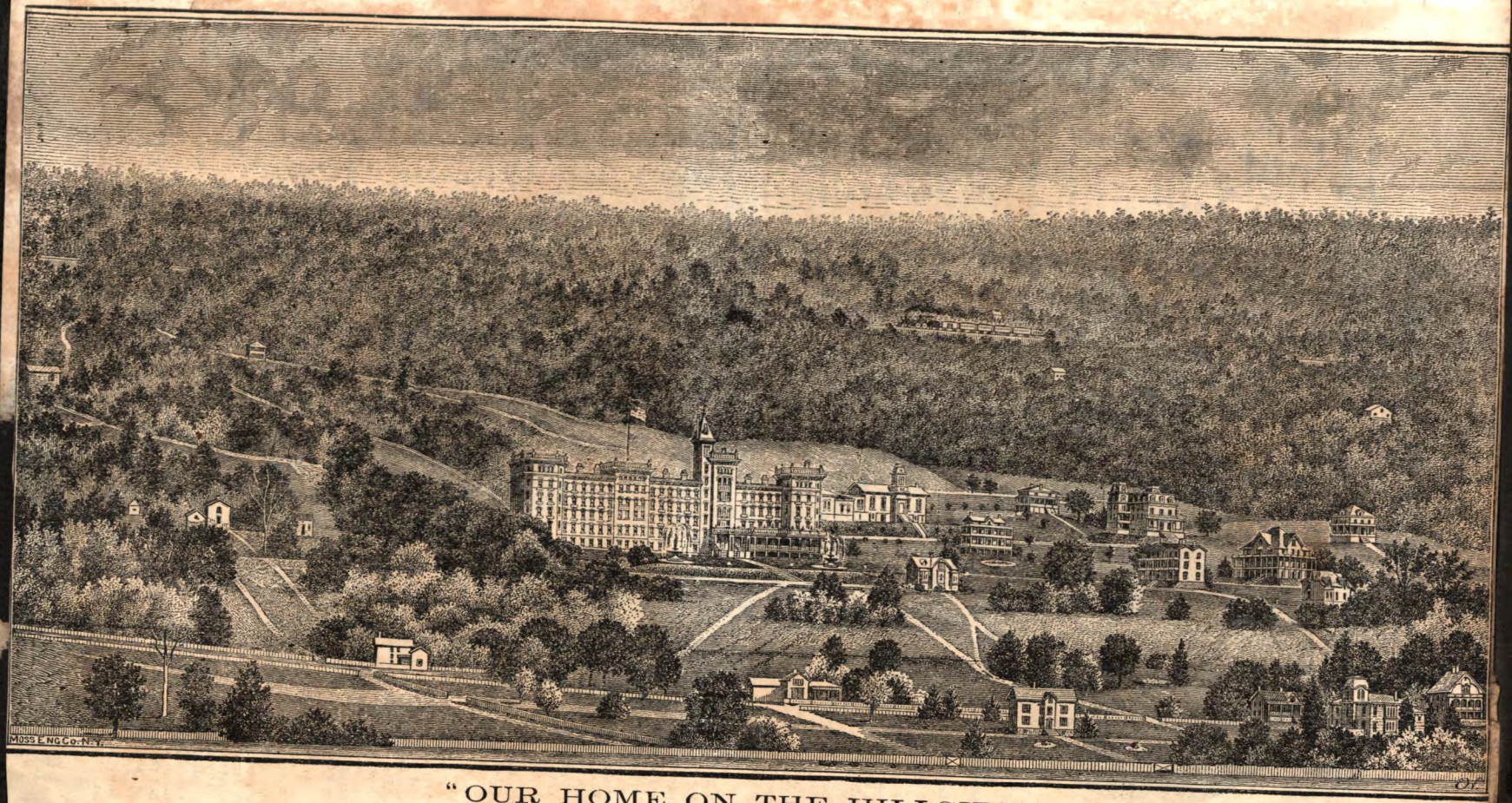


Plate 8.
ICHNEUMON FLY.
magnified.
fly issuing from skin of aphis.
nat.l size
magnified.
pupa.
nat.l size
magnified.
perfect fly.
Syrphus?
magnif.d
larva devouring aphis.
nat.l size.
magnif.d
pupa case.
nat.l size.
fly.
LADY BIRD.
mag.d
larva devouring aphis.
nat.l size
pupa.
nat.l size
mag.d
perfect insect.
LACE WING FLY.
mag.d
larva devouring aphis.
nat.l size
larva.
eggs.
cocoon.
fly.
Megacephala Carolina.
nat.l size.
Reduvius novenarius.
nat.l size
Harpalus?
nat.l size.
eggs of Mantis.
nat.l size.
REAR HORSE.
Mantis?
female.
Ichneumon fly.
nat.l size.

Bien & Sterner lith. 90 Fulton St. N.Y. — Drawn from nature & eng.d by T. Glover.


With Love
and Best Wishes


In true Friendship
I greet thee



"OUR HOME ON THE HILLSIDE,"

THE SANATORIUM, DANSVILLE, N. Y.

THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF HEALTH INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.