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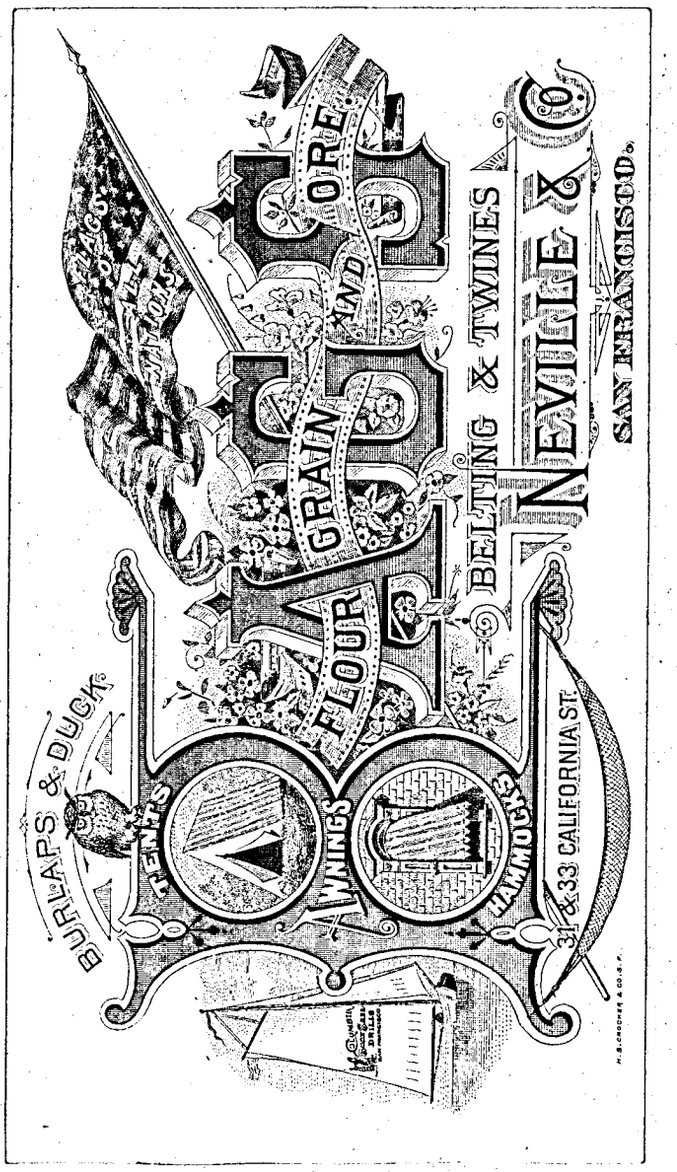


A CHRISTMAS RHYME.

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.

"Tell me, my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named a 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 prayer,
He asked the boon with childish grace.
Then toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, as lengthening 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.

Then 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.

WAITING, WAITING STILL!

Waiting amid the shadows
For the blushing of the dawn;
Waiting amid the darkness
For the sunlight of the morn.
Waiting because the appointed age
Has not tolled out its years;
Waiting because a groaning earth
Has not wept all its tears.

Toil-worn and very weary,
For the waiting time is long,—
Leaning upon the promise,
For the Promiser is strong;—
Waiting because some straying sheep
Are on the mountain still,—
They must be sought and found and saved;
It is the Father's will.

Waiting while clouds still blacken,
With storm-clouds hanging low;
Eyes fail with looking upward
To find the emerald bow.
Waiting because the Master's eye
Is on the ripening grain;
The impatient sickle must be stayed,
Waiting the later rain.

* * * * *

Beguiling waiting hours,
With rapturous thoughts of home,
Breathing a yearning whisper,
"When will the Master come?"
Hark? get thee to the mountains,
There is sound of distant song,—
The Bridegroom King is coming,
For His bride has waited long.

—*The Christian (Lond*

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—repeat it darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep," "To sleep," she murmured.
And the curly head bent low:
"I pray the Lord," I gently added
"You can say it all I know."

"Pray the Lord,"—The sount came faintly.
Fainter still, "My soul to keep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

THE HUMAN BODY.

Introductory to a series of papers on "Hints on Nursing."

ABSORPTION.

We must now trace the process of *absorption*, or the means by which food enters into the system.

As already mentioned, some of the food is taken up into the capillary blood vessels of the intestines, but by far the greater and most important part is absorbed by a system of vessels formed for that purpose and called *lymphatics*, or sometimes—and badly—*lacteals*.

The interior of the intestine is like velvet, being covered with numerous projections representing the pile. Each of these little projections, or *papillæ* (so-called because they are finger-shaped), contains a net-work of lymphatic tubes connecting with one entering at the base of the papillæ. As the intestinal contents passes along it is absorbed or drawn into these lymphatics, and thus the dissolved peptone, sugar, and the tiny particles of fat enter into the system.

The lymphatics pass out at the bases of the papillæ and run together, at length forming the *thoracic duct*, a vessel which passes up in front of the spinal column and discharges its contents into the junction of two large veins at the left side of the neck. The opening is protected by a valve, so that the blood cannot get down into the lymphatics.

We can now sum up two things: First, how food gets into the system; and, secondly, how the body receives the substances necessary for nourishment.

Food is thus digested:—

Salt or sugar is dissolved in the mouth or stomach.

Starch is changed into sugar in the mouth and intestines.

Meat and other nitrogenous bodies are turned into peptone in the stomach and intestines.

Fats are broken up so small in the intestines that they become capable of being absorbed.

Food is thus absorbed:—

Partly by the capillaries of the stomach and intestines, but chiefly by the lymphatics in the walls of the intestines.

The body receives nourishment through the blood thus:

The venous blood returning to the right side of the heart receives the dissolved blood from the lymphatics. The blood is then pumped through the lungs, where it receives oxygen from the air, and parts with some of its load of carbonic acid gas. It then returns to the left side of the heart, and from there is pumped all through the body, bearing the food and oxygen necessary to nourish the body and keep up the temperature.

OXIDATION.

The next point to be dealt with is how the oxygen and the food combine to nourish the body and keep up the temperature.

In a steam engine material is required to replace worn-out parts and also to supply fuel; and so fresh iron and coal are necessary to keep an engine in repair and going. In the living body the same two ends have to be served; the parts have to be repaired and the temperature kept up. But the materials used cannot be divided into two such distinct classes. The terms "flesh-formers" and "body-warmers" are indeed often applied respectively to the foods with and without nitrogen, but not with perfect correctness, as both classes of food may act sometimes as as flesh-formers, and sometimes as body-warmers.

The reason of this difference is that as the tissues of the body are used up or worn out they are burned. All food must therefore be capable of giving heat. A little of it may be burned up at once, but even the part that is formed into tissue must be such that, when the time comes, it, too, may burn, giving out, it may be, force, but always with the accompaniment of heat.

The process of burning is known in chemistry as "oxidation." It takes place whenever any element unites with oxygen. If the process of oxidation is very slow, it is accomplished quietly, as when iron rusts; but when it takes place rapidly, both light and heat are evolved, as when a fire burns.

A simple experiment illustrates this forcibly. If a small piece of rare metal, potassium, is thrown into water (which is composed of oxygen and hydrogen), it becomes rapidly oxidised, joining with the oxygen and setting the hydrogen free. So rapidly does this occur, and the heat given out is so great, that the hydrogen catches fire, its flame being colored red by the vapor of the potassium. Thus the paradox of burning water is solved.

In the living body oxidation takes place with medium rapidity, so that heat but not light is evolved.

The cause, then, of animal heat is the burning that goes on, especially in the spaces between the net-work of capillaries, throughout the body. The muscles and glands are the main source of this heat. The body is always changing, particularly when most used. The used-up tissue which is cast off is what has been burned up with the oxygen taken in at the lungs and conveyed through the body by the blood. So that the power and heat of the human body are formed by the burning of tissues —built up out of food—with the oxygen got from the air.

The power manifested in the body arises from the burning, just as the furnace of an engine affects the water in the boiler, causing it to expand into steam, and the effect is that the wheels go round and the train moves on. So in the human body, fuel is burned up, muscles contract, and movements result.

The process of burning changes complex forms into simple. Most foods are cymposed of elements mingled in a complicated manner, but the products which result from their burning are of simple construction. Most of the non-nitrogenous food passes off in watery vapor, (as in the breath and perspiration), or of carbonic acid gas.

It is interesting to notice how plants and animals cater for the other. Animals take in oxygen and give off carbonic acid gas. Plants absorb carbonic acid gas, and, retaining the carbon, give out the oxygen. Animals eat vegetables, and obtain heat by changing the complex vegetable forms into simple water and carbonic acid gas. Plants take the water and carbonic acid gas, and, with the aid of the sun, grow, changing them into their own substance, forming them into complex bodies—as it were, storing up sun heat, which is to be set free when the vegetables are burned in the bodies of animals.

Monterey, California.

Wednesday, July 8th, we went around the long drive, stopping at all the attractive places, and eating our picnic dinner at Point Cypress, under the broad trees, near the ocean. The morning was clear and the temperature admirable, two charming requisites for a day's enjoyment on a trip of this kind. Through the kindness of our friends, we were furnished with conveyances, Mr. Patrick and Mr. Litchfield each tendering us the use of a horse and buggy. At 9:30 we started down the drive towards the ocean. This beautiful drive is hard to describe; the road bed is smooth and almost perfect, and a buggy rolls over its surface like a railway car along its steel track. The pines standing thickly everywhere, shading the road uniformly, the light, green moss hanging from the trees, in one place, so thickly that they are almost covered with it, and the effect is something like driving through a forest at home in winter time, when the snow thickly covers the trees and foliage. The drive passes over an agreeable variety of surface, starting up from the grove on a gentle ascent for a mile, then descending a grade somewhat steeper towards the ocean, winding around the sloping hills and through many picturesque places, touching the ocean for the first time on the direct drive about four miles from camp and one and a half from Cypress Point. The drive down to the point, after reaching the ocean, is along the sands some distance from the surf.

We arrived at Cypress Point about 10:45. This is an elevated point of land that extends some distance out in the ocean, terminating in a point of rocks, where the high surf waves beat and dash continually. A large number of cypress trees (from whence the point derives its name), cover the base of the point, extending back and down the coast several miles. This is the Monterey cypress and is a native of this place, athough grown in many other portions of the state with less beauty of form. The strong sea breezes blowing over the point has twisted many of these trees into odd shapes, and their gnarled and bent bodies covered with the small, dark green foliage looks pretty, especially when standing on the lower side at the water's edge, and looking up the hillside on the trees that rise tier upon tier above.

When we arrived at the point, we drove around to the lower side, unhitched our horses and picketed them on a little grass plot; arranging our dinner on the grass near, under the cypress trees. Before and after dinner we explored the rocks and beach, going out on the farthest point of rocks where a pretty ocean view, up and down the coast, can be had.

Other parties were out at the time in carriages, a horseback party of ladies with them, and all stopped for some time.

At 1:30 we hitched up and went on down to Pebble Beach, about two miles farther down, passing along near the ocean all the way, at an elevation among the trees; the ocean showing down among the rocks, through openings here and there. We went by "Picnic Point" where rustic tables are arranged under the trees, upon an elevated outlook over the waters, affording a cool and pleasant picnic ground for parties from the hotel.

Pebble Beach is about a quarter of a mile long, at the foot of one of the inlets to Carmello bay. The beach is one solid mass of small pebbles worn smooth by the constant motion of the tide. Many odd and pretty shades and shapes are found, some of them round as bullets. Agates are sometimes found, several specimens being obtained by our party during the hour we remained there.

At 3 o'clock we drove on again, going by a dairy ranche and a small Chinese village a short distance away. Leaving the ocean here the drive passes up and around several wooded declivities, over a small stream and up a pretty vale, the hillsides on either side being one solid mass of ferns, with pines and cypresses thickly dotted among them, the summits of the hills being crowned with a solid forest of these handsome trees.

Driving on through this, we pass around and up a steep hill, by a winding road, and out from the "company's" land to the county road that leads on down to Monterey. We came out through a gate on the summit of the hill that looks directly down on the town and the lower end of the bay. The view is a good one, and grows prettier as we descend the hill, more of the town, bay and the surrounding country coming into view around a curve in the hill. We drove into Monterey, passing the old Mexican barracks (a dilapidated adobe), an old Spanish cathedral and other old historical landmarks, fast falling into decay, and will soon be in ruins. One buggy load went down to see the Hotel del Monte, while the rest of us went on back to camp.

Rather the prettiest place in the whole drive of 17 miles is just as we leave Monterey going out to Pacific Grove. The road winds around the foot of the hill below Fremont's Fort and the government reservation, at an elevation of fifteen or twenty feet immediately above the bay, that stretches away to the front and right, and the view of this body of water as we pass up its side to the camp grounds, will be remembered by all lovers of the beautiful in nature.

During our last week at Pacific Grove several pleasant trips were made down to San Jose creek, seven miles from Monterey, for trout and quail. Clara and I first went down with Mr. and Mrs Patrick, calling on friends of theirs, W. W. Thompson and wife. These genial and kind hearted people live up the canyon half a mile from the ocean on the banks of this mountain stream. The canyon is quite narrow, and the high precipitous hills rise several hundred feet on either side of them, reminding us very much of the location of our camp in the south part of the state.

Mr. Thompson cultivates a variety of small fruit and vegetables, while his wife successfully rears chickens for the city market. The "old hen" is a large incubator of the latest patent, and the hundreds of little downy chicks in the coops and yard, with as many larger ones feeding up the mountain side, presents an interesting scene indeed. Flowers are all around the door yard, and small shrubberry and large shade trees; with green grass beneath, surrounds the humble dwelling.

We came down in the morning, and ate our lunch with them, and after this went after the trout. They are quite sly, and caution is required, but we were very successful, bringing in something over 70 after a few hours sport; Mr. Patrick 38, Clara 6, and myself the rest.

The quail, although quite wild, are abundant up the canyon, and as they destroy the crops on the ranche, Mr. Thompson said the hunters of our party must come down and slay a few of them; and as it was against the law now, we could hunt doves and rabbits, and if we accidentally missed them and hit a few quails, he would not mention it; so James and I got into a buggy one morning shortly afterwards and went down. We did not get there until late in the forenoon, and the quail are scat-

tered up the mountian side; feeding in the open ground below only in the early morning and late in the evening. We hunted a while, however, until it got too warm, and then cooled off fishing for trout, starting home about the middle of the afternoon with a dozen and half quail and as many trout. This was only fair luck, but Mr. T. consoled us, by telling us we done well for the chance we had, that nothing much could be expected, while they were hid away among the underbrush, and that we ought to come down and hunt in the early morning; mentioning that he saw half a dozen bevys around his dooryard every morning.

This whetted our appetite considerably, and we told him we were not satisfied with our first trial, but would come back some afternoon, stay all night and next morning annihilate several hundred of those rascally quail. So on the 13th, we drove down with Mr. Patrick, putting our horses in the stable and making ready for the slaughter. I had exchanged my rifle for a friend's breech loading shot gun, and with half a buggy load of ammunition, shells and reloading apparatus, felt pretty safe and confident of large quantities of game.

During the evening we hunted a little considerable ways up the canyon, so as not to disturb the game near the house, reserving them for morning. We refrained from shooting into several large flocks near the house on this account, as we calculated that when those quails marched in around the dooryard next morning, we could easily shoot all that we could possibly take home anyway. The plan was to get up early, about daylight, raise the windows, point the guns out and then wait until the usual procession came down, and while they were bunched together in close proximity we would open fire all along the line with a prospect of 10 to 50 each shot sure. It seemed feasible and certain to succeed, and our host doubly re-assured us by telling us that just that morning they came around thicker than ever. So we retired early and dreamed all night of quail pies, quail on toast and quail in the door yard. We awoke about 4:30 and prepared for the carnage. We loaded the guns, got a pocket full of shells ready and waited. We waited some time, very patiently at first, but finally we got restless and went out doors to see about the matter, and found no quail in the door yard or anywhere else. Still we waited for something to turn up, imagining of course that it was only a question of time until the quail would walk in according to program. But it was no use; they didn't come, and we were compelled to go out and hunt them up. We found some, shot among them a little prematurely and got none — hunted farther without getting any shots. Finally getting desperate we shot right and left at everyone we seen near and far, and killed a number that dropped up among the bushes from sight, but had no quail to show for it. We got disgusted and went to breakfast. Our host kindly asked us what success we had. We told him, and he consoled us and said it sounded so pleasant to hear us shooting around so lively, it reminded him of the fourth of July, a time dear to all patriotic souls. This was complimentary to us, of course, and we took it in (it and the breakfast being in fact about the only things we took in during the morning). Still we sincerely believe that it would have been more like the fourth to us if that little procession we expected had marched down the dooryard according to advertised time.

This was Tuesday morning, the 14th, and about noon the rest of the folks, with Mrs. Patrick, Mr. and Mrs. Bickford and Miss Vinnie Bickford, friends from Monterey, came down for a picnic with us, and to help eat the promised quail pie. We had a fine time, roasted meat on sticks out of doors a la barbecue, set a long table out under the trees and enjoyed a fine dinner and merry time, but no quail pie. Something like a hundred trout were caught before and after dinner by the party, and this let us down somewhat easier than the indications were at breakfast time.

The folks visited the old Carmel Mission on the way down in the morning. It is situated on the Carmel river, near the ocean. This mission was founded June 3, 1770, the second oldest in the state, that at San Diego being the first established. Twenty-one of these missions were founded by the Franciscan Friars in California in the early days, extending from San Diego in the south to Sonoma in the north part of the state, about 500 miles, averaging about 25 miles apart.

Returning to camp in the evening, we packed up our things and prepared for leaving; starting Wednesday, July 15th, for Lathrop and the Yosemite.

During our month's stay we have learned to like Monterey and its fine climate, and many friends we leave with regret. We especially value the acquaintance of Captain Lambert, a prominent lumber merchant of Monterey. He was quite a prominent man in the California delegation of Knights Templar that welcomed the eastern delegates so handsomely at the conclave in San Francisco in 1883, and he promises, with many others, to come to St. Louis next year if nothing prevents.

The captain is a gentleman of culture, and commanded a sailing vessel for 30 years on the ocean, making trips almost over the globe, and his fund of anecdotes and reminisences is almost inexhaustable. On parting from him he presented me with two rulers of wood that posess historical value. One being a section from the flagstaff where the first stars and stripes were raised in California, and the other a piece from the hull of the brig "Natalia," that carried Napoleon Bonaparte from the Island of Elba. I value them and the friendship of the captain very highly.

Messrs. Patrick, Litchfield and Thompson will also be gratefully remembered for their many acts of kindness that contributed towards making our stay a pleasant one.

J. L. P.

The art of printing was invented by Faust and others about 1440; but the honor of establishing the first English printing press belongs to William Caxton, a native of Kent, England, he having learned the trade of a printer in Holland.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

The following exquisite poem, "The Valley of Silence," was written by Father Ryan, a Catholic priest, of Mobile:

I walked down the Valley of Silence,
  Down the dim, voiceless valley alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
  Around me save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
  As hours when angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
  Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noi[illegible]
  That fretted my soul with [illegible]eir din;
Long ago I was weary of pla[illegible]
  Where I met but the hum[illegible]and sin.

I walked through the world [illegible]h the worldly,
  I craved what the world ne[illegible]r gave:
And I said, "In the world each ideal
  That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is tossed on the shores of the Real,
  And sleeps like a dream in its grave."

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
  I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
  Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the dove of the deluge,
  The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
  That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
  That never shall float into speech;
I have dreamed dreams in the valley
  Too lofty for language to reach.

Do you ask me the place of this valley,
  Ye hearts that are burdened with care?
It lies far away between mountains,
  And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow,
  And one the bright Mountain of Prayer.

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
  Yet still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for Heaven,
  But caught a mere glimpse of the blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
  Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of human,
  And I moaned 'mid the masses of men,
Until I knelt long at an altar
  And heard a voice call me—since then
I have walked down the Valley of Silence,
  That is far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in this valley?
  'Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
For I fell at the feet of the Holy,
  And above me a voice said, "Be mine."
And there rose from the depth of my spirit
  The echo, "My heart shall be thine,"

Do you ask how I live in this valley?
  I weep and I dream and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
  That fall on the roses in May.
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
  Ascendeth to God night and day.

COAST WAVES.

The Destructive Effect of Breakers on the Shore.

Belgravia.

Next to the action of rain and rivers comes the gnawing effect of coast waves. The wave thunders against the cliff, which mocks its seemingly impotent rage by dashing it backward in a cloud of foam and spray, but it returns again and again to the charge until persistency wins the day. The east coast of England, which has for centuries been fast yielding to the attacks of the German Ocean, furnishes Sir C. Lyell with the majority of his illustrations in the interesting chapters upon the action of tides and currents. That eminent geologist tells us how towns and villages, marked by name in old maps, now lie fathoms deep beneath the waves. In one case, which came under his notice, houses had within the memory of living men stood upon a cliff fifty feet high, but in less than half a century houses and cliff were all engulfed, and sea-water deep enough to float a frigate occupied their site. As many as twelve churches, each further landward than the last, have been built in one parish, and all but one have been swallowed up by the sea. Churchyards have consequently been destroyed in many places, the corpses and skeletons having been washed out of their graves and floated away by the tide. Sir C. Lyell himself saw human remains protruding from the cliff at Reculvers, in Kent, in 1851. And he humorously alludes to a scene depicted by Bewick, which, he says, numerous points on that coast might have suggested. The grave-yard of a ruined abbey, undermined and almost isolated by the sea, with a broken tombstone in the foreground serving as a perch for the cormorants, and bearing the inscription, "To perpetuate the memory of ——," one whose very name was obliterated, and whose monument was ready to fall into the waves, And he aptly, though somewhat sarcastically, suggests that such a tombstone would have been a fit tribute to the memory of "some philosopher" who had taught "the permanency of existing continents," the "era of repose," or "the impotence of modern causes."

FARADAY'S LOST CUP.

Mr. Pentecost, the evangelist, replying to the charge of folly made against those who believe that God will raise the dead, gave this beautiful illustration: "There is a story told of a workman of the great chemist, Faraday. One day he knocked into a jar of acid a little silver cup. It disappeared, was eaten up by the acid and couldn't be found. The question came up whether it could ever be found. One said he could find it, another said it was held in solution and there was no possibility of finding it. The great chemist came in and put some chemical into the jar, and in a moment every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom. He lifted out the shapeless mass, sent it to the silversmith, and the cup was restored. If Faraday could precipitate that silver and recover his cup, I believe God can restore my sleeping and scattered dust."

A Cup of Tea.

"Sitting in the station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

"It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

"Just then, a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything; and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, and saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, 'Have you lost anything, ma'am?'

"'No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place to have a warm 'fore I go out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres.'

"'Here it is.' And the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"'Well, now, ain't that nice!' said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. 'Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm almost frozen today, being lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me do[illegible] very comforting a day like this.'

"'Sakes alive! do they give tea at this depot!' cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a streak of sunshine. 'Well, now, this is jest lovely,' added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. 'This does warm the cockles of my heart!'

"While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoestrings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

"As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I had considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I was the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts; for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect. And when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

"Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-laces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect; and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from 'comforting the cockles of the heart' of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after."—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

(15.) Easter Sunday.

13	S	*Easter Sunday.*
14	Mo	Impeachment Trial, 1868
15	Tu	Patent Law passed, 1790
16	We	Buffon died, 1788
17	Th	Benjamin Franklin died, 1790
18	Fri	Battle of Cerro Gordo, 1847
19	Sa	Lord Beaconsfield died, 1881

(16.) Low Sunday.

20	S	Napoleon III. born, 1808
21	Mo	Rome founded, B. C. 753
22	Tu	Cromwell abdicates, 1659
23	We	Anne crowned, 1702
24	Th	Cromwell born, 1599
25	Fri	Land Office established, 1812
26	Sa	Magellan killed, 1521

(17.) 2d Sunday after Easter.

27	S	Emile de Girardin died, 1881
28	Mo	James Monroe born, 1758
29	Th	Parson Brownlow died, 1877
30	We	Ohio admitted, 1802
1	Th	Gen. John S. Preston died, 1881
2	Fri	Battle of Lutzen, 1813
3	Sa	Farragut in New Orleans, 1862

(18.) 3d Sunday after Easter.

4	S	Grant crossed Rapidan, 1864
5	Mo	Napoleon I. died, 1821
6	Tu	Battle of Oswego, 1814
7	We	Socrates died, B. C. 399
8	Th	Dante born, 1265
9	Fri	J. Stuart Mill died, 1873
10	Sa	Battle of Lodi, 1796

(19.) 4th Sunday after Easter.

11	S	Minnesota admitted, 1858
12	Mo	Battle of Spotsylvania, 1864
13	Tu	Vienna taken, 1809
14	We	Henry Grattan died, 1820
15	Th	Trial by Jury, 970
16	Fri	Senator Conkling resigned, 1881
17	Sa	Asa Packer died, 1879

(20.) Rogation Sunday.

18	S	Turks besiege Malta, 1556
19	Mo	Cuba discovered, 1494
20	Tu	Hawthorne died, 1864
21	We	Thomas A. Scott died, 1881
22	Th	*Ascension Day.*
23	Fri	Second Charter of Virginia, 1609
24	Sa	Copernicus died, 1513

(21.) Sunday after Ascension.

25	S	Emerson born, 1803
26	Mo	Dantzic taken, 1807
27	Tu	Paris Commune surrendered, 1871
28	We	Agassiz born, 1807
29	Th	Gen. Scott died, 1866
30	Fri	*Decoration Day.*
31	Sa	Anne Boleyn crowned, 1535

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.

—*Exchange.*

I'VE FOUND A JOY IN SORROW.

[The following lines were written by Mrs. Jane F. Crewdson, a lady who passed through more than ordinary sickness and suffering. She speaks from the depths of a rich Christian experience.]

I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna
For every wo and wail,
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eschol fail;
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells are dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

* * * * * * *

My Saviour, thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

—*Baptist Union.*

WAITING FOR MOTHER.

The old man sits in his easy chair,
Slumbering the moments away,
Dreaming a dream that is all his own,
On this gladsome, peaceful day.
His children have gathered from far and near,
His children's children beside—
And merry voices are echoing through
The "Homestead's" hall so wide.

But far away in the years long flown,
Grandfather lives again;
And his heart forgets that it ever knew
A shadow of grief and pain,
For he sees his wife as he saw her then—
A matron comely and fair,
With her children gathered around his board,
And never a vacant chair.

Oh! happy this dream of the "Auld Lang Syne,"
Of the years long slipped away!
And the old man's lips have gathered a smile,
And his heart grows young and gay.
But a kiss falls gently upon his brow,
From his daughter's lips so true;
"Dinner is ready, and, father dear,
We are only waiting for you."

The old man wakes at his daughter's call
And he looks at the table near—
'There's one of us missing, my child," he says,
"We will wait till mother is here."
There are tears in the eyes of his children then,
As they gaze on an empty chair;
For many a lone year has passed
Since "Mother" sat with them there.

But the old man pleads still wistfully:
"We must wait for mother, you know!"
And they let him rest in the old arm-chair
Till the sun at last sinks low;
Then, leaving a smile for the children here,
He turns from the earth away,
And has gone to "mother" beyond the skies,
With the close of the quiet day.

For the New York Observer.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY BIBLES.

LATIN.

No. II.

STRASBURG: COLOGNE: ROME: 1468 TO 1471.

BY REV. WENDELL PRIME, D.D.

After the printing of the first four Bibles, which have been the subject of several articles, the art of printing was scattered widely over Europe by the capture of Mentz in 1462. Throughout the remainder of the century the Bible in Latin continued to be printed in frequent and splendid editions. Mr. Stevens says that during the first forty years of printing, the Bible exceeded in amount all other books put together, and that "its quality, style and variety were not a whit behind its quantity." Not less than a thousand editions of the Bible were printed before the end of the century, most of them of the largest and costliest kind, and nearly all of them in Latin. During this period, Bibles were printed also in German, Italian and other modern languages, but I shall not consider these until I have given a brief sketch of the best known Latin Bibles which followed the first four that have been described.

THE EGGESTEYN BIBLES

are usually catalogued as the *fifth*, *sixth* and *seventh* Latin Bibles, and attributed to *Heinrich Eggesteyn, Strasburg*, 1468, '69, '70. For a time he was a partner of Mentelin, the printer of the Third Latin and First German Bible, and was himself the printer of the Second German Bible. Eggesteyn published many other large folios. He was a man of considerable prominence, being a master of arts and philosophy, an officer of the city, and the chancellor of the Bishop at Strasburg.

Two of Eggesteyn's Latin Bibles were in the Caxton Exhibition, both from the Althorp Library, lent by Earl Spencer, one entered as the First Edition, 1468, (?) the other as "1469, (?) sometimes attributed to J. Baemler, of Augsburg, but the type the same as that generally attributed to Eggesteyn and the paper-mark undoubtedly his." Three of Eggesteyn's Bibles are on exhibition in the Lenox Library, one marked "1468-70, (?) the fifth Latin Bible," another marked "1470, (?)" and another marked "Eggesteyn's second edition, Sussex Copy, The Seventh Latin Bible."

THE ZELL BIBLES

bring us to Cologne, the third city to receive the art of printing from Mentz, where *Ulric Zell*, probably a workman of Schoeffer, is believed to have printed two folio editions of the Latin Bible, 1470 and 1471. The first book with a date, known to have been printed at Cologne, is *St. Chrysostom on the Fiftieth Psalm*, 1466. It is attributed to Zell, whose name is of special interest to us, because he has been mentioned as the chief instructor of William Caxton, the first English printer. Mr. Blades, who has written most exhaustively in regard to Caxton, does not admit this, though he recognizes the fact that Caxton was in Cologne during his residence on the Continent. He attributes Caxton's typographical work entirely to his association with Colard Mansion at Bruges or elsewhere. Two of Zell's Cologne Bibles were in the Caxton Exhibition, one from the Althorp and the other from the Bodleian Library. Though Zell's first dated book was printed in 1466, some bibliographers believe that he began to print as early as 1462. He was not only one of the very earliest printers but one who introduced improvements. After 1467 he always spaced out the lines of his books to an even length. Mr. Blades argues from this that Mansion and Caxton did not learn their art from him, or they would have made use of this improvement in their first productions.

By this time Italy, Bohemia, Switzerland and France had printing-presses, Italy being the first to receive the art from Germany.

THE SWEYNHEYM AND PANNARTZ BIBLE,

printed at Rome, 1471, is the first Bible printed out of Germany. In the same year two different translations into Italian were printed at Venice.

Arnold Pannartz and Conrad Sweynheym were Germans, probably workmen of Gutenberg and Fust. They were invited and welcomed to Subiaco, near Rome, by Cardinal Torquemada, the head of the Benedictine monastery in which they established their press. Leading ecclesiastical officials gave them encouragement and help, not dreaming that this magic art would in a few generations completely destroy their temporal power and vastly impair their spiritual supremacy. Sweynheym and Pannartz's first known work, *Cicero de Oratore*, is believed to have been printed at Subiaco in 1465.

In 1467 they had removed to Rome, where they were established in the house and under the protection of Prince Massimo, and published over eight volumes a year for five years, producing 12,000 copies of books before 1474. Their works were mainly editions of classic authors and were not so profitable as the large theological folios by which Mentelin, of Strasburg, had been enriched. There is a letter extant in which these printers appeal to Pope Sixtus IV. for help, giving a list of their works. Sweynheym retired from the firm and devoted himself to copper-plate engraving. Their last dated book was issued in December, 1473, though Pannartz continued to print for a few years. Both are said to have died before 1477.

This Roman Latin Bible, 1471, is without title-page, but the colophon contains the name of the printers and the place and date, being the Second Bible with a date. Only 275 copies were printed. The wonderful Althorp or Spencer Library furnished the copy in the Caxton Exhibition. This Library is one of the richest in the world in specimens illustrating the early history of typography and especially the early history of the printed Bible. In this latter respect it is surpassed by the Lenox Library of this city, of which Mr. Stevens says: "The collection of Bibles and parts thereof in the Lenox Library of New York in all languages, is probably unsurpassed in rare and valuable editions, especially in the English language, by any library, public or private." While looking at some books in one of the more secluded apartments of the British Museum, I remarked to the librarian in attendance, that my opportunities for seeing Bibles in New York were very good. "Oh yes," said he, "your Lenox collection is richer than ours." It is the fashion of our citizens to find much amusement in the way this Library is guarded. They would find information as well as amusement if they cared enough about its treasures to send for a card of admission.

FIREWORSHIP AND PETROLEUM.

"On the Caspian sea, twelve versts from Baku," says Mr. Arthur Arnold, M. P. for Salford, "we came upon one of the oldest altars in the world, erect, and flaming with its natural burnt-offering to this day. Surakhani is the ancient seat of probably one of the most ancient forms of worship. For unnumbered ages the gas which is generated by the subterranean store of petroleum has escaped from the fissures in the limestone crag, and the fire of this gas has lighted the prayers of generations of priests as it blazed and flared away to the heavens. Fireworship in Persia, of which until the eighteenth century Baku formed a part, is older than history. It may be that the fire in this temple at Surakhani has been unextinguished for a period extending from before the time of Cyrus (about B. C. 600), the fire-worshipping period being older than Cyrus." The peninsula of Apsheron, upon which Baku is situated, seems beyond doubt to have been held as sacred soil by the old fire-worshippers, the followers of Zoroaster, and it is said that their modern representatives, the Parsees, still make their pilgrimages to the fire-breathing rocks and plains of the Caspian shore. Given a religious belief in the deity of fire, the peculiarly sacred character of such a locality must be inevitable, and nobody need be greatly surprised at the poor benighted inhabitants of Persia bowing down in awful worship on such spots as have been described by travellers in this part of the world.

"The earth," says Jonas Hanway, the heroic London merchant who first ventured to go abroad in the city with an umbrella over his head, "for above two miles has this surprising property, that by taking up two or three inches of the surface and applying a live coal, the part which is so uncovered immediately takes fire—almost before the coal touches the earth; the flame makes the soil hot, but does not consume it, nor affect what is near to it with any degree of heat. . . . If a cane, or tube even of paper, be set about two inches in the ground, confined and closed with earth below, and the top of it touched with a live coal and blown upon, immediately a flame issues without hurting either the cane or paper, provided the edges be covered with clay; and this method they use for light in their houses, which have only the earth for the floor. Three or four of these lighted canes will boil water in a pot, and thus they dress their victuals."

This same sagacious observer, writing some hundred and thirty years ago, refers to a temple, probably the one which Mr. Arnold visited within the past few years. There are several of them, he says, built with stone, supposed to have been all dedicated to fire. "Amongst others is a little temple at which the Indians still worship. There are generally forty or fifty of these poor devotees, who come on a pilgrimage from their own country. A little way from the temple is a low cleft of a rock, in which there is a horizontal gap two feet from the ground, nearly six long, and about three broad, out of which issues a constant flame, in color and gentleness not unlike a lamp that burns with spirits, only more pure. When the wind blows it rises sometimes eight feet high, but much lower in still weather. They do not perceive that the flame makes any impression on the rock. This also the Indians worship, and say it cannot be resisted, but if extinguished will rise in another place."—*The Leisure Hour.*

THE OKLAWAHA.

The east branch of the St. John, flowing northerly from the Lake country, is the Oklawaha; it is practicable to ascend this river through Lakes Dora, Griffin, Eustis and Harris, to Lake Apopka, its final source. The Oklawaha scenery is very strange to Northern eyes, although it is a type of many of the streams in the comparatively unexplored peninsula of South Florida. It twists, winds and doubles upon itself, fully justifying its Indian name, which means Crooked Water; narrowing sometimes till the trees meet overhead, and requiring a peculiar fleet of boats to navigate its shallow waters. They are flat bottomed, drawing but little water, having double decks in canal-boat style, and have an absurd wheel behind, like a gigantic wheel-barrow; we have, however, found them sufficiently comfortable. They start from Palatka in the morning. The Indian cognomen was originally Wacca Palatka—Cow Ford. Here the St. John is comparatively narrow; at some points it is wider than any other river in America, and it carries a larger body of water to the Atlantic than the Hudson. Twenty-five miles from Palatka, we enter the Oklawaha by a narrow passage—the banks recede, and a great lonely cypress swamp opens; only an expert pilot can find the channel. The wheel-barrow labors and strains ahead, and when she is apparently land-locked in the mazes of a dismal, tangled forest, whirls around as though turning on a pivot, and seems as though she would rush on a bank. The sun shines down through an open space upon luxuriant palms, palmetto, magnolia, cedar and live-oak, with clinging lianas, and hung with long banners of Spanish moss. In front of the pilot-house passengers sit as on the box of a Broadway stage; the everlasting popping of pistols and guns, which was formerly such a nuisance, is abolished. Alligators—now scarce and shy in Northern Florida—and great coodahs (turtle) lie peacefully sunning themselves on sand-banks; occasionally they flop from a log as the boat comes a little too near, and as you lean over the side you can see them lazily crawling under the clear water. Cranes stand motionless gazing at themselves in the pools. Cormorants and snake-birds practise their ridiculous gymnastics on the old stumps. The beautiful white and blue heron—specimens of which you have seen mounted upon satin screens in the curio shops—curlew, chameleon and lizzards are flashing facts; beautiful bright birds fly as you actually crash through the branches when a boat passes you. A great log has perhaps fallen across the channel, and the little engine at the rear throbs wildly; putting on an extra spurt the queer craft actually seems to jump like a race-horse; over we go, and you hear the bump, bump of the log under the keel. Forward at night on the deck they have light-wood knots from which the turpentine seems to boil as the bright, yellow glare is carried on, lighting up the lonely lagoons that stretch in gloomy vistas far into the tangled forests, each stump assuming some grotesque form. The brilliant light shows each object set in absolute, visible darkness; the black, dreadful place has life enough, for you hear the yells of the startled wild creatures—the maniac laugh of the limpkin, the hooting of the great white owl, the terrified shrieks of the night birds and cry of the whippoorwill, as with one consent they make a rush to get away from the blazing, snorting monster, which is crashing through their swamps. From below comes the tinkle, tinkle of the banjo and the negro quartette, "Climbin' up dem golden stairs." All this will keep you from your state-room far into the night. In the morning you will enter the Nine-mile Run, which is the approach to Silver Spring.

The water system of Florida is very curious; the peninsula is compared to a great sponge, floating between the gulf and the Atlantic; a portion of it is coral rock or coquina conglomerate, seeming to have been cast up from the bed of the ocean, and making a sort of backbone to hold the sponge together. Wherever there are lakes, or springs, the water oozes up; there are no snow-capped mountains to collect the supply which feeds them. Whence does it come? If it is pumped by a mighty force from some fathomless depth, why is it not salt?

Silver Spring, Wakulla, Blue Sinks, all give glimpses of the great mystery. The water of Silver Spring is like materialized air, it is clear to invisibility; the first sensation is terror of falling. Your boat is swinging in ether over a great bowl-shaped chasm. A hundred feet and more below in the fissures of the limestone rock springs are bubbling up; the limpid transparency is possibly caused by the lime saturation precipitating every impurity to the bottom. The springs boil with such force upward as to cause the surface above them to swell and take the configuration of convex lenses, which magnify, and the same time separate the rays of light into the primary colors. Every fish, brilliant with metallic brightness, can be seen for hundreds of feet as though flying in mid-air. A dime or a tin can lying on the bottom is rimmed with a halo of jewels; it would not be possible to see them so clearly in the atmosphere as through the medium of this magical water, and they are forever changing like an immense kaleidoscope. Wakulla is 180 feet deep. At a distance of many miles from these strange places wells have been sunk, and rivers, and brooks are found of the same crystal water, hurrying along their subterranean channels to burst into luminous beauty from the depths of the great fountain; the rumor of which possibly—nearly four hundred years ago—reached Ponce de Leon, and lured him in search of a Fountain of Youth. The matter-of-fact children of the nineteenth century are following in his footsteps—a great army, swelling from year to year — on crutches, or with throat and lungs lacerated, they come as though the soft, sunny air were a vast pool of Bethesda, wherein one might bathe and be healed. The miracle has been as real within our experience as in the year Anno Domini, and it is equally true that there is no time to be lost. While there is nothing serious the matter with you—a little cough, over-work, malaria, perhaps—you may find new life, but Florida holds no panacea for the dying. It is a cruel, but not uncommon thing, that such should be sent from home to end life amid the bustle of a fashionable hotel or saloon of a steamer.

S.

HOARDS OF COINS.

A hoard of Roman coins was discovered in Cobham Park in the spring of 1883. It consisted of more than 800 coins, chiefly of the Emperors Constantius II., Constantius Gallus and Magnentius. It is believed that these coins must have formed part of the vast stores sent over by Magnentius from Gaul shortly before his overthrow, A. D. 353. Another hoard of Roman coins, principally of the London mint, was found about ten years ago in the neighborhood of Bristol. The find consisted of 347 coins of various emperors, from the time of Gallienus to that of Constantine the Younger. There were recently discovered at the village of Beaumont, near Carlisle, 2,090 coins, chiefly of the first three Edwards.

The Tired Foot.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground—
The other, with never-slackening speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent, we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice:
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his
With homely truth inspired:
"No, marm—it isn't the foot that kicks;
The one that stands gets tired!"

The Continent

YEARNING FOR THE END.

Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind,
Above the tangled grasses deep,
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep.
No towering shaft or sculptured urn
Or mausoleum's empty pride
Tells to the curious passer-by
Their virtues, or the time they died.

I count the old, familiar names,
O'ergrown with moss and lichen gray,
Where tangled brier and creeping vine
Across the crumbling tablets stray.
The summer sky is softly blue;
The birds still sing the sweet old strain;
But something from the summer time
Is gone that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed,
So many songs have ceased for aye,
So many hands I used to touch
Are folded over hearts of clay.
The noisy world recedes from me;
I cease to hear its praise or blame;
The mossy marbles echo back
No hollow sound of empty fame.

I only know that calm and still
They sleep beyond life's woe and wail,
Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds,
Beyond the shadow of the vale.
I only feel that, tired and worn,
I halt upon the highway bare,
And gaze with yearning eyes beyond
On fields that shine supremely fair.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

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 around, 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 waiting on a brown dish its turn to be baked. But the pig never entered the oven, and the bread remained in it eighteen centuries. Monsieur Florelli's museum at Pompeii contains the loaves—twenty-one in number—rather hard and black, but perfectly preserved.

A new invisible ink has been introduced by Dr. Widemann. It is made by intimately mixing linseed oil one part, water of ammonia twenty parts and water 100 parts. The mixture must be agitated each time the pen is dipped into it, as a little of the oil may separate and float on the surface, from which, if taken up by the pen, a stain would be left upon the paper. To make the writing appear, all that is needed is to dip the manuscript in water; when the paper dries the writing will vanish.

DESIGNS FOR ITALIAN RETICELLA AND GREEK LACE FROM ANCIENT PATTERN BOOKS.

(See pages 32 and 33.)

THE exhibition of Irish lace work, held at the Mansion House last year, and followed by local exhibitions in Ireland, has established the gratifying fact that Irish women can reproduce to perfection any kind and pattern of antique point lace, however intricate. But the question still remains, how to turn this skill to practical—that is, remunerative—account. Laces are now produced on the loom in such infinite variety and surpassing beauty that they almost monopolise the market, as far as dress trimmings and confections are concerned. There is only one field left which has not yet been encroached upon entirely by machine-made work—that of hand-made lace for furniture and general decoration. Considering that Cut-work, Reticella, or Greek lace can be made serviceable to the same decorative purposes as cross-stitch, and also have an excellent effect in combination with this now so fashionable stitchery, it seems surprising that the Irish lace industry has not taken up yet to a greater extent than hitherto the reproduction of these highly-decorative, durable, and useful laces which no loom can produce. The technical difficulties of working the same are very few and easily overcome. Original specimens can be easily procured, and an infinite variety of designs for the work have been published in the pattern books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. True, the original editions of these pattern books are very costly, but reproductions of many of them have been published of late at comparatively moderate prices. The firm of Ferd. Ongania at Venice, for instance, issued within the last eight years facsimiles of a complete collection of ancient works on Venetian lace, comprising fourteen different books. That Irish laceworkers can copy these printed patterns without having seen the originals has been proved to us by some specimens which Messrs Hayward and Biddle have reproduced in Ireland from illustrations in *The Queen* Lace-book.

Italian cutwork and reticella originated at Venice in the fifteenth century, and remained in fashion during the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth centuries. The finer kinds were used for purposes of dress,

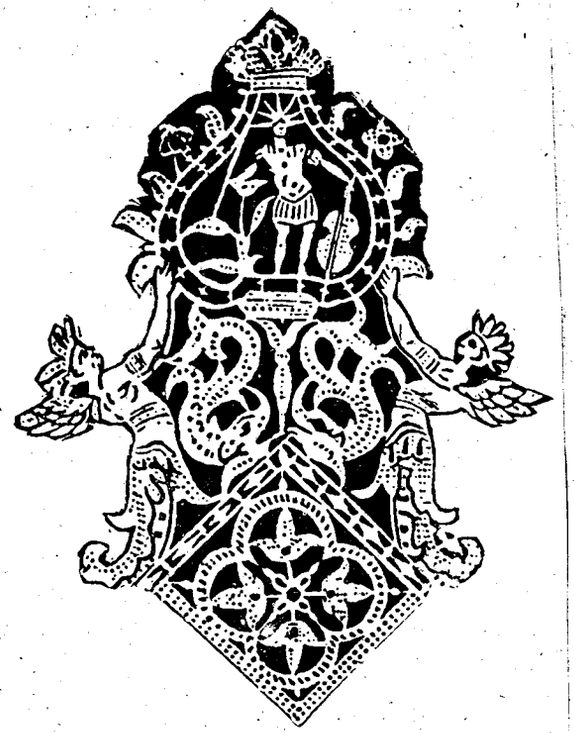
> Ruffles well wrought, and fine falling bands of Italian cutwork.
> —"Fair Maid of the Exchange," 1627,

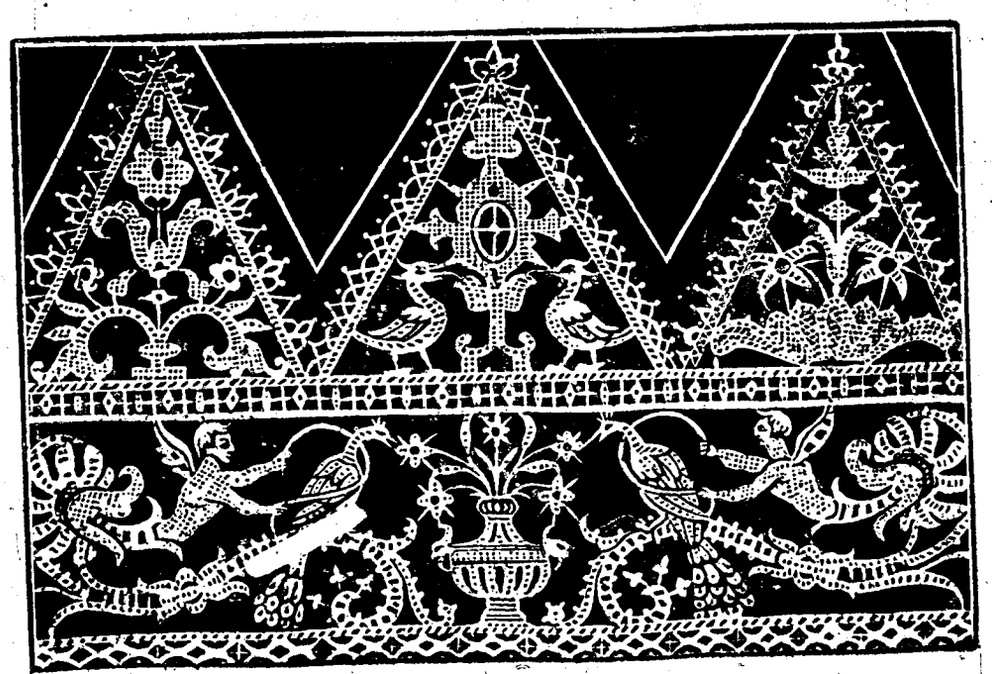
and the bolder work for the ornamentation of altar cloths, table-covers, linen garments, and house linen. Federico Vinciolo, a Venetian, made the work popular in France by his pattern book, "Singuliers et Nouveaux Pourtraits et Ouvrages de Lingerie," which was published at Paris in 1587, and from this time the wardrobe accounts of Queen Elizabeth teem with entries of cutwork, the first set of ruffs in punto tagliato having been presented by Sir Philip Sidney ten years earlier, as a New Year's gift, to his royal mistress. Signor Urbani, in his "Technical History of the Manufacture of Venetian Laces," translated by Lady Layard, gives the following directions for working punto tagliato or cutwork: Transfer in the usual manner the outline of the pattern to be worked to a piece of linen, and fix the latter with pins to a round cushion. Trace out the design with thread, and work over the whole tracing with button-hole stitch, on one, two, or more parallel tacking threads. To finish the work, cut away the linen from the outline, and from the stitches which you may wish to leave open, thus making what is called "punto a giorno" or open work, taking care not to destroy any part of the thread of which the stitches are made. Another way of working this lace is to draw threads across a little work-frame in a geometrical pattern, fasten them down on a piece of linen, and cover them with a button-hole stitch. Of course, this information refers only to the very elements of the work, the intricacies of which can only be learned from closely studying, not to say dissecting, ancient specimens and facsimiles of the same in black and white, such as our illustrations supply.

The working of reticella is very similar to that of cutwork, and has often been explained and illustrated in *The Queen*. Signor Urbani also gives instructions for making reticella lace, which may be consulted, as well as the "Handbook of Greek Lacemaking," by Miss J. Hershel (now Mrs Maclear, Farncombe, Godalming).

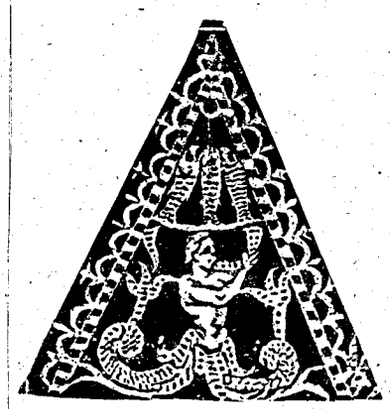
Numerous pattern books for cut and other lace work have, as already stated, been printed during the sixteenth century in Italy, and the most noted amongst them, besides Vinciolo, were those of Cesare Vecellio and Isabella Parasole, the original editions of which appeared at Venice in the year 1600, and were reprinted several times in the seventeenth century. Of the few English pattern books John Taylor's "The Needle's Excellency: or, a new Book of Patterns, with a Poem in Praise of the Needles" (London, 1640) is the most interesting, while the number of German pattern books published between 1590 and 1650 is legion. The patterns, of which we give illustrations in pages 32 and 33, have been specially reproduced for *The Queen Almanack*, and therefore we can testify from personal experience to the moderate cost the multiplying of similar designs, for distribution in lace schools, involves.

Italian Reticella.





Greek Lace.



New Year's Address.

THE PASTOR SENDS GREETING.

My Dear People:

At the commencement of this New Year, I rejoice to greet you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to unite with you in grateful acknowledgements for His manifold mercies to us as a Church and people.

The year just closed—though not all that we could wish—has yet been marked by a fair degree of success, and with peace and harmony prevailing among us, as they do, the future is large and bright with promise.

In entering with you upon the labors of another year, let me remind you that our MISSION, as a Church is, instrumentally, to SAVE THE WORLD, by bringing the unconverted to the "Only Wise God"—our Saviour.

Neither angel nor archangel is entrusted with a higher or more honorable service, and in its prosecution no possible effort is to be suspended until, with the loyal St. Paul, each of us can say for himself "I have finished my course."

That we may be the better prepared for our work, let us remember that our qualifications for it, must ever consist in that deep, personal piety, and that vital alliance with Christ, which follows upon an earnest, intelligent and unreserved surrender of our all, to Him who gave Himself for us.

To aid you in this, I exhort you to a regular and faithful employment of all the means of grace,—particularly Prayer—Religious meditation—Self-examination—Attendance upon the Ministry of the Word and the Sacraments.

As Christians, we prize all the means of grace allowed in communion by all believers. As members of that portion of God's family denominated Methodists, however, we have certain prudential means which are peculiar to ourselves and which in the past, have been signally owned and blessed of God, in the deepening and widening of heart-piety, and as a consequence, in the up-building of His cause.

Among these I particularize the CLASS MEETING—not the Class Meeting which prevails in only too many directions and which is not only stereotyped, but "cold and fixed and formal"—but the Class Meeting (or Social Religious worship) approved by Mr. Wesley and fostered by the primative Methodists—a service of conversation, interchange of sentiment and feeling; made rich by earnest prayer and heart reviving song.

Such meetings as these, are too much neglected among us, and it is high time that we begin to retrace our steps, by searching out, and going back to the "old land marks."

If we are Methodists, let us not be content with a dry and sapless "form of godliness," but let us unitedly and continuously seek to be endowed with that wealthy spirit of self-sacrificing love and Holy zeal which won for Methodism, in the morning of her career, the lofty appellation "Christianity in earnest."

I cannot too warmly exhort you to maintain Family Religion. The family should be at once, the home and fortress of personal piety and present salvation. Religion in the Home, is what Christ is in prophecy—its grandest and most ultimate power of fulfilment. A house may be full of persons who are very near and dear to each other, very kind and generous: it may also be full of very precious things—as affections, hopes and loving interests, but if God in Christ be not there as the Ruler and Father of all, the original and true idea of Home will not be realized. Good things will grow—if they grow at all—feebly and uncertainly, like so many flowers in winter, trying to keep up through the sunshine yet shrinking from the blinding blast.

Gather your children with you around the family altar, and, from hence let the brightest radiations of Heavenly light and Divine love shine forth.

"The ark of God remained with the family of Obed-Edom, in his house, three months; and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-Edom and all that he had" (I Chron. xiii: 14.)

Nor should the Sunday School be forgotten. How frequently the words glide from between our lips "The Sabbath School" is the nursery of the Church. Yet how little heed we pay to the great truth which those words embody. Not only is it at once, your privilege and duty to see to it that your children are there, ☞YOU SHOULD BE THERE YOURSELF. No man can pay his vows into the Lord by proxy; nor can he perform his whole duty by attending only to a moiety of it. Let me urge upon you, by all that is sacred in religion, and all that is dear to yourselves, to rally around this sacred agency. Our school numbers in the neighborhood of two hundred—and there is no reason why it may not, e're this year closes, be increased to twice that number. Such I am persuaded may be accomplished if we will but see to it that there is no lack, either of means or of laborers, in order to its highest efficiency.

A word with respect to the matter of allowing your children to absent themselves from the public services of the sanctuary.

You cannot but be aware that this is all wrong.

Will a man rob God? yet "ye have robbed me."

Will a parent rob his child?

Yet how many of you who are parents, are robbing your children—or allowing them to rob themselves—by suffering them, either to remain at home, or what, if possible, is worse, to roam the market places and the streets upon the Lord's day, instead of seeing to it that they are with you, in your pews, at church.

Depend upon it that if you would prepare yourself and those dear ones whom the Lord has given to you, for increased enjoyment in worship or fit them for that destiny unto which they may attain, you can neither do them a greater kindness nor render them a greater service than by bringing them to Church.

One other matter—and I speak now particularly to the ladies. Few things have impressed me more forcibly, during my residence among you, than the the pressing necessity which exists of having the women of the Church (old and young alike) organized into a "Ladies and Pastor's Christian Union." The objects of such a society are manifold and important, as, visiting the sick; finding out those who do not attend Church—inviting them to come; visiting the poor; seeking out the strangers who are almost daily coming to our city and giving them both to know and to feel that they are coming to a warm-hearted and friendly Christian people, and reporting to the Pastor, from time to time, such items of information as will enable him the more faithfully to discharge his pastoral duties. I purpose asking for such an organization at once, and urge upon every sister the necessity of giving a hearty response.

Finally, brethren, "Be strong in the Lord." Let us cultivate the largest catholicity of spirit toward all who "love our Lord Jesus Christ," while at the same time we labor to strengthen our own individuality as a denomination. Let our constant motto be "Holiness to the Lord." Let it be written upon our business; let it be be inscribed upon our enjoyments; let it be carven, deep and legible, upon all that we have and are.

I pray that a double installment of heart-compelling power and soul-purifying unction may evermore rest upon you.

Your Affectionate Pastor,

H. D. HUNTER.

LOCAL ITEM PRINT.

THE YEAR 1785.

Interesting Historical Events Which Then Happened.

In 1785 the Duke of Orleans died on November 6, the father of the infamous Egalite. By his death the State gained 160,000 livres per annum, the sum which his household cost, which had previously been paid by the crown, but which the King would no longer pay. This would not have a tendency to improve matters between the Court and the new Duke of Orleans. Accordingly, we find he was a warm opponent of the Court in the diamond necklace case. Egalite was a great friend of our Prince of Wales. On the Prince's twenty-fourth birthday this year he, who was the Duc de Chartres, was among the guests at Windsor, at a great state ball given by the King. Their friendship illustrated the old Greek proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together." They were, as Byron has it, "*Arcades ambo*, that is, blackguards both."

This, too, was the year in which the Emperor Joseph II., son of Maria Theresa, and brother of Marie Antoinette, introduced into his dominions those reforms which, although some few years later many of them had to be repealed, were wonderful ideas for 1785. They not only marked quite an epoch in the history of Austria, but also could not but have a very great influence on men's minds for all time. Joseph was in advance of his age, and had to pay the penalty such men always have to pay. As Napoleon said, "He went mad before his time," meaning before the French Revolution, in the dawn of which he passed away, worn out, broken-hearted, and not yet fifty years of age. He was the imperial *avant-courier* of revolution. By an edict of his in this very year, "vassalage was totally abolished in Hungary, and the very name of it ordered to be no longer used. Every man had liberty to marry, to learn any art, to work for himself, to sell, mortgage, exchange, and alienate his property, only sending to his lord the accustomed fees." He seems especially to have disliked the clergy. In the same edict his Majesty observes: "Artists, manufacturers, and farmers benefit a State, while a multitude of religious drones encumber and oppress it. Let the gloomy priest be driven from his cloister to benefit society with his talents, and let the most unenlightened members of religious orders, who were lettered by bigotry, look abroad upon the face of day." Strange sentiments from an emperor born in the purple, and the son of Maria Theresa! All this was, of course, too entitled for 1785. Much of it had to be repealed.—[Temple Bar.

The new lighthouse tender for the coast of California is now four or five days overdue on her trip to this port from New York. She is named the Madrona and is a 600-ton steamer, 150 tons larger than the Manzanita, the tender for which she is to be substituted. The officers of the Manzanita, excepting the chief engineer, will all be transferred to the Madrona, and the Manzanita will then be turned over by Commander John W. Phillip, Inspector of this lighthouse district (the Twelfth), to Commander George T. Davis, Inspector of the Thirteenth district—north of California to the British Columbia line. The Madrona has on board the machinery and apparatus for an Ericsson hot-air engine and Doboll trumpet, to be placed at the Point Reyes lighthouse station. At the time of the wreck of the Haddingtonshire on the beach, two or three miles north of the Point Reyes lighthouse, there was some testimony that the steam sirens were not heard on board of the ship, although the evidence was conclusive that the two sirens were sounded at the time. This fact and other complaints of a similar nature caused Inspector Phillip to ask the Lighthouse Board at Washington to authorize an alteration which would make one of the sirens point in a more northerly direction, the complaints indicating that it was in that direction that the warning sound was not heard.

BITTER WORDS.

Bitter words, how deep they rankle,
Striking like a deadly dart,
When the lips we love have hurl'd them
Through the armor of the heart,

Fraught with folly, soon repented
Though they may be, yet they lie
'Mid the heart's bright blooming roses,
Like a snake that will not die.

Oft their sting we strive to banish,
But, alas, it is in vain—
Bitter words when once they're spoken,
Never after lose their pain.

Never after lose their anguish;
Never after lose their dower,
Just a touch, howe'er they're hidden,
Brings again the old-time power.

Many a heart has lost its treasures,
Many a soul its heaven above,
For the words of bitter meaning,
Coming from the lips we love.

Bitter words; oh, bitter, bitter—
Keep them close within the breast,
They may mar a whole life's music
And destroy a whole life's rest.

The watch which General Washington had made in London for Widow Martha Curtis, and presented to her just before their marriage, has been added to the collection of relics at Washington's headquarters in Newburgh. Mrs. Washington wore the watch several years, and then gave it to a favorite niece, who in turn gave it to her favorite son. This gentleman, a Virginia planter, found himself so poor at the end of the civil war that he was obliged to sell the heirloom. The case of the watch is of gold, inlaid with white enamel. Over each figure on the dial, beginning with "1," is a letter, all together forming the name "Martha Curtis."

REMARKS OF ROBERT E. C. STEARNS

ON THE LATE

PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY,

BEFORE THE

California Academy of Sciences,

MAY 20th, 1878;

AND

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ACADEMY,

June 17th, 1878.

MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY:—Death, which hath all seasons for its own, has just stricken from the roll of the living, one of the illustrious names of the century, a name eminent in intellectual, especially scientific circles, throughout the world. I refer, of course, to the late Prof. Joseph Henry, whose long life service to his country and to mankind as an educator and scientific investigator, and as the organizer and head of the Smithsonian Institution, placed him naturally, and justly, at the front, as the representative of science and scientific thought and culture in America—a position which he filled because of his high attainments, and the conspicuous nobility of his character, with exceeding credit to himself and to the manifest advantage of science and his country. A man of great, yet unassuming excellence, whosoever met him was at once impressed most favorably, by his quiet yet cordial greeting, his dignified, yet genial welcom[illegible] His native breadth of mind, his wide reading, correl[illegible] with and refined by an ample and generous philosophy, impelled him, even early in life, to regard not

this or that direction of study or path of knowledge, only, as worth the pursuing, but that the simple text or legend, "Knowledge should be pursued for its own sake," should stand as an axiom, resting upon the everlasting foundation of Truth. This made him appreciative of the special study and work of others, and his friendly interest and sympathetic words, stimulated and inspired the student, to continued and increased effort.

I will not recite by title in long enumeration, the many responsible positions he filled—the experiments, investigations and discoveries he made, or enlarge upon the numerous honors conferred upon him by the higher institutions of his own country, or repeat the tributes paid to his achievements by the highest intellectual and governmental authorities of foreign lands. Turning from these well-merited honors, acknowledgements not less of eminent ability than of scientific integrity and personal worth, we are led to survey the completed life, in its rounded term of eighty years, as a whole,—as we would view from afar, some stately tree whose lines are full of strength and beauty,—and we are curious to learn what benificent star was in the ascendant, what occult charm, what power of circumstance, nurtured and protected, and led him onward through the days of his youth, and lighted the path for his later years. In turning to his early life, to the time when he first went forth on its now completed voyage, we find that he was not born a favorite of fortune, as that term is usually understood, within an environment of luxury and ease; but, if we give a loftier and better definition to the phrase, we may well regard it as highly fortunate for him and for the world that he was born with a profound and abiding thirst, an irrepressible longing for knowledge, which determined his destiny and moulded his career—which led him upward and onward, though by no royal road devoid of labor.

Had his mind been colored at all by avarice, or the desire for wealth, or, if in his earlier years it had received the impress of commercial bias through experience in trade, he might, through his numerous and important discoveries, extended into inventions,—especially in electricity in its practical application,—have accumulated wealth as did others of less knowledge, who reaped in this productive field. His fortune so far as regards material wealth, was like that of others, of nearly all

of the great, the earnest and sincere teachers and philosophers, who have labored faithfully and unselfishly for the cause, who have sought, only with a single mind in all its strength—for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

During the official term of President Fillmore, in addition to other numerous duties, he was appointed to the light-house board, a most important service, and his visit to this coast, which occurred a few years ago (September, 1871,) was in connection with said position; his presence at the Academy on one occasion, during this visit, will long be remembered by those who were present at the time.

His life is ended, but his memory will be cherished by all who knew him, and like the usefulness of his labors, shall endure for years. His career constitutes a monument, marking the advancement of human thought and the intellectual progress of the republic, in which he was so eminent a citizen.

On motion duly seconded, the Chair appointed a Special Committee of three, consisting of Professor John LeConte, Doctor A. Kellogg, and Mr. John M. Stillman, to which by special vote the Academy added the Chairman, to draft appropriate resolutions of appreciation and respect, and present the same at a future meeting.

REGULAR MEETING, JUNE 17TH, 1878.

Vice President Edwards in the Chair.

The Special Committee appointed to prepare suitable Resolutions expressive of the sentiments of this Academy, in relation to the late PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY, beg leave to submit the following:

Whereas, in the death of our distinguished colleague, PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY, LL. D., American science has lost its Nestor, and this Academy one of its most honored members:

Be it Resolved; That in the scientific career of PROFESSOR HENRY, we recognize the highest and purest type of a man whose long life affords a beautiful commentary on the ennobling influences of the cultivation of true science.

Resolved, Second; That as an *original investigator*, we recognize the distinguished merit of PROFESSOR HENRY in the following respects, w[illegible]

1. As [illegible]ing the first to develop the power of the Elec-

tro Magnet as actuated by an *intensity* or a *quantity* battery.

2. As the first to apply the Electro-Magnet in the invention of an Electro-Magnetic Telegraph.

3. As the first to invent a Machine to be moved by Electro-Magnetism.

4. For the application of the Electro-Telegraph to forecasting the Weather.

5. For the Plan of the "Smithsonian Institution" for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, and the successful development of this Plan during an administration of more than thirty years as *Scientific Director* of this establishlishment.

6. For the improvement of "Fog Signals," in connection with the United States Light-house Board.

7. In addition to the foregoing, our colleague made important investigations and discoveries in Acoustics, in Capillary Attraction, in Radiant Heat, and in many other departments of physical science.

Resolved, Third; That it is a fortunate circumstance for American science, that a man of PROFESSOR HENRY'S pure and exalted character was so long in a position in which, by the force of his earnest and uncompromising determination, he saved the "Smithsonian Fund" from diversion and absorption in a Public Library, and from various other schemes, and succeeded in devoting it to the legitimate objects of the Testatator, viz. "*to the increase and diffusion of knowledge among mankind.*"

Resolved, Fourth; That it is equally fortunate for American science that the influence of the high scientific attainments no less than the rare personal qualities of our illustrious colleague at the seat of government, has done so much to arrest the tide of charlatanry and superficial half-knowledge, which threatens to overwhelm our country.

Resolved, Fifth; That a properly attested copy of these Resolutions, be sent to the honored widow of our deceased colleague.

JOHN LECONTE.
A. KELLOGG.
J. M. STILLMAN.
R. E. C. STEARNS,
Of Special Committee.

performing the name "Martha Custis."

Origin of the Spices.

Nutmeg is the kernel of a small, smooth pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in the Molucca Islands and other parts of the East. The trees commence to bear in their seventh year, and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg or kernel is a bright brown shell. This shell has a soft, scarlet covering, which when flattened out and dried is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when pricked with a pin.

Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in the winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best.

Cinnamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old. The United States has imported nearly $19,000 worth of cinnamon in a single year.

Cloves, native to the Molucca Islands, and is so-called from their resemblance to a nail, (clavis). The East Indians call them changkeh, from the Chinese tchengkia, (fragrant nails). They grow on a straight, smooth-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they aro quite unfolded.

Allspice, a berry, so-called because it combines the oder of several spices, grows abundantly on the beautiful allspice or bayberry tree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produre one hundred and fifty younds of berries. They are purple when ripe.

Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berry of a climbing vine native of the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries freed from their husk or rind. Red or cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed vessel of a tropical plant is now cultivated in almost all parts of the world.

Washington left an estate worth $800,000. John Adams died moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not given $20,000 for his library he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical, and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives. John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of prudence. His son Charles Francis Adams gained a large fortune by marriage. Jackson died tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some $800,000. It is said that during his entire administration he never drew any portion of his salary, but on leaving took the whole $100,000 in a lump. Polk left about $150,000. Tyler married a lady of wealth and accomplishments and died rich. Taylor left about $150,000. Filmore was always an economical man, and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about $500,000. Buchanan left about $200,000; Lincoln about $75,000; Johnson about $50,000.

The Inch and the Ounce.

As the Jews had a mystical reverence for seven, and the ancient Welsh and Celts for three, and the Greeks a perfect philosophy constructed out of the harmonies of all numbers, so the Romans fell back upon a scale of, or more properly a scale with, a base of six. Accordingly, as they divided the pound into twelve uniciæ so they also divided the foot, which was the standard of linear measure, into twelve sections, and they called these uniciæ, too. But how did they get the inch originally?—for that, and not the inch, is the unit. There seems to be no precise information. They would divide any unit into twelfths, and a prevailing notion was at one time that the linear uniciæ was really the original, and was then transferred as a name to a weight. This, though plausible, is hardly the case. Sometimes, especially in old-fashioned books, written at a time when philology was not what it is now, it was the fashion to derive the uniciæ from the same word in the Greek, because after the revival of letters in Europe the admiration of the Greek became so great that whenever similar words were found in it and some other language it was always said that other language borrowed them from the Greek. This is very far from being always so; and in the present instance the very reverse appears to have occurred. The ounce is literally the twelfth; and thus we see at once the sense of speaking of an ounce of land and an inch of milk, just as of an inch of a man's will, or an inch of interest for money on loan.

It was always the twelfth of a unit —twelfth of an hour; twelfth of jugerum, that half acre which the two oxen plowed in a day; twelfth of a sextarius, or equivalent to our pint; twelfth of the entire hereditas; twelfth of the principal lent on hire when it was money as usury—*i. e.*

over eight per cent. It is accordingly as much a mistake to say that the primary meaning of the word is a linear, which is to say that it comes straight from the Greek into the Latin, and thence on to us. The riddle is plain enough when we get to the true origin of the word—a twelfth. Once, indeed, it used to be said that the true origin was that the word meant a thumb breadth, because its equivalent pollex in linear measure was often used in its place. But this is not the case.

Some of the old Latins themselves, moreover, thought it meant literally the unit; but even this will not hold beside the proper signification of twelfth. The pound weight was really never divided by inches or ounces. It was divided by twelfths, by halfs, by thirds, by fourths, and by sixths. And here, again, we see what a convenient base a system of twelfths is for division compared with a system of tenths, which could only be divided evenly in two ways —by two and five. For seven ounces they used the literal seven twelfths; for eight ounces they said two parts, *i. e.*, two-thirds; for nine, wanting a fourth, which with us reads like a roundabout way of expressing three-quarters; for ten, wanting a sixth; for eleven, wanting a twelfth.—[London Standard.

A Natural Curiosity.

Winnemucca Silver State.

Away down in the southwest of Nevada there is a remarkable cave in the side of the mountains. Near by a little rill of water pours down the slope, soon to be swallowed up by the thirsty soil. At the time we were there, some years since, the broken-off shafts of arrows were to be seen sticking in the soft rock that constituted the roof of the cathedral-like dome. In answer to inquiries the following legend was narrated: "Many years ago a party of the race of Shoshones were driven into this cave by their hereditary enemies, the Piutes. Their defense was so stubborn that the Utes proposed a peace, and in this cave the council was called, and the peace made was to last so long as a single arrow remained imbedded in the rock overhead." One by one the lore of Indian tradition is folded up and steals on moccasin tread into the realms of shade. His canoe is disappearing from our lakes. In the fastnesses of Arizona he utters now his last red and lurid protest. Who can witness the passing away of the only real American race without an emotion of pity for their fate?

A SONG OF HOPE.

The morning breaks, the storm is past. Behold!
Along the west the lift grows bright; the sea
Leaps sparkling blue to catch the sunshine's gold,
And swift before the breeze the vapors flee.

Light cloud-flecks white that troop in joyful haste
Up and across the pure and tender sky;
Light laughing waves that dimple all the waste,
And break about the rocks and hurry by!

Flying of sails and clouds, and tumult sweet,
And tossing buoys, and warm wild wind that blows
The scarlet pennon, rushing on to greet
Thy lovely cheek and heighten its soft rose!

Beloved, beloved! is there no morning breeze
To clear our sky and chase our clouds away,
Like this great air that sweeps the freshening seas,
And wakes the old sad world to glad new day?

—In 1637 there were only thirty plows in the colony of Massachusetts, but to-day the United States leads not only in its plows, but other agricultural implements, and there are no less than three different factories in this country that claim to be able to turn out at the rate of one finished plow per minute. —*Boston Journal.*

The Great Glacier of Alaska.

According to reports received the great glacier of Alaska is moving at the rate of a quarter of a mile per annum. The front presents a wall of ice 500 feet in thickness; its breadth varies from three to ten miles, and its length is about 150 miles. Almost every quarter of an hour hundreds of tons of ice in large blocks fall into the sea, which they agitate in most violent manner. The waves are said to be such that they toss about the largest vessels which approach the glacier as if they were small boats. The ice is extremely pure and dazzling to the eye; it has tints of the lightest blue as well as the deepest indigo. The top is very rough and broken, forming small hills, and even chains of mountains in miniature. This immense mass of ice, said to be more than an average of a thousand feet thick, advances daily toward the sea.

—The U. S. Government claims that portion of the Cliff Road that runs past the grounds in front of the Light House, and two fences have been built almost across the road and do not admit of more than one team passing at a time. Whether the Government intends to close the road up or not is a question that ought to be answered. A gate that fits the space is left open between the inner posts of each fence, which would indicate that they are ready at any time to close this portion of the Cliff Road to travel.

—The object of building a fence across the Cliff road at the Light House is for the purpose of showing that the road will be used by the permission of the United States. Every six months, in January and July, the gates will be placed across the road and securely fastened, and will not be opened until a traveler begs the keeper of the Light House for permission to pass through the gates. Of course, after a little persuasion, the gates will be opened and the traveler passed through, and thus the road will be used by the license of the United States.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

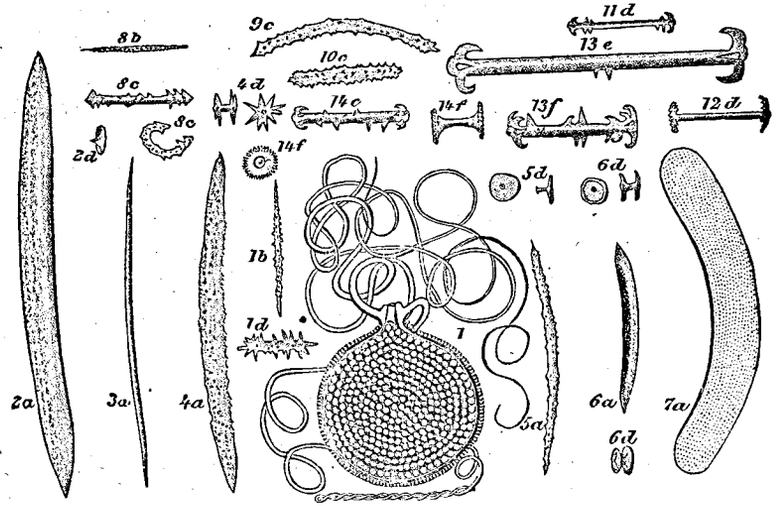
Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The great stirring world has inducements,
There is many a gay, busy mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!

The 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 awhile longer,
Though profits should come rather slow;
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

NEST IN A HUMAN SKULL.

There is a little egg of a tiny humming-bird lying in a diminutive nest. The humming-bird that made the

FRESH-WATER SPONGES.



WHAT, WHERE, WHEN,

AND WHO WANTS THEM.

over eight per cent. It is accordingly as much a mistake to say that the primary meaning of the word is a

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THE purpose of this circular is to give to the uninitiated some idea of the appearance of fresh-water sponges; to suggest where they should be looked for and when it is best to collect them.

It seems to be a fact that very many persons, not excepting some of scientific tastes, are unaware of the existence of sponges in our fresh waters. This may be partially explained by the further fact that in England, and throughout Continental Europe, the keen eyes that for years past have been searching every body of water for its *minuter* organisms, have thus far failed to discover and describe more than two species of sponges. The zeal, therefore, enlisted in the search for them has been far less than the puzzling character of their organization—upon the border-land of animal and vegetable life—and the beauty and quaintness of form of some of their component parts would seem naturally to invite. It is to be hoped, however, that the far richer fauna which has already been developed in America, with the strong probability of a considerable increase in genera and species in the near future, may stimulate observers to aid in this interesting work.

It is not the present intention of the writer to give either a scientific or popular description of these sponges; but only by a few words to help those whose interest may be awakened in the subject, to seek them intelligently and to recognize them when found.

First, then, all fresh-water sponges which have been described at the present date are of a silicious character: that is, their skeleton structure or frame-work does not consist, as in the familiar marine sponges of commerce, of an elastic net-work of tough fibres—but of lines of fasciculated flint-needles, about one $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in length, so arranged as to form a loose interstructure, penetrated by canals, and supporting the sponge-flesh. When crushed, therefore, this texture is permanently destroyed and will not resume its original shape. The sponge-flesh, so called, is a thin slime covering the spicules and lining the canals of the living organism; having a peculiar and not unpleasant odor when fresh, but betraying its animal nature by an extremity of foulness when the dead sponge has been kept a few days in water.

Many of the species, native in this country, appear as mere incrustations of varying size and shape, and from less than a line to an inch or more in thickness. Their surface, smooth or more or less tuberculated, is, in some species, supplemented by a higher growth of branches or finger-like processes, frequently several

And wakes the old sad world to [illegible]

The Century

NEST IN A HUMAN SKULL.

There is a little egg of a tiny humming-bird lying in a diminutive nest. The humming-bird that made the

inches in length. In color they vary from nearly white to the most vivid green, in an almost exact ratio to the degree of light received The slimy growth of Confervæ occasionally seen upon the bottom of pools and streams, or dense masses of water-moss, may momentarily mislead the collector; but a pocket lens will reveal to him at a glance the minute leaves of the moss, or the delicate green threads of the algæ; while in the true sponge he will hardly fail to see the characteristic pores penetrating its surface and to detect the fine points of numerous projecting spicules.

The particular feature distinguishing fresh-water from marine sponges is the presence in the former, when mature, of the reproductive bodies known as statoblasts or statospheres. These are nearly spherical, light or dark brown, generally easily visible by the naked eye, and occupy positions at the lower surface or throughout the mass of the sponge. They should be carefully looked for and gathered with the specimen, as it is upon the form of the spicules encrusting their surface, that the classification of fresh-water sponges principally depends. Either very early or very late in the season minute groups of these statospheres may often be found, unaccompanied by the skeleton spicules and slime-like flesh of the sponge, and it is well worth while to gather and preserve them.

These sponges are found growing upon any supporting substance except mud, and at every depth beneath the surface of the water; but they affect chiefly the under and upper surface of stones and timbers, the sides of piling, and of submerged stumps and branches. The stems and roots of water plants are often coated and matted together by them. As the silting of earthy matter into their pores would soon suffocate them, we find in standing pools the most flourishing specimens attached to the under side of stones or water-logged timbers, which shield them from the intrusion of the heavier silicious particles; whilst in clear lakes and rapidly flowing streams they plant themselves boldly upon the upper surface of stones in the full sunlight.

A further hint as to the bodies of water which favor their growth may be found in the fact that three species, one of them the most peculiar of American forms, were found in a stream a child could step over; five were gathered at one time in the submerged cellar of a burnt mill; while the timber-work of the dams upon some of our largest rivers has furnished rich collections; so that there is scarcely a situation where water stands or runs, excepting upon the muddy bottoms of shallow streams or mill-ponds, where

over eight per cent. It is accordingly as much a mistake to say that the primary meaning of the word is a

—In 1637 there were only thirty plows in the colony of Massachusetts, but to-

sponges may not be hopefully sought for and frequently discovered.

The best season for collecting sponges varies with the different species, but may be generally stated to be from the last of July to the middle or latter part of November, when the spicules and statospheres are likely to be fully matured. They may be preserved in dilute alcohol or dried by a few days' exposure to the air; in which condition (as the personal "application" of the foregoing sermon), the writer would be very happy to receive specimens from all parts of this and other countries. If packed in light boxes, strong enough to prevent crushing, the postage by mail (4th class) will be but one cent per ounce, which the writer will gladly repay, with any other reasonable expenses. He will acknowledge their receipt, giving the names of known species and full credit to the collectors of all that are novel or interesting. Every gathering should be marked with its habitat, the date of collection, and the name and address of the sender.

A principal motive for the preparation of this circular at the present time is found in the desirability of securing as full a representation as may be, of the American forms at least, in a monograph now in course of preparation:—but contributions will always be very acceptable. Address,

EDWARD POTTS,
228 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EXPLANATION OF CUT.

The accompanying figures are drawn from nature by the aid of the camera lucida and represent the relative sizes and shapes of *like parts* of several sponges. The statosphere is magnified about 35 times, the spicules of the skeleton, marked *a*, 150 times, all other figures 225 times.

1. Carterius tenosperma – Section of statosphere. (In the other genera these are without tendrils.) *b*, dermal or flesh spicule; *d*, birotulate spicule of outer coat of the statosphere.
2. Parmula Batesii—*a*, skeleton spicule; *d*, parmuliform spicule of statosphere.
3. Spongilla montana – *a*, skeleton spicule.
4. Meyenia fluviatilis—*a*, skel. spicule; *d*, birotulate stat. spic. and disk of rotule.
5. Tubella Pennsylvanica—*a*, skel. spic.; *d*, inequibirotulate spic. of statosphere and disk.
6. Meyenia Leidii—*a*, skel. spic.; *d*. birotulate stat. spic and disk.
7. Uruguaya corallioides – *a*, skel. spic.
8. Spongilla lacustroides – *b*, dermal spic.; *c*, stat. spic.
9. Spongilla fragilis, var. minuta *c*, stat. spic.
10. Spongilla fragilis, var. calumeti—*c*, stat. spic.
11. Meyenia crateriforma *d*, birot. stat. spic.
12. Meyenia Everetti—*d*, birot. stat. spic.
13. Heteromeyenia argyrosperma – *e*, *long*, *f*, *short*, birot. stat. spic.
14. Heteromeyenia Ryderi – *e*, long; *f*, short; birot. stat. spic.

NEST IN A HUMAN SKULL.

Some Odd and Beautiful Eggs Seen At the National Museum.

One of the rooms in the National Museum, in Washington, is occupied by Captain Bendire, Curator of Oology. His assistant is Miss H. S. Perkins. The last time the collection was counted, the number of eggs was 40,000 in round numbers. Miss Perkins thinks the number is 43,000 now. The eggs are packed away in trays that fill cases placed along the walls of the room. Each tray is prepared with strips of cotton batting, so arranged that each egg has its own little apartment with soft walls of cotton. Many of the eggs are beautifully marked or spotted, others are uniform in color, but of exquisite shades, unrivaled by art. In one case are eggs from South America which have a bright polish, as if enameled or glazed. Delicate blues and pinks and greens prevail. Some of these colors fade upon exposure to light. Other eggs, the oologist said, would lose their beautiful luster upon being handled. The moisture of the hand will affect them. It is really not a collection of eggs, but of shells. The collector in the field, before sending the trophies of his prowess to the museum, prepares the eggs by blowing them. Captain Bendire, the curator of the section, has prepared a brief pamphlet containing instructions to collectors, which has been issued by the National Museum. This pamphlet gives directions for blowing eggs. A simple blowpipe and drill is all that is required. Many collectors use very fine glass points attached to a rubber bulb. Others use an instrument manufactured especially for the purpose. A small hole is drilled in the center of one side of the egg, and the contents are removed by blowing through this.

Men who hunt for birds' nests adopt a perilous calling. Many birds, notably those in South America, build their nests in almost inaccessible places, and to obtain the eggs involves great difficulty and danger. In the collection at the museum is a trayful of eggs of the golden eagle, which Miss Perkins said are ated in the egg-collector's catalogue as worth $5 apiece. The eggs get their value from the difficulty of capturing the nests of these eagles. The eggs in the collection vary in size from that of the tiniest humming-bird to the egg of the giant bird whose remains are found in Madagascar. The latter bird is represented by the cast of a fossil egg. There are a number of specimens of eccentric eggs laid by eccentric hens, which have taken very strange shapes, twisted and turned like crooked-neck squashes. There is a little egg of a tiny humming-bird lying in a diminutive nest. The humming-bird that made the nest and laid the egg is the smallest bird in the world. Miss Perkins measured the egg. Eggs are measured by means of a little gauge having a movable arm, and have to be handled very carefully. The measurement is expressed in inches. The little egg was found to have a length or long diameter of .30 inch, and a short diameter of .18 inch. The nest was 1.20 inch across one way and .92 the other. Some of the sea-birds' eggs are mottled very peculiarly. Eggs of the guillemot, from the Pacific Coast, have odd figures all over them, some of them assuming funny shapes of beasts, or birds, as though they had been rudely decorated. These eggs, which are nearly twice as large as ordinary hens' eggs, are sold in the market in San Francisco, and are considered to be much more delicate in flavor than the eggs of domestic fowl. Nearly all birds' eggs are edible, said a naturalist at the museum. Some are very strong, rank, and disagreeable to the taste, and others much more palatable than hens' eggs. On a shelf among a curious collection of birds' nests is a human skull. A sparrow had built its nest in the cranial cavity, and found it a very pleasant home, the sockets of the eyes making two little doors. The skull was sent to the museum and the top of it has been sawed off so as to show the nest inside. A physician in Maryland put the skull in a tree just to see whether the birds would find out what a fine little bird-house it would make, and sure enough a sparrow soon took possession, and raised a family in it. An egg which is a great curiosity is one which it is calculated was laid 1,000 years ago. It is the petrified egg of a guano bird found in a guano bed 40 feet from the surface. Peruvian scientists estimate that it required 1,000 years to lay the deposit underneath which the egg was buried. —[N. Y. Mail and Express.

DIED.

CONNOR—In Santa Cruz, Sept. 25th, of consumption, Russell D. Connor, a native of Vermont, aged 31 years.

HIS MOTHER'S SONG.

MISS E V WILSON.

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,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"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.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Grandmother's Picture

It is an ancient picture dimmed by years—
A fair old face, with bands of silver hair
Smoothed underneath a cap of snowy lace
Such as our grandsire's wives were wont to wear;
It smiles upon me from its tarnished frame
With all the old-time tenderness and love;
I think there can not be a sweeter look
On angel face in the world above.

It brings me back the joys of days that came
Before my life was touched with care or guile
Fair memories of the past, as dim, as dear,
As yonder fading face and fading smile:
It brings me back my childhood's happy hours,
Dew, scent and blossom, wind and song and sun,
Red sunset skies and shadow-purple eves,
And gentle lullabies when day was done.

It brings me back the hush of summer noons,
The shadowed grass, the murmur of the bees;
The idle clouds at anchor in the blue,
The white and gold of dasies on the leas;
It brings back the silence of the night
Set thick with stars that twinkle faint and high,
The croon of birds within the dusky woods,
The silver moonlight over fields of rye,

I see again the kitchen's sanded floor,
The vine-leaf shadows trembling on the sill,
The grassy yard alight with buttercups,
The glimpse of sky above it, blue and still.
I see the ancient presses, set away
In shaded chambers that I used to know,
And smell the faint, sweet lavender and thyme
That wither on the linen's folded snow.

I see the sunflowers droop beside the well,
I hear the robin whistle to his mate,
I pluck the poppies and the marigolds
That fringe the sunny borders by the gate;
I say my prayers beside a silken knee,
I kiss a dear old face that long ago,
With God's own peace upon its pallid lines,
Was laid to rest where summer roses blow.

Dear saint! If ever I were hard and cold,
Estranged from God by bitter loss and pain,
The love and trust within those tender eyes
Would bring me back my childhood's faith again.
Quaint little picture graven by the sun,
Slowly your lines are fading from my eye,
But on my heart the sunshine of the past
Has graven a picture that can never die.

—Hannah R. Hudson in July Wide Awake.

Chips.

Beautiful ground bn which we tread,
Beautiful heavens above our head.
Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with gilttering light.
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds that merily sing.
Beau iful lily, beautiful rose,
Beautiful every fl wer that grows.
Beautiful drops of pearly dew,
Beautiful hills and vales to view
Beautiful herbs that scent the air
Beautiful things grow everywhere.
Beautiful everything around
Beautiful grass to deck the ground.
Beautiful fields and woods so green,
Beautiful buds and blossoms seen.
Beautiful flower and beautiful leaf,
Beautiful world though full of grief.
Beautiful every tiny blade,
Beautiful all the Lord hath made.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL M'DOUGAL.

Sketch of an Interesting and Honorable Career.

Rear-Admiral David Stockton McDougal, U. S. N., died in this city yesterday. He was born in Chillicothe, O., on the 17th day of September, 1809, and therefore was nearly 73 years of age. He entered the naval academy at Annapolis at the age of 18 years, making his first cruise as a midshipman on the *Natchez*. Following this period of his career he served on the *Brandywine* for three years, cruising in and about the Mediterranean, and from that time until 1835 he was sailing about the world or doing duty at the different naval stations. In the latter year named he was ordered to this State, and came here in command of the steamship *Warren*, being soon followed by his friend Farragut, who was sent by the Government to commence building the Mare Island Navy Yard. In 1857 McDougal was commissioned as Commander. He remained at the yard until 1861, when he was ordered to the command of the *Wyoming* of the Asiatic squadron. In this command he particularly distinguished himself in July, 1863, in engaging six batteries and three vessels of war of the Prince of Negato in the Straits of Simonoski. This engagement is characterized as one of the most brilliant of naval exploits, the *Wyoming* sustaining but the small loss of eleven men, against a heavy loss of many hundred on the Japanese side, who, in addition, had two of their engaging vessels sunk. Subsequently the Japanese Government paid to this country as indemnity $750,000 and $140,000 as prize money for the *Wyoming*. Shortly after the engagement the American residents of Japan presented Commander McDougal in honor of this victory with a large silver service. Upon his return in 1865 he was placed in charge of Mare Island, and there he instituted many of the improvements which are apparent to-day. In 1868 he assumed command of the South Pacific squadron, and remained in this service until 1871, when he was made a Rear-Admiral and retired, he having attained the age of 62. Since then he has made this city his home. He leaves a wife and two daughters, one of whom married A. J. Le Breton, the attorney. Admiral McDougal was a descendant in the direct line of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Commodore Robert F. Stockton, one of California's early Territorial Governors, was his cousin. John McDougal, his brother, was the second Governor of this State under the State rule.

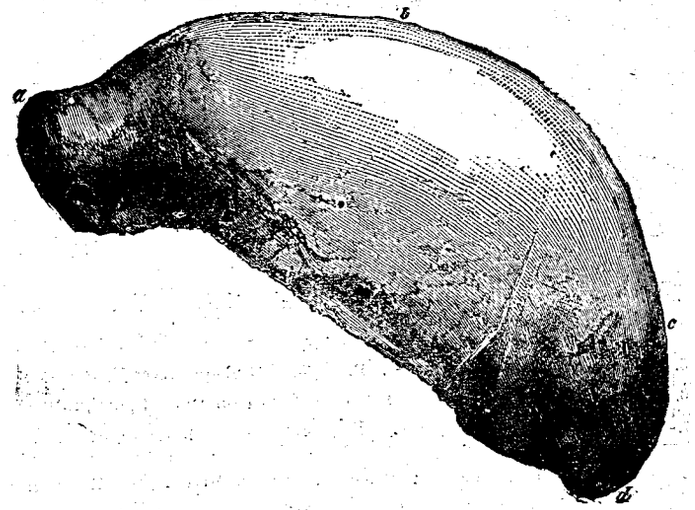
McCLURE—HALL.—In Santa Cruz, August 2d, by Rev. S. H. Willey, John F. McClure and Fannie S. Hall, all of Santa Cruz.

—Died, on Tuesday last, Nelie, aged nine months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Deehler.

HAMILTON, OHIO, AUGUST, 1880.

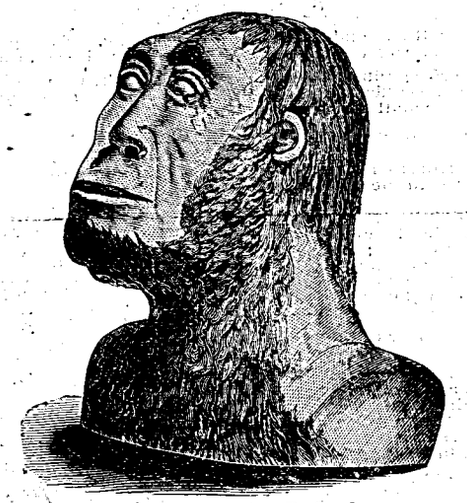
DEAR SIR:—I take the liberty of sending you this Circular in hopes that I may be able to effect an exchange of Archæological or Geological specimens, either with you or else some of your friends. My sole object is to make additions to my Cabinet. These casts are made out of the best plaster of Paris the market affords, and accurately represent the originals both in form and color. In order to perfectly represent the original color, oil paints, for the most part, have been used. Presuming there are those who prefer purchasing to exchanging, I have affixed prices to the list, placing the amount as low as the cost of producing them will allow. The size is given in inches.

LIST OF SPECIMENS:



Neanderthal Skull.

No. 1.—Neanderthal Skull. Size, 8x6. Price $1. The student of Archæology and Ethnology cannot afford to be without a copy of this the most famous and remarkable of all human skulls. Prof. Huxley gives a complete description of it in his "Man's Place in Nature." A description is also given in the "Manual of the Antiquity of Man."



Neanderthal Man Restored.

No. 2—Ideal Restoration Neanderthal Man. Size, 6x6. Price $1. This restoration was made by Mr. Frank H. Cushing, the young naturalist, in the year 1874. The design is to represent the Neanderthal man as he must have been when alive. Whoever has a cast of this skull should also possess this miniature representation.

Must crawl down in some hole.
—*C. E. Goodwin, in Detroit Free Press.*

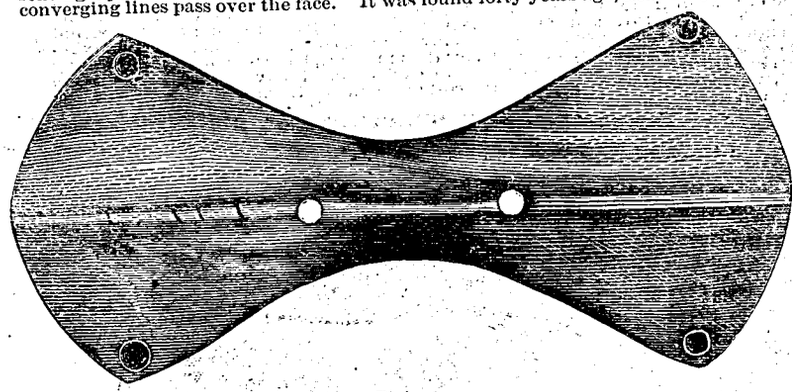
was one of the earliest and most

distance between the foremost and hindmost
of any set of four tracks I found to be fifteen

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;

But on my heart the sunshine of the past

No. 3.—Mound Builder's Pipe. Size, 8x6. Price 75c. This pipe represents a human figure resting upon its elbows and knees. The figure is boldly carved, representing a peculiar expression of the countenance, and from either eye well marked converging lines pass over the face. It was found forty years ago, near Troy, Ohio.



Badge.

No. 4.—Badge of Authority. Size, 8x4. Price 50c. This is a beautiful specimen of Mound Builder art. The original was made out of cannel coal. It was found beneath a mound in Butler County, Ohio.

TRILOBITES.

No. 5.—Asaphus Megistos. Size, 12x9. Price 75c. Hudson River Epoch, Morning Sun, Preble County, Ohio.

No. 6.—Asaphus Gigas. Size, 9x6. Price 60c. Hudson River Epoch, Reading, Hamilton County, Ohio,

No. 7.—Lichas Boltoni. Size, 6x5. Price 50c. Niagara Epoch, Lockport, N. Y.

No. 8.—*Calymene Blumenbachii. Size, 4x2½. Price 30c. Upper silurian, England.

No. 9.—*Ceraurus Icarus. Size, 3x2. Price 25c. Hudson River Epoch, Richmond, Indiana.

CEPHALOPODS.

No. 10.—*Ammonites Martini. Dia., 4½. Price 45c. From England.

No. 11.—*Ammonites Bisulcatus. Dia., 3½. Price 30c. Lower lias, Wurtemberg.

No. 12.—Gyroceras Cyclops. Size, 7x6. Price 50c. Corniferous group, Marion, O.

No. 13.—*Trochoceras Richmondensis. Size, 5x3½. Price 50c. Hudson River Epoch, Richmond, Ind.

PTEROPOD.

No. 14.—*Conularia Richmondensis. Size, 4. Price 40c. This specimen is very beautiful. Only one has so far been found. Hudson River Epoch, Richmond, Ind.

The above fourteen specimens will be carefully packed and delivered at the Hamilton, Ohio, Express office, on receipt of seven dollars. The specimens marked with a * will be sent bp mail at annexed price.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following certificate is from Hon. Thomas B. Long, one of the ablest Archæologists and Geologists in the State of Indiana:

"TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 30, 1880.

[illegible] my cabinet greatly enriched by the addition of your fourteen very beautiful and perfect casts. They are all real treasures in my collection. For all scientific purposes these casts are as interesting and as useful as the originals; and as the originals are out of our reach, even for inspection, every collection, public or private, should have these casts. Since you have been at the trouble of making the moulds, I trust you will continue making the casts, and have them for sale to collectors. Very Respectfully,

"THOMAS B. LONG, *Judge of the Criminal Court.*"

[From Prof. Baker, member of the Board of Butler County, O., School Examiners.]

"HAMILTON, O., July 31, 1880.

"DR. J. P. MACLEAN—*Dear Sir:* I desire to express my sincere thanks for the very excellent set of casts you sent me. They surpass all my expectations and as *fac similes* of the originals are superior to any I have ever seen. They are of great value to those interested in Geology and Archæology. I have placed mine in my school-room Cabinet, and must have another set.

"Respectfully Yours, JOHN Q. BAKER."

I also have fossils of the Hudson River (Cincinnati) Epoch for exchange. I will exchange the Calymene Senaria only for other trilobites. Mound Builder or Indian relics for exchange.

Yours Respectfully,

J. P. MACLEAN.

[illegible] your lines etc. [illegible]

Thomas Deobler. 1886

CARSON (Nev.), September 8, 1881.

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 the 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 hemisphere 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 buildings at the eastern and western extremities. This wall, the parapet on which height 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 advanced the face 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 the convicts who have been working in the quarry for the last ten years. They roll of one bone of some monstrous animal that roamed these regions in untold ages ago, that was as large 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."

REMARKABLE FOSSIL TRACKS.

But to substantiate (in speculation, at any rate) the traditions of the Penitentiary, I shall give you a description of what, so far as I 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, was so much impressed with the scientific importance of what she saw here 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, Ky., where, no doubt, they will give rise to much learned furore. The Megatherium footprints are nearly circular in outline and bear no resemblance to the track made by any known living animal that I am aware of, except that of the elephant. And this resemblance is in shape only, the former being immensely larger than the latter. The tracks 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 walls 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. They are nearly round, and measure a shade more than twenty-four inches in diameter.

A MONSTROUS ANIMAL.

I measured these tracks and found the steps of the great beast to be quite regularly alternate. The distance between any two successive tracks on either side is eight feet; the distance between the foremost and hindmost tracks 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. I examined another kind of fossil tracks on the ground floor of the prison yard which are hardly less remarkable. They 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, 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 across the heel seven inches. From the center of the foot to the bulge of 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-toted sort. The prison yard is the most noticeable of which is that of a mammoth four-toed water fowl. The track made marked by a number of other imprints, the shape is rectangular, and measures ten inches on either line.

D. R. S.

8,631

Death of a Worthy Citizen.

Dr. N. H. Stockton, whose home and family residence has been at San Jose for over twenty-five years, died at Madera, Fresno county, on the 30th of June, and was buried with Masonic honors at that place. He was a member of Lodge No. 10, F. and A. M., of this city. The Doctor, a native of Tennessee, was one of our pioneers, coming to California in 1852 and settling in Santa Cruz, being one of the first County Treasurers in that county. Shortly after he moved with his family to San Jose, which has since been his home. He was one of the earliest and most prominent vineyardists of this county. At the time of his death he was largely identified with the vineyard interests of Fresno county, the citizens of Madera feeling that they owe much to his energy and perseverance in developing and showing the capabilities of that county. In this city and county the Doctor was known by all, and the afflicted wife and family have a large circle of sympathizing friends. Such men are hard to replace. He was laid to rest beside his son Ulric, who died at that place in February last.—*Mercury.*

Dr. Stockton was a charter member of the Santa Cruz Lodge of Masons, when the Lodge was organized in 1853. The Doctor, at the time of his death, was quite well off, being worth $21,425.

A STUDY OF THE CYCLONE.

The cyclone is a beast of prey,
It roams the Western plains,
It lives on people, grain and hay
And swallows railroad trains.

Upon the earth it is a power,
And it never stops to rest;
Its gaits is ninety miles an hour
Whene'er it does its best.

Its home is in the Sunny South,
'Tis there its reared and fed;
It scoops its victims in its mouth
And travels on its head.

The lightning flashes from its eyes,
While loud its voice doth roar;
Its body reaches to the skies,
Its course is marked with gore.

Now where those mighty things exist,
Which man can not control,
The fellow that would not be missed
The fellow that would not be missed
Must crawl down in some hole.

—*C. E. Goodwin, in Detroit Free Press.*

THANKSGIVING.

The First Proclamation by President Lincoln in 1863.

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To those bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the Source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequaled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign states, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theater of military conflict, while that theater has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

The needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship. The ax has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out, these great things. They are gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath, nevertheless, remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people. I do therefore invite my fellow-citizens, in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to our beneficent Father, who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience commend to his tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this third day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1863, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

BEDTIME.

When the lamps were lit for the evening, and the shutters were fastened tight,
And the room where the household gathered was cosy and warm and bright,
When the bustle of work was over, and the children were tired of play,
It seemed to us that our bedtime was the pleasantest part of the day.

For grandmother had her knitting; click, clack! would the needles go;
The baby was snug in the cradle, and mother had time to sew;
And we, in our little night gowns, would clamber on father's knee,
And sheltered within his loving arms were as happy as we could be.

He could not sing; but he whistled a tune that was sure to keep
The little ones very quiet, and put the baby to sleep;
And whenever I want a lullaby, the sweetest I ever shall know
Is the one that my father always used in the beautiful long ago.

Sometimes there were apples roasted; and then there were nuts to crack;
And jokes to be told, and stories that had a delicious smack;
And the longer we lingered, the harder we found it to get away;
For to us the children's bedtime seemed the sweetest hour of the day.

But at last the work was spoken, "Come! come!" the mother said,
In her quietest tones—"it is really time that little folks went to bed;"
And we, who were wide-awake as owls, and ready for any lark,
With mournful step moved slowly out and into the joyless dark.

And after we were folded in slumber's serene embrace,
And with the angels of dreamland were floating through fairy space,
Dear father would come to our bedside, and tuck us in, oh, so tight!
We'd sleep as warm as birds in a nest all through the livelong night.

And when my bedtime cometh, and the last "Good nights" are said,
And with the rest of the children I go to my narrow bed,
My sleep will be all the sweeter for the touch of a loving hand,
And a Father's smile will greet me as I enter the morning-land. [*Christian Weekly.*

In Sweden a process has been discovered by which the old decaying moss can be converted into a kind of cardboard which can be molded for the purpose of house decoration. It becomes as hard as wood and takes an excellent polish.

The Last Words of Bishop Simpson.

[Western Christian Advocate.]

The following utterances are to be understood as answers to questions, and were given most gladly and distinctly. They were spoken at intervals between Wednesday, 11th inst., until Sunday, the 15th.

When asked by a member of the family as to his hope, he answered, "I am a sinner saved by grace," and added, "Jesus!—O, to be like Him." At another time he said, "To you that believe He is precious." Then with stronger voice he broke forth into holy rapture, and exclaimed, "Precious, precious, more than precious!" The writer of this notice, highly honored with the friendship of the family, saw Mrs. Simpson a few minutes after the good Bishop had spoken these jubilant words. While her heart was breaking, she murmured amid her sobs, "Precious, precious, more than precious!" She might well say, "No one knew him as we did at home. He was so good and kind. We thought he would be spared to us a little longer." Then she turned again to his comforting words about his Lord, "Precious, precious, more than precious." They sound as a refrain after his "Psalm of Life."

There were occasions when, without being questioned, his fervent exclamations indicated that his thoughts and his love were with his Lord. "My Savior! my Savior!" again and again repeated, indicated that the words welled up from a great fount of feeling and delight. When the familiar verse was quoted—

"O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek!
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
Through all eternity"—

He repeated the last line, "Through all eternity," and his fine eye kindled with "the light that never was on sea or shore." It seemed to thrill and fill him with anticipations of the beatific vision of God and the holy employments before the eternal throne.

On the last morning—that memorable Sabbath morning—about 3 a. m., Mrs. Simpson quoted that grand stanza, by Charles Wesley:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly:
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

Once more he repeated the last line:

"O receive my soul at last."

No one will misunderstand the glimpse given into the beautiful home life, and the tenderest relations between husband and wife, in this moment of supreme interest and of holiest love. Here, as in the life of our Master himself, the most human is the most divine. In these closing hours the great Bishop embraced and kissed his beloved companion, and said, again and again: "My dearest, my dearest," and thus tried to comfort her, and prepare her for the inevitable parting. Then, after a brief interval, he returned to the thought, of all others the most consolatory to a dying saint, and repeated once more:

"O receive my soul at last."

Shortly after this his last conscious words were spoken:

"YES! YES! GLORY BE TO JESUS!"

Bishop Simpson's last words! They deserve to be embalmed with his memory, in the hearts of all Methodists, and in the hearts of all that love their Lord.

The Late Bishop Simpson.

Matthew Simpson, whose death at Philadelphia has been announced recently, was the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Church in the United States. For one-third of a century he was the strongest and stateliest pillar of his denomination. The Bishop was born at Cadiz, Ohio, June 20, 1811. He was liberally educated—that is, by himself; he worked on farms in summer to pay for his schooling in winter, and was a tutor in Madison, now Alleghany College, in his nineteenth year. He graduated in medicine in 1833, and soon afterwards entered the ministry at the Pittsburg Conference. In 1837 he was elected Vice-President and a Professor in Alleghany College; was elected President of the Indiana Asbury University two years later; and, in 1848, was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate. He was made a Bishop at the Indiana Conference in 1852, Bishop Ames being raised to that office at the same time.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

The time must come, I know, when we shall part—
All ties must sever;
This golden zone, enclasping heart to heart,
Must snap and shiver.
But doth yon deep, dark stream, part evermore?
Or shall we meet and greet on that far-off shore,
Beyond the river?

If we shall meet—oh! would that I knew how!
In saintly blessing?
Or shall we stand as we are standing now—
Mutely caressing?
Is yonder life but this grown rich and grand?
Or is humanity left on the strand?
Dropped in undressing?

Oh, would I knew!—The misty clouds that lie
These waters over
Still darkly droop, still mock my straining eye,
Still thickly hover.
I call and question. Silence hath no tone,
In vain I ask how I shall meet mine own—
As friend or lover.

This world were dark indeed had I not thee
To clasp and hold me;
My light is thy great love, so tenderly,
So often, told me.
The night must come; but, in the far-off morn,
Will the dear arms that have my steps upborne
Once more enfold me?

Love is so precious, life so frail and fleet!
Hearts bleed and quiver;
Tears wet the prints of dear departed feet,
Gone hence forever.
Parting is bitter. If I could but know
That thou wilt be to me the same as now,
Beyond the river.

Is love eternal? Still yon sullen cloud
Answers me never,
In vain I plead; it folds its sable shroud,
Silent forever.
But I shall know. 'Tis useless to contend
With shadows: yet all doubts shall have an end
Beyond the river.

TWO.

In the bitter gloom of a winter's morn
A babe was born.
The snow piled high against wall and door;
On the mighty oak bows the sun lay hoar;
But warmth and light shrined the happy face;
So softly pillowed 'mid down and lace.
The bells clashed out from the reeling spire;
The night was reddened by many a fire;
The cottage smiled for the joy at the hall,
As the poor man answered the rich man's call,
And his lot for a day was less forlorn,
Because a little child was born.

In the bitter gloom of a winter's morn,
A babe was born.
The snow piled high in the narrow street,
Trodden and stained by hurrying feet;
On the hearth the embers lay cold and dead,
And the woman who crouched on the damp straw bed
Muttered a curse, as the drunken sport
Swelled up to her lair from the crowded court.
Riot without and squalor within,
To welcome a waif to a world of sin,
And a pitiful life was the more forlorn,
Because a little child was born.

In a smiling home, amid sun and flowers,
A child grew up.
Calm, and beauty, and culture, and wealth,
To give power to life and grace to health;
Gentle influence, thought and care,
To train the darling of love and prayer;
The stately heirloom of place and blood,
To crown the flower of maidenhood;
With childhood's pearly innocence kept
On the folded leaves where the sunshine slept.
So sweetly and richly foamed the cup
Life held, where the happy girl grew up.

Where "home" was a vague and empty word,
A child grew up.
Where oath and blow were the only law,
And ugly misery all she saw;
Where want and sin drew hand in hand,
Round the haunts that disgrace our Christian land;
A loveless, hopeless, joyless life,
Of crime, and wretchedness, struggle and strife!
Never a glimpse of the sweet spring skies
To soften the flash in the wild young eyes;
No drop of peace in the poisoned cup
Life held where the reckless girl grew up.

On a summer's eve, as the slow sun set,
A woman died.
At the close of a long and tranquil life,
Honored and guarded, mother and wife,
With gentle hands whose work was done,
And gentle head whose crown was won,
With children's children at her knee,
And friends who watched her reverently,
Knowing her memory would remain,
Treasured by grief, that scarce was pain,
With her heart's dearest at her side,
Blessing and blessed, the woman died.

On a summer's eve, as the slow sun set,
A woman died.
She had fought the failing fight so long!
But time was cruel, and hard, and strong.
Without a faith, without a prayer,
With none to aid, and none to care;
With not a trace upon the page,
From desperate youth to loathsome age,
But sin and sorrow, wrong and chance,
And bitter blank of ignorance;
With not a hand to help or save,
With not a hope beyond the grave,
Tossed in the black stream's rushing tide,
Unmourned, unmissed, the woman died.

And we are all akin, runs the kindly creed?
Ah, the riddle of life is hard to read!

—*All the Year Round.*

HON. STEPHEN J. FIELD.

Justice Field is a brother of David Dudley, Cyrus W. and Henry F. Field; in other words, he is one of four brothers whose reputation, achieved in various ways, is more than National. He was born at Haddam, Conn., November 4, 1816, the son of Rev. David Field, D. D. While he was an infant the family removed to Stockbridge, Mass., where his education was commenced. At thirteen he was invited by a relative living in the East to visit him, and accordingly spent considerable time in Asia Minor. Upon his return he continued the prosecution of his studies with exemplary assiduity, and in due time entered Williams College, where he was graduated in 1837. He then read law with his brother, David Dudley Field, in New York, and entered into partnership with him after his admission to the bar. In the year 1849 he removed to California, and was elected First Alcalde of Marysville in 1850. The same year he was elected to the Legislature of California, in which he served one session only. In 1857 he took his seat as Judge of the Supreme Court of California. Two years afterward he became its Chief Justice. The final step in this rapid advancement was his being made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, by President Lincoln, March 10, 1863. All the Representatives in Congress from the Pacific coast united in urging the appointment. As Judge his decisions have been characterized by singular knowledge, clearness and force. He is especially distinguished for his minute and accurate acquaintance with laws relating to mines and mining and land claims, and takes a high place as a constitutional lawyer. Justice Field is an LL. D. of Williams College. Since 1869 he has acted as Professor of Law in the University of California. In 1873 he was a member of the commission appointed to examine the acts of the State of California and to prepare amendments to the same for the consideration of the Legislature

Justice Field is a married man, and maintains an establishment in Washington.

Diving for Pearls.

The Tuamotu Archipelago, to the east of the Society Islands, is perhaps the greatest pearl fishery in the world. Of its eighty islands, there are only some half dozen whose waters do not produce the pearl oyster. Natives of this group know no industry but fishing. Men, women and children, they all dive like sea fowl, and the women are the most expert. Two women, especially of Faiti, and some of Anaa or China Islands, are well known in this trade—more dreadful far than sapphire gathering—for plunging into twenty-five fathoms of water, in the teeth of the sharks, and remaining as long as three whole minutes under water. A famous diver of Anaa escaped not long ago from a shark, with the loss of a breast and an arm, and many go down never to come up again. If they make too many plunges in their day's work at the beginning of the season, which comprises the summer months, from November to February, they bring on hemorrhage or congestion; and after some years in the occupation paralysis is certain. Few of these divers work for themselves, but can earn eighty cents a day from the pearl traders. With a wooden tube some sixteen inches long, ten inches square, and glazed at one end, they prospect from their boats, the bottom of these translucid seas; the glass end, which is put into the water, serving the purpose of suppressing the eye-puzzling surface ripple.

The diver of the Persian Gulf or of Ceylon, attaches a weight of some twenty pounds to his feet to aid him in his descent, and carries seven or eight pounds more of ballast in his belt. He protects both eyes and ears with oiled cotton, bandages his mouth, and goes down forty feet with a rope. He remains down from fifty-three to eighty seconds, and helps himself up again by the rope. But the Pacific diver practices the conjuror's boast of "no preparation." Just before the plunge he or she draws a full breath rapidly three or four times running, and finally, with his lungs full of air, drops feet first to the bottom, not forty feet, but 150 to 180 feet, and comes to the surface again with extraordinary swiftness, unaided in any way. Each dive generally lasts from sixty to ninety seconds; and only very occasionally the astonishing maximum of three minutes. The divers hardly ever bring up more than one oyster at a time; but this is chosen as likely to contain pearls by some fancied rule of thumb of their own, grounded on age, form and color; and they hold the shell tightly together as they mount, lest the envious oyster should shed the pearl which the divers themselves are very quick to conceal by swallowing if the employer's eye is not fixed on them. Diving bells have been introduced by some houses in the trade; but the natives will no longer work in them, saying they bring on early paralysis of the legs.—[Home Journal.

Gossip on Tea.

Tea is the drink of the future. Coffee had the start in the race, but tea is overtaking it, and will eventually leave it far behind. England and Russia, the two greatest powers of the old world, are almost exclusively tea-drinkers. The Dutch once led the commerce of Europe; they drank coffee and sank consequently to a subordinate place. It is interesting to note the habits of nations in this particular. The consumption of coffee in England is, on an average, less than one pound per head; in Holland each man, woman and child absorbs twenty-one pounds. Belgium and Denmark consume over thirteen pounds a head, Norway, nine pounds, and Sweden about the same quantity, while frugal France is content with less than three pounds. But the United States, no doubt owing to their large Scandinavian, Dutch and German population, take nearly eight pounds per annum for every one of their 50,000,000 of people, though in some parts of the country tea has almost displaced it. The Czar's subjects consume only about three-fourths of an ounce of coffee per head, the smallest amount used by any European nation.

In 1660, tea was sold in England at the enormous price of sixty shillings a pound, or, considering the different value of money then and now, at a cost fully twelve times that at which the same article may at present be had. At first it had to contend with great opposition. Coffee had got the start of it, and vested interests were at work when Thomas Garraway in 'Change alley began to retail it, not so much as an agreeable drink, as a cure for all disorders.

It might be interesting for any one with a turn for philosophizing after the manner of Buckle, to trace the connection between the intellectual progress of nations and the use of the current drinks. In one of Mr. Howells' novels, the cook in the Maine lodging camp, who has read scraps of Agassiz, Darwin and Tylor, and is strong on the subjects of nerve nutriment, insisted that there was a profound truth in this matter. This philosopher of the backwoods considered that tea three times a day, strong, with treacle in it to sweeten it, and no milk, was the best of "brain food" for men engaged in chopping down trees. "Set 'em up right on end every time. Clears their heads, and keeps the cold out." In his opinion the tea drinkers were everywhere the masters of the coffee-drinkers.

Tea is unquestionably the drink for the brain-worker. It is more refreshing, more restorative, more portable, less heating, more easily made, and—Brilliant-Savarin is correct in affirming that a man would grow mad who drank one liter of coffee every day for three months continuously—it has the recommendation of being less deleterious. This is, perhaps, not the opinion of coffee merchants.

who are lamenting over their dwindling trade. Nor, we may well believe, has England taken to tea and cocoa in preference to coffee, merely out of regard for the public health. Fashion, taste, and convenience must be reckoned among the causes that account for the change.—[Home Journal.

MANY MONEYS.

The Peculiarities of the Paper Currency of Different Countries.

At the Max Schamberg Steamship Agency, a *Dispatch* reporter was shown specimens of the currency of nearly every European country. The money is kept there for the purpose of supplying foreigners about to return to Europe who wish to exchange American money for that of their own country. Ordinarily the agency keeps up its supply by exchanging United States currency with the immigrants of various nationalities who reach here with money of their own country in their possession. But in the spring, when there is a rush of returning immigrants going home for a visit, etc., the supply sometimes runs short, and foreign banks have to be drawn upon.'

The Bank of England note is printed on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white and with ragged edges. The paper lacks the smooth, oily feeling of our own currency, and the plainness of the lettering and the entire absence of any coloring excepting black and white, make the bill in appearance easy to counterfeit. The bills are five inches by eight in dimensions. They are never reissued from the bank, but burned as soon as taken in. In sending money from one part of the country to another the note is generally cut in two parts, and the pieces sent in separate envelopes. The Bank of Ireland note is in appearance and size much the same, with the addition of more elaborate scroll work in the engraving. German and Austrian currency bear upon each bill a warning against counterfeiters, threatening penitentiary confinement to any one who shall make, sell or have in their possession any counterfeit or fac-simile of any of the bills. The German bills are printed in green and black upon paper lighter than our gold certificates, and are about an inch wider. They are in denominations from 5 marks, or $1.25, to 1,000 marks, or $250. The currency of Austria is printed in two languages, Austrian on one side and Hungarian on the other, in order to accommodate his Majesty's Francis Joseph's, Magyar subjects. The engraving is profuse with artistic angel heads and rather elaborate scroll-work. The bill is printed on a light-colored, thick paper, but with none of the silk fiber marks nor geometric lines used on our own currency as a protection against counterfeiting. Some of the more recently issued German bills, however, are printed upon paper very similar to that used for United States Treasury notes. The smallest denomination in Austrian currency is 1 florin, about 40 cents in our money. The denominations are from 1 florin to 1,000 florins. A noticeable peculiarity is the fact that in exchanging, Austrians or Hungarians prefer the paper money of their own country to coin, while German, Swiss or French people invariably want coin in preference to currency. The reason for this is not known, unless it is because the smallest bill in Austrian currency is much smaller than the smallest bill in the currency of any of the other countries, and the common people become more used to handling currency there than in the others.

Banque de Franc notes look like small show bills, with their blue and black lettering on white paper, ornamented with numerous mythological pictures. The lowest denomination is the 20-franc note and the largest is 1,000 francs. Italian currency is issued in a great variety of sizes and colors. The smaller bills, 5 and 10 lire notes, equivalent to $1 and $2 bills, are about the same size as our old "shin-plaster" fractional currency, and printed in pink, blue and carmine on white paper. The latest issues are ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert. The larger notes are elaborately engraved, and of artistic design. The most striking bills are those of Russia. The 100 rouble bill is an elaborate affair, 4 by 10 inches in size, and barred from top to bottom with every color of the rainbow, blended as they are when thrown through a prism. The center is ornamented with a large, finely engraved vignette of Catherine I. The colors used in printing are dark and light brown and black. The engraving is not elaborate, and the whole thing looks like a circus poster. The 25 and 50 rouble notes are much smaller, and not as gorgeously colored. The smallest denomination in Russian currency is 5 roubles, about $250 in United States currency.

I. E. Hirsch, an attache of the agency, has made a collection of a number of currency curiosities. Among these is one of the first bills ever issued by the United States. This is a $4 bill issued in 1779, with these words printed in four different kinds of type on one side: "The bearer is entitled to receive 4 Spanish milled dollars, or an equal mount in gold or silver, according to a resolution of Congress of January, 1779."

The reverse, in addition to some coarsely engraved scroll work, bears the inscription, "Printed by Hall and Sellers. Four Dollars, 1779. Four Dollars."

Another bill is one of the notes issued by Louis Kossuth in 1852, when he was working to achieve Hungarian independence. The bills were issued from New York when Kossuth came to this country for the purpose of raising a fund. They are payable on demand, the first year of the establishment of the independence of Hungary.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Coral-Insect Theory Exploded—The History of the Interesting Polyp Laid Bare.

The Mechanics' Institute's usual winter course of free popular lectures was begun last evening. The lecturer was Professor Joseph Le Conte of the State University, who gave the first of a series of three lectures, in which he will expound the mysteries and beauties of coral life and growth. He spoke for an hour and a half last evening, greatly to the entertainment of his audience, illustrating his subject with numerous drawings, which materially aided comprehension. He said that he had selected the subject because of its great popular and scientific interest, and because he had personally investigated it, having spent a whole winter in Florida and upon the adjacent keys for that purpose. The matter was of great interest because of the strange forms and gorgeous coloring of the animals by which these reefs were made; on account of the gem-like beauty of the islands formed by their agency; on account of the large quantity of land which had been added to the habitable globe wholly through the influence of the coral animals, now inhabited by hundreds and thousands of people, and which would not exist but for these creatures; because of the fact that the largest body of land which has been added to the habitable globe had been in the territory of the United States—the peninsula and keys of Florida, and, finally, on account of the dangers to navigation arising from coral reefs.

THE FLORIDA REEFS.

Coral reefs are peculiarly dangerous to navigation because of their rising abruptly, so that though the sounding line may show 6000 feet of water within half a mile, the reef may rear its perpendicular wall for the ship's destruction. The most dangerous point for navigation upon the face of the earth is the reefs of Florida. There are more wrecks upon that coast than in any other portion of the world. The largest town in Florida, Key West, is built upon a coral reef, on account of the frequency of wrecks upon the coast. If it were not for the wrecking business the town would not exist. With the exception of cocoanuts there is absolutely nothing raised upon the reef. The wreckers came first to prey upon the wrecks, then came merchants to prey upon the wreckers, next lawyers and doctors to prey upon both classes, and finally the clergymen to pray for all. [Laughter.] The subject of corals was, also, the Professor said, of scientific interest, because in these coral reefs we had the proofs of the vast oscillations and variations in the earth's crust, upon a scale of which we have no other evidences at all.

A POPULAR ERROR.

A very widespread misunderstanding exists as to the manner in which reefs are formed, one which has entered into the public mind and of which it is almost impossible to dispossess the public mind. The idea is that these animals are little insects; that they build like ants and bees do, and when they are alarmed they disappear into their little burrows, and these reefs are accumulations of millions of these little insects in generation after generation. I shall show that there is not the semblance of truth in this idea.

The Professor then explained that the coral animal is a polyp belonging to the group of radiata; that it consists of limestone deposits in the shape of a hollow cylinder with top and bottom discs, surmounted with tentacles, containing a stomach and enveloped with gelatinous organic matter. The tentacles or arms are provided each with a mouth for the absorption of food. The coral is coraline limestone after the gelatinous organic envelope is decayed and removed. The animals which build reefs are not much larger than pinheads. The development and growth of the coral tree and head coral was clearly explained, showing it to be analogous to the same process in vegetation. It was further explained that coral formed and threw off eggs, which floated to some suitable place and there began the process of development independently, forming new colonies, which in time connect and form reefs, upon which are deposited accretions, in time building up keys and islands.

CONDITIONS OF CORAL LIFE.

Reef-building corals will not grow at a depth of over 100 to 120 feet. There have been reef-building corals found at a depth of 1000 feet, but they were dead—drowned by being carried below their depth. This confines them to coast lines and submarine banks. Corals will not grow where the temperature is lower than 68 degrees at any time, that is the ocean, not the air. Therefore they are confined to the tropical regions. They will not grow except in clear salt water; hence there is always a break in reefs at opposite the mouth of a river. Finally, they demand free exposure to the beating of the waves. The more violently the waves beat the more rapidly the corals grow, because the agitation gives them ventilation. Corals will grow in the face of waves whose beatings would gradually wear away a wall of granite. The four kinds of coral reefs found in the Pacific ocean are fringe reefs, barrier reefs, circular reefs, inclosing lagoons in the ocean, and small lagoonless coral islands. The explanation of the formation of the last three named will form the subject of the next lecture.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let is pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let is pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind.
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh, be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong,
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

THE DEAF AND DUMB, AND BLIND.

Annual Commencement Exercises at the State Institution.

A Curious and Entertaining Programme in Berkeley Yesterday.

Of all the many "commencements" that have been held this year in this State, or indeed in the entire country, it is safe to say that one of the most unique, yet interesting and entertaining, was the annual commencement of the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, held in Berkeley yesterday afternoon. These affairs always attract a large number of visitors, and yesterday was no exception.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE.

Friends of the institution and its pupils came from all parts of the State, and early in the afternoon every seat in the pretty chapel building was filled. It had been generally expected that Governor Stoneman would be present, but a telegram from him was received during the morning, stating that he was unavoidably detained by the State Prison investigation affair in Sacramento. Among the guests present were noticed State Controller John P. Dunn, Tax Collector John H. Grady, Senator Whitney of Alameda, Senator Knight of Santa Cruz, Assemblyman Nichols of Tuolumne, Professors John Le Conte and Albert S. Cook of the State University, Rev. Dr. McLain of Oakland, Rev. G. A. Easton of West Berkeley, and Rev. C. A. Savage of Berkeley.

THE EXERCISES.

The exercises began promptly at half past one o'clock, with a spirited song entitled, "O, Native Land," by a chorus of blind pupils. Rev. Dr. J. K. McLain followed with prayer, the words of which were rapidly translated as uttered by Professer Waring Wilkinson, President of the Institution.

Two blind young ladies named Miss Nettie Levy and Miss Dorenda Mullany were then led to the piano on the platform, and rendered in a very creditable and really wonderful manner a difficult instrumental duet entitled "Friedrick's March." Applause followed, and an exhibition was then given by the following members of the juvenile class of deaf mutes: Rosa Mucha Marcia, C. Howell, Gertrude Ledden, Gustave Isert, Robert A. Lepsett and Fred. W. Heckman. The object was to show the manner of beginning the deaf mute's education. The alphabet of the sign language is taught to them, and some examples of the peculiar pantomimic gestures of communication were given.

After music by two skillful boy pianists, Denis Foley and William Staggs, a number of language exercises, executed on large blackboards, were given a class of deaf mutes, consisting of Misses Kiddell and Thorpe and Masters Cushman, Raymond, Egan and Goodrich. Various trivial actions were performed by Professor Wilkinson in front of the mutes, who then wrote their thoughts descriptive of the actions on the board. Professor Le Conte's hat was playfully picked up and tossed on one of the girls' heads, and the other took advantage of this performance to conclude her description of the action by announcing that Professor Le Conte was "a very good man."

ARTICULATION.

Exercises in articulation were then given by the mutes. This method of communication has only been taught in the institution a short time, and the proficiency of some of these naturally speechless persons is wonderful. One little negro lad especially did very well. He recited a short poem in a loud, clear voice that could be distinctly heard all over the hall. He repeated a few short sentences, after the teacher of articulation, Miss Garratt, and talked concerning his vacation plans, saying he was going home to work, and intended to learn the barber's trade. When it is remembered that these persons do not hear a sound, understanding entirely by the lip formation of the speaker, and that their speech in reply is nearly entirely mechanical, the method of teaching and the aptness of the pupil as shown in the results obtained, must be regarded as truly remarkable. In introducing the class in articulation, Professor Wilkinson remarked that the two methods of mute communication by signs and by articulate speech, are really of about equal age. Although the former has long been the more favored of the two, yet the latter is now coming into use to a large extent in the principal institutions of the world.

IMPROMPTU COMPOSITIONS.

Dennis Foley, a blind musician of considerable talent, played "Tarantelle," and a class of five persons—deaf mutes—Miss Warren, T. E. d'Estrella, Douglas Tilden, Theodore Grady and George Shoaf—all of whom have matriculated at the University of California, went to the platform and wrote a number of impromptu compositions on the blackboards, the subjects being suggested by persons in the audience. Mr. Grady, who is a brother of Tax Collector Grady, was recently graduated from the University. He pursued the literary course and during the entire four years, notwithstanding the afflictions which handicapped him, he kept in the first ranks of his class, and was graduated without having received a condition.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

He was asked to write his reason for attending the University, which he did as follows:

"My object in going to the University was simply to subject my mind to discipline. I did not expect to hoard up knowledge, nor did I flatter myself that culture means an immediate pecuniary reward. Too many of our citizens find fault with the University on the plea that success in life consists in making money. It is especially true of the politicians of this State. Discipline is the object of all education, and a well-disciplined mind is qualified to take the lead in the world. Incidental to the object of acquiring a college education, the student is stimulated to continue his education after graduation. In short, discipline and self-culture are the two great objects of college education."

"THE RAILROAD QUESTION."

By request, Mr. Grady wrote another essay on "The Railroad Question," as follows: "Railroad companies are corporations, and as such they are subject to the States which incorporate them. The few men who enjoy all the privileges specially granted to their corporations should not be the masters of the people; to the contrary, they are the servants, and are subject to the Government represented by the people. These enterprises first were very praiseworthy and deserved the help of the Government. But, unfortunately, these railroad citizens, as a body, have proved themselves no exception to the rule. Corporations have no soul, and accordingly instead of a blessing to the country they have become an evil. The officers have grown audacious enough to maintain that they are not subject to the State, and even they try all tricks of evading the debts they owe to the National Government. It is true that they have done much good to the country, but a monopoly is ever a curse to every community. Railroad monopoly is a formidable monster and it needs the strongest government to control it. We have been endeavoring to solve the difficult problem, but our Commission has not proved itself a success in spite of its promises."

CALIFORNIAN SCENERY.

Douglas Tilden, also a deaf mute, was asked to describe the scenery of California, which he did as follows: "For sublime scenery, no one needs ever to go out of this State. From this very place you have a view that, for a broader and more beautiful panorama, cannot be excelled anywhere in the world. To see how nature can be sublime, inspiring or beautiful, one need only take a day's flight into the interior. There is the Yosemite Valley, rare a scenery as you list. Go to the south; there you find how delicious and dreamy it is in that land of orange groves and bee pastures, where one year melts into another as in sleep, a pleasant passing dream, smiles and turns again into another."

ESSAY ON ART.

T. H. d'Estrella, an art student of much talent, who has decorated the walls of the chapel with specimens of his skill, wrote upon "Art," by request: "Art is one of many things necessary to the progress of civilization; each step in advance showing the condition of intellectual power, as much as history tells the revolution of different governments, age after age. For painting had its birth in antiquity. The Egyptians made art to glorify their religion, and the Israelites to symbolize the works of God. In the advance of the peaceful Greek Kingdom and the warlike Roman Empire, art was brought up to more and more perfection. In the Dark Age, while the enjoyments of knowledge were almost annihilated, art was the only one which continued in its progress. Suppose if there were no art that time, what would be the fate of the Roman Church? It is because art has such strong influence over the imagination of the mind to appreciate the beauties of nature, that these people were once more animated from their slumber of ignorance to the bliss of knowledge. Modern painting, different from that of the old masters, is realistic and illustrates the phases of humanity often more powerfully than books can. I am fond of art. It is full of life everywhere amidst the ever-changing charms of nature. It teaches how to think nobly."

Other short essays were written on "Work and Play," "The Irish Question," and Miss Warren wrote upon the comparison of the afflictions of the deaf mute and the blind. She mentioned the opinion of many persons that the blind were the happiest, but differed herself from this idea, saying that she should rather remain deaf and mute and see, than to be blind and hear.

READING BY THE BLIND.

A blind girl, Miss Annie Fennel, rendered acceptably one of Beethoven's sanatas and a class of three blind girls then illustrated the methods of teaching the blind to read by means of books with raised letters. The printing is done on the wrong side of the page with a heavy impression raising the character on the other side. The reading of course was with the fingers, and was rapidly done. One little girl read through six thicknesses of a handkerchief Professor Wilkinson folded over the surface of the page. Music by the blind pupils intervened and methods of writing and figuring by the blind were illustrated. One pupil operated the type writer and another a peculiar kind of slate for working sums in arithmetic. It consisted of a square box, divided into small sections, in which were placed movable type. For the figures only two type are employed, both ends being used to denote different characters.

PANTO MIMIC COMMUNICATIONS.

After music by Messrs. Foley and Staggs, illustrations of the diversity and utility of the sign language were given. A poem, "Twilight Pictures," by Whittier, was read by Professor Wilkinson, and illustrated by Miss Nellie Ross, a deaf mute. The poem contains many pictures of country life and all of them were prettily and gracefully reproduced to the great delight of the audience. Miss Ross had previously committed the poem to memory.

The hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was beautifully translated by expressive gestures and movements by a class of little girls. Various words, as laziness, charity, envy, bravery, fear, love, hate, obstinacy, cowardice, and a picture of the young man and young lady of the period, were aptly illustrated in dumb show. Two girls, one blind and the other deaf and dumb, were presented to each other and asked to communicate. The mute articulated a few sentences and also told her thoughts by touching her hands with those of her companions; the blind girl used the sign language.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

After this interesting exercise, diplomas were presented to two graduates of the institution, Miss Dora Ayres, deaf and dumb, and Miss Maggie Morrison, blind.

The exercises closed with the recital of the "Lords Prayer" by Miss Mary De Frees, a deaf mute. As translated literally by our interpreter it is as follows: "Our Father in Heaven. Hallowed. Thy Kingdom come with light. Angels in Heaven obey Thy law, as on earth we, who transgress Thy law—become like them. Give us bread and meat and drink this day. As we on earth forgive others may we be forgiven in our sins. Let us be led into temptation not—nay—but deliver us from evil. Because the Kingdom is Thine, the power Thine, the glory Thine. Amen."

THE ANCIENT CITY BY THE SEA.

"The whirligig of time," it has been said, "brings in his revenges." In view of the fact that Monterey—the ancient landmark of California Civilization—is to be transformed from an uninviting adobe town into a fashionable watering-place, we may declare that "the whirligig of time" brings something better than revenge. There are few places on the Pacific Coast so replete with historical incidents as Monterey. Away back in December, 1601, Don Sebastian Vizcayno sailed into the placid waters of the bay of Monterey, and on the 16th of that month two priests—Fathers Andrew and Anthony—set foot on that unknown shore, erected a cross, improvised an altar, and, with no listeners but the birds, no spectators but the stars, and no choral symphonies but the winds, gave sublime meaning to their Latin hymn, while their Christian zeal and ardor found utterance in the solemn chant—"Vexilla Regis prodeunt, Fulget Crucis Mysterium."

THE ADVENT OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

In June, 1770, or about 170 years after the demonstration of these two Carmelite pilgrims, Father Junipero Serra, that best-known and noblest of the Franciscan missionaries, and who had arrived in Monterey bay in the packet vessel San Antonio on the last day of May, celebrated the Day of Pentecost by the erection of a cross, the building of an altar, the ringing of bells and blessing of water. Then both the land and sea parties, that had left San Diego simultaneously on the 15th day of April, chanted the Veni Creator, sang the Salve Regina, hoisted the royal standard, took possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain, amidst a discharge of musketry, and concluded with a

To Deum. From that time up to 1830 Monterey was one of the largest shipping points on the coast and had one of the most flourishing mission churches. It early became the capital of the Territory, and maintained that distinction not only after Mexico became an independent country in 1582, but also after the acquisition of California by the United States in 1846.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD CAPITAL.

Commodore Sloat hoisted the American flag on the 7th of July, 1846, and in a few weeks thereafter, portions of Stevenson's regiment arrived. On the first day of August, 1849, the old town was enlivened by arrivals from all parts of the State, of delegates to the first California Constitutional Convention. There were forty members, a majority of whom could not speak or readily understand English; but these forty gentlemen in forty working days made a Constitution that lasted thirty years, and under which we have become a happy and prosperous people. It may be remarked that the Convention of '49 had two chaplains, one a Catholic and the other a Protestant. Prayers were uttered in Spanish and English each day. The present Survivors of that Convention are Charles F. Botts, A. J. Ellis and Wm. M. Gwin, residents of San Francisco; Pacificus Ord, now somewhere in the East; R. M. Price, since then Democratic Governor of New Jersey, and a late visitor to this coast. P. Sainsevain, for the past twenty-five years a resident of Los Angeles, and the manufacturer of the cucamongo wine; M. G. Vallejo, who resides in Sonoma county, and O. M. Wozencraft, of desert reclamation celebrity.

Monterey was the capital for many years and many of the Governors under Spanish, Mexican and American rule made their home there. Among the Spanish Governors were Jose Arguello, Diego de Borica, Jose de Arrillaga and Tablo Vincente de Sola. The latter was the last Spanish Governor, and served from 1815 to 1822. He also served one year as Governor under Mexican rule, but retired in 1823, and was succeeded by Luis Arguello, who held his seat until June, 1825. Then followed eleven Mexican Governors ending with Don Pio Pico, in July, 1846.

American rule commenced with Commodore Sloat, on July 7, 1846. Sloat was succeeded by Commodore Stockton, August 17, 1846; the latter was succeeded by John C. Fremont, who assumed the Territorial Governorship in January, 1847. General Harney followed on March 1st of the same year, and Col. Mason on May 31st, and served about two years, when he gave way to General Riley, April 13, 1849, who directed the helm until the inauguration of Peter Burnett, the first Governor of the State, which took place on December 20th, 1849.

FAMOUS MILITARY MEN WHO HAVE BEEN IN MONTEREY.

Monterey has been honored by the presence, at one time or another from 1846 to 1856, of many officers who have since distinguished themselves. Halleck served a term of duty at the old California Capital; so also did General W. T. Sherman, and Phil. Kearney, who was killed at Chantilly, and General Riley. Colonel Burton, who married a senorita of San Diego, died since the war; his widow is still living at Janiul, San Diego county, and her pretty daughter Nellie, is the wife of Miguel Pedroreno, who has cattle on a thousand hills. Sully who married the prettiest girl at Monterey in those days, Senorita Manuela Jimeno, an alliance which inspired Bayard Taylor to write a very delightful poem, rose to the rank of Major General in the Union Army, and died a few years ago in Oregon. Among others were Gen. Reynolds, a captain at Monterey, who died at Antietam; General Lyon, then a captain, who was killed in Missouri; General Magruder, then brevet-colonel; General Andrews, then a lieutenant, who was on Canby's staff at the taking of Mobile; General Stoneman, then lieutenant, one of the most gallant of the Federal officers, now Governor of California; General Slemmer, then a lieutenant, badly wounded at Stone River; General Mason, then a lieutenant, now retired; General Heinzleman, then brevet major, who commanded in Washington most of the time during the war; General Frank Patterson, then lieutenant who raised one of the first regiments in Philadelphia, and who afterwards committed suicide; General Armistead, then brevet major who left Los Angeles with Albert Sydney Johnson, and who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg; General E. O. C. Ord, then Captain; Lieutenant Murray; Major Ringgold, who died at San Francisco some years ago. Then there was the never-to-be-forgotten Lieutenant Derby, ("John Phœnix") who was known as "Squibob" at Monterey, and Captain Kane, the "Squebol" of the "gang" and Ed Bingham, General Taylor's orderly, who, it will be remembered, was shot in a fracas on board a Panama steamer. In 1849 Phil. Roach was Alcalde and brought around the Horn with him two framed houses, which may now be seen at Monterey.

Colton Hall, where the Constitutional Convention of 1849 met, is now used as a jail. Jack Swan's house was used as a theater, and in this rude "Temple of Thespis" Ed Bingham many a time impersonated the character of "Romeo." Hardly a week passed for years that there were not balls or parties of some kind, and at a reception given during the sitting of the Constitutional Convention, 124 ladies were present. From 1849 to 1879, however, thirty long years, Monterey has merely existed. Its lights went out when the capital was moved to San Jose, its attractiveness as a watering-place of recreative resort was subsequently eclipsed by Santa Cruz, which was more accessible by sea and by land—*Bulletin*.

HISTORICAL RELICS.

An Hour Spent in the Seaside Home—Some of the Things that Told of the Sufferings of the Donner Party—A Guitar that is a Pioneer.

"Just excuse me a moment and I will call my mother, as she is better able to tell you its history than I am."

The speaker was Miss Katie Lewis, of the Seaside Home, a very pleasant and agreeable young lady, and was in answer to a request for information, by a representative of the SENTINEL, Wednesday morning, in regard to a quaint guitar that stood in the corner of a room that was filled with virtu and dainty fancy work, all made by the deft fingers of Mrs. Lewis' accomplished daughters.

Miss Kate soon returned with her mother, who led the way into the cosy parlor, which overlooks the slumbering sea, and through its open windows the health-giving ocean breezes entered. Mrs. Lewis handed the instrument for closer inspection to the reporter.

It is larger than those in use at the present day, and the center of its body is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The ivory keys and the tracing on the brass, which ornaments the neck, all recall the description one reads in history of the musical instruments

OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Its tone is superb, as, like a violin, the older the wood the better the effect produced.

"Its age? I don't know exactly how old it is, but I can trace it back as far as is within my own personal knowledge. It was brought to California by Miss J. B. Winlack, who was well known as a music teacher in San Jose. She was among the passengers on the unfortunate Jenny Lind, which blew up in April, 1852. Miss Winlack was on her way to San Francisco to purchase a ticket for New York, and from there she intended to sail for her home in Scotland. There was two feet of boiling water in the dining-room of the Jenny Lind, and Miss Winlack was among those that were scalded to death. Strange to say, this guitar, which she had with her, was uninjured.

Her effects were sold in San Francisco and the instrument was purchased by Mr. F. Appleton, a relative of the Appletons of New York City.

THIS GENTLEMAN PRESENTED

It to me. That was thirty-two years ago, on the fifteenth of the present month. Miss Winlack was fifty-two years of age, and it was given to her when she was a child, by a maiden aunt in Scotland. I do not know how long it was in her possession. So, you see, as far as I know, it is almost a hundred years old.

It was in Santa Cruz in '52, and remained for three years. That piano you are leaning against is the first one that came through the Golden Gate, and it, too, has passed through a series of adventures."

The lady excused herself for a few moments until she went into another room to get a package, which proved to be a veritable mine of historical information, rich in reminiscences and instructive to her listeners.

"Here is a copy of the Californian, that was published at Monterey. Colton and Semple were the proprietors. It is the eleventh number issued, and is dated 'October 24, 1846.' The office was taken to San Francisco, and the name changed to Alta California. You can read its contents if you wish," Mrs. Lewis remarked, as she spread the small sheet on the table in front of her. The greater portion of the reading space is taken up with an account of the public reception to Commodore Robert H. Stockton, at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, on the 5th of October. There are advertisements in both Spanish and English.

VALUABLE PAPERS.

Tenderly taking out of an envelope a paper that was weather-stained, and giving it to the reporter to read, the lady said that this was with the Donner party, and was a testimonial signed by her father's friends, among whom was Senator E. D. Baker, and testifying to the fact of Mr. Reed going to a "foreign land," and recommending him as an upright citizen and perfect gentleman. It was endorsed by Gov. Ford, of Illinois, and dated "April 15th, 1846." Mr. Reed was a member of the Legislature of that State before coming to California.

Another paper was the muster roll of volunteers in the Black Hawk war

under Brig.-Gen. Atkinson on the 20th of June, 1832. President Lincoln and Mr. Reed were in in that campaign, and on the name appears under that of tyred President. They w from Sangamon county.

APPOINTED TO OFFICE.

On arriving in California, Mrs. Lewis' father was appointed Sheriff of Sonora; mentioned as on the "north side of the Bay of San Francisco," and "given at Monterey, the capital of California, the 15th of June, 1847." It is signed by Col. I. Drags, Governor of California.

SAD MEMORIES.

From out of a little box the narrator brought forth the relics of the Donner party, and one could not fail to sympathize with the feelings and sad memories these relics evoked in Mrs. Lewis. Each has a history separate and distinct from the whole, and forms a chapter of the sufferings of the early comers to this State.

The first was a small doll, which Patty Reed carried in her bosom during all of those dreadful months, besides other playthings. Then was shown a silver Masonic emblem of the Royal Arch degree, and an open-faced watch. This was given in pledge for ten pounds of beef to a man, on condition that when the party arrived in California he should be paid $20 in money and two pounds of beef for every one pound he gave. He was killed by the Indians while out prospecting. They respected the cross and gave the emblem and watch

TO THE PRIEST,

Who returned it to Mr. Reed. "Here are a pair of mittens that saved my life," she said, as she took a pair of well-worn mittens out of the box.

"Pa was gone four days and nights trying to find a way out of the snow, and on the fourth night I had a beautiful dream, I was dying, not having had a morsel of food for many days. Pa returned then, and remembered that in the corner of the thumb he had put a few crumbs of meat before he started ont. He moistened it in his mouth and put it in mine, until finally I was restored to health. I was nine years old."

A letter from Gen. Sutter to Mr. Reed, wanting to get merchantable wheat in exchange for cattle to be delivered at embarcadero. Sutter wanted it for his Indians. A vivid description of the Battle of Santa Clara, written while in the saddle by Mr. Reed, was well worthy of perusal. It was addressed to Gen. Sutter.

Other duties demanding Mrs. Lewis' attention, the enteresting chat about our "early days" had to be terminated, and the reporter left this hospitable home feeling that he learned more of California history than is vouchsafed to many persons.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

"Mamma said: 'Little one, go and see
If Grandma is ready to come to tea.'
I knew I musn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was Grandmother fast asleep!

"I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile
That means she's loving you all the while.

"I didn't make a speck of a noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, but didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on the cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea.'

"She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face,'
She pointed right at the very place.

"I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea."
—*St. Nicholas.*

REST AFTER LABOR.

Calm is sweet, but 'tis the tempest
Stirs the soul's sublimest powers,
And our nobler, grander living
Springs from out the darkest hours.

The raging deep of hoary ocean
Rouses all that is divine;
And amid its wild commotion
Thought is thrilled to heights sublime.

'Tis sometimes sweet to dream, but dreaming
Never won the hero's crown;
Laurels bloom not o'er the seeming
And waiting never won renown.

Earnest labor—strong endeavor,
Battles fought, and duty done,
Bring the golden crown and laurel,
And the rest, so nobly won.

'Tis not the noontide hush which calls
The laborer to slumber blest;
The bright meridian sun should fall
O'er work begun, not idle rest.

'Tis the rest which crowns the labor
That is sweetest to the soul;
'Tis the golden calm of even
That surrounds the highest goal.

And the brighter gleam the heavens
For the tempest and the cloud;
And 'tis sweet to wait at even
For the silence and the shroud.
—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

DAKOTA NAMES.

Meaning of Some of Those Applied Geographically.

Letter in Fargo (D. T.) Argus.

In all parts of the country there are many names of towns, rivers and lakes which have come from the languages of the various Indian tribes. It would be a grand, good thing if we could have these names all analyzed and the true meanings put upon record by competent authority. It is with much sorrow that I have noticed a strong tendency to attach fanciful and altogether false meanings to Indian names. It seems to be thought that all words of this character should have poetical meanings. That is not so. Indians are as practical and common sense people as we are. It is true, a name given by them has often a history. It commemorates some historical fact. In all such cases it would be well if the history could be preserved. The present writer has felt the importance of such a service and for years has had the thought of gathering such names as we have adopted from the language of the Sioux. The number of them is not great. The following is put forth tentatively. There are others which have not come to my remembrance or knowledge. I will thank persons who are interested in this branch of study to send me names which they suppose to be of Dakota origin:

Anoka (anoka), both sides; the name of a town in Minnesota.

Chaska (caske), first-born boy; the name of a town on Rum river, Minnesota.

Chokia (cokaya), the middle; the name of a station on the road to Brown's valley.

Cokato (cokata, pronounced chokahta), at the middle; the name of a town on the Manitoba Railroad. It is difficult to see how the metamorphosis of the name was made.

Dakota (dakota), alliance or league; the name of the Sioux Indians; also of a Territory that will soon be a State, and of various other places.

Eyota (iyotan), greatest, most; the name of a town near Rochester, Minn.

Itasca (not Dakota), the name of a lake in Minnesota in which the Mississippi river heads. It is said to have been formed by taking a part of each of the Latin words *veritas caput*.

Kandiyohi (kandi, buffalo fish, and iyohi, to reach to), the name of a lake and town in Central Minnesota.

Kasota (kasota), clear or cleared off, as the sky free from clouds; a small town in Minnesota.

Kewanee (kiwani), winter again; said of snow coming in the spring after the winter is supposed to be over; the name of a town in Illinois.

Mankato (maka and to), blue earth; a town on the Minnesota river.

Mazaomanie (maza and omanie), walking iron; the name of a town in Wisconsin, between Madison and Prairie du Chien.

Mendota (mdote), the mouth of a river or lake; originally the name of General H. H. Sibley's trading post at the mouth of the St. Peter's and transferred from that to a number of other places.

Minneapolis (mini, water, na, curling and polis, Greek, city), city of the Water Falls. It is not absolutely certain how the "a" came into the word, but it is supposed to come from the Dakota rather than the Greek.

Minnehaha (minni and haha), curling water (it is allowable to translate it laughing water), a well-known cascade on Little Falls creek, near Fort Snelling, Minn.

Minne inne-opa (mini and inonpa), second water; the name of a beautiful waterfall above Mankato; it is the lower of two near together, hence the Dakota name.

Minneiska (mini and ska), white or clear water; the name of a town on the Mississipi river, in Minnesota. The Dakota name of the stream was Minneska; the "i" has no business there.

Minneopa, the same as Minneinneopa, a railroad station near Mankato.

Minnesota (mini and ota), much water; the name of a station near Marshall, Minn.

Minnesota (mini and sota), water clear or slightly clouded; the name of the State and river. The latter was formerly called St. Peter's.

Minnetonka (mini and tanka), great water; the name of a much-frequented lake in Minnesota.

Otata (ojate), forks; the name of a station beyond Grand Forks.

Owatonna (owotanna), straight; the name of a town in Minnesota. The stream was called by the Dakotas "owotanna."

Shakopee (sakpe), six; the name of a town in Minnesota.

Sisseton (sisin and tonwanyan), fish-scale mound village; the name of one of the clans of the Sioux; also of a fort and an Indian agency in Dakota.

Tintah (tinta), prairie; a station on the Manitoba Railroad.

Wabasha (wapshasa), a standard of battle; the name of a somewhat celebrated Dakota chief and village on the Mississippi river, in Minnesota; also the name of a town.

Wahpeton (Wahpetonwan), leaf village; the name of one of the Gentes of the Dakota people; a town in Dakota.

Waubay (wabe), a place of hatching; a town and lake west of Milbank.

Wayzata (waziyata), at the north; a railroad station on Lake Minnetonka.

Winona (winona), first born, if a daughter; the name of a city in Minnesota and also one in Illinois and of various other places. It is said that Winona in Minnesota is pronounced Wynona. The one in Illinois is spelled Wenona.

Yankton (Ihanktonwan), end village; the name of the capital town of Dakota Territory; one of the Gentes of the Sioux nation.

PATRIOTIC GEMS.

"Our country!—'tis a glorious land!"
—Pabodie.

"My own green land forever!"
—Whittier.

"There's freedom at thy gates."
—Bryant.

"Ah! freedom is a noble thing!"
—Barbour.

"Let independence be our boast."
—Hopkinson.

"Land of Refuge,
Land of Benedictions!"
—Verplanck.

"All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!"
—Allston.

"Hail Columbia! happy land!"
—Hopkinson.

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."
—Dwight.

"Hail then my native soil, thou blessed plot,
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!"
—Browne.

"Ours is the land and age of gold,
And ours the hallow'd time!"
—Mellen.

"But oh, my native land, not one, not one like thee!"
—Fay.

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home."
—Goldsmith.

"Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free."
—Pabodie.

"With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"
—Drake.

"Soul-searching Freedom! Here assume thy stand,
And radiate hence to every distant land."
—Barlow.

"What banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys!"
—Macauley.

"Flag of my country! in thy folds

Are wrapped the treasures of my heart."
—Lunt.

"Flag of our mighty Union! hail!
Blessings abound where thou dost float."
—Lunt.

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!"
—Drake.

"While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world."
—Dwight.

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."
—Key.

"The riches of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health."
—Whittier.

"Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend."
—Dwight.

"Hail ye heroes! Heaven-born land!"
—Hopkinson.

"Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold.
—Bryant.

"Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!"
—Motherwell.

"Immortal patriots! rise once more."
—Hopkinson.

"Down to the very dregs, and stir
The People to the top!"
—Boker.

"Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young."
—Sprague.

"Let the noble motto be,
God—the Country—Liberty!"
—A. H. Everett.

"Awake! the spirit yet survives
To baffle fate and conquer foes!"
—Boker.

"Let us then stand by the constitution as it is, and by our country as it is, one, united, and entire."
—Webster.

"Stand to your arms, and on to the battle
Every one that has hands to fight!"
—Translated by Hughes from the German.

"Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
—Key.

"They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land."
—Ingram.

"Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe."
—Boker.

"Liberty is in every blow!
Let us do, or die!"
—Burns.

"Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save."
—Campbell.

"Strike for your altars and your fires;
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land!"
—Halleck.

"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
And swear for her to live—With her to die."
—Campbell.

"*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
—Moore.

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!"
—Montgomery.

"And there the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was 'Liberty!' "
—Moore.

"Oh! then how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish."
—Percival.

"He perished but his wreath was won."
—Croly.

"How many a fond and fearless heart would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe!"
—Bryant.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
But all their country's wishes blest!"
—Collins.

"Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave.'
—Bryant.

"But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to thee."
—Winter.

"No—Land of Liberty! Thy children have no cause to blush for thee.
—Verplack.

"For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock."
—Whittier.

"Our past history is to us a pledge,
The earnest, the type of the greater future."
—Verplanck.

"Long as the waves of time shall roll
Henceforth on!"
—Mangan.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"
—Scott.

"Strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother's tongue."
—Everett.

—"A Republic in which men are completely insignificant, and principles and laws exercise."
—Legare.

"We have One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny."
—Webster.

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MY LITTLE BOY ASLEEP.

BY BRET HARTE.

Just now I missed from the hall and stair
A joyful treble that had grown
As dear to me as that grave tone
That tells the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
Were stayed. I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme, and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sigh! no sound!—a moment's freak,
Of fancy thrilled my pulses through;
"If—no" and yet that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then—I found him. There he lay,
Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
The rosy vandals who had sacked
His little town and thought it play.

The shattered vase, the broken jar;
A match still mouldering on the floor;
The inkstand's purple pool of gore;
The chessmen scattered near and far;

Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the Woods:"
In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached, the feet that strayed;

And fallen in that ambuscade
The victor was himself o'erwrought.

What though torn leaves and tattered book
Still testified his deep disgrace!
I stooped and kissed the inky face,
With its demure and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled
My guilt, in trust that when my sleep
Should come, there might be one who'd keep
An equal mercy for His child.

MY LESSON.

Only to rest where He puts,
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.

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DO THY LITTLE; DO IT WELL

Do thy little—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Drearyness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made.
"Gathered fragments" when He bade.

Do thy little. God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring;
God employeth everything.

Do thou little: and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere hast fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death.

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved.

Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne.

These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

SCIENTISTS IN CONCLAVE.

The Origin of the Red Sunsets Again Discussed.

The California Academy of Sciences held their regular meeting last night in their hall, at the corner of Dupont and California streets, Vice-President H. W. Harkness, M. D., being in the chair. P. S. Buckminster, G. A. Moore and Colonel Holger Birkedad were elected resident members and William M. Lent a life member. J. T. Evans donated to the museum, on behalf of William T. Coleman, some specimens of *Colemanite*, a form of hydroborate of lime lately discovered in Southern California. A eulogy on Dr. Engleman, the distinguished botanist who died a few days ago in St. Louis, was read by Rev. E. L. Greene. Dr. Gibbon, who was to have read a paper on the origin of the red sunsets, was unable to be present.

Charles Wolcott Brooks, however, gave some interesting extracts from *Nature* on the effects of the Java earthquake, as observed by a number of vessels then in the vicinity of the island, dwelling particularly on the electrical phenomena accompanying the catastrophe. "An interesting confirmation of the theory that the sunsets are produced by the presence in the atmosphere of volcanic dust from the eruption," said Mr. Brooks, "has just been afforded us in the fact that large quantities of pumice-stone dust were discovered lying on the snow after a recent storm at the East. This dust has been anayized and found to be identical with the deposits lodged on the rigging of vessels sailing near Java at the time of the disturbance."

ARTIFICIAL AMBER.

How Art has Almost Succeeded in Equaling Nature.

Smokers will be startled to learn that a false amber can now be produced so like the real that the most experienced eyes may be deceived. The genuine article is simply a fossil resin, and the imitators, starting from that point, have adopted as the basis of their falsifications fresh resins which they treat in such a manner as to give their products all the appearance and most of the qualities of the true article. The most esteemed specimens of the latter are procured on the coast of the Baltic, and come from submerged forests of pine, very similar to those now in being, which are in the state of lignite, that is to say, between the condition of coal and that of peat. The amber accompanying this lignite is generally found in round masses, the form ordinarily assumed by oozing gums. The substance principally used in the imitation article is colophony (a resin produced by the decomposition of turpentine), but many other ingredients are made use of to give it the requisite qualities. So perfect is the imitation that the false amber has the electrical properties of the true, and some ingenious producers have even managed to introduce into the substance foreign bodies, insects, etc., to render the resemblance more striking, and enhance the value accordingly. Notwithstanding the accuracy of the imitation, means exist of detecting the false from the true. Genuine amber requires a heat of from 285 deg. to 290 deg. Centig. (545 deg. to 550 deg. Fahrenheit) to melt it, while the spurious substance becomes liquid at a much lower temperature. Moreover, while the real article is only slightly attacked after a very long time by ether and alcohol, the imitation rapidly loses its polish in contact with these liquids and soon becomes soft. With numerous small pieces of true amber a lump of much greater value can be formed. All that has to be done is to moisten the surfaces to be united with caustic potass, and press them together while warm, when they produce a transparent and homogeneous mass.

In the Mark Museum, at Dantzig, is now a piece of amber for which £1,500 has been refused. It weighs eight pounds, and is probably the largest piece in the world without blemish. A museum at Berlin contains a piece, once owned by Frederick the Great, weighing thirteen pounds, but it has gaps and cavities.

A worker stood at her noisy loom;
A voice came up through the ceaseless din,
These words at the window floated in:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A mourner sat by a loved one's bier,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear;
But her sobs were stilled and her cheek grew dry
As she listened to Barbara passing by:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A sufferer lay on his bed of pain,
With burning brow and throbbing brain;
The notes of the child were heard once more
As she chanted low at his open door—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Once and again, as the day passed by,
And the shades of the evening-time drew nigh,
Like the voice of a friend or the carol of birds
Came back to his thoughts those welcome words—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Alike in all hearts as the years went on,
The infant's voice rose up anon,
In the grateful words that cheered their way,
Of the hymn little Barbara sang that day—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Perhaps when the labor of life is done,
And they lay down their burdens one by one,
Forgetting forever these days of pain,
They will take up together the sweet refrain—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

—*London Sunday School World.*

HEAVIER THE CROSS.

Heavier the cross, the nearer heaven:
No cross without, no God within!
Death, judgment from the heart are driven,
Oh! happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath sent beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better Christian;
This is the touchstone God applies;
How many a garden would be wasting
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes;
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea-foam.

Heavier the cross, the heavier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

* * * * *

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry,
The longer, may it dearer be;
And lest I faint while here I tarry,
Implant thou such a heart in me
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

—*From the German.*

A writer in the Detroit *Free Press* relates the following incident of prison life: In the paint-shop there now is a man whom we shall call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, and was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel, and, while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up-stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held out her hands to him and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl banished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half-way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now, you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again he had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far away western home he has a little Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart, and gives hope that he may forsake his evil ways.

Illusion.

My baby boy sat on the floor
His big blue eyes were full of wonder;
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder.

He leaned toward the golden head
The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side; then softly said:
"I can't get out; can you—come in?"

A SEA-BLOSSOM.

BY HARRIET COUPLAND.

Perhaps it may not be out of place if we state for the benefit of any new readers that we may have, that Zoophytes, or plant animals, are so called because, though they really belong to the animal kingdom, many of them are more in form like vegetables. Their substance is always fleshy and jelly-like. There seems to be no head or mouth, but round the opening into the stomach, are set a number of hair-like arms, which are constantly waving about in the water to secure food, which they convey to the ever-ready stomach.

Many of these arm-like attachments, which are properly called tentacles, are charged with poisonous fluids, which deal death to all the unfortunate small inhabitants of the sea which come within their reach.

To this curious class of beings, belong the sea-anemones a name which Prof. Wood considers highly inappropriate, as the resemblance to the flower of that name is very slight, if indeed it exists at all; while to the dandelion, daisy or chrysanthemum it bears a strong likeness. Anemones are capable of swimming, though they are usually found sticking to some rock or other hard substance.

They seem wholly without organs of sight, smell, taste and hearing, though perhaps their wonderfully acute sense of feeling makes up for all the others.

The specimen which is given in the picture has taken possession of a sea shell and thereto fastened itself, while the inside of the shell is inhabited by a hermit crab, a creature that has no shell house of his own, and so lives in the deserted apartment of some other sea-living creature.

We hope the tenants of the two floors will always be peace-loving citizens. We somehow fancy they have not even made each other's acquaintance.

This specimen, which, if we mi-take not, belongs to the variety known as the Plumose Anemone, is one of the finest British species.

It stands up as boldly as the "sturdy oak," and is crowned with a lovely tuft of tentacles, fringed and cut like the petals of a pink. The color is variable being sometimes snowy white, olive, red, orange, cream, or pale pink; and "of all these varieties, the first, in my eyes, is the most beautiful," says Dr. Wood.

The same writer continues: "It is capable of much alteration in its general form, shrinking to a mere shapless, fleshy mass, and looking by no means a pleasing object, expanding itself to the fullest extent, or forming itself into many shapes—according to the caprice of the moment." Pink is the prevailing color among Anemones.

Perhaps our little friends would be glad to know that the Plumose Anemone is hardy, and is easily kept in an aquarium.

No CREATURE below the backboned animals ever breathes through its mouth.

LITTLE BARBARA'S HYMN.

A mother stood by her spinning wheel,
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel;
As she counted the thread in the twilight dim,
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

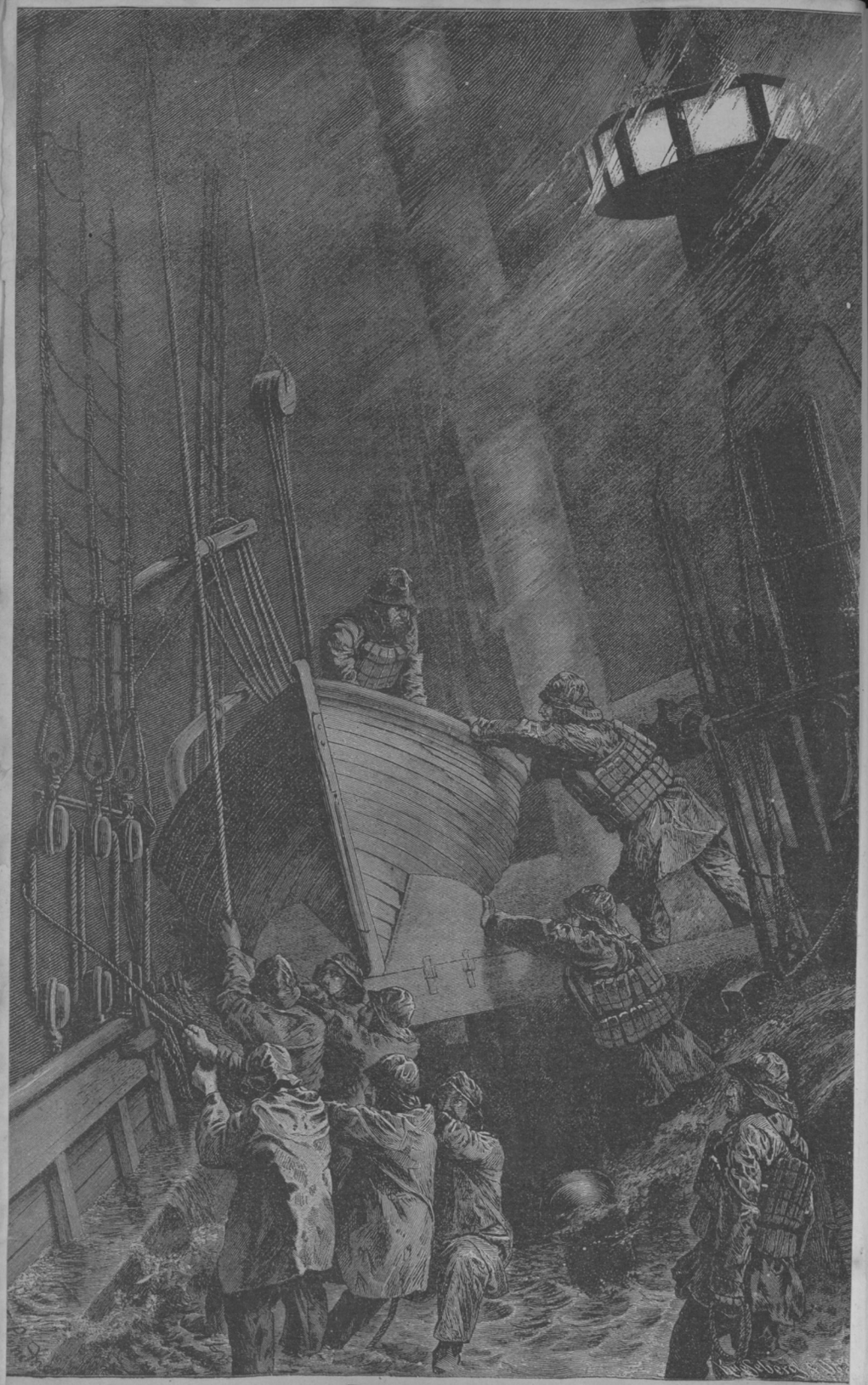
Little Barbara, watching the spinning-wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and heel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's song,
Sang in her own sweet words ere long—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are his who gave his life for our sake."

That night in her dreams as she sleeping lay,
Over and over again the scenes of the day
Came back, till she seemed to hear again
The hum of the thread and the quaint old strain—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are his who gave his life for our sake."

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street;
And up to her lips as she passed along
Rose the tender words of her mother's song—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are his who gave his life for our sake."

A wanderer sat on a wayside stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and lone;
But he raised his head with a look of cheer
As the gentle tones fell on his ear—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are his who gave his life for our sake."

Toiling all day in a crowded room,



LAUNCHING THE BOAT FROM THE LIGHT-SHIP. (See p. 5.)

[From original painting by Ferd. Lindner. Reduced from engraving in "Ueber Land und Meer" of Jan. 1, 1883.]

The Light-Ship in the North Sea.

The powerful illustration on our first page (for which we are indebted to that prince of illustrated magazines, *Ueber Land und Meer*) represents a phase of heroic devotion of which the public knows far too little, but which realizes in our own time the ideal of unostentatious bravery and self-sacrifice. The German "Association for the Rescue of the Shipwrecked" at its own expense maintains light-ships along the stormy coast of the North Sea,—floating light-houses, each with a lamp-turret elevated on a mast (serving not only as a beacon, but as an illuminated compass), provided with life-boats and every life-saving appliance, and manned by a hardy and devoted crew, who shun neither danger nor suffering. While other craft seek shelter in times of storm, they alone lie unprotected at their perilous posts, far out at sea, cut off from the rest of the world, waiting for some signal of distress to call for their aid.

Ferd. Lindner's magnificent painting, from which the engraving is copied, shows the crew of the light-ship "Caspar" launching a boat for such a call, about midnight of Aug. 24, 1882. A Norwegian bark with a crew of eleven men had been driven ashore by a terrific storm on the banks at the mouth of the Elbe, the most dangerous point on the coast, which has strewn the sea with corpses and carried desolation to hundreds of homes. As she lay pounding on the shore, and tossed by the breakers which threatened momentarily to swamp or crush her, the despairing crew first hoisted a signal of distress, and then cut away the main and fore masts to lighten her; but instead of falling into the water, they became entangled in the tackle at the side, and as will be seen, in the end nearly resulted in the destruction of the crew. The latter took refuge on the mizzen-mast, but in a short time that too began to give way under them. Hope was now nearly gone; for the only spot still left to cling to was the bowsprit, and to reach it they must crawl along the whole length of the deck, through the raging seas which swept it incessantly. At last they gained the goal, lashed themselves to the bowsprit, and waited for death or rescue. The crew of the light-ship, six miles away, saw the signal; in five minutes a boat was manned and shot through the storm and darkness to their aid. But on the lee of the vessel the mat of tackle and the fallen masts made it impossible to establish connection with it; and at the windward no boat could come near without being instantly overset in the surf.

At daybreak a steam-tug came to their help, and towed the life-boat to a feasible spot at the windward; a log-line was tied to a buoy and thrown over the bowsprit to which the drenched and trembling crew were fastened; then a cork jacket was attached to a stronger line and drawn along till grasped by one of the sailors, who laid himself on it, threw himself into the surf, and was hauled safely into the boat. Ten times more this was repeated, until every man was rescued,—the captain last of all; and at seven o'clock the life-boat again hung in its place on the light-ship, having added a new leaf to the laurel crown which the noble society has earned. During the last three months of 1882 it saved the lives of fifty-five men; and the suffering it has prevented, the anguish it has warded off from widely scattered homes, is beyond all computation.

VIA SOLITARIA.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.—BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June,
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer;
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when Thou makest
The parted—one.

September 18, 1863.

Now that our best and sweetest poet has left us, rending by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been sacrilege before, the above touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife in 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart, he waited at the "station," till now, at last, "the parted" are made "one."

H. M. GOODWIN.

Olivet College, Mich.

—*Independent.*

"TEW WAYS O' REMITTIN'."

His window is over the factory flume;
And Elkanah there, in his counting-room,
  Sits hugging a littered table.
His beard is white as the foam, and his cheek
Is weather-beaten and withered and bleak
  As the old brown factory gable.

Christmas is near; and he, it is clear,
Is squaring accounts with the parting year;
Setting forth, in column and row,
Whatever a penny of gain can show—
Mortgages, dividends and rents,
City bonds and Gover'ments,
A factory here and a tannery there,
Good bank stock and railroad share—
As fast as his busy brain can count,
  Or his busy pen indite 'em,
Figuring profit and gross amount,
  And adding item to item.

Thinks he: "It's a good round sum I make;
Don't seem much like I was goin' to break!"
  And he looked again, as he poised his pen
    To fillip the drop of ink off.
But just as he gave the pen a shake,
He said "Ho! ho!" at a strange mistake
  He found himself on the brink of:
He said "Ha! ha!" and his lips drew in
With a hard, dry, leathery kind of grin,
  As much like the smile of a crocodile
    As anything you can think of.

"I declare! there's Widder Brown
In the cottage over in Tannery Town!
The family had the house rent free
As long as her husband worked for me.
A good, smart, faithful chap was Jim—
Wish I had forty as good as him!
But he died one day, and left her there;
And I put the place in the parson's care—
For the only man in the town I dare
  To trust is Parson Emery—
To see that the house don't run away,
And collect the rent she agreed to pay.
I'll write a letter this very day,
  To jog the good man's memory."

The letter was straightway penned and sent;
And it preached hard times to a dreary extent:
"For money is tight at ten per cent.;
Often no sooner got than spent;
The poor man finds it a heavy stent
  To earn his mess of pottage;
And so," concluded the argument,
"You may, if you please, remit the rent
  Jim's widder owes for the cottage."

In two days' time the answer came.
"The parson is prompt. But—what in the
    name!"
He cried, as he opened and read the same:
  How extremely odd it sounded!
"*Dear, noble, generous, honored friend*—"
Were terms he couldn't well comprehend;
And when he had struggled on to the end,
  He was utterly astounded.

He gasped and gurgled, and then burst out:
"What 'n thunder's the ol' fool ravin' about?
He's crazy, without a shadder o' doubt!
A-writin' to me as if I was a saint!
Wa'al, mabby I be, and then mabby I ain't.
An' what's his argyment? why, to be sure,
That I'm a marciful man to the poor,
  An' feel for the sufferin' brother,
An' stay the widder whose staff is gone,
And so he continuners a-layin' it on,
  An' he ain't sarcastical, nuther.

"Blamed ol' blunderhead! couldn't he see
'T the poor I was marciful tu meant *me?*
But here he goes on, in a gushin' mood
To tell o' the woman's gratitude,
Because I've been so *exceedingly good*
  As to pity her sad condition,
An' give him the blessed authority to
Remit—REMIT—*the rent that is due.*
Why don't he remit, then? wish I knew!
'Stid o' that, here's more of his hullabalew,
  To thank me for the remission!

"Remission—remit. Oh, drat the dunce!"
  And he rushed for a dictionary;
It having occurred to him all at once
  That the meanings sometimes vary
Of even the simplest words we write;
And that a prosy old parson might
Use one, and a man of business quite
    Another, vocabulary.

Finger and eye ran down the page:
"REMEMBER—REMIND—REMIT!"—at last
The terrible talon had it fast,
With a definition against it set:
"Send back," he read; but, lower yet,
"To release, to forgive, as a sin or a debt!"
Ah, through that mesh in the treacherous net
  Had slipped the widow's pittance!
'Twas so! 'twas strange! 'twas very absurd
That thus from a phrase, or a single word,
With equal reason could be inferred
  Collection of debt, or quittance!
Words have their forks, like highways, whence
To left and right run the roads of sense;
And, taking the wrong derivative,
The heedless old parson had come to give
  Remission instead of *remittance.*

Elkanah glared for a moment, and then,
With a snort at the book, and a scoff at the
    men
Who invented the language, siezed his pen,
Tore one letter, and wrote again,
  Protruding his chin, while the hard dry grin
    Grew terribly savage and sinister;
Till, too impatient to brook delay,
He quite forgot it was Christmas-day,
Swung on his ulster, and swooped away
  Toward Tannery Town and the Widow
    Brown
    And the good old blundering minister.

As out by the forenoon train he went,
  He had ample time to consider:
"To be soft-sosped to sich an extent—
Cracked up like a spavined hoss that's meant
  To be sold to the highest bidder—
It's pooty dumbed rough on a plain old gent
That never was known to give a cent,
Say nothin' o' seventy dollars' rent,
  To anybody's widder!
An' I ain't one o' the kind that cares
To be boosted up in a woman's prayers
  For a favor I never did her.

"Yet she might pray for me all her days,
An' I wouldn't object to the parson's praise,
  Which he spreads so thick in his letter;
But though he believes it himself, and though
Other folks may think it's all jes' so,
  The plague is, I know better!
He'll wonder what sort of a beast I be,
When I tell him square out how it seemed to
    me,
What a blamed, ridickelous, fool's idee
  That I should forgive a debtor!"

Quick moist flushes, strange hot streaks,
Shot down to his shins and up to his cheeks.
He loosened his collar, and wondered what
In time made 'em keep the cars so hot.
Still, as he thought of the interview
He was going to seek, the warmer he grew.
And he said to himself, with a leer: "Must
    be
I'm fond of parsons' s'ciety!
For what else under the canopy
I'm makin' the trip for I can't see,
Sence a letter or tu would as soon undu
  The snarl he's got me inter,
Save railroad fare, an' the wear an' tear
  Of a journey in midwinter.

"It's an awk'ard mess, I du declare!
The widder she'll cry' an' the parson he'll
    stare,
An' like enough somebody else will swear—
Wish I was back in my office chair!
For why should I go twelve mile or so
  An' lose my time an' my dinner,
To prove to their face, beyond a doubt,
'T I ain't no saint, as they make out,
  But a hardened sort of a sinner?"

Some such thoughts perplexed his brain,
As up to the station rolled the train,
With slackening speed and brakes screwed
    down,
And the brakeman bawled out: "Tannery
    Town!"
"Wa'al, here I be!" With gathering frown
And firm-set teeth, old Elkanah straight
Took his way to the parson's gate;
No longer inclined to turn about,
  In a flurry of confusion,
And like a coward retrace his route,
But grimly resolved to carry out
  His original resolution.
Though, after all, he approached the spot,
Outwardly cold and inwardly hot,
As a brave man goes to be hanged or shot,
Or whatever else he thinks is not
  The thing for his constitution.
And when this answer he received,
"Parson ain't to hum"—will it be believed?—
He felt like the very same man reprieved
  At the moment of execution.

Wa'al, no, he wouldn't go in and wait;
He stood in the snow at the parsonage gate;
No train back till half-past one,
And the village bells had just begun
To ring for noon; for a minute or two
He stood, uncertain what to do,
Looking doubtfully up and down
The dreary streets of Tannery Town,
And thought of his money and Mrs. Brown:
  Then this is what he did do—
He turned his feet up the snowy street,
  And went to call on the widow.

'Twas Christmas-time, as I said before,
And when, arrived at the cottage door,
  He reached for the old bell-handle,
He paused a moment, amazed and grim,
For he heard such a racket as seemed to him,
In the home of the late lamented Jim,
  Sufficient cause for scandal.

A short, sharp ring, then a hurried noise
Of whispering, scampering girls and boys,
And the door was opened a little space,
Through which peered out, with a bashful
    grace,
  A surprisingly pretty-looking,
Timidly-smiling, bright young blonde;
And Elkanah caught, from the room beyond,
  A savory sniff, a wonderful whiff,
  Of most delicious cooking.

He sees a table, with neat cloth spread;
Steaming dishes and cream-white bread,
Cranberry sauce, and thick squash pies,
And the curly brown pates and wondering
    eyes
  Of the imps that had made the clatter;
Then the mother just bringing in, to crown
Her banquet, a beautiful golden-brown,
  Great roasted goose on a platter.
A crabbed old man, to whom the sight
Of happy children gave small delight;
A hungry man who had come so far
To a feast his presence could only mar;
  An iron-fisted miser,
Who would seldom afford himself a fat,
Delectable Christmas goose like that,
Or indulge in anything half so good—
Confronting the widow, there he stood,
  Glowering under his visor;
And it certainly seemed that his presence
    would—
  To say the least—surprise her.

For he said to himself: "Her means are
    spent,
An' she hasn't a penny to pay her rent,
  While this is the way she gorges
Her ravenous tribe on the fat of the land!
I'll let her know that I understand
  Whose money pays for the orgies!"

But, seeing the old man standing there,
The widow, seemingly unaware
  Of his brow's severe contraction,
Perceiving only his thin white hair,
And his almost venerable air,
Wiped her fingers, and placed a chair,
  With a charmingly natural action;
Welcoming him with never a trace
Of guile in her smiling and grateful face;
Accounting this visit the crowning grace
  Of his noble benefaction.

"Oh, sir," she began, "I am glad you are
    here"—
With a quivering lip and a starting tear—
"To see what happiness" (this was gall
To the stingy old wretch) "you have given us
    all!
Since you were so good—" "Not I," he
    cried;
"I never was good!" But she replied,
  With gentle, sweet insistence:
"It seems but a trifle to you, no doubt;
Such kindness as yours—" Here he burst
    out,
"I tell ye, woman, ye're talkin' about
  A thing that has no existence."

"Ah, *you* may say that, since you have
    shown
A goodness which you are too good to own!
But I could never, with what I know,
Permit another to wrong you so."
Then up spoke one of the younger crew:
"Ye may bet yer dollars on that! it's true;
For only yesterday, I tell you,
  Wasn't she in high dudgeon,
Just hearing you called by Deacon Shaw
The keenest old skin-flint ever he saw!
He said he would sooner have hoped to draw
Sap from a hatchet or blood from a straw
Than money that wasn't allowed by law
  From such an old curmudgeon.

"Well, what have I said?" "Hush, Jamie,
    hush!"
  Cries the mother, in consternation,
While Elkanah starts, with an angry flush
  And a vigorous exclamation.
"Did he say that?—say that of me?
He's tighter himself than the bark of a
    tree."
"He has more heart than he lets folks see:
A little like you in that," says she.
"Ho! ho! wa'al, wa'al! that's a queer idee!
  That's a curi's ca'culation!"

"But he, when at last he understood
What a friend you had been, how exceedingly
    good,
To my poor orphans," she went on,
"And me—for the sake of him that is gone—
He was humbled; he took it quite to heart;
Declared you had acted a noble part,
  And expressed sincere repentance
For having misjudged you so till now.
But your example—" "Example! I vow,
Mis' Brown," snarls Elkanah; but somehow
  He couldn't complete the sentence.

"Your Christian example!" the widow cries,
"Who wants proof of it, there it lies"—
With a glance of pride at the great squash
    pies,
  And the goose superbly basted.
"The deacon was here at half-past one;
And at half-past two the *proof* had begun;
The goose was brought by the deacon's son,
And then it seemed as if every one
Must do as the deacon and you had done,"

"Yes, sir," says Jamie: "and wasn't it fun!
It was ring, ring, ring! it was run, run, run!
Squashes that weighed pretty nigh a ton!
  Such apples you never tasted!"
"It came to us in our sorest need,"
The widow resumed; "and all are agreed
'Twas a harvest of which you sowed the seed.
You see your charity was, indeed,
  An example that wasn't wasted.

"My charity!" Elkanah groaned. "Well,
    well!
'Twas more of a blessing than I can tell"—
She choked a little and wiped a tear—
"For we have been dreadfully poor this year.
'Tis a hard, hard struggle to provide
For my five little ones since *he* died.
Faithfully, every day I meant
To save a little to pay my rent;
I stinted and planned, but still I found,
As often as Saturday night came round,
I had spared, when they were patched and
    fed,
Hardly enough for Sunday's bread.
Such constant weariness, want and care
Seemed often more than a life could bear.
Then came, oh, sir, your gracious gift,
Which all of a sudden seemed to lift
The burden which weighed me to the ground;
And all these other good friends came round;
And so in our joy and thankfulness,
It seemed to me I could do no less
Than make a feast," she said with a smile.
"Be patient! be quiet!" For all the while
  The hungry children clamored,
And climbed the chairs, and peeped at the
    pies,
  And ogled the goose with wistful eyes.
"'Tis a favor," said she, "I should greatly
    prize,
If you would sit by, and not despise
The bounty which Heaven through you sup-
    plies."
"Hem! wa'al! ye take me by surprise.
  Don't know," the old man stammered.

She smilingly reached for his coat and hat,
And the goose was fragrant, the goose was
    fat.
"I think you will stay." "Wa'al, as to that,
  I don't dine out very often;
I called to explain—but never mind.
Fact is, Mis' Brown, *I haven't* dined:
And if you insist—seince you *air* so kind—"
He was rather surprised himself to find
  His heart beginning to soften.

"Don't care 'f I du." And down he sat.
The goose *was* fragrant, the goose *was* fat.
  The old man did the carving;
The sauce was dished, the gravy poured,
And the plates all round that little board
Were filled in a manner that didn't afford
  The slightest hint of starving.

Not in all that dreary year
Had her cottage known such cheer.
With hope, and her happy children near,
  The widow smiled contented.

Even old Elkanah ceased to be
Greatly scandalized to see
Cheerful faces and childish glee
In the home of the late lamented.

Nature's ways are wise and kind:
Clouds pass, dawn breaks, and ever behind
Each dark sea hollow swells a wave;
And fresh grass grows on the new-made grave;
And softly over the broken heart,
And its sorrowful recollections,
The leaves of another hope will start,
And tender new affections.

The widow talked and told her plans;
What a dutiful child was Nance!
The parson had got her boys a chance
To blow the organ the coming year:
"So there will be twenty dollars clear!
The girls will help me more and more;
I'll sew; and often, as heretofore,
Earn bread for the morrow while they sleep,
And so I have hopes that I yet may keep
My little flock together—
With Heaven so kind and friends so good—
Send them to school and provide them food
And shelter them from the weather.

"But oh, what a change for them and me!
How different now it all would be,
If my dear husband—" Mrs. Brown
Here, for some reason, quite broke down;
And even old Elkanah's sight grew weak;
You might have observed in his withered cheek
Some unaccustomed twitches,"
And in his voice, when he tried to speak,
Some very unusual hitches;
For, seeing how long she yet must strain
Her utmost energies, just to gain
Bread for her babes—perhaps in vain—
He had some twinges of shame and pain,
And a curious feeling I can't explain
At the thought of his hoarded riches.

"Hem! wa'al, Mis' Brown! it's a pooty tough case!"
He made a motion as if to place
His hand in his pocket, but drew it back.
"Though I must say, you've got a knack!
You're gittin' along, an' I'm dreffle glad!
No more, no, thank'ee, ma'am! I hain't had
Sich a dinner as this, I don't know when!"
Down went the uncertain hand again.
"Your children are well, an' growin';
Few years, your boys 'll be rich men—
Mabby they will, no knowin'."
He merely pushed back his empty plate,
Then tugged at his watch. "Ha! is it so late?
I'd no i'dee on't! train won't wait;
Guess I'll haf ter be goin'!"

"Must you, indeed! How the time has flown!"
The lonely old man had never known
So grateful a soul, a look and tone
So gentle and so caressing;
And while she handed his hat and coat,
Arranged the collar about his throat,
Smoothed the creases, and brushed his arm
He felt a strange, bewildering charm,
The very touch of her hand shed such
Unconscious love and blessing!

"I thought there was something he came to say.
To exp'ain!" cries Jamie. "Ah, yes! by-the-way!"
Says Elkanah, slightly flurried;
"A leetle mistake—but that's all right!
The parson, he didn't take in, not quiet,
My full intent regardin' the rent;
Don't be the least mite worried
'Bout that for sartin another year—
Bless me! I b'lieve it's the train I hear!
Good-day!" And off he hurried.

He seemed surrounded and pursued
By spirits of joy and gratitude!
And he said to himself: "I must conclude,
Although the ol' parson wa'n't very shrewd
'Twas a lucky mistake o' his'n!"
And he felt some most surprising things,
Strange perturbations and flutterings,
As of something within him spreading wings—
The angel within new-risen!

"I'm beat if there ain't the parson now!"
With eager stride and radiant brow
The minister crossed a steep by-street,
Through ridges of snow leg-deep, to greet
The friend of the widow and fatherless,
guess.
For some of the fatherless folks we know,
Me and him didn't meet an hour ago—
Good thing all round, shouldn't wonder!"
The parson came panting up the hill,
Hands out, with a greeting of warm good will;
All smiles; serenely unconscious still
Of his most amazing blunder.

A soul as simple as rills that run
Joyous and clear in the summer sun!
Not one who had chosen his work, but one
The Lord Himself had chosen;
A child of faith, and a shepherd, indeed!
Not one of those whose formal creed
Has the tinkling sound and the hollow look
Of ice left over a sunken brook—
Shrunken away from the living day,
Leaving its surface frozen.

Under the leafless village elms
The parson waylays and overwhelms
With more tel'citation
Of the late epistolary sort
The impatient old man, who cuts him short
With a quaint gesticulation.
"No more o' that, please understand!
I've seen Jim's widder." This time the hand
Dives into the pocket and brings out
A bright bank-note: "Guess the' ain't no doubt
But what we'd oughter give her a lift:
An' here's a trifle, a Christmas gift,
I was pooty nigh forgittin'.
Remit her rent the comin' year;
And I'd like to *remit* to her now this 'ere.
By-the-way!" drawls he, with a sidelong leer,
"Did j'ever notice—it's kind o' queer—
There's tew way's o' *remittin'!*"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

LITTLE BARBARA'S HYMN.

A mother stood by her spinning-wheel,
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel:
As she counted the threads in the twilight dim
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Little Barbara, watching the spinning-wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and heel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's song,
Sang, in her own sweet voice, ere long,
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

* * * * * *

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street;
And up to her lips, as she passed along,
Rose the tender words of her mother's song:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A wanderer sat on a way-side stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and alone;
But he raised his head with a look of cheer,
As the gentle tones fell on his ear:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

* * * * * *

A mourner sat by her loved one's bier,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear;
But her sobs were stilled, and her cheek grew dry,
As she listened to Barbara, passing by;
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A sufferer lay on his bed of pain,
With burning brow and throbbing brain;
The notes of the child were heard once more,
As she chanted low at his open door:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

* * * * * *

Perhaps, when the labor of life is done,
And they lay down their burdens, one by one,
Forgetting forever these days of pain,
They will take up together the sweet refrain:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

NOMENCLATURE OF CALIFORNIA.

The names of places in California owe their origin generally to some one of the following sources:

1. Honorary.
2. Scriptural.
3. Descriptive.
4. The retention of the original Indian name.

Names honorary are few in number in California, and consist, so far as known, of but three: Mendocino, being Cape Mendocino, discovered by Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, during the month of December, in the year 1542—three hundred and thirty-six years ago. Cabrillo was the first Spanish navigator of this coast, and named the cape he discovered in honor of the then Viceroy of New Spain—afterward called Mexico. Another Viceroy was favored by Sebastian Viscaino, also one of the early voyagers, who anchored in the bay, at the opposite shore of Santa Cruz, on the 16th day of December, 1602—two hundred and ninety-six years ago—and named it Monterey, to honor the Viceroy under whose orders and patronage Viscaino made his voyage. Some say it is a compound word, being Monte (mountain) and Rey (king), or King Mountain. But this is incorrect. In the years 1795—eighty three years ago—Spain had commenced the founding of a colony adjacent to Santa Cruz, just beyond the other end of the bridge that spans the water of some import. So the commissioners appointed to select the place for a new colony, after having done so, concluded to call it *Branciforte;* but first obtained permission from the Viceroy of Spain to honor *him* in that way. The original document pertaining to the mater, and the reply of the Marquis of Branciforte, Viceroy of Mexico (not of New Spain, as formerly), dated January 25, 1797, conceding the use of his name, may yet be found among the Spanish archives in San Francisco.

Scriptural names are common, and their use appears to have been established by the early missionaries; who from reverence and pious zeal, in every instance when naming a place, made use of some name contained in the scriptures by which to designate it. This custom was followed in some measure by the inhabitants who came afterward. And they carried it farther; so much so, that when a child was taken to the font to be baptized, one of the names given to it would be the name of the saint applicable to the day upon which the child was born; and there being in the church calendar a saint each day in the year, there was certainly the name for some saint for any day in the year upon which a child might be born. It is not the mode in any part of Spanish America for a person to speak of his birth-day; such a day has no reckoning; but instead, when allusion is made to the subject, the phrase is, "My saint's day!"

So also when any of the inhabitants obtained a grant of land from the Spanish or Mexican government, they would give the name of some saint, or a scriptural name to the tract of land granted, as are the following situated in California: Las Virgenes, the virgins, allusion to the foolish virgins; San Pedro, holy Peter; Laguna de la Merced, Lake of Mercy; San Pablo, holy Paul; Las Llagas, the wounds on the cross; Santa Ana, holy Anna; San Vincent, holy Vincent; San Francisquito, dear holy Francis; San Dieguito, dear holy James; San Augustin, holy Augustin; Cañada de San Miguel, holy Michael's ravine; Santa Maria, holy Mary; Lomas del Espiritu Santo, hills of the Holy Ghost; Santa Ana y Quien Sabe, holy Anna and who knows; Las Cruces, the crosses; Jesus Maria, Jesus Mary; Vallecitos de San Marcos, holy Mark's small valleys; San Luicita, dear holy Lucy; Cabeza de Santa Rosa, head of holy Rose; San Benito, holy blessed; Rio de Jesus Maria, Jesus Mary's river; San Pedro y Gallinas, holy Peter and chickens; San Juan Bautista, St. John the Baptist.

Among the descriptive names of tracts of lands and places are the following: Toro, bull; Las Posas, the wells; Cueros del Venado, deer skins; Pescadero, the fishing place; Sausalito, small willow; Ajo de la Coche, pig's eye; Arroyo de las Nueces, nut creek; Punta de Pinos, pine point; Valle Desplobladdo, deserted valley; Punta de Cypreses, cypress point; La Soledad, solitude; Sal si Puedes, get out if thou canst; Los Alimitos, the small elms; Paso de Bartolo Viego, Old Bartolos Pass; Monte del Diablo, devil's hill or thicket; Laguna Seca, dry pond; Las Aromas, pleasant

THE CHILDREN WE KEEP.

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,
And the big brown house was alive with fun
From the basement floor to the old roof tree;
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said "I am tired and cannot play;
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood "where the brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.

While the father's eyes on the graves are bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies;
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent.
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And as each, in his turn, became a man,
The boys proudly went from the father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair,
That lovers were speedy to woo and win;
And, with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old house was left, new homes begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say "All the children we keep at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

odors; Agua Caliente, hot water; Los Gatos, the cats; Laguna de la Calabazes, calabash pond; Cienega de las Ranas, frog swamp; El Conejo, the rabbit; Piñacates, tumble-bugs; Piedra Blanca, white stone; Posa de los Ositos, little bear's well; Rincon de la Balleux, whale's corner; Cañada de la Brea, pitch ravine; La Pastona, pasturage ground; Arroyo Grande, big creek, and numerous others. Among them is Pajaro River, near Watsonville. Pajaro, as every one knows, means bird, hence the stream in English would be called Bird River, indicating that in its bed and on its banks there had been and yet might be seen numerous birds. But the fact is that a bird is rarely to be seen in the neighborhood. Questioning my native Indian guide as to why the stream was called Bird River I received the usual reply of Quien sabe?—who knows? Shortly afterward I lived a year near its banks, still on the outlook for birds in number and variety sufficient to justify the name, and never had it explained till about a year ago, in reading the diary of a journey of Junipero Serra from San Diego to Monterey. There I learned that when the reverend father arrived at the bank of the stream he gave it a scriptural name. He had with him an escort of soldiers who would also name the different places of note, and they not being religiously inclined, would generally adopt a descriptive name. They found upon the bank of the stream a very large and to them strange bird, which had been killed by the Indians, and left there partly stuffed, so they named the stream Pajaro or Bird River. This was upon Saturday, the 14th day of October, 1769, one hundred and nine years ago, and it has retained the same name ever since. The reverend father mentioned continued his journey through this country to Pescadero, when he retraced his steps. He was the first European who trod the soil of these parts, and upon arriving at the stream named it San Lorenzo, in commemoration of St. Laurence.

This was Tuesday, October 17th, 1769.

The word Vaquero is in common use among those who have or breed cattle, and by such is pronounced Buckhara.

Vaca meaning cow, and Vaquero, one who tends or herds cows or cattle; a cow-herd.

There is on the road to San Francisco, beyond San José, a large tract of land which was granted by the Spanish government by the name of Las Pulgas, commonly called Pulgas Ranch, and is, when translated, the place of fleas. The Spanish word for thumb is Pulgar, from whence comes pulga, or flea; the connection between them is easily understood, and in a double sense by those who have endeavored by the use of the thumb and its adjunct to catch the tormenting insect.

The naming of Arizona is easily traced. The early missionaries, in exploring the country north of Sonora, by the way of the Gulf of Lower California and Colorado River from Mexico, arrived at a part where they encountered many Indians, who were remarkable for having very large and fattened noses, and the soldiers forming the escort called that part of the country Narizona, or Big Noses. Since then the name Narizona has been abridged somewhat by dropping the N, and we have Arizona—becoming every day more known by reason of its reputed great mineral wealth. Some writer has given the origin of the word as being derived from "arid zone," but the above is the true origin—Narizona, Big Nose, less the letter N, leaving it Arizona.

The Gulf of California, lying between the peninsula of Lower California and the coast of Sonora, was formerly called and named, in early Spanish maps, the Mar Roxo, or Red Sea. One would suppose that it was so named because of its waters being tinged with red. In this supposition he would be mistaken, for it was called the Red Sea by its Spanish discoverers because of its resemblance in conformation to the Red Sea or Gulf of Arabia, which runs from Suez between the coasts of Africa and Asia.

The earliest navigators of the coast of California, when sailing north of California, made a landing, and had a friendly intercourse with a tribe of Indians found there, who had very long, pendulous ears, formed so from the habit they had of slitting the lobes, and using them as a receptacle in which they carried their ornaments, such as earrings, on a very large scale. The sailors called these Indians the Orejones, or Big Ears; and in time the name was curtailed to Oregon, or Big Ear. Anglicize the word Orejon, and you have our Oregon. And such is the origin of the name of the State of Oregon. To the understanding of one of the Spanish race it is nothing more nor less than Orejon, or Big Ear, it being a true Spanish word indicating and meaning a large ear.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With the glory of Winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures
And his household and his kin,
While the sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew his country's children
Were singing the songs of him:

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to the windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young:
The last of earth and the first of Heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

—*Vida Asaka.*

The Spanish soldiery, that always accompanied the missionaries in their land expeditions, and the navigators upon their voyages, at the time when Spain held an absolute dominion, by sea and by land, over the whole of California, and the adjacent coast and country, were doubtless rude and unlettered, and to them must be attributed many of the descriptive names herein quoted.

It is true such names do not exhibit much degree of poetic sentiment; but if we will for a moment admit that these soldiers were the inferiors, if not the equal, of an after immigration of a large number of the inhabitants of the well-known counties of Posey and Pike, in the State of Missouri, who, upon arriving in California—say about the year 1850—gave to the places where there they followed their pursuits such names as Dead Man's Cañon, Murderer's Bar, Jackass Gulch, Hangtown, Shirttail Cañon, One-horse Flat, Red Dog, Whisky Hill, Fiddletown, You Bet, etc.

Then, with the admission that the soldiery of Spain of centuries ago were the inferiors, if not the equals, in intelligence of the Missourians of 1850, still the descriptive names given by the former, and first pioneers, are not so coarse nor ill-meaning as one might suppose them to be were not the contrast made.

The Sisters.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea and the plash of rain,
And the roar of the northeast hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm—
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name;
Up from the sea on the wind it came.

"Twice and thrice I have heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall."

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the *Heron* is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried,

"O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong!
I hear it again so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall."

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame:
"Thou liest!' He never would call thy name.

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him for ever from thee and me."

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest," she whispered, under breath,
Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth—
Thou in heaven and I on earth."

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the *Heron* is dead," she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE BLESSING OF SONG.

BY CLARA H. TARDY, HUNTSVILLE, ALA., IN "CHRISTIAN OBSERVER," LOUISVILLE.

"What a friend we have in Jesus!"—
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;—
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fain ing soul to bear—
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As He was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge;
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace into a troubled heart.

Notes of a Visit to Santa Cruz.

Hearty welcome from Captain Stillwell at the depot Saturday evening. Cheering and encouraging conversation during the walk to officers' quarters. Mrs. Stillwell and "Little May," as well as Lieut. Kiefert, in good spirits and doing well. Night meeting thinly attended, owing to big demonstration in connection with Anti-Coolie movement. Good feeling and liberty. Crowds at Sunday morning open-air. Splendid attention. Sold out of WAR CRYS. One man buying a dollar's worth.

Afternoon and night were glorious. Wound up at 10 P. M. with one soul at the penitent form. Many under conviction. Monday night's lecture on the Salvation Army most interesting. The Revs. Bryant and Willett on the platform, speaking well of the work generally. Interest kept up for an hour and a quarter. Minds enlightened. Reporter present taking down particulars. Favorable article next morning in the *Daily Surf*, as well as expressions of sympathy from outsiders.

Nice little prayer-meeting with the "Light House Keeper" and friends on Tuesday afternoon, and good meeting in Barracks at night.

Wednesday morning spent in planning for the erection of officers' quarters. Letter received from a great friend just before leaving on the noon train, bringing the cash necessary to meet expenses. A "Good-bye" on the same spot where the hearty reception was given on Saturday. Santa Cruz left behind, with prayers for its prosperity.

A. W.

THE CROWN OF STARS.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

A fair young girl at the mirror stood,
Binding her hair with a golden snood,
A shining circlet, with gems aglow,
That gleamed like a crown on her queenly brow.

She smiled as she fastened the clasp of pearl
And tucked it in with a golden curl,
For to-night was the ball, her first and best;
She looked in the glass—and knew the rest.

One more soft touch and she turned to go,
When a child's voice came from the cradle low:
"Dood night;" the little face pressed the bars,
"Dod says he'll dive 'oo a crown of stars."

The maiden laughed as she stooped to place
A good-night kiss on the upturned face,
"Go to sleep, birdie," she only said,
And hastened away with a lightsome tread.

But all night long, as the dance swept on,
And the gleams flashed out from her jewelled crown,
The words that her little sister had said
Kept running, unbidden, through her head.

"A crown of stars!" Ah, what is there
Of earthly splendor to compare
With such a crown, whose gems Divine
For ever and for ever shine?

The maiden left the whirl and glare,
And slipped out in the sweet night air:
She saw the stars unnumbered lie
Within the bosom of the sky.

"O God," she prayed, "in Heaven above,
I am not worthy of Thy love;
But if Thou wilt, for Christ's dear sake,
Accept the offering that I make,

Take this poor heart and make it Thine,
Among the chosen ones to shine;
Forgive my selfish pride and guilt;
Take me, for Christ's sake, if Thou wilt."

That night, with love surpassing deep,
The maiden kissed the child in sleep,
And whispered, "God hath set thy crown
With one new star, sweet little one!"

Keynote for 1883.

God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—II. Cor. ix., 8.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on the way;
New courage, new hopes, new strength for each day,
New notes of thanksgiving, new cords of delight,
New songs in the morning, new songs in the night;
New wine in the chalice, new altars to raise,
New fruit for the Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from His treasure, new smiles from His face,
New streams from the fountain of infinite grace;
New stars for the crown, and new tokens of love,
New dreams of the glory that waits thee above;
New light of His countenance all radiant and clear.

All this be the joy of

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. Lawson, Montreal.

How the Bride's Veil Came to Be.

It was once the custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided and hanging over her shoulders. At the celebration of the marriage with the Palatine, Elizabeth Stuart wore "her hair disheveled and hanging down over her shoulders." It has been suggested that the bride's veil, which of late years has become one of the most conspicuous features of her costume, may be nothing more than a millinery substitute, which, in old times, concealed not a few of the bride's personal attractions, and covered her face when she knelt at the altar.

A Church Built from a Single Tree.

A redwood tree, cut in this county, furnished all the timber for the Baptist church in Santa Rosa, one of the largest church edifices in the country. The interior of the building is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls. Sixty thousand shingles were made from the tree after enough was taken for the church. Another redwood tree, cut near Murphy's Mill, in this county, about ten years ago, furnished shingles that required the constant labor of two industrious men for two years before the tree was used up. The above statements are vouched for as true by Supervisor T. J. Proctor.—*Santa Rosa (Cal.) Republican.*

COIN COLLECTING.

Prices Which Can Be Obtained For Rare Dollars.

The mania for collecting appears to be common to all of the human race. The school-boy collects postage stamps, marbles, and business cards. The youth gathers canes, pipes, and photographs of actresses, while even the most staid citizens have their hobbies in the collecting way. One will seek rare books, old books, first editions of American authors, etc. The hobby of another will be prints of old time celebrities; he will gloat over an engraving of Frederick the Great by a contemporaneous artist, regardless of the fact that Frederick never gave an artist a sitting after his accession to the throne of Prussia. But by far the most widespread of all these queer fancies seems to be that of coin collecting. Some collectors seek coins of the Roman Empire, others those of the famous European sovereigns, as Peter the Great, Karl XII., of Sweden, Napoleon, etc; others search for coins of America—Colonial, State and Federal. These latter, if seeking to fill up a complete series, are attempting the impossible.

Strange as it may seem, the oldest coins are not the rarest, neither do they command the highest prices. For example, the coin of Egina, said to be the most antique Greek coin, sells at from $2.50 to $8 at auction, while an American dollar of the date of 1804, in good condition, is valued at $1,000. A collection of Roman coins can be readily and comparatively cheaply acquired, as far as specimens of each epoch is concerned, though a collection of all varieties of Roman coins would be priceless and would be a load for a wagon. However, the collection of American colonial and United States coins seems to be the phase most in vogue in Boston of this particular hobby, and some very fine collections are owned in this city. The early colonial coins are scarce, and the demand for them is brisk, thus the market for them is always active. The dealers in coins, of whom there are several in Boston, pursue the system of buying cheap and selling high, as those from whom they purchase are ignorant of the value of the coins they sell and regard all above its face value as clear gain. A dealer will offer for an Oak Tree shilling $1, when he can readily sell it from $5 to $10, and the same for other varieties. A Pine Tree shilling is rare, and will sell at from $10 upwards, while an Oak Tree shilling of the same year, 1652, is worth but half as much. A Carolina half-penny, for which a dealer coolly offers from $5 to $8, has been sold at auction in New York City for $25.25. This coin was struck in 1694. The Louisiana copper coinage of the French Loyal and Republican Governments are worth from 50 cents to $2, while what is called the George Clinton cent, struck in New Nork in 1787, if in good condition, is valued at from $30 to $50. The Washington cents are all rare, that struck in the die from which the so-called Washington half-dollar was struck selling at from $26 to $30, according to condition. The Kentucky cents are also rare, and sell for a good price.

The United States coins are of all coins the hardest for one to secure a complete collection. The coinage of 1793 is very rare, an uncirculated half-cent of this date having sold at $15. A dollar of 1794 has been sold at $100, and then not in the best condition. The half-cent of 1796 is rare and sells readily at $15, while the silver quarter of the same date is valued at from $3 to $5. The half dollar of 1786 is worth $30 and that of 1797, $25. The cent of 1799 is a bargain at from $6 to $10, and the half-dime of 1802 is rare to excess, a specimen that was bent and badly worn having been sold in 1875 for $35; a fine specimen would probably command double that sum. All the coins of 1804 are rare, except the half-cent, which is very common. The dollar, of which 19,570 were coined, is for some unknown reason the rarest of all American coins, but eight copies being known. This coin which has been largely counterfeited, will sell for from $800 to an unknown sum, according to condition. The half-dollar, of which 156,519 were struck, is extremely rare, and is seldom sold. Probably there is no limit to its value, beyond the desire of the buyer to acquire it. The cent of 1804 can be bought for $5 and the quarter dollar for $2. The silver quarter of 1823 is also exceedingly rare, a very fine specimen having been sold for $75, though one good enough for a pocket piece can be had for $25. The quarter of 1827 is one of the rarest of the quarters. A very fine proof sold for $105, and an ordinary copy is purchased by the dealers at $20. The pattern dollar of 1839 is worth $15, and that of 1854, $5. The half-dollar of 1836, with the milled edge, is sold for from $5 to $10, and the same is paid for quarters of 1853 without the arrow heads at the side of the date. The cent of 1857 is valued at $2, and the nickel cent of 1856 at the same price. The half cents from 1831 to 1840 are worth from $4 to $8 each, and that of 1852 at $5. There are some coins that are unique, as the set of patterns from which was evolved the trade dollar. The six dollars, which formed the set, sold for $36, when put up at auction at the sale of Col. James Taylor's cabinet in New York. The cent of the Confederate States Government, struck in 1861, their own coinage, is rare, and will sell readily at from $5 to $10. The twenty-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are eagerly sought for at $2 each, and the same is true of the two cent piece of 1873 at $1.

In medals there is not so much competition, though there are many collectors. A coronation medal of Charles II., of England, has been sold for 40 cents, and some that one would naturally suppose to be rare from their age at even lower prices. —[Hartford Times.

MIZPAH.

BY MAUD MERRIAM.

"The Lord will watch between me and thee,
While we are absent, one from the other;
The peace that passeth all human gift
Will come to thee from our Elder Brother."

And now that peace has come to me,
Though the one that prayed for me is dead;
So I treasure up these simple words,
As the sweetest ones she ever said.

And I know that sometime out of the grief,
Out of the pain and ache and sorrow,
I shall rise and meet her in Heaven above,
In a brighter land on a happy morrow.

Asleep at the Switch.

The first thing I remember was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say,
"Come, master, awake, tend to the switch; lives now depend upon you.
Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves you are send-
ing them to;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast, think of the father and son,
Think of the lover and loved one, too—think of them doomed every one
To fall, as it were by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned;
But what was that noise in the distance? That—I could not understand!
I heard it first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum;
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me, and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly? O God! I know now—it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back.
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious was impossible for me to tell.
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives.
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma" were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second, the river should hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand. She who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though she guarded him now from above.
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side—
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this dark fatal ride!
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

O Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one—at a blow thou hast shattered my pride;
My life would be one endless night-time with Maggie away from my side.
How oft we've sat down and pictured the scenes of our long happy life;
How I'd strive through all my life-time to build up a home for my wife;
How people would envy us always in our cosy and neat little nest,
When I would do all of the labor, and Maggie should all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some day I p'r'aps should be rich—
But all my dreams have been shattered while I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "hanged by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad nightmare, I guess,"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch.
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been "asleep at the switch."

GEORGE HOEY.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears,
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it was one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tin's that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes it sad;
There's never dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad.
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angel's will be nearer
To the soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There is many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

Over a Coffin-Lid.

"She—was—a—good—wife—to—me. A good wife, God bless her!"

The words were spoken in trembling accents over a coffin-lid. The woman asleep there had borne the heat and burden of life's long day, and no one had ever heard her murmur; her hand was quick to reach out in a helping grasp to those who fell by the wayside, and her feet were swift on errands of mercy; the heart of her husband had trusted in her; he had left her to long hours of solitude, while he amused himself in scenes in which she had no part. When boon companions deserted him, when fickle affection selfishly departed, when pleasure palled, he went home and found her waiting for him.

"Come from your long, long roving,
On life's sea so bleak and rough,
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blest enough."

That had been her love-song—always on her lips or in her heart. Children had been born to them. She had reared them almost alone—they were gone! Her hand had led them to the uttermost edge of the morning that has no noon. Then she had comforted him, and sent him out strong and whole-hearted, while she stayed at home and—cried. What can a woman do but cry—and trust?

Well, she is at rest now. But she could not die until he had promised to "bear up," not to fret, but to remember how happy they had been. They? Yes, it is even so. For she was blest in giving, and he in receiving. It was an equal partnership after all!

"She—was—a—good—wife—to—me."

O man! man! Why not have told her so, when her ears were not deafened by death? Why wait to say these words over a coffin wherein lies a wasted, weary, gray-haired woman, whose eyes have so long held that pathetic story of loss and suffering and patient yearning which so many women's eyes reveal—to those who read. Why not have made the wilderness in her heart blossom like the rose with the prodigality of your love? Now you would give worlds—were they yours to give—to see the tears of joy your words would have once caused bejewelling the closed windows of her soul. It is too late.

We have cause for thanks for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest—
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bewildering Brazilian Money.

The money that is used in Brazil is liable to give a stranger the nightmare. Imagine yourself presented with a bill for 30,000 reis after eating a dinner and drinking a bottle of wine at a cafe. One is apt to engage in some expressions of astonishment, even if he is too honest to attempt an escape by the back door. But a composure is restored when it is discovered that a reis is worth only the twentieth part of a cent, and at the present discount of Brazilian money such a bill amounts only to about $7.

God's-Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God—
This is the place where human harvests grow!

—*Longfellow.*

"Some Time."

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And, e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day; then be content, poor hearts;
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold—
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall know and clearly understand,
I think that we will say, "God knows the best."

—*May Louise Riley.*

Two Nests.

A little nest of sober-tinted clay—
Its crumbling walls, deserted long ago,
Still clinging where its builders labored so
To place its tiny moulded blocks of gray—
Forsaken when the swallows flew away.
And lo! upon the hillside, parched and brown,
Another last year's nest, all crumbling down—
A human nest—stands empty many a day,
One harbors nestling swallows nevermore;
The other hears no dark-eyed children's glee,
As 'neath the clustering roses at the door
They dance to Spanish music, wild and free.
Two empty homes, by life no more possessed—
An old adobe and a swallow's nest.

S. E. A.

SANTA CRUZ, July, 1879.

Asleep at the Switch.

The first thing I remember was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say,
"Come, master, awake, tend to the switch; lives now depend upon you.
Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves you are sending them to;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast, think of the father and son,
Think of the lover and loved one, too—think of them doomed every one
To fall, as it were by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned;
But what was that noise in the distance? That—I could not understand!
I heard it first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum;
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me, and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly? O God! I know now—it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back.
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious was impossible for me to tell.
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives.
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma" were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second, the river should hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand. She who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though she guarded him now from above.
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side—
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this dark fatal ride!
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

O Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one—at a blow thou hast shattered my pride;
My life would be one endless night-time with Maggie away from my side.
How oft we've sat down and pictured the scenes of our long happy life;
How I'd strive through all my life-time to build up a home for my wife;
How people would envy us always in our cosy and neat little nest,
When I would do all of the labor, and Maggie should all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some day I p'r'aps should be rich—
But all my dreams have been shattered while I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "hanged by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad nightmare, I guess,"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch.
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been "asleep at the switch."

GEORGE HOEY.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears,
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it was one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes it sad;
There's never dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad.
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angel's will be nearer
To the soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There is many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

The bookkeepers of Brazil have a hard time of it, however, as the reis is the standard of value, and the long lines of figures which represent the commercial transactions of the ordinary mercantile or banking house each day are a severe tax upon the mathematical accuracy and ability of the people. For example, $1,000,000 equals about 4,000,000,000 reis, and the paper currency of Brazil represents 488,000,000,000 reis. The commercial statistics of Brazil look very formidable; but the people simplify matters somewhat by using the term millreis, which means 1,000 reis. The currency of the country consists of irredeemable shinplasters, the smallest denomination being 500 reis and below that sum, which is equal to about 13 cents in gold. Nickel and copper coins are used, the reis being a very minute disk of copper. There is no gold or silver in circulation, and as the balance of trade has been largely against Brazil of recent years, there isn't coin enough in the country to pay the interest on the public debt, and the bondholders are given bills on London.

After nearly half a century of service in the armies of the Union, Major-General Pope retired into private life Tuesday, under the law lately passed by Congress. The distinguished soldier was born in Louisville, Ky., on the 16th of March, 1823. In 1838 he entered the Military Academy at West Point and graduated in 1842, being gazetted Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. For two years he served in Florida, and later acted as Assistant Topographical Engineer, surveying the northeast boundary line between the United States and British Provinces in 1845-6. In August of the latter year Pope was attached to the staff of General Taylor in Mexico. For gallant conduct at Monterey and Buena Vista, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and again to Captain. From the close of the war till 1861 he was engaged in several surveying expeditions, meeting with marked success. For expressing his views against the proposed secession of the Southern States, he was ordered tried by Court-martial by President Buchanan. The order was never carried out. On May 17th, 1861, President Lincoln appointed him Brigadier-General of volunteers, and shortly after he was placed in command of the District of North Missouri. In February, 1862, he took command of the Army of the Mississippi. On March 21st, 1862, he was created Major-General of volunteers. On June 27th, 1862, Pope was placed in command of the Army of Virginia. March 13th, 1865, saw him made Brevet Major-General of the regular army. Until the autumn of 1883 he was in command of the Department of Missouri, when he assumed command of the Division of the Pacific.

The Signal-man Asleep.

How did I get this mark on my cheek,
  And this long red burn on my brow?
Oh, never mind, it would take a week,
  And you can't want to hear it now.
You do? Very well. You shall have it then—
  All the same a bit rough in the style,
For you can't expect stories from railway men,
  Nor poems from sons of toil.

You must know on our line there were tunnels a score,
  And cross-lines all forming a net,
And points in one tunnel, where Jack Braddon swore
  We should one day be in for it yet.
This Jack was my stoker. A "pitch in" he meant—
  Yet he'd stoked for so many a year
That his mind had got sooty, his back rather bent,
  And his eyes had a fiery leer.
He was a good mate and true, though, to me in those days,
  And many's the mile we have run;
Poor Jack! he was out and out queer in his ways—
  But there, I shall never be done.

There was up by this tunnel, and always had been,
  By the side of the switches a hole,
With a lamp for a signal, a red and a green,
  You know, on the top of a pole;
And there like a sentry the signal-man stayed,
  Controlling each train that should run,
For the "up" when it came—then it made me afraid
  To think what neglect might have done.

For you know if an "up" on the rail came full dash,
  Were the red lamp of danger not shown
A "down" might come on, cross the metals, and, crash!
  How the line would with murder be strown,
And this in a tunnel, 'mid darkness and death—
  This crash in a place black as ink—
Great God! just to think there to give up your breath!
  I tell you *I* shuddered to think.
And many's the time I have drawn a long sigh
  As we rattled along past the box
I saw the signal-man right, going by,
  In the place where the wires he blocks.

There came, though a day, when I don't know how 'twere,
  Jack Braddon seemed down in the dumps,
And I caught him a-lookin' at me with a stare
  As he stooped just to throw in the lumps.
"What's up, Jack?" I says, as we ran along trim.
  "You'd look 'most as green as a leek
If that physiog. of yours as Wallsend warn't grim.
  But come there—quick—screw down the brake!"

Jack screwed down the brake, and we came to a stop;
  But before we had started once more
Jack says to me soft, as he let his voice drop:
  "Dick Dallas, who's on at the Shore?"
We called that the Shore there—the tunnel, I mean—
  Where the line crossed the "up" by the hole,
For 'twas as grim as any foul drain I had seen,
  Or as black as our tender of coal.

"Who's on at the Shore, Jack," I says; "why, what odds?
  There steady chaps, 'pointed a heap."
"Right, Dick, then," says Jack; "our lives they are God's,
  But suppose as that chap was asleep?"

We were dashing along at a pretty good 'race
  For the mouth of the tunnel ahead,
When Jack spoke, when if the "cutting" each place
  Didn't spin round 's if I'd been bled.
"Confound you!" I says, in a voice full of spite,
  As I whistled and put on more steam,
For there in the distance the "green" shone all right,
  Though it did seem a sickening gleam.

"Here, shove on more coal there—quick, and don't talk;
  Wait till out of this tunnel we get.
You're a nice sort of mate," I says, "by a long chalk,
  Not that I at your gammon shall fret."
I scarcely had roared out these words to poor Jack,
  When we dashed by the box with a leap,
And there in a moment I saw, leaning back,
  The signal-man helpless asleep!

The next glance ahead showed an engine's two lamps—
  My God! I can't tell you my fears.
Turn steam off! turn on! why, look here, my face damps
  As I tell you the tale after years.
"Screw down! Curse your screw!" He had done it before.
  But what was the use of the brake?
The "points" they were clanging out loud as I swore,
  And the tunnel was filled with a shriek
As the up engine's whistle rang out loud and shrill,
  And then—can't you picture it well?
Two trains in a tunnel—a crash—then all still,
  And then each loud agonized yell;
The cries of the frightened more loud than the crushed,
  And then the loud hiss of the steam
As from out the bruised pipes it sullenly rushed,
  And the wreck in the lamp's sickly gleam.

It's to me like a dream as I giddily rise
  From the midst of a huge heap of coal,
My face and hands bleeding, all misty my eyes,
  As I grope my way out of the hole.
And then I went back with the porters and guards,
  And passengers trembling each man,
And endeavored to drag out the wounded, there barred
  By each splintered up carriage and van.
Not any too soon, for before we had done
  The furnaces fired the heap,
And racing and licking the walls as I run
  They roared and rushed with a leap.

I remember, too, now, all the wounded and dead—
  A score at the least when all told
As they lay in the station—and then the guard said:
  "Where's Braddon?" and then I turned cold;
For it struck me at once in the "Shore" he must lie,
  With the flames roaring hard at his side,
And of all who were present not one dared to try
  To again tread that furnace-hole wild.
I thought of Jack's young 'uns, I thought of his wife,
  And then, with a "God help me," ran
Down the great ruddy tunnel, now scared for my life
  As I climbed on each corner to scan.
It was raging that heat, it was burning my skin,
  And all baffled I felt I must fail,
When from under an axle that wedged him tight in
  I heard my poor mate's helpless wail.
He called me by name; then through fire and steam,
  With the flames even singeing my head,
I managed to free him, and out by the gleam
  Of the fire I bore him—but dead.
For before I had stumbled o'er sleeper and rail
  One-half of the distance, he sighed:
"O God, help my little ones!" then, with a wail,
  "O Polly!" he whispered, and died.

You ask me about this old mark here, this seam,
  And the scar of the burn on my brow?
It was all in that "pitch in," that seems like a dream,
  A signal-man sleeping—that's how.

Children.

Come to me, O ye children!
  For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
  Have vanished quite away.
Ye open 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 brooklet's 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 trunks below.
Come to me, O ye children!
  And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
  In your sunny atmosphere.
For what are all our contrivings,
  And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your 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. —*H. W. Longfellow.*

A Homely Illustration of Faith.

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water in the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips aronnd to the barn-yard and peeps in the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no use getting on the platform for there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart but with more faith, steps on the platform, the water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way you'll find the trough dry, But step on the platform, and the water and faith come together without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ROBIN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
  Crept slowly out in the sun of Spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
  And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
  And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
  From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,
  My poor bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
  Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
  And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You see the mark on his red breast still
  Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
  Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
  Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth,
  "Sing, bird, of God, in my heart as well!
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
  To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
  Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
  Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WEARINESS OR BEREAVEMENT—WHICH?

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
  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 holding yours so tight,
You do not prize the blessing overmuch—
  You are almost 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 the elbow on your tired knee—
This restless curly 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 the grave had tripped—
  I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
  At precious darlings clinging to their gown,
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 it patter in my house 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 has flown,
  The little boy I used to kiss is—dead!

The Farmer's Wife; or, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother."

BY HOPE LIVINGSTONE, IN "ADVANCE."

It was in a farm-house on our Western prairie that the story came to me, in the golden, glorious month of October. Mine host, Mr. C——, was a hard-working, successful farmer of middle age. His father had owned and cultivated the land before him, and had followed his wife to "the long home" some ten years before. A younger unmarried brother lived with them, and the two brothers owned and worked the farm together. Over many an acre of wheat their reapers went; many a cornfield laughed with every breeze that rippled over it, and fine cattle stood knee-deep in the creek, or browsed peacefully on the hill-slopes.

"A well-to-do farmer." How much that suggests of plenty, comfort and independence! And all that can surround farm life with beauty and content seemed included in the picture of those Indian Summer days. The large, white farm-house was full of quiet life; the cool dining-room, the sunny kitchen, the great pantry and dairy beyond, the sitting-room, and long hall opening into the broad, vine-shaded porch, the parlor with its closed blinds and door, and the bedroom back of the parlor, with its old-fashioned bedstead and bureau, "clothes press," and open fire. Here it was my story came to me. Mrs. C—— was a pale, quiet little woman, looking always very tired. Not so much tired from work or care as from sorrow. She must have been very pretty in her girlhood,—the gentle beauty of clear complexion, and soft eyes and hair,—but she looked prematurely old. Nor was it that either, but an indescribable, heart-hungry, baffled look; a look never found on men's faces, and often misunderstood in a woman's face. The more I see of Western country life, the more often I find it settled on the faces of farmers' wives. She had good, reliable help, and her husband was very thoughtful of her in his great, strong, clumsy way; but the house was very quiet, save at meal-time, for no children gladdened it with noisy merriment.

When, three weeks before, a sunny room up-stairs, with plenty of quiet for rest, and the "cream and honey" that can be found only in the country, had been granted the stranger from M., she was still presiding at the table, and ordering the ways of her household; but she looked to me as though she needed a long rest. To sleep and sleep, like a child. Ah, how many of us need to sleep the sleep of childhood again! I wished that I might get near to her and her woman's heart, for there was that about her quietness which made my heart ache for her. But she seemed always busy, going from dairy to fruit-room, and back again; only I noticed as the days went by she went oftener to her own room to rest. Her husband said one morning, as we gathered about the breakfast-table, and she asked incidentally if he would send her one of the men to pick grapes:

"Do let the grapes go to-day, Minnie? You had better lose them a dozen times over than make yourself sick. I wish you wouldn't work so hard!"

And she looked up in that weary, suppressed way: "What is there to do but work? I cannot sit with folded hands; I cannot play like a child." And each day found her a little paler and more quiet; the sorrowful curves to her lips more drooping.

I came across Mr. C—— one late afternoon near the brook. He had been mending a place in the bridge that spanned it, and we spoke of the Fall rains and the overflowing harvest, nearly gathered. Then I mentioned his wife:

"She hardly seems as well to-day. Has she not consumption or some local trouble? Have you no fear?"

"I really do not know," he answered slowly, a great shadow creeping over his face; "she does not cough, and there is no consumption in her family. The doctor cannot seem to help her any; she says she feels no pain; but, though she will see to things round the house just the same, I can see she grows weaker. The fact is, she has not been the same since we buried the baby. Our three lie together on the hillside yonder," and he nodded his head in that direction. Then his eyes wandered to the roofs and gables that sheltered her, as they stood out over the brow of the hill, and he added, "I am afraid I am going to lose her, and I—I can't seem to help it either!" His voice choked a little, the team came along; he turned to his men, and I to finish my walk. A week later she was unable to leave her room.

I went into the old-fashioned bed-room to see her one night, after our early tea. She was lying with closed eyes, and I feared to disturb her; but she looked up so sweetly that I drew a rocker to the side of her bed, and asked her if there was anything that I could do. She shook her head gently and asked me if I was not lonesome in their quiet life. I told her, "No, indeed! The quiet and fresh air, and absence of excitement are luxury to me. Then I have so much reading I want to do."

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "when I was married I longed to read, but there was no time. I sometimes think I shall never read again."

I thought of the thinking that went on day after day, and alas, night after night; and I trembled for her reason. Then something prompted me to break the pause that followed by saying, "You must miss the little ones the dear God has taken from you, very much"—and I was sorry the next instant, for a great spasm of pain swept across her face; but with it I had learned the secret of her weariness. She said with evident effort:

"I have not been strong since baby came and went. And I must get well, there is so much to be done before Winter sets in." She opened her eyes—brown eyes they were—and I thought of Alice Cary's lines:

"Her sick soul aweary with waiting
  Came up to look out of her eyes."

Jenny, the dairy-maid, came in for some directions and I went up-stairs with that look haunting me. A few days later she was feverish and decidedly worse.

"I wish you'd go in and see her, if you wouldn't mind," her husband said, as I inquired for her as usual after supper. Then, instead of putting on his broad-brimmed hat and following his brother to the barns, he took it off again and fingered the rim slowly. I waited, for I knew he wanted to say something. Farmer-folk are generally very silent. Silence is the rule, conversation the exception. And when they do speak they have something to say. So I waited, and he said, after clearing his throat and looking out of the open door:

"If she would just cry or sleep. She has not shed a tear since the baby died. I thought she bore up real well, but a woman who came over to help lay it out said she 'hoped she'd have a crying-spell soon.' I didn't think so much about it then, but I reckon 'twould have been better."

"Has she no mother or sister to come and stay with her?" I asked. He shook his head.

Her mother died soon after we were married, and she was an only child. I have a sister, but she has little children and could not come, even if Minnie wanted her. Our farm-house is unusually far away from any neighbors, and those nearest have never been such as she was used to, or cared to see much. I never realized until lately how lonesome she's been."

I thought of the years spent in this isolated life. The leaving of all girlhood's associations and friends in the distant New England State, and coming to this new, strange life; of the babies who had come like gleams of sunshine, and then were snatched away to leave the lonesome monotony almost unendurable; of the settling down to hard, unceasing work that filled the empty hands but not the aching heart; of the last baby who had come like a flood of sunshine to the lonely house and mother heart, and the three months in which she held her darling close—so close! and then—oh, how could it be! the bright, beautiful boy must be laid with the others, in the grassy slope. I thought of all this as I left the dining-room and crossed the hall to her door. The warm sunset came in through the western window. She was lying with her face toward it, the far-away, hungry look in her eyes.

"Mrs. C——," I said, as I took her thin, feverish hand in mine, "is there no one who could come and stay with you, whom you would love to have near you and care for you?"

"No one," she said wearily.

"How you must wish for your mother, now," I went on.

"Mother," she repeated, catching at the word; "Mother? Yes. It is mother I want now. How I do want her! I need my mother now."

It was a woman of thirty-five lying before me, yet it did not sound childish. It came to her like a fresh thought; as of something so impossible it had not occurred to her. If I could only bring the tears to her eyes, I thought as I remembered her husband's words, "If she would only cry or sleep!" A silent prayer went up from my heart to the pitying Father in Heaven, and like an inspiration came those beautiful verses of Elizabeth Akers Allen.

"Do you care for poetry?" I asked, as she started to turn the subject.

"I used to, she answered.

"Now, if you'll close your eyes and try to sleep, I want to repeat some to you I know you'll like." She smiled sadly, but shut them and rested her cheek on her other hand like a tired child. And I began:

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the new silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumber your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

How still she was! It seemed as if she hardly breathed.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
I am so weary of toils and of tears.
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away.
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Was it the echo of a sigh that trembled on the air? And ah! her lips quiver.

Tired of the hollow, the base, and untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a Summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Can it be tears that glitter on the dark lashes? And—oh, they come! Stealing under the lids, down the pale cheeks, through the thin fingers sinking softly in the pillow.

Come, let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night
Shading my faint eyes away from the light.
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Still the tears came. Silently, steadily. Great warm, refreshing tears, that had long refused to flow. My voice was very unsteady as I began the last verse:

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened thy lullaby song;
Sing then and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to thine arms in a loving embrace,
With thy light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

I hardly dared stir lest I break the spell, and I repeated the last verse over and over again, though there was no need, for the hand I held relapsed its hold, and—she slept! Was ever poem sent on a more direct mission?

The sunset had faded into twilight. I heard the low tinkling of the cow-bells as the herd-boy drove them slowly homeward. Some late bird called to its mate from a neighboring tree. I rose softly to go, and turning, saw Mr. C—— standing in the door-way. The tears were in his eyes as well, and a look shone from their honest depths that was not for me to share. As I passed him I whispered, "She is safe." And she was.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

BY ALICE CARY.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
  And she is a steady spinner,
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
  Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
  The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill
  In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
  And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
  The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay,
  With eyes down-dropped and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
  That pretty is that pretty does;
And that worth does not go or stay
  For poverty or splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
  That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin.
  Strut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
  The way she gets her dinner.

"He and She."

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair."

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a tender touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell.

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away," they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should die, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she—but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, her quiet cheek;

He and she—yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile;

He and she—still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See, now, I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to leave it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all Death's was the chiefest surprise—

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will belive it was said—

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this: I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear,

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I never have died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

A Deaf Mute on Salvini.

Among the thousands who witnessed, with rare pleasure, the performances of Salvini was a deaf mute prominently identified with the Institute at Berkeley. At the request of the DAILY REPORT the gentleman recorded his impressions of the eminent tragedian, and we are now permitted to publish the same. He says:

I have seen Salvini three times. He is a great actor. The criticisms on the actors are chiefly concerned with the merits and faults of their elocution and voice. But my affliction necessitates the faculty of sight to the play so much more keenly that it may enable my mind to understand the force and tension of the soul's activity.

Fortunately, Salvini is an Italian. Like the Italians he makes gestures while speaking.

I saw Salvini first as "Ingomar," in the beautiful and interesting play of *Ingomar, the Barbarian;* next as "Conrad" in the emotional drama of *The Outlaw*, and finally in the tragical impersonation of "Othello."

I like *Ingomar* best, mainly because he made the most gestures in this play. Most of his gestures are pantomimic signs, which, added to the magnetism of his manner and expression, make the play quite intelligible to a deaf mute. The story throughout is beautifully told in the very signs on the part of the chieftain. Words cannot express the passions of love. The head, now upholding itself with disdain and then bowing in adoration, the eye, now dimming with moroseness and then sparkling with joy, the countenance beaming with hope, the arms clasping to the heart the object of affection; the hands lifted in wonder or extended in desire, the whole person, either shrinking in fear or rushing with threat, is language that can reach the deep seats of feeling in the soul, either in savage or in civilized life, far more directly than any combination of sound or sounds of the human voice. The splendid barbarian, however rude in speech, is eloquent in actions. Action is power. I cannot think of Salvini at all, but only of the hero of the play.

Salvini as "Conrad" in *The Outlaw* is another difficult character. He uses pantomimic signs but once in the play—this is about how to make his escape from prison—so simple and effective that the enthusiastic audience applauds it. Yet in the whole, the passions of a broken heart by which the outlaw is torn are of such an intense, terrific, yet touching description, that he can but only rise, stand and remain fixed in a monumental attitude. The very silence is eloquence, even with an increasing climax in each act. Of acting there is little in it, because such a play does not require much acting to portray such a life. An appropriate saying from *Hamlet* may illustrate the impossibility of acting the deeper emotions of the soul:

> These, indeed, seem,
> For they are actions that a man might play;
> But I have that within which passeth show;
> These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Nevertheless the silence is twice broken in a most touching manner—firstly, in a terrible struggle between "Conrad's" desire to regain possession of his daughter and his anxiety for her welfare; and, secondly, in the dying scene. Whoever witnesses this part will not forget it too easily. Such a vivid picture of self-sacrifice, now life-like and then death-like, is a direct reminder of Jean Valjean, the hero of "Les Miserables."

Salvini as "Othello" is still another greater character. Although I like his "Ingomar" best, yet *Ingomar* is no tragedy and gives display to none of the terrible passion of humanity as *Othello* does. While there is an entire absence of imitative signs, there is, instead, a full play of gestures, in which, on the part of "Othello," the fitful and unsteady passions of his jealousy, so apt to lapse into capricious speculation in the rapid vicissitudes from love to hate, would find a most natural interpretation in acting, as, for instance, riveting his eyes in a certain timorous obliquity to poor "Desdemona," under the proper place, as a rattlesnake charms a bird; and while the plot of withal crafty "Iago" was being unrevealed, prowling in a cat-like motion on him,

> With dangerous eye glance
> Showing his nature in his countenance,
> His rolling eyes did never rest in place.

Not only from his subtlety of tone, but also from his power of expression, the secret of Salvini's triumph comes out. He can express tenderness, terror, love or revenge at will in the facial gestures without any apparent effort. Beside, he possesses the perfection of manly physique—behold the haughty bearing and yet conscious pride of "Othello" from head to foot. There is a certain reserve of strength in Salvini which even in the grandest scenes one feels, and thinks he could rise higher if the occasion demanded.

What a shame it is to have such a poor support for such a worthy actor!

In these three plays Salvini seems to have taken a specialty in the psychological study of madness, in its looks of timidity, of watchfulness, of excitement and of ferocity. "Ingomar" is mad in the embryonic periods of passive love, "Conrad" in the mature phases of positive love, and "Othello," amidst the premature vicissitudes of love. He is the Emile Zola of the drama.

T. H. D'ESTRELLA.

February 21, 1886.

A UNIQUE PERFORMANCE.

Pantomime and Music by Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

The pantomime and musical exhibition by the deaf mute branch of the Young Men's Christian Association given last night was well attended. The following programme by deaf mutes and blind musicians was rendered in a brilliant manner:

Solo, "La Dernier," (Gottschalk), Dennis Foley; "Ode to My Son," Theophilus d'Estrella; violin solo, "Berceuse," Dennis Foley, pianiste, Ada E. Weigel; "The Old, Old Story," (a farce), Miss Mary E. Wright, Theophilus d'Estrella and Theodore Grady; song, "The Warrior Bold," Stephen Jackson, pianist, Dennis Foley; "David and Goliath," Henry B. Crandall; solo, (a.) "Nun and the Fountain," (Sherwood), (b.) "Danse Hongroise," (Brahms), Ada E. Weigel; "The Preacher and the Monkey," (a farce), Theodore Grady and Theophilus d'Estrella; violin solo, "Call Me Thine Own" (Mollenhauer), Dennis Foley, pianiste, Ada E. Weigel; "The Old Oaken Bucket," by a mute choir under the direction of Professor Theophilus d'Estrella; piano duet, "Caprice Hongroise," op. 7 (E. Ketterer), Miss Nettie Levy and Miss Dorenda Mullaney; "Our Country Cousin" (a farce), Leo C. Williams and Theodore Grady; song, "The King's Highway," Stephen Jackson, pianist Dennis Foley; imitations of great actors of the old school, Henry B. Crandall; solo, "Valse Styrienne," op. 7 (H. A. Wollenhaupt), Miss Nettie Levy; hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by six young ladies in unison with the male choir under Professor J. R. Ogilvie.

Mr. Crandall's "David and Goliath" was exceedingly well done, and his "Imitations of great actors of the old school" were extraordinary. The hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by the choir, while six graceful young ladies posed in illustration.

American Indian Paintings.

The painted rock of Santa Barbara County, Cal., is 150 feet high and upon it are many color paintings in a good state of preservation that are thought to be the work of Indians. There are two caves in this giant rock, one at its base and another some sixty feet up, and in each of these are pictures of animals.

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept,

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his riderless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall—
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave;

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day.
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Grace Darling.

On the evening of the 5th of September, 1838, the "Forfarshire," a steamer of about 300 tons burden, John Humble, master, sailed from Hull for Dundee, having on board a valuable cargo, and, as nearly as could be ascertained, sixty-three persons—viz., the master and his wife, a crew of twenty men, and forty-one passengers. She was a new vessel, being only two years old, but her boilers were no doubt in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to her leaving Hull a small leak had been discovered in them, and for the moment closed up; but when off Flamborough Head it broke out afresh to such an extent as to put out two of the fires. The boilers were, however, again partially repaired, and the fires relighted; and in this inefficient state she proceeded on her voyage, passing the "Fairway," between the Farne Islands and the mainland, at about six p. m. on the 6th. At about eight p.m. she entered Berwick Bay, the sea running high, with the wind strong from the North. The leakage now increased to such a degree that the firemen could not keep the fires burning, and at about ten p. m. she bore up for St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became useless and would not work, when the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel tacked, in order to keep her off the land. She, however, soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the South, she was carried by it in that direction.

It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was too dense to enable to position of the vessel to be ascertained.

At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Farne lights became visible, leaving no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board.

It was in vain attempted to avert the catastrophe by running between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer her helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between 3 and 4 o'clock she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, which was there so precipitous that a person could scarce stand erect on it.

A part of the crew now lowered one of the quarter-boats and left the ship, having one of the passengers with them, who had contrived to throw himself into the boat; but two others in making the same attempt perished. The scene which now presented itself was of a most heartrending description. Several women were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and midst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him frantically besought the protection which he was unable to afford. Very soon after the first shock, a heavy wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently upon it, when a sharp ledge striking her amidships, she was fairly broken into two pieces, and the after-part, containing the cabin and many passengers, was instantly carried off by a rapid current through the Pifa-gut, whilst the fore-part remained on the rock.

A portion of the passengers and crew had previously betaken themselves to the foremost part of the vessel, considering it to be the safest place.

In this dreadful situation, exposed amidst darkness to the buffeting of the waves, and fearful lest each rising surge should sweep away into the deep the fragment of the wreck on which they stood, they awaited in anxious expectancy the breaking of the day. In the fore-cabin, also exposed to the intrusion of the sea, was a woman, the wife of a weaver, with her two children, who, when relief at last came, was found yet alive, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

Such was their seemingly hopeless position when, soon after the day broke, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island, and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea was still raging fearfully, making any approach to the rugged pinnacles and sunken rocks which surround these islands, a work of extreme peril. Indeed, even at a later period of the day, a reward of £5, offered by the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the dangers of that terrible passage would have done the highest honor even to the well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm?

Through the dim mist, with the aid of a glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succoring them? Mr Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother—the father and daughter entering it, and each taking an oar.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventuress encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and they knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would be utterly insufficient to row the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors on their return, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock, beside the wreck, until the tide again ebbed.

It could then only be by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that they could hope to reach the wreck; and when there the danger would be much increased from the liability they would run of being dashed to pieces on those rugged rocks.

It must have seemed to them a forlorn hope; but their courage rose with the emergency—God's blessing accompanied them—and their efforts were crowned with success.

The whole of the nine survivors were taken into their little bark, and conveyed in safety to the lighthouse. Here, owing to the violent seas which continued to prevail, they were compelled to remain two days, during which time they received every kindness, and comfort that the household could afford and of which they were in so much need.

The party who had left in the ship's boat, also nine in number, were picked up, the next morning, by a Montrose sloop, and conveyed to Shields.

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name all over Europe. That lonely lighthouse became speedily the centre of attraction to curious and sympathizing thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in numerous instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. Among the number were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who invited her father and herself to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, bracelet and her father received the silver medal of the National Lifeboat (shipwreck) Institution, and numerous testimonials from other public bodies and visiting strangers. A public subscription was also raised with a view to reward her and her bravery and humanity, which is said to have amounted to about £700. To an extent, indeed, did the popular enthusiasm reach, that portraits of her were eagerly sought for, and she was even offered large sums by the proprietors of one of the metropolitan theatres on the condition that she should merely sit in a box for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers, however, were promptly and steadily refused; and it is gratifying to know that amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered on her seemed to produce in her mind no other feelings than those of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued to reside at the Longstone Lighthouse with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty, on that sea-girt islet, a more honorable and more rational enjoyment than the crowded haunts of the mainland would have afforded her; and thus giving, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling did not live long in the enjoyment of the honors that had been showered on her. She died of consumption on the 25th of October, 1842, at the age of twenty-seven years, and four years after the occurrence which has made her name famous.—*Sunday at Home.*

TO MOTHER.

I.

Why are you lying there, mother?
Oh, why are you lying there,
With pallid lips and placid brow,
And cheeks so wan and fair;
Whilst the chamber window is open wide
To the bleak November air?
Night and day we tended you, mother,
By turns with watchful care;
And we never left you exposed till now,
The slightest chill to bear.

II.

Oh, why do yen answer not, mother?
And where is your sunny smile?
Which when life's trials were heavy to bear,
Could all our cares beguile?
And why are your gentle, loving eyes
Closed on us all the while?
Alas! the angel of death, mother,
Stole on us at noon to-day;
And you drew so gently your latest breath
None knew when you passed away,
To join before the throne of the Lamb,
His throng in white array.

III.

Oh, how can we do without you, mother!
Or let you go to the tomb;
No other, within our sorrowing hearts,
Can ever fill your room.
Yet we must say farewell, mother,
Till we meet in Eden's bloom.
We will toil away in this fleeting scene
Till Christ shall call us home,
And often cry, to assuage our grief,
"Lord Jesus! quickly come!"

MONTREAL, Nov. 9, 18[illegible]. J. D.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

BY MRS. SUSAN T. PERRY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer one day.
"Then I can do just what I choose;
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face, or comb my hair,
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere,
And never have again to fill
That old chip-basket—so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-bye!"
He thought his mother then would cry;
She only said "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed one single tear,
"There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know
She does not care if I do go,
But Bridget does; she'll have to fill
That old chip-basket—so she will."

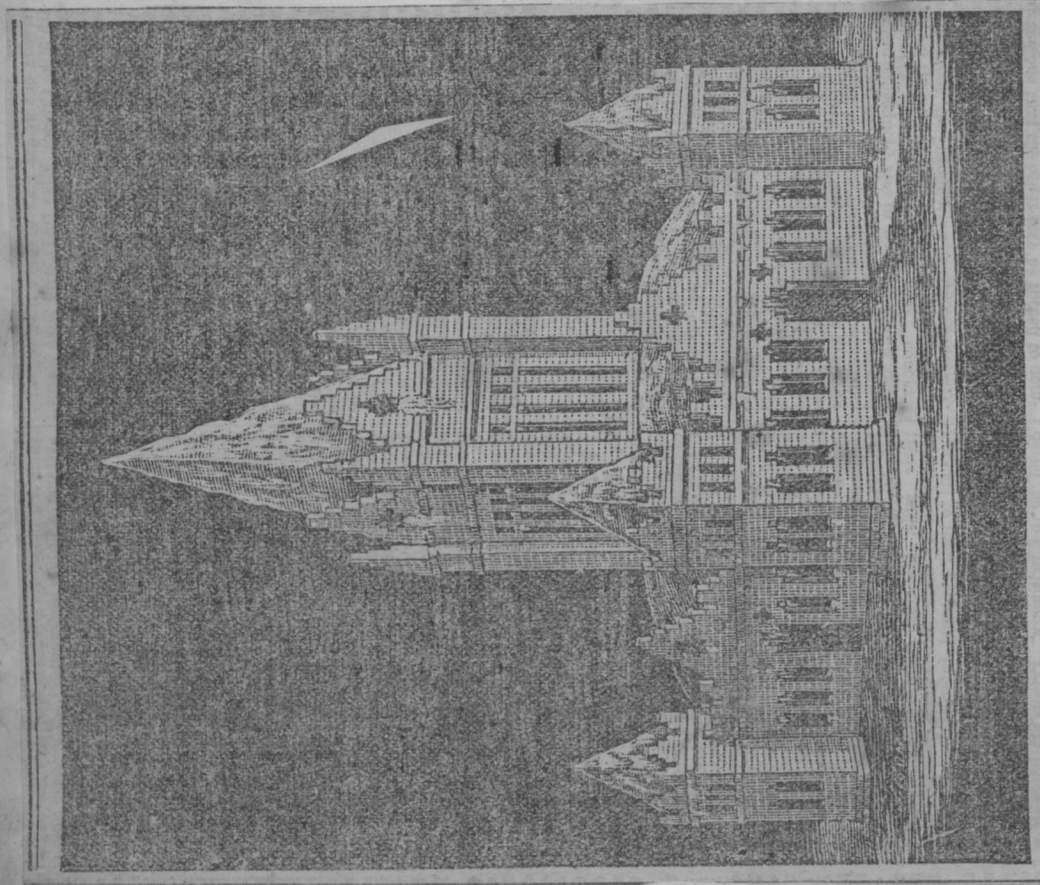
But Bridget only said, "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously, as he passed through:
"To-night what ever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper-time, on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of fears;
He thought about "Red Riding Hood,"
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum,"
Of the dark night and the policeman,
And then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood-shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair
And kissed her twice, and then he said:
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

—*Golden Days.*

The memorial stone of Oregon for the Washington Monument is on exhibition in Washington. A niche has been left vacant for it in the monument. The Oregon stone is the most beautiful that has yet been sent by any State. It was designed and cut by Frank Wood, of Albany, Oregon. The stone is brown granite sandstone or hydrous silicate, and bears on its face a landscape, with Oregon's coat-of-arms surrounded by fruits and flowers, the whole inclosed by a raised moulding set in sandstone. Surrounding the State seal are thirty-two stars of greenish syenite, and the snow-capped mountains are represented by white marble



A WINTER CARNIVAL IN MONTREAL.

Montreal is getting up a celebration this Winter which is not to be equalled this side of St. Petersburg, if there. A magnificent ice palace, of which the main tower is to be 120 feet high, and which is to be illuminated by three great electric lights, high above the three towers, is in process of erection in the most conspicuous square of the city. Seven experienced builders are at work upon it, and a great force is employed cutting and hawling ice. This building is to be inaugurated on 24th, 25th, and 26th January, with a carnival of Winter exercises and sports, including skating, curling, tobogganing, snow-shoe races, torch processions, and sleigh-driving. Doubtless there will be magnificent turn-outs of single, double, tandem and random teams, richly caparisoned, and there will be competitions for the best skating, trotting, snow-shoeing, curling, etc. The carnival is held under the auspices of three curling clubs, a tobogganing club, a hockey club, a skating club, and eight snow-shoe clubs. A beautiful programme, with pictorial representations of the exercises and the order for each day, has been got up, and may, we suppose, be obtained by writing to G. R. Starke, Hon. Secretary, Montreal, who will furnish information about special rates of fare on railroads. A picture of the Palace is given above.

TREES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Of the 413 species of trees found in the United States, there are sixteen species whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (*Condalia ferrea*) of Southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent. heavier than water. Of the others, the best known are the lignumvitæ (*Guaiacum sanctum*) and mangrove (*Rhizophora mangle*). Another is a small oak (*Quercus grisea*) found in the mountains of Western Texas, Southern New Mexico and Arizona, and westward to the Colorado Desert, at an elevation of 5,000 to 10,000 feet. All the species in which the wood is heavier than water belong to semi-tropical Florida or the arid interior Pacific region.

Johnny Bartholomew.

The journals this morning are full of a tale
Of a terrible ride through a tunnel by rail;
And people are called on to note and admire
How a hundred or more, through the smoke-cloud and fire,
Were borne from all peril to limbs and to lives—
Mothers saved to their children and husbands their wives.
But of him who performed such a notable deed,
Quite little the journalists give us to read.
In truth, of this hero so plucky and bold,
There is nothing except, in a few syllables told,
His name, which is Johnny Bartholomew.

Away in Nevada—they don't tell us where,
Nor does it much matter—a railway is there,
Which winds in and out through the cloven ravines,
With glimpses at times of the wildest of scenes—
Now passing a bridge seeming fine as a thread,
Now shooting past cliffs that impend o'er the head,
Now plunging some black-throated tunnel within,
Whose darkness is roused at the clatter and din;
And ran every day with its train o'er the road
An engine that steadily dragged on its load,
And was driven by Johnny Bartholomew.

With throttle-valve down, he was slowing the train,
While the sparks fell around and behind him like rain,
As he came to a spot where a curve to the right
Brought the black, yawning mouth of a tunnel in sight,
And, peering ahead with a far-seeing ken,
Felt a quick sense of danger come over him then.
Was a train on the track? No! A peril as dire—
The further extreme of the tunnel on fire!
And the volume of smoke, as it gathered and rolled,
Shook fearful dismay from each dun-colored fold,
But daunted not Johnny Bartholomew.

Beat faster his heart, though its current stood still,
And his nerves felt a jar, but no tremulous thrill;
And his eyes keenly gleamed through their partly closed lashes,
And his lips—not with fear—took the color of ashes.
"If we falter, these people behind us are dead!
So, close the door, fireman—we'll send her ahead!
Crowd on the steam till she rattles and swings!
Open the throttle-valve! Give her her wings!"
Shouted he from his post in the engineer's room,
Driving onward perchance to a terrible doom,
This man they call Johnny Bartholomew.

Firm grasping the bell-rope and holding his breath,
On, on through the Vale of the Shadow of Death.
On, on through that horrible cavern of hell,
Through flames that arose and through timbers that fell,
Through the eddying smoke and the serpents of fire
That writhed and that hissed in their anguish and ire,
With a rush and a roar like the wild tempest's blast,
To the free air beyond them *in safety they passed*,
While the clang of the bell and the steam-pipe's shrill yell
Told the joy at escape from that underground hell
Of the man they called Johnny Bartholomew.

Did the passengers get up a service of plate?
Did some oily-tongued orator at the man prate?
Women kiss him? Young children cling fast to his knees?
Stout men in their rapture his brown fingers squeeze?
And where was he born? Is he handsome? Has he
A wife for his bosom, a child for his knee?
Is he young? Is he old? Is he tall? Is he short?
Well, ladies, the *journals* tell naught of the sort,
And all that they give us about him to-day,
After telling the tale in a commonplace way,
Is—the man's *name* is Johnny Bartholomew.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

The Safeguard.

A baby crept to his father's knee.
And was lifted up and lulled to rest
Till his blue eyes closed, so tired was he;
And his little head fell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand so soft and fair
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said when men draw near
To fierce temptation of deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,
By an unknown way an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land
Into the light of a nobler life.

The story is true for the world to-day;
We see no white-robed angel mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way,
Where men and women forget to pray,
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand,
The hand of a little helpless child.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY WILLIAM BRYANT.

The Master has broad, fair acres,
The harvesters many and strong,
Some are sowing the seed in the Spring-time,
Some are chanting the harvest-song.

Some scatter the seeds of promise
With many a falling tear;
They sow, but they see no fruitage,
They may not be reapers here.

Some plant, and then leave their labors
For others to till and tend;
And they in turn cease toiling
And hope and labor end.

The Master has other gardens,
In a world beyond our own;
And often He calls earth's toilers
To travel that way alone.

Here they were often weary,
Seeing no fruit of their toil;
Now they work in a larger harvest
And a nobler, richer soil.

What matter who does the planting?
What matter who tends the field?
What matter who gathers the harvest?
What matter who counts the yield?

Each works for the same great harvest,
Each is serving the self-same Lord;
And when the last sheaf is garnered,
All will share in the great reward.

Oh, we long for that sweet home-bringing,
When the sower and reaper shall stand,
With the ripened sheaves before them,
In the bright, immortal land!

There many a faithful toiler,
Who was little thought of here,
Shall be crowned with a harvest garland
By the Master standing near.

"Well done," both sower and reaper,
The work and reward are one;
The harvest is safely garnered,
Brave harvesters, "well done."

ON A BROADWAY 'BUS.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE ON THE BOX WITH A STAGE-DRIVER.

Climb t'other side, please, young fellar,
Out of the way of my strap.
Whoa, Kitty! back, Sam! I declare, sir,
I came mighty near polin' that chap!

Every one of them fancy turnouts
Is sure to pull up in your way,
And to rub off an inch of their copal
Means the rub out of half a week's pay.

How long have I been a drivin'?
'Twill be past eighteen years by next spring,
Not that I've needed the wages,
But a much more important thing

Has kept me tied to a stage box,
Where I might see and be seen.
If you knew the whole of my story
You'd understand just what I mean.

No! I'm well enough fixed with money,
My wife owns an elegant farm,
And the railroad that now runs beside it
Will keep it from coming to harm.

Will I tell you the whole of my story?
I'll be happy to do so right here;
Just you help me look out for the riders
And I'll try and make the tale clear.

Well, I've been eighteen years, sir, a huntin'
And tryin' to find a dear boy,
Who wandered away on a Christmas Day,
When I lived a few miles back of Troy.

It was not the child's fault—I was drunk, do you see?
And one trouble brings on another—
It was drinkin' that made me lose sight of the boy,
And just broke the heart of his mother.

I had thrashed little Hal with a cowhide,
When my head was a-blazing with rum,
And I wrongfully charged him on Christmas Eve
With prigging a pitiful sum!

His grit wouldn't let the boy stand it,
So he bolted and tramped the next day.
Through the East and the West we have sought him,
And now—I'm patrolling Broadway.

His mother? She never gives up, sir,
She says that we'll see him again;
So I keep up my hope that we'll find him,
Through the sun and the snow and the rain.

Oh, wouldn't that be a sweet meeting!
Could I see him and beg him to come
And forgive his poor drunken old father,
And comfort his mother at home!

Grown out of my memory? Yes, sir,
Yes, that troubles me day and night,
Of course as you say; but I'd know him,
If he didn't know me at first sight.

The youngster was crazy for horses
From the time he could toddle and prattle,
And it wouldn't surprise me to meet him
A drivin' some good steppin' cattle;

But the root of my faith is his mother,
She's sure that he'll come to us yet;
She never breaks up in her prayin'
For a sight of that lost little pet.

And here is a singular thing, sir;
Last night, while I lay in a dream,
I saw—would you think it?—my Harry
A driving an omnibus team!

He smiled, and he reached down his hand, sir,
As I quickly climbed up by his side,
And, says he, "Merry Christmas, my daddy!
Come up and I'll give you a ride!"

And how do you think that I knew him?
His little right wrist was quite bare,
And showed up an India ink star, sir,
That long ago I had put there.

I did it to bother his mother—
'Twas one of my half-tipsy pranks:
But, oh! when I saw that blue star, sir,
My heart was nigh bursting with thanks!

Yes—I know—it was only a dream, sir,
But it's made this a Christmas Day
More like the old times I remember
Before I drove Harry away.

—Whoa there! Catch hold of the lines, sir,
There's part of Kit's head-stall got loose;
Let me jump down and give it a buckle;
If she starts she'll go off like a moose!

* * * * *

I used to climb up here much quicker,
But a stage-box will stiffen the joints;
Could you drive a few blocks to oblige me?
Perhaps I can show you some points.

By the way that you pull on them ribbons
You've had hold of the lines, I can see,
But why don't you keep on the gloves, sir?
This is rougher on you than on me.

You're waiting to see if my dream is—
What on earth are you driving at, lad?
"Only this: You are riding with Harry
On this merry Christmas, dear dad!"

—That voice? 'Tis the voice of my dream—and—
Oh, few are the prayers that I know!
But I kneel to the Child that was found by a star
On a Christmas Day long, long ago!

T. A. G., in World.

VALUABLE FOSSIL DISCOVERIES. — A large deposit of fossil remains has been uncovered by a blast at Portland quarries, which are situated near Middletown, Connecticut. Three large blocks of freestone were taken out three hundred feet below the surface, which are quite soft, having not yet become hardened from exposure to the air. On the upper surface of two of these blocks are visible, plainly indented—some of them a half an inch deep, and sharply cut—the footprints of birds of a past age. Some are large, and some are small. The third block has the fossillized remains of a creature that in shape resembles a turtle. It is about one foot and six inches wide, octagonal in shape, and oval like the back of a turtle. It is firmly attached to the rock, and there are no traces of legs. A number of scientists from Yale and Harvard colleges will visit the quarries this week to search for other fossils.

THE WORD "SLOVEN."

A correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* informs that journal that a girl or a woman is never properly called a sloven. She is or may be called a slattern. *Sloven* belongs to men and boys. Of which the *Advocate* says: "The correspondent is right, though we were greatly surprised to find him so. We venture the affirmation that not one person in a hundred thousand in the United States is aware of that distinction. We have gone through every attainable authority and find no loophole of retreat. *Sloven* belongs only to persons of the masculine gender. *Slattern* is its correlative."

TALES IN VERSE.

Lost in the Storm.

"Walk in, walk right in, you're welcome;
Whew! how the wind whistles about.
Take a chair close to the fire, sir;
It's a bad sort o' night to be out.
You saw our light through the darkness,
And thought you would come? That's right.
Somehow my heart's warmer and softer
On ev'ry such blust'rin' night.

"You seem sort o' pale like and nervous,
Your walk was too much, I think;
Come to look, you're white as a ghost, sir;
Seems to me you'd better drink.
Well, well, I won't urge you, but really—
What's that you're sayin'—this night,
With its storm, makes you think of another,
And the mem'ry saddens you quite?

"Mayhap if you'd tell *me* the story,
'Twould ease up your mind a bit.
'Twas just such a night as this one—
'Tain't likely I'll ever forgit—
That our blessing came, and somehow
When the wind and storm are abroad,
There's a queer kind o' feelin' in here,
A sort o' thanksgivin' to God.

"What's that you are sayin'? Oh, surely
I couldn't ha' heard you right.
Did you say that your wife went somewhere,
And you dropped in that night?
That she went home kind o' early;
But they urged you to stay a spell,
And told her you'd bring the baby,
And see 'twas bundled up well?

"At last the wine you'd be'n drinkin'
Had somehow got into your head;
The wind and the storm were dreadful
When you started for home, you said?
See here, stranger, 'twasn't near Alta,
Just five years ago to-night?
I'm thinkin' o' that place always,
So I couldn't a heard you right.

"It was? And the baby you held it
And staggered on through the snow.
Your brain growin' drowsy and dizzy;
And that is the last you know
Of that night and the storm, till some one
Found you there crazy and wild,
And carried you home; but surely
Now didn't they find the child?

"No?—well, I might a known it.
From the first somethin' told me 'twas so.
You say some wild beast had got it—
There were tracks all about in the snow.
Stranger, see here, if a fellow
A poor sort o' fellow, you see,
Found a purse of gold that its owner
Thought he had lost in the sea,

"And then he should meet with that owner,
Do you think it would be a sin
Just to keep it?—when he who lost it
Thought never to see it agin?
You do? Well, go on with your story,
Your wife? Might a known she went wild,
And told you not to come nigh her
Agin till you brought back her child.

"Five years sad-hearted and lonely,
Five years you've be'n wanderin' about.
Ah, well! to me they've be'n happy;
Yes, wife, go bring Dolly out.
I see my way clear to duty,
When she's right here on my knee;
Her white arms clingin' about me,
I'm a little faint-hearted you see.

"Come here, little Dolly, my baby,
Give daddy one more kiss, and then
I'm a better man than, without her,
I could ever hope to a be'n.
Now here is *my* story—don't cry, wife,
It's tough, but it's right, you know:
That night, sir, ridin' from Alta,
I was cursin' the wind and snow,

"When my horse stumbled right over something,
And when I got off to see,
'Twas a dead man, leastways I thought so,
And a child that smiled at me.
I unbuttoned my coat and laid it
In here away from the storm,
And somehow, from that very minnit,
My heart's be'n soft-like and warm.

"We were comin' west, so we kept it;
'Twan't ours, and we might a known
We'd some day get punished for keepin
The gold that wasn't our own;
And while you were tellin' your story
The Devil kept whisperin' to me,
'Don't tell him; he never will know it:
He thinks the child dead, you see.'

"But I just had to—that baby
With her cute ways has charmed me quite;
Once I didn't care a copper, sir,
If a thing were wrong or right,
But now—well, here is your baby;
Her loss cured you of your sin.
Lost in the storm, the storm drove you
Right here to find her agin."

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

Once, across a desert dreary,
One broad waste of glaring sand,
Roamed I, weak and worn and weary,
Seeking for the Golden Land.

For they told me when I started
On this journey, long ago,
Hopeful, young and happy hearted,
Ignorant of pain and woe—

That beyond that line of brightness—
So this desert seemed to me,
Dazzling in its silvery whiteness
Like the foam of summer sea—

Was the Golden Land, enchanted,
Known to youth of every age,
By the hand of artist painted,
Sung by poet, sought by sage—

Land where hopes have glad fruition,
Land where dreams are dreams no more;
Till before my longing vision
Seemed to rise its glorious shore.

Sense enraptured with its beauty,
Soul enraptured with its bliss,
What cared I that life meant duty?
I who owned estates like this.

So from childhood's happy valley,
Out upon the sparkling sand,
Eagerly I stepped and gayly;
Ah! *that* was my Golden Land.

But I left it, little guessing
All the wealth I left behind,
All the beauty, all the blessing,
That no after-search can find;

Oftimes tripping, sometimes falling,
Speeding on with flying feet,
Dreams of bliss my soul enthralling,
Heeding not the sun's fierce heat;

Of the happy future dreaming,
Of the glories just before,
On the far horizon gleaming,
That enchanted smiling shore.

And I saw, as I came nearer,
Waving trees and sparkling streams;
Fairer shone the scene, and clearer,
Brighter than my brightest dreams.

Groves and gardens softly shaded,
Stately mansions snowy white;
But, alas, the vision faded,
Faded from my ravished sight.

Then I grew so faint and tired,
That I only longed for rest;
All my glowing hopes expired,
And despair my soul possessed.

Now I know the land enchanted,
That had gleamed before my eyes,
Was a desert mirage, painted
On the brazen, blazing skies.

And my feet shall wander ever
On this burning, scorching sand;
I shall faint and fall, and never
Shall I reach the Golden Land.

—L. R. W.

FLASH.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on No. 3;
Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;
Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates;
Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates.

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" an' quiet days;
Full of turb'lent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways;
Scowled an' bit at his partner, an' banged the stable floor,—
With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring;
An' watch with nervous shivors the clasp of buckle an' band,
Until it was plainly ev'dent he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,
As if a thousan' witches was rumplin' up his hair,
An' wake his mate up crazy with its magnetic charm;
For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire-alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire
Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire;
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin', an' so slack
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old
They ain't no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine
A-bossin' of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,
A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din,
An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold him in:

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; wherefor, us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice and heart,
We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upwards into a new,
If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him flew,
'Twas that old horse, a rompin' an' rushin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman, a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3,
Gained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free;
Dodgin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk,"
An' furnishin' all that district with good respectable milk.

Crowds a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin', "Whoa!"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit of show.
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', and hollerin', "Good! go in!"
Finally come where the fire was, halted with a "thud."
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;
Watched till he see the engine properly workin' there—
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled—faded away once more;
Took up his old occ'pation of votin' life a bore;
Laid down in his harness, and—sorry I am to say—
The milkman he had drawn there drew his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen, more'n once or twice,
That poor dumb animals' actions are full of human advice;
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you, then,
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Grave of Colon.

The genius of Columbus was so universal and his fame is so world-wide that it seems almost strange to hear him spoken of as Colon, and find his grave in a Catholic church in Havana. An American is so accustomed to think of Columbus as the grand discoverer of the new world—his world—that for a moment he feels quite like resenting the exclusive claim of that not over-clean and badly-governed city to the custody of his ashes.

Columbus — or Cristobal Colon, as we must say at Havana if we wish to be understood—died at Santo Domingo, but his remains were subsequently removed to Havana, and interred in the cathedral, where they now repose beneath a pillar within the altar. And properly proud are the Havanese-Spanish families of their great fellow-countryman by adoption, whose last resting-place is with them.

Beneath a rather doubtful bust of the great discoverer is a marble tablet set in the pillar, and inscribed with the following characteristic Spanish epitaph in the old-time tongue of Castile:

> "O. Restos y ymagen del
> Grande Colon! Mil siglos
> durad guardado en la urna
> y en la remembranza de nuestra nacion."
>
> O, remains and likeness of great Columbus! Let a thousand centuries hold thee, guarded sacredly in thy urn and in the memory of our nation.

More correct to life, it is asserted, is the statue of Columbus in the patio of the captain-general's palace a few squares below the cathedral. This statue is also of marble, life-size, with the right hand pointing to a globe set by the left foot—that globe which he was persecuted for believing to be round and not flat—and a chart. The head and face are those of a man forty-five or fifty years of age; and the countenance indicates a certain pathetic faith and purpose, half-buried and struggling beneath tides on tides of trouble.

No one can for a moment look upon that face and believe that the life of this man was a happy one. Rather that he suffered and was weighed on by anxiety from first to last; from the day he first set forth to raise funds for his ridiculed expedition, to that last hour in Santo Domingo when his noble life expired under ingratitude and malice. Such a face is a silent and lasting reproach to the age which it looked upon.—

A Great City of Cliff Dwellers.

During the past season a remarkable discovery of an ancient cliff city, 60 miles long, was made by Mr. James Stevenson, the leader of the Archæological Exploring Expedition to New Mexico and Arizona, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Stephenson tells the *Tribune* that for sixty miles along the face of a winding cliff, except where the elements had cut them away, the canon walls had been carved out like swallows' nests, and the cave-dwellings extended two, three, four, and sometimes five rows, one above another. Mr. Stephenson examined this deserted city during several days, personally visiting portions distant 45 miles from each other, and discovering with his glass that the excavations extended 15 to 20 miles further on. By far the greater number are inaccessible, but many of the old paths, worn many inches deep by the feet of the ancients who dwelt there, are intact, and by them the explorer mounted to the old dwellings. There was a marked similarity in the form and construction of these excavations. There was only one aperture, which served for door, window and chimney. The single room had an oval roof, which bore the grooves made by the flinty adzes or axes of the excavators. The method of digging or carving out these caves was disclosed by the form and direction of the grooves, which were usually parallel to each other, and several inches apart, while between, as shown by the rough surface of the stone, the remaining substance had been broken off. There were fireplaces at the rear, but no place of exit for the smoke except the single aperture in front. Many of the dwellings had side or rear excavations of small size, within some of which corn-cobs and beans were found, evidently left by chance inhabitants of a later period. Near the roof of many of the caves there were mortices, projecting from which in some instances there were discovered the decayed ends of wooden sleepers. These were of a kind of wood not recognizable as a present growth of the locality and unknown to the explorers. Specimens were brought away to be examined and classified by naturalists. In the sides of some dwellings there were found small recesses, evidently used as cupboards for the household utensils of the family. The substance of the cliff was tufa, a volcanic ash, quite soft and easily worked by the rude implements of the old builders.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON NASON.

Tell you about it? Of course I will!
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have him come,
For Mamma said *I* must be quiet and still,
And she put away my whistle and drum—

And made me unharness the parlor chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings off up-stairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down,
And all the carpets hung out to blow;
For when the Bishop is coming to town,
The house must be in order, you know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide-and-seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
[illegible] coming—to stay a week—
And she must make cookies and cake and pies,
And fill every closet and platter and pan,
Till I thought this Bishop, so great and wise,
Must be an awfully hungry man.

Well! at last he came; and I do declare,
Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice, and his silvery hair,
And eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read or talked or prayed,
I understood every single word;
And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
Though I never once spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a sudden, he laughed right out,
To see me sit quietly listening so;
And began to tell us stories about
Some queer little fellows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain—and then
He *wasn't* disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of men
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;
And Mamma should be willing to let me crawl
Through the banister-rails, in the hall, sometimes.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,
In stirring up such a bother, you see,
For the Bishop—he didn't care for cake,
And really liked to play games with me.

But though he's so honored in word and act—
(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—
He couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact!
But whispered to me to tell him how.

—*Wide Awake.*

THANKSGIVING EVE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Hand in hand through the city streets,
As the chilly November twilight fell,
Two childish figures walk up and down—
The boot-black Teddie and his sister Nell.

With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,
Where dazzling lights from the windows shine
On golden products from farm and field,
And luscious fruits from every clime.

"Oh, Teddie," said Nell, "let's play for to-morrow
These things are ours, and let's suppose
We can choose whatever we want to eat,
It might come true, perhaps—who knows?"

Two pinched little faces press the pane,
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast
Of dainties their lips will never touch,
Forgetting their hunger, awhile at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet,
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and said,
"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."
"Agreed!" said Nell, and away they sped

To a furrier's shop ablaze with light,
In whose fancied warmth they place their hands,
And play their scanty garments are changed
For softest fur, from far-off lands.

"A grand Thanksgiving we'll have!" cried Nell.
"These make-believe things seem almost true;
I've 'most forgot how hungry I was,
And, Teddie, I'm *almost* warm, aren't you?"

O happy hearts that rejoice to-day,
In all the bounty the season brings,
Have pity on those who vainly strive
To be warmed and fed with imaginings!

—*The Congregationalist.*

AMERICAN PRECIOUS STONES.

Mr. George E. Kunz, of this city, is the author of an admirable monograph on "Precious Stones," just issued by the Department of the Interior, being an abstract from the Report of the United States Geological Survey in regard to the "Mineral Resources of the United States." In these sixty pages the student of this most fascinating department of mineralogy will find information which he could not possibly gather from other sources or by any amount of personal effort. Mr. Kunz is an indefatigable student and collector, and writes no line which does not contain some fact of interest.

Considering the vast extent of our territory, this country is not remarkable for its precious stones. In 1884 more than 9,000,000 of dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones were imported and entered for consumption in the United States. In that same year it is roughly estimated that the value of stones found in the United States and sold as specimens, curiosities and to cut into gems, was considerably less than 100,000 dollars. But a very small part of this includes stones ranked as precious, most of it being expended for fine specimens of varieties of quartz, garnets, etc. But our variety of truly beautiful mineral deposits and crystals is rich enough to awaken the enthusiastic interest of every one who finds in stones the enduring glory which is so frail and evanescent in foliage and flowers.

Diamonds have been found in Virginia, North Carolina, California and other places, but nowhere in such numbers and of such quality as to command much attention; $500 is said to be the highest price paid for a California diamond in the rough, though large numbers have been sold for from $10 to $100 each. Valuable emerald-green sapphires (oriental emerald) have been found at Franklin, N. C., and sapphire gems of other types have been found in other parts of the State, also in Pennsylvania, Montana, and elsewhere. But all together they could not be of much value, for the estimated value of sapphire gems found and sold in 1883 was $3,200, and in 1884 only $1,750.

Still we have some romantic tales of gem discoveries relating to our own neighborhood. Twenty years ago immense spinel crystals were found near Monroe, Orange county, N. Y. The exact locality was known only to two mineralogists, "who worked it for several years by moonlight for secrecy, and from it took crystals that realized over $6,000. Since the death of the former miners the position of this most wonderful locality has been unknown." One of the finest gems ever found in America is a topaz of 125 carats, from Platte Mountain, near Pike's Peak. Mr. Kunz says that topaz crystals from this locality are equal in quality to many of the finest of the same size from Siberia, and are sold at a valuation of from fifty cents to $100 each.

Emeralds are found in New England and North Carolina, but scarcely any of gem value. Their near relatives, the beryls and aqua-marines, are found in a greater variety of places, and many of them are very transparent and beautiful.

Tourmalines abound at Mount Apatito, in Maine. They are found in other localities in that State, and also in other States.

As to garnets, Mr. Kunz says that "there is undoubtedly no finer garnet found that looks better in the evening than those from the garnet regions of the United States. The dark color in Cape garnets remains by artificial light, whereas with the American garnets nothing but the clear blood color is visible. They are of fine quality, and plentiful on the great Colorado plateau." They are found also in other States west of the Rocky Mountains, and in Maine, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and elsewhere.

We have not space enough to mention even a few of the great number of beautiful quartz minerals and feldspars which are described by Mr. Kunz, such as the remarkable amethyst recently deposited in the National Museum, 2¾ inches long, 2 inches wide, 1½ inches thick, transparent, flawless, and uncut. Mr. Kunz says that the cabinet of Dr. Isaac Lea, of Philadelphia, contains thousands of remarkably fine and unique inclusions in quartz, probably every known form of mineral inclusion, forming undoubtedly the finest cabinet of "included minerals" in the world. Every page of this Report contains facts equal in interest to any which we have culled, and we are sure that no student of our native mineralogy will fail to appreciate the comprehensiveness and clearness of this record. No student of the Scriptures can fail to look with more than ordinary regard on those brilliant objects which awakened admiration in the earliest ages, and which form a conspicuous part in the splendors of the New Jerusalem. Who can appreciate so well as the student of precious stones the promise of Isaiah: "Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones."

The Haunted Palace.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago.)
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state, his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing
In voices of supassing beauty
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old-time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid, ghostly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

A great many years ago a prominent merchant in Taunton, Mass., promised to an eccentric old woman, named Lucy King, that, if, taking her subject from the Bible, she would compose a riddle which he could not guess, he would give her a certain prize. The riddle was as follows:

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer His most holy plan.

My body, He did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet;
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray;
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when from me that soul had fled;
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Do by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me but empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;
To Heaven I shall never go
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

Now when these lines you closely read,
Go search your Bible with all speed;
For that my name's recorded there.
I honestly to you declare.

—*The Advance.*

Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt in glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

N. A. W. PRIEST.

If We Knew.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter, thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With the patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM. 1886

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Emperor William to the throne as King of Prussia fell on Saturday, January 2. At the request of the Emperor the celebration of the event was deferred until the succeeding day, when thanksgiving services were held in the churches throughout the Empire. Germany may well rejoice over the prolongation of the life of her wise and good ruler. William has been the real King of Prussia since 1858, when he became Regent for his brother Frederick William IV., who had become an imbecile. On January 2, 1861, his brother died, and on October 18 of the same year, at Konigsberg, William placed the crown of Prussia upon his own head, and gave emphatic declaration of his belief in the "right divine" of kings. One of his first acts after coming to the throne was to appoint Count Bismarck, of Schœnhausen, Prime Minister of the realm. The two have stood together, William and Bismarck, since that day in every movement for the aggrandizement of Prussia and the unification of Germany. It was on January 18, fifteen years ago, that the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany, in the Hall of Mirrors in the palace of the French Kings at Versailles. Twenty-five years a King, and fifteen years an Emperor, William I. approaches his eighty-ninth birthday, yet vigorous in mind and body, beloved by his people, and honored by the world.

For a' That and a' That.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

Memories of the Old Kitchen.

Far back in my musings, my thoughts have been cast
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed;
I loved all its rooms to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than all.
Its chairs and its tables, none brighter could be,
For all its surroundings were sacred to me—
To the nail in the ceiling, and the latch on the door,
And I love every crack on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the fire-place, with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled my eyes.
And then, too, Saint Nicholas, silent and still,
Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill;
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store,
Is the mother that trod on that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light:
For it seemed to me, then, that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear;
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes,
When she told us the stories that children so prize;
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the windows, where mornings I'd run
As soon as the daybreak to watch for the sun;
And I thought, when my head scarcely reached to the sill,
That it slept through the night in the trees on the hill,
And the small tract of ground that my eyes there could view
Was all of the world that my infancy knew;
Indeed, I cared not to know of it more,
For a world of itself was that old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions come back at their will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still;
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mould'ring in clay;
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again;
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honor, but this I would crave,
That when the lips speaking are closed in the grave,
My children would gather theirs round by their side,
And tell of the mother who long ago died;
'Twould be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Than inscription on marble or granite could be,
To have them tell often, as I did of yore,
Of the mother who trod on the old kitchen floor.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

If Jesus came on earth again,
And walked and talked in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
And follow Him, unquestioning mute,
If 'twere the Lord Himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a man with woe forlorn,
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize
Which fails the earthly weak endeavor,
And gaze into those holy eyes,
And drink content forever!

His sheep along the cool, the shade,
By the still water-course He leads;
His lambs upon His breast are laid;
His hungry ones He feeds.

And I, where'er He went, would go,
Nor question where the path might lead;
Enough to know that here below
I walked with God indeed!

If it be thus, O Lord of mine,
In absence be thy love forgot;
And must I when I walk repine,
Because I see thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
Since our poor prayers yet reach Thee, Lord,
Since we are weak, once more to us
Reveal the living Word!

Oh! nearer to me, in the dark
Of life's low hours, one moment stand,
And give me keener eyes to mark
The moving of Thy hand.

My Neighbor's Baby.

Across in my neighbor's window, with its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath its flowing ringlets, a baby's innocent face;
His feet, in crimson slippers, are tapping the polished glass;
And the crowd in the street look upward, and nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window, catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron, stands my own little one;
His face is as pure and handsome as the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking at my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended, and I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby may not catch heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings from his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples in his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them from mine so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—my neighbor's boy is dead!
A mother's heart is breaking in the mansion over the way.
I saw the little coffin as they carried it out to-day;

The light is fair in my window, the flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams that dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are blooming on my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window of the mansion over the way.

Miss Braddon's forty-first work of fiction is now in press, and, under the title of "Phantom Fortune," will make its early appearance. In view of this it may be interesting to those who may not have read the complete series of this writer's novels to recount them in their order of publication. They are: "Lady Audley's Secret," "Henry Dunbar," "Eleanor's Victory," "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," "The Doctor's Wife," "Only a Clod," "Sir Jasper's Tenant," "Trail of the Serpent," "Lady's Mile," "Lady Lisle," "Captain of the Vulture," "Birds of Prey," "Charlotte's Inheritance," "Rupert Godwin," "Run to Earth," "Dead Sea Fruit," "Ralph the Bailiff," "Fenton's Quest," "Lovels of Arden," "Robert Ainsleigh," "The Bitter End," "Milly Darrell," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lucius Davoren," "Taken at the Flood," "Lost for Love," "A Strange World," "Hostages to Fortune," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard," "Weavers and Weft," "An Open Verdict," "Vixen," "The Cloven Foot," "The Story of Barbara," "Just as I Am," "Asphodel," "Mount Royal," "The Golden Calf." All these are still in demand, and there are probably as many copies of the cheap edition of "Lady Audley's Secret" purchased to-day as there was the first year of its being issued. Of the cheap edition of "The Golden Calf," no few than thirty thousand copies have been sold in England.

coveries About the Sphinx.

London Academy.

ndertaking has been begun which to yield results of special interest. s the removal of the sand from round hinx. The Sphinx occupies a posi- here the encroachment of the desert st conspicuous. At the present day ng is to be seen of the animal except ad and its neck; but the old Egyptian ments on which it is figured show nly the entire body down to the paws, so a large square plinth beneath, cov- with ornaments. Since the time of reeks, perhaps even since the reign othemes IV, this plinth has disap- d beneath the sand and its very ex- ce had been forgotten.

s generally supposed that the Sphinx wn out of a large isolated rock which ooked the plain; but M. Maspero's re- hes suggest that it is a work yet more ndous. He has proved that the nx occupies the center of an amphi- er, forming a kind of rocky basin, the r rim of which is about on a level the head of the animal. The walls of amphitheater, whenever visible, are by the hand of man. It seems prob- therefore, that in the beginning there a uniform surface of rock, in which rtificial valley has been excavated, so leave in the middle a block out of ch the Sphinx was finally hewn. The vations now being carried on will otless verify the existence of the th shown on the old paintings, and furnish evidence, by the ornamenta- of the plinth, of the true age of the ument. M. Maspero is inclined to as- it to a very great antiquity—possibly her than the early dynasties—i. e., than first period of Egyptian history. As result of last winter's work, the sand nd the Sphinx has already been low- d by about thirty meters.

Lightning Holes.

rofessor Brun has published in the *Ar- ves de Geneve* an interesting study on so-called lightning holes to be found in High Alps. He and other investigators ve found them at heights of from 3348 4000 meters, or between 11,000 and ,000 feet above the sea level. Usually y are found on summits. Sometimes e rocky mass, which has been vitrified the passage of the electric fluid, pre- nts the appearance of small scattered arls, sometimes of a series of semi- herical cavities only a few millimeters in ameter. Sometimes there are vitrified ys going out from a central point to a dis- nce of four or five inches. Sometimes a ock detached from the mass appears as if ored through by a cannon-ball, the hol- w passage being quite vitrified. The ickness of this vitrified coating or stratum ever exceeds a millimeter, and is some- mes not more than the quarter of that epth. The varying colors which it pre- nts depend on the qualties and composi- ion of the rock. The same may be said as o its transparency. On the Rungfischhorn he glass thus formed by the lightning is lack owing to the quantity of actinolith which the rock contains. It is brown on La Ruinette, the rock consisting of feld- par mixed with gneiss containing chloride f iron. Under the miscroscope these ightning holes display many interior avities, which must be attributed to the presence of water in the rock at the mo- ment of melting by the electric discharge. This vitrified material has no influence on

A Publisher's Profits.

As Louis Berger, the author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, one day, during the Exhibition in Paris, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming: "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!"

"What!" said Berger, looking up and recognizing his old barber; "are you selling nuts?"

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate," was the reply.

"But this is no business for a man like you," said Berger.

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do!" returned the barber, with a sigh.

Berger was touched. He reflected a moment; then, tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few minutes, and handed it to the man, saying: "Take this to a printing-office, and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of the Police, and sell them at two sous a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris can not refuse this tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance of the Exhibition, selling the following hand-bill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew	*Elohim* or *Eloah.*	Olala tongue	*Deu.*
Chaldaic	*Elah.*	German	*Gott.*
Assyrian	*Ellah.*	Flemish	*Goed.*
Syriac and Turkish	*Alah.*	Dutch	*Godt.*
Malay	*Alla.*	English and old Saxon	*God.*
Arabic	*Allah.*	Teutonic	*Goth.*
Language of the Magi	*Orsi.*	Danish and Swedish	*Gut.*
Old Egyptian	*Tuet.*	Norwegian	*Gud.*
Armorian	*Teuti.*	Slavic	*Buch.*
Modern Egyptian	*Tenn.*	Polish	*Bog.*
Greek	*Theos.*	Polaca	*Bung.*
Cretan	*Thias.*	Lapp	*Jubinal.*
Æolian and Doric	*Ilos.*	Finnish	*Jumala.*
Latin	*Deus.*	Runic	*As.*
Low Latin	*Diex.*	Pannonian	*Istu.*
Celtic and old Gallic	*Diu.*	Zemblian	*Fetizo.*
French	*Dieu.*	Hindustanee	*Rain.*
Spanish	*Dios.*	Coromandel	*Brama.*
Portuguese	*Deos.*	Tartar	*Mogatal.*
Old German	*Diet.*	Persian	*Sire.*
Provencal	*Diou.*	Chinese	*Prussa.*
Low Breton	*Doue.*	Japanese	*Goezur.*
Italian	*Dio.*	Madagascar	*Zannar.*
Irish	*Die.*	Peruvian	*Puchocamae.*

A few days after, Berger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the barber. "I sell on an average one hundred copies a day at two sous each, or ten francs; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten sous, and others twenty. I have even received two francs for a copy; so that, all told, I am making five-and-twenty francs a day."

"Five-and-twenty francs a day!" said Berger.

"Yes, sir; thanks to your kindness," he replied.

"The deuce!" thought Berger, as he walked away. "If I were not a literary man, I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

Pictures of Memory.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CAREY.

The Art of Seeing.

In everyday life it is much more important to be an accurate observer than a mere book learner. I have frequently seen the latter made to blush for her deficiencies by the most unlearned, says a correspondent in an English contemporary, for in a contest between eyes and no eyes, eyes have generally got the best of it. Nature has given us such an inexhaustible store of interest that those who go through life without "seeing" lose much of the zest of it. The savage, who necessarily depends upon his keen eye and quick ear, cultivates those faculties in an extraordinary degree; for does he not see indications and hear sounds which to an unpracticed observer would be utterly unintelligible? So also with all persons who live near the heart of nature. The English shepherd, while perhaps ignorant of the very formation of the alphabet, stores up a fund of interesting knowledge, derived entirely from observation.

He can give you simple, interesting astronomical facts which might astonish a scientist, as well as trustworthy information on natural history and even botany. His pursuits lead him to study nature in all its varied phases; it is in this way that he can tell you that the arrival of the swallow may be expected on the 11th of April, and not later than the 14th. He will tell you the best time for noticing the flight of birds, and that nearly every bird has a different manner of flying, and that each has wings adapted to its different habits; for instance, those like the swallow, who catch their food while in the air, have long, pointed wings, while rounded, short wings are only for birds who have slow and short flight. He will also tell you how the tiny pimpernel warns him to house his lambs by closing tightly its petals on the slightest indication of rain; and thousands of other simple facts which to a student of nature are most interesting.

Thus, one may possess everything in the way of scholarship, but if he or she have that alone, those who are unlearned but observing will often make them feel very small. I would, therefore, urge my readers to cultivate the art of seeing or observing; there is nothing like seeing things for ourselves. Our ideas become fresher, more natural, and more in unison with latter day tastes when they are formed from observation. Nature's book is the one wherein we find the richest, the most varied, and the most inexhaustible subjects for thought. Whole pages of lessons may be learned from the very stones we walk on, and the most insignificant of God's creation possesses an interest unknown to those who go through life without "seeing."

The Heat of the Sun.

Age of Steel.

Sir Isaac Newton thought the heat of the sun was at least 2000 times greater than the temperature of red-hot iron. Pouillet calculated that the solar heat which falls on a square centimeter (nearly a seventh part of a square inch) of the terrestrial surface is sufficient to raise 17,633 grains (nearly a troy pennyweight) of water 1 degree of Centigrade every minute, and, having adopted this as what he termed a "caloric," or constant unit of solar heat, he, estimating backward, inferred that the heat issuing from a similar measure on the surface of the sun would there serve to melt a layer of ice 11.80 meters (36 feet 1 inch) thick every minute. Pouillet spoke of a temperature somewhere between 2630 and 3170 degrees Fahrenheit as the probable amount of the heat of the sun. Ericsson assumed the enormously higher quantity of 4,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Professor Langley, from observations made with his recently constructed barometer, or ray measurer—a very sensitive instrument, in which calorific vibrations are converted into electric currents—gives as a probably exact result from 1800 to 2000 degrees Centigrade, and by a very beautiful series of experiments of an altogether independent nature, he satisfies himself that the sun's hemisphere radiates eighty-seven times as much heat and 5300 times as much light as an equal area of incandescent steel in a Bessemer converter, in which the air-blast has been sustained for about twenty minutes. This may, perhaps, be fairly looked upon as the most trustworthy approximation to any definite conclusion that has yet been found possible in this very difficult branch of human knowledge.

Facts About the Stars.

English Paper.

The extinction of "starlight" in the daylight is not due to the vapors of the atmosphere, but to the "stronger" vibrations of sunlight, which prevent our eyes perceiving the weaker vibrations of starlight, exactly as a stronger sound—say a cannon shot—prevents us from hearing a smaller noise—say a mouse piping—or, as is well known, a larger disturbance in water extinguishes a smaller one. The smaller noise, the smaller sound waves and the smaller light vibrations are not perceived by our senses when the greater impressions or disturbances occupy them. There is not the slightest necessity of elaborate theories on "ether" when the limit of the susceptibility of our senses offers a sufficient explanation why we cannot see the light of all and every star in the universe.

Professor J. H. Long of the Illinois State Microscopical Society, after repeated experiment, says: "Taking all things into consideration, I am forced to believe that we have no absolutely certain method of distinguishing between butter and some of its substitutes, and that, of all methods proposed, the microscopic are, perhaps, the least liable."

It may seem strange to the non-professional that in spite of persistent and skillful attempts to solve the problem, chemists are obliged to admit ignorance of the exact composition of so common a substance as the white of an egg; yet, until they acquire an accurate knowledge of the consumption of albuminous substances, the process of animal economy cannot be explained.

The Botanical Gardens, London, have succeeded in cultivating the curious kermes oak (*quercus cocifera*), which, when punctured by one of the coccus insects, produces the ancient blood-red dye, supposed to have been used by Moses to tint the hangings of the tabernacle. The kermes oak is a dwarf, bushy shrub, somewhat resembling a holly, and grows profusely in Spain.

The French Academy of Sciences has been told by M. Treve of the curious phenomenon of a beautiful green ray which flashes into sight for a quarter of a second on the disappearance of the upper edge of the solar disc at sunset. The appearance can be seen only when the sky is exceptionally clear, and is probably an illusive effect on the eyes of the sudden extinction of the sun's glare.

The Old Canoe.

Where rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank;
Where the weeds grow thick on its winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through—
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath stopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done,
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silver screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "to-whoo,"
Nestles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave
Rots slowly away in its hidden grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering past away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a fallen tower;
While many a blossom of the liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
And the light wind plays with the boat at will;
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with a careless hand
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream ran quick
When the whirls were wild and the eddies were thick;
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the murky tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hand that lent to the light skiff wings
Has grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

ANONYMOUS.

Magdalen.

If any woman of us all,
If any woman of the street,
Before the Lord should pause and fall,
And with her long hair wipe His feet—

He whom with yearning hearts we love,
And fain would see with human eyes
Around our living pathway move,
And underneath our daily skies—

The Maker of the heavens and earth,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
With whom the universe had birth,
But breathing of our breath, one breath—

If any woman of the street
Should kneel, and with the lifted mesh
Of her long tresses wipe His feet,
And with her kisses kiss their flesh—

How round that woman would we throng,
How willingly would clasp her hands,
Fresh from that touch divine, and long
To gather up the twice-blest strands!

How eagerly with her would change
Our idle innocence, nor heed
Her shameful memories and strange,
Could we but also claim that deed.

THE EYESTONE.

A Curious Little Bone and Where It Comes From.

New York Sun.

"Yes, we keep eyestones," said an up-town druggist, "but we don't have a call for one once in five years. Yet there must be quite a demand for them, for wholesale dealers purchase all that are brought them by sailors who make a business of collecting them on their voyages. Did you ever see an eyestone?"

"No," said the reporter. "But they are found in the stomachs of crayfish, I believe."

"Then your belief is about as far wrong as it could be," said the druggist, as he took a small bottle from a drawer. It was half full of what seemed to be very small, round, flat pieces of polished bone. Emptying a few of the pieces on the counter, he picked one up and handed it to the reporter to examine. There was nothing notable about the little bone except that one side was composed of numerous concentric grooves.

"That is an eyestone," said the druggist, pouring some liquid out of a bottle on to a smooth plate and diluting it with water. "And this is a weak solution of lime juice."

The druggist took one of the eyestones and put it into the solution. Presently the stone began to move as if it were alive. It made its way slowly about in different directions in the liquid in a mysterious manner.

"That strange movement of the eyestone when placed in a weak solution of lime juice or vinegar has given rise among ignorant and superstitious people to the notion that it has life, and that it loves vinegar, and loves to swim in it above all things. But there is no more life in an eyestone than there is in a paving stone. It is composed of calcareous material, and when placed in the solutions named is made to move about by carbonic acid gas, which is evolved by the contact with the liquid acid. These little stones and all genuine eyestones once were the front doors to the shells of a little molluscous animal that lives along the Venezuelan and other South American coasts. The shell is a univalve. The calcareous formation is on the tip end of the little animal, and when he draws himself into his shell to escape danger or go to sleep, the end, of course, is the last part of him that is drawn into the cavity or mouth of the shell, where it fits so closely and is so hard that it affords perfect protection to the animal against enemies from without. The native inhabitants collect the eyestones in large quantities and regard them with great awe. Sailors engaged on the fruit-trading vessels that visit these regions obtain the stones and fetch them to New York for sale to the wholesale druggists.

"There are two little bones found in the head of the crayfish, just back of and beneath the eyes, which resemble the eyestone, except that they are smooth all over. These are called eyestones, and are used as such in Ohio and other Western States, but they have none of the virtues of the real eyestone. The proper name for the stone found in the crayfish is crabstones. In Poland and parts of Russia quite a trade is done in collecting crabstones. The crayfish are buried in deep pits, and left there until they rot. The refuse is then washed and the stones are picked out. They are used

"There is nothing better to remove foreign substances from the eye than one of these South American eyestones. Before using them many people think it necessary to put them in vinegar 'to give them life,' but it is not necessary. The stone is inserted at one corner of the eye, with the grooved side next to the lid. The pressure of the eyeball forces it to move about in the eye, and the grooves collect the foreign matter and retain it. After making a thorough circuit of the eye the stone will come out at the corner next the nose. No inconvenience is caused by its presence in the eye."

SHIPWRECKED.

A Story of a Pleasant Residence on Makin Isle.

Joseph Binskin and Gustavus Wenswend, sailors, who arrived in this city a few days ago on the ship H. L. Tiernan, tell a romantic story of shipwreck and residence on a small island in the Caroline group, among the natives, for fifteen months.

They sailed on board the Bothwick Castle, from Newcastle, Australia, on November 16, 1884, bound for Amoy, China. All went well until they arrived in latitude 5 deg. north, when the Captain lost his reckoning and ran out of his course, striking on a reef of Makin isle at 4:45 A. M. on January 3d following. The ship began going to pieces at noon of that day, and the crew of thirteen men took to the boats, saving a small quantity of food and clothing. They reached the island of Makin with great difficulty, and found it to be a small sandy reef, about five miles in circumference, rising but a short distance out of the water, and not very inviting in appearance, being only relieved by the presence of a few cocoanut trees. To their surprise and joy they found that the spot was inhabited, the natives numbering 163. The shipwrecked men were treated very kindly by these people, who extended to them every hospitality, giving them all the food they needed during their long residence there.

Soon after they landed, Captain W. Beazle, the second mate, an able-bodied seaman and the cabin boy took the long-boat and left, announcing that they were going to New Britain. As they have never been heard of since that time the supposition is that they were lost. Some time after the departure of the Captain a small vessel that trades in the Caroline islands visited Makin and took away three seamen and the first mate. Subsequent to this the ship Francisca touched at the island, and three more of the crew went to China, the Captain declining to take the remaining three, who were anxious to leave, but were unable until taken on board the Tiernan.

Perfectly clean and dry wool contains about 5 per cent of sulphur, and a nine-pound fleece about seven ounces of potash, about six of which can be recovered by well washing the wool and evaporating the wash water.

Dr. C. Keller of Zurich finds reason for believing that spiders destroy more aphides and insect enemies of trees than do all the insect-eating birds. His views have been verified by observation on coniferous trees, a few broad-leaved trees and apple trees.

Insect-proof linings for trunks, closets, etc., as a protection from moths or other insects, is made by steeping any suitable fabric in a solution of tobacco and cascarilla bark macerated in benzine, then drying and steeping in tobacco, cascarilla bark and hot water.

It is estimated that the varied machinery of Great Britain now operated by steam power is capable of performing more work, and hence producing more products, than could be effected by the labor of 400,000,000 able-bodied men, a greater number than all the workingmen on earth.

Engineers are frequently troubled by the oil sticking to the inside of the glass in light feed oil cups. A simple remedy is found in coating the inside of such cups with glycerine, taking care that every part is covered. The surest way is to fill the

"If."

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper Sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say:
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe, and say:
"Bring back again my little boy to me."
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And wait to meet him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh! to know the feet once pure and white
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin.
And should he knock at heaven's gate, to-night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

—*Mrs. May Riley Smith.*

The Little Grave.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day;
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home has made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small;
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay;
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin lid.

I know that a mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And I know that her lip, and cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away—
The crimson frock and wrappings gay,
The little sock and half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plume and tassels blue;
And an empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of her guileless dead.

"'Tis a little grave; but oh! have a care,
For many world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps, in coming years
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with my only boy.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The greatest cataract in the world is that of Niagara. The Horseshoe Fall, on the Canadian side, has a perpendicular descent of 158 feet. The height of the American fall is 167 feet. The Horseshoe Fall, which carries a larger volume of water than the American Fall, is about 600 yards wide, and extends from the Canadian shore to Goat Island.

SHE WAS "SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a Winter's day;

The street was wet with the Winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for amid a throng

Of human beings, who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For she's old and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

—*Home Journal.*

COURTESY.—Perhaps the one quality oftenest deficient in family relationships is courtesy. "Too much familiarity," as the proverb says, "breeds contempt." The habit of treating one another without the little forms in use among other friends, and the horrid trick of speaking rudely of each other's defects or mishaps, is the underlying source of half the alienation of relatives. If we are bound to show special benevolence to those nearest to us, why on earth do we give them pain at every turn, and irritate them by unflattering remarks or unkind references? For once we can do them a real service of any kind, we can hurt, or else please them fifty times a day. The individual who thinks she performs her duty to sister, or niece, or cousin while she waits to do the exceptional service, and hourly frets and worries and humiliates her, is exceedingly mistaken.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

The greatest wall in the world is the Chinese wall, built by the Emperor of the Tsin dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against the Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers, and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles.

THE QUEEN OF ALL.—Honor to the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheek. The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out; but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight when she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you all your virtues, until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried, and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do,
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly sneaking way,
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do, is to do as you please.
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use,
For people will talk.

WHY NOT?

How the Odd Fancy of a School Graduate Was Apparently Realized.

[Written for the EXAMINER.]

"When I die I would be buried beneath the shade of some evergreen tree, where, instead of becoming moldering dust, my body shall become a part of that tree—living again. My soul, having deserted the body, leaving it to become a decaying, loathsome thing, food for worms, the kindly tree hall throw out its delicate fibrous roots, feeding from the flesh of my body, nourishing the tree into greater growth and more beauty of foliage, cheating the grave of all its hideousness. Then, perhaps, my soul may be permitted to return to my second body, and from its beautiful dwelling place look out upon the world, beholding the wonderful changes in nature; my branches a sheltering home for thousands of beautiful birds; the balmy fragrance of my leaves filling the air with health-giving properties; my shadow protecting from the hot sun the weary workman while resting from his labors; the sighing of the gentle breezes through my foliage, soothing the heart-weary; giving comfort, pleasure, happiness. How grand to become a living object once more!"

The speaker was one of three young girls reclining upon the grass within the shadow of the little church in a Southern village, where they had met for one more exchange of confidences before bidding each other good-by at the close of their school days. Different paths in life were mapped out for each. Hope's golden star shown brightly for all—particularly so for the one whose wish had just been confided to her mates. The subject of death and the grave had been rather unceremoniously introduced by the sudden exclamations of a little brother of Nellie's, who excitedly demanded that they should come over the brow of the hill and see the grave where a few months before the village drunkard had been buried, the boy declaring that the old man had turned to a huge thistle which had lately grown over the grave. Little Adna's excited advocacy of the theory of transmigration in the case of the old drunkard as a punishment for his evil course while living, brought up the subject of death, a future state of existence and the horrors of the grave.

Nellie was the village beauty, of delicate physique, with hair as black and glossy as a raven's feathery coat, and limpid black eyes, from whose depths looked out a soul all too pure for earth. Her beauty and unusual intelligence for one so young, accompanied by a disposition befitting one so rich in natural graces, made her the village favorite—old and young vying with each other in bestowing upon her such honors as they in their holiday pleasures found to bestow. In a few days the three friends separated, one to become the wife of a noted physician, the other the wife of a prominent official, while Nellie became the adored wife of a young Southerner, whose devotion to his lovely wife crushed out of his heart all hope of happiness, when two years after marriage she was laid at rest under the shadow o an evergreen tree in the village churchyard, where so short a time before the three friends had exchanged girlish confidences.

A quarter of a century passed. Two of the trio still lived. The village had become a city The cemetery being too near the homes of its inhabitants, sanitary measures necessitated the removal of those buried there. Loving hands opened the grave where rested the remains of the young wife. Her wish had been granted. The delicate roots of a flowering shrub had shot down, and penetrating the casket had woven their fine white fibers around the frame, encasing it within a network more beautiful than human hands could possibly have executed. Delicate fibers as white as snow lovingly embraced every part of the frame, so that the whole were gently lifted from the place where they had rested for twenty-five years and laid in their new resting place, leaving the old as pure and fresh as when first prepared for the body. Who can dispute the theory that the perishable part of the village favorite had become a living object in which the soul may have once more taken up its abode—a witness of the many changes occurring during the quarter of a century since deserting its human habitation.

CADIJAH.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live*,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live! Thy purpose to fulfil;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remold this stubborn will;
Closer 'round *Thee* my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully:
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me; let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live; with kindly words for all;
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

—*Dublin Tract Repository.*

THE CRADLE SONG.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD, IN N. Y. LEDGER.

'Twas a soft, low tune that the mother crooned
As she touched the cradle where baby lay,
Sleepy and cross, with a fretful toss,
At having to pause in his pretty play.

A sweet, low tune, and a soft caress,
The loving touch of a mother's hand,
Soon quiet the child, from its sports beguiled,
And carried it captive to Slumberland.

The restless fingers and feet are still;
The dear little draw-bridges drop ere long
O'er the baby's eyes; and the baby lies
In the magic spell of its cradle song.

With joy we list to the wondrous notes.
As the prima donna performs her part
With a voice so clear that the birds appear
Outdone by one who has learned their art.

But the Queen of Song, though she sing in truth
With seraphic splendor, may lack the power
To bring repose and relief to those
Who fain would rest in the weary hour.

And though many a melody may be forgot
By busy plodders amid life's throng,
Yet they always hear, and they hold most dear,
The old melodious cradle song.

The old, old song, that was half a prayer
When the mother murmured it soft and low,
Again and again, with its soothing strain.
Comes back to whisper of long ago.

And around our hearts, and around our lives,
These cords are woven so firm and strong,
That when death draws near, nothing else we'll hear,
But a sweet voice crooning a cradle song.

A NEW SWINDLE.

Counterfeiting Rare Coins and Postage Stamps.

Philadelphia Press.

A new phase of swindling has recently grown up in this country. This is the counterfeiting of old coins and postage stamps with which collectors enrich their cabinets. Owing to the demand for such articles on the part of numismatists and others, a profitable business has grown up in counterfeiting the originals and selling them at immensely advanced prices. Several days ago the secret service officials secured the arrest of certain persons in Philadelphia who had in their possession 4000 spurious coins which they had manufactured for this purpose. As there was no evidence that the coins were intended for circulation, but only to rob confiding dupes of their money, the guilty parties were allowed to go unpunished upon their promise to destroy all the dies and plates in their possession. It is now learned that a firm in Germany is manufacturing United States postage stamps of a denomination long since extinct, which have attained an enormous sale in this country. I was shown several sets of these genuine and spurious stamps at the office of the Secret Service to-day. If there was any difference, it appeared to be in favor of the latter, which in all respects were the better executed in point of color and workmanship. I afterward talked with a local numismatist about the effect of counterfeiting upon the sale of these curios. He said it was not so great as might be supposed. It would be very difficult to swindle a dealer in ancient coins, though, of course, people who purchased of whomsoever might offer were apt to be taken in. He then informed me that silver half-dollars coined in the year 1804 found a ready sale at from $350 to $1000 each. The value depends upon the preservation of the coin. The dealers have ascertained that there are but seven pieces of this denomination that were circulated, little, if any. It is these seven which command the highest figure. Those whose appearance is not too much disfigured sell readily at $500, while any of the remainder, without regard to condition, are sold at $350. It is a little singular that while coins of 1803 and 1805 are worth only a few cents more than their face value, those of 1804 should be rated so expensively. The reason for this lies in the fact that in 1804 the number of half-dollars coined was comparatively small, and as these gradually disappeared from circulation their value accordingly increased. Another coin for which there is great demand is the half-dimes of 1802. These are quoted at from $150 to $400 each, according to their state of preservation, and for the same reasons given above.

The sums of money withdrawn from circulation and locked up in these collections is said to be very large. The number of collections have greatly increased of late years, and many rich men, like Senator Stanford of California and Harrison Garrett of Baltimore, make it their especial hobby. The most complete collection in America, embracing coins of every description from the old colonial days down to the present time, is in the possession of Loring G. Parmalee of Boston. Its intrinsic value is a trifle less than $1200. The sum which Mr. Parmalee has refused for it is $65,000. Several years ago a very elderly woman died at Roxbury, Mass. Among her effects was found an old crock containing silver pieces to the amount of $13 65. Many of the coins, which were seventy-five and a hundred years old, looked as fresh and new as when they first came from the Mint. Owing to their antiquity and excellent state of preservation they were sold by the old lady's executors to a local dealer for $650.

THE STORY OF NEW SPAIN.

The sixth volume of the "History of the Pacific States," by Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, is volume third of the history of Mexico. It comprises the period included by 1600–1800, beginning with the close of Monterey's viceroyalty, and ending with that of Azanza. The present number may, in a great measure, be considered more important than any which has preceded it; not only from the fact that it treats of a period which shows the three centuries' development of a great colony, but also for the reason that it demonstrates the superiority of searching examination over brilliant transcription—the value of indefatigable examination of archives and records, as compared with the mere derivation of information from published chronicles. Hitherto, Mexican histories have discussed leaders and national events; the present volume supplies a minute treatise upon the people and customs.

From its first settlement up to 1621, Mexico, or New Spain, as it was then called, was indifferently ruled. The viceroys, with one or two exceptions, were unscrupulous and corrupt. The minor officials practiced every species of malfeasance with insolent impunity. The following extract describes the condition of an ill-governed province:

Protected by those in power, who not infrequently were partners in their gain, the rich had monopolized the very necessaries of life, and this during a time of great scarcity, when famine was raging in many parts of the country, so that the poor had to subsist on roots or die of want. The regidores of Mexico had seized and divided among themselves the annual subsidy of one hundred and thirty thousand reales granted by the crown in aid of the public granary, and they, in conjunction with a few wealthy men, had forced the price of maize, the staple food of the lower classes, from twelve reales the fanega to forty-eight. Even at this price the official in charge of the granary frequently turned away the starving poor, while to the servants of the rich and powerful he gave a superabundance, which was disposed of to their own advantage. So, too, these imitators of their masters, lying in wait just without the city, forced the Indians who supplied the general market to give up, at a nominal price, the scant produce of their toil that the spoilers might receive the profit. Some of the meat thus obtained was retailed at an exorbitant price in a shop established in the palace of the archbishop. The crown was robbed or defrauded of its dues by the royal officials and their friends. Shipments to Peru of prohibited goods brought from Manila were made openly, and were productive of great gain. The supplies sent by the king to the Philippines were purchased by his agents at twice their market value, and complaints came from that colony of their poor quality, or rottenness, as well as of scant measure. At the treasury it was the custom to receive for the payment of dues coin or silver bullion indifferently; the oidores and the treasury officials, substituting the former for the latter, divided among themselves a gain of three reales in such wares. In all the pueblos the tax-collectors speculated with the royal funds, which they withheld from the treasury, either without a shadow of excuse or on the ground that these sums proceeded from partial payments of taxes which were not due to the crown until those payments should be completed. By collusion of those in charge of the mines and the traders, the king was defrauded of his fifth.

At last Felipe IV. of Spain realized the necessity of a radical change. To this end he selected as viceroy the Marqués do Gelves, a man noted alike for inflexible virtue and great personal valor. Gelves hastened to enter into his new charge. Arriving there, he instituted at the threshold of the country extensive and energetic reforms.

Contrary to established usage, he would not allow either Spaniards or Indians, at the places were halts were made, to be at the least expense for the entertainment of himself and his retinue, peremptorily ordering that everything should be paid for at the highest current value. Nor would he receive gratuitously gifts suggested by the hospitality of the people, or those offered to him by the many anxious to curry favor with a new ruler. In this respect he made the rule inflexible during his whole term of office, for his servants as well as for himself. The reform measures of Gelves on his way to the capital had there roused the most conflicting sentiments, for, while honest patriotism hailed the coming of so just a governor, the placemen and the allies apprehended disaster, and they were not wrong. The viceroy soon instituted an examination, and found public affairs in a condition of shameless disorder. The evil was greater than either the monarch or himself had thought. He visited the prisons, and at times sat in judgment in the courts. He caused delayed business to be dispatched promptly, ordering that in matters of justice no distinction should be made between the rich and the poor, and insisted that no magistrate should sit in any case wherein he was interested. Criminals who, though under sentence, were at large, he caused to be arrested and punished, while such as were unjustly detained in prison were released. He ferreted malefactors who, through official negligence or willful ignorance, had gone unsuspected. In some instances it came out that certain official personages were sharers in the fruits of robbery. These, also, were punished, but in causing this to be done Gelves gained the enmity of others high in station who were their patrons. He forbade the exercise of gubernatorial powers in the release of prisoners, and ordered that all such matters should be referred to him for decision. An efficient mounted force moved with great celerity, and, being well informed by spies of the movements of bandits, was able to make its blow effective. Arrest was supplemented swiftly by punishment, and highway robbery was completely at an end. He compelled absentee alcaldes, mayores, corregidores, and justicias to return to their jurisdictions. He put a stop to the sale of votes on the part of the ayuntamientos—a practice which obtained very generally in cities and villas distant from the capital—requiring that lists of eligible persons should be sent to him that he might select the names of those to be voted for, the selection being made only after favorable inquiry concerning the character of the person proposed. He compelled those who had embezzled the the funds of the public granary to disgorge a certain amount of their plunder, and in the king's name took possession of two other deposits belonging to regidores of the capital. By these means, and by the expenditure of ten thousand pesos of his own, wherewith he made purchases in the neighboring provinces, he accumulated a considerable store of grain. He checked immediately all pilfering of the royal treasury, banishing from the mines the foreigners and others who had defrauded the revenue, ordering that all money received for taxes should be sent at once to Mexico, and putting an end to other practices by which so much of the king's money had remained in the hands of dishonest officials. Owing to these reforms in the management of the treasury the viceroy was enabled to send an increased amount of money to Spain, where at this time it was sorely needed. After paying all the expenses of administering the viceroyalty and meeting the cost of supplies sent to Manila, a million of pesos was sent to the king in 1622, and a million and a half in the following year.

But this zealous reform wrought the undoing of Gelves. When he strove to introduce his policy within ecclesiastical precincts he met with stubborn resistance. His endeavor to check priestly abuses of church privilege was received with instant resentment by the archbishop and his religious following. The church dignitary appealed to a superstitious people, who, in turn, ungrateful for the emancipation from oppression which Gelves had secured for them, turned on him, and, with the combined aid of the disgraced officials and lawless friars, secured his political overthrow and recall to Spain. The few succeeding viceroys were characterized by little of the clemency of Gelves.

The next important event was the contest with the Jesuits. This powerful order had from the first advanced its missions on every hand with compensated zeal. Its influence was wide-spread and constantly increasing. Under the guise of poverty the Jesuits continued to amass wealth. But with characteristic and imprudent avarice they sought to cheat the mother church and the government of just tithes; and by their resistance provoked a strife which lasted for several years. She had, however, an able and equal opponent in the great Viceroy-Bishop Juan de Palafox, who warred against them with zealous vigor and unmatched astuteness, until they were compelled to submit unconditionally to civil and ecclesiastical rule. The victory, however, cost Palafox all reward for his noble career, for on his return to Spain, although honored by pope and king, the intrigues of the revengeful Jesuits kept him out of all substantial honors. Wearied with life, and broken down by kingly ingratitude, he died ten years after his return to Spain. Such was the implacable hatred of the Society of Jesuits, that efforts on the part of successive popes to honor his saintly life by canonization have been repeatedly frustrated by the order.

For a hundred years after, the Jesuits quietly pursued their policy of conquest and aggrandizement, evading lawful taxes on every occasion. The same course seems to have prevailed wherever the order extended throughout the world. In 1736 an especial royal order was issued for the society to produce sworn statements of property subject to tithes.

The matter did not stop here. The Jesuits were showing a marked disposition toward the acquisition of worldly wealth, and no more fondness for paying taxes than have most corporations. But finding that they could not escape the infliction, they did the next best thing—they paid as little as possible. The attention of the council was called to the studied policy of the Jesuit society in delaying the conclusion of this tithes question for over a century, to the injury of the royal treasury. The council, composed of eleven members, stood six to five in favor of submitting the case to the supreme court of justice. The king then called a council of members drawn from the councils of Castile, the inquisition, órdenes, and hacienda or exchequer, to which were also invited several distinguished theologians, who took part in the deliberations. The Jesuits were then required to pay thereafter one per decem upon all the produce of their haciendas, ranchos, and *ingenios*, or sugar plantations.

This measure proving unsuccessful, the king of Spain, with daring enterprise, resolved to adopt sweeping measures.

This great association, notwithstanding its wealth and almost unlimited sway over the Roman Catholic mind and conscience, was now to undergo a great calamity. Persecution, dire and relentless, was at hand. On the 27th of February, 1767, King Cárlos III., after a consultation with his intimate counselors, and for reasons that he reserved in his royal breast, issued a mandate to his Minister of State, the Conde de Aranda, for the expulsion from his dominions in Europe, America, and Asia, of all the members of the Society of Jesus—that is to say, ordained priests, lay-brothers, or coadjutors who had taken the first vow,

and novices who refused to abandon the society—together with sequestration of their estates. The order was confirmed by the pragmatic sanction of April 2d, published the same day, making known the royal action in the premises, and that the exiled would be allowed, out of the income of the suppressed society's property, a yearly pension of one hundred pesos to each ordained priest, and ninety pesos to each lay-brother, the foreign-born and those of immoral conduct being excepted. Any Jesuit who should, without the king's express leave, return to the Spanish dominions under any pretext whatsoever, even that of having resigned from the society and being absolved of its vows, would be treated as a proscript, incurring, if a layman, the penalty of death, and if a priest that of confinement, at the option of the ordinaries. Never was the king's absolute power made so manifest as upon this occasion, when he determined to crush at one blow the most powerful association in his dominions. The Conde de Aranda, clothed with royal authority, on the 20th of March circulated his orders, which contained minute instructions prepared by Campomanes, the fiscal of the royal council. Everything had been foreseen, time and distances calculated, so that the society should be stricken without fail, at one and the same moment, on the night between the 2d and 3d of April. A later order of March 28th hastened the execution by two days in Madrid and neighboring places, and it was carried out on the night of the 31st of March. When the inhabitants awoke the next morning they learned with astonishment that the Jesuits were already several leagues from Madrid, on their way to the ports at which they were to be embarked. It was done with the utmost secrecy, and even the officers charged with the duty, though many of them were doubtless friends, relatives, and supporters of the victims, dared not disobey. To other parts of the Spanish dominions strict orders had been transmitted, and dates exactly fixed for the arrest of every member of the Society of Jesus. Troops were at hand to aid the authorities should necessity arise.

Pursuant to command, the Viceroy of New Spain gave his orders; and on the 25th of June, a little before daybreak, the Jesuits were arrested in their residences, and their papers and effects seized. On the 28th they were conveyed in coaches strongly guarded by troops to Vera Cruz, where they were gradually joined by their brethren from other provinces, who had been arrested and treated in the same manner as themselves. On the 24th of October the government provided the requisite ships, and on that day the Jesuits embarked for Habana. Four days out there was a violent gale which dispersed the convoy, and nearly caused the destruction of all. November 13th they reached Habana, and were kindly treated by the governor captain-general, their condition being truly pitiable. After recruiting their strength, having lost a few more members, they were reëmbarked December 23d for Cádiz, where they arrived the 30th of the following March. They were then taken to the puerto de Santa María, and together with many others placed in an asylum. In the middle of June, 1768, having lost fifteen of their brethren by disease at Santa María, they were reëmbarked, those from Mexico, numbering now about five hundred and twenty-eight, for the Roman States, where they arrived only to be refused admission. They were then obliged to wander about the Mediterranean, suffering for the necessaries of life, closely confined in the ships, and subject to the harsh treatment of the commander, till they were finally given refuge in Corsica. But as this island was the next year ceded to France, they had to transfer themselves to Genoa, whence they eventually reached the Papal States. In Naples and Parma, whose sovereigns depended on the king of Spain, the Jesuits met with no hospitality.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the portion which treats of Mexican mines and mining, and of the vast wealth which this country yielded up in metals, pearls, and precious stones. Particularly fascinating is the description of the enormous yield of gold and silver. On setting out, the reader is met with the fact that during the first century after the conquest of Peru there went from the New World to Spain silver enough to make a bridge across the Atlantic a yard and a half wide and two inches thick; or, brought together in a heap, it would overtop the mountains of Potosi!

The total annual yield of Mexico in gold and silver has been estimated at $1,500,000 in for the epoch 1521–48; at $2,000,000 from 1548 to 1600, and at $3 000,000 for the following nine decades, aggregating $414,500,000. Since that time the statistics of the mint of Mexico show a considerable increase of the amount yearly coined; from $5,285,581 produced in 1690, it advanced with slight fluctuation till, in 1805, it reached the maximum of $27,165,888. In the following years it declined to $21,886,500 for 1808, the total amount till then, from 1690, being $1,496,832,112. To this must be added the value of all metal wrought into jewelry, and of that which was illegally exported without being coined or taxed. The amount, frequently overrated, in all probability did not exceed one million pesos yearly; and adding this, the average annual product in the beginning of the century may be placed at 23,000,000 pesos. The revenue derived by the crown from this flood of wealth amounted to about sixteen per cent. on silver and nineteen on gold admixtures. During a term of twenty-five years, comprising part of the most flourishing mining period, from 1765 to 1789 the total revenue, according to official statements, amounted to $43 641,469. The district of Guanajuato alone paid, from 1760 till 1780, more than $13,000,000, and during the whole eighteenth century about $41,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Dr. B. J. Jeffries holds that the three primary colors are red, green and violet; that blindness to violet is rare and that color-blindness is practically confined to red or green.

BE STRONG, O HEART.

Be strong to bear, O heart of mine,
Faint not when sorrows come;
The summits of these hills of earth
Touch the blue skies of home.
So many burdened ones there are
Close toiling by thy side,
Assist, encourage, comfort them,
Thine own deep anguish hide.
What though thy trials may seem great?
Thy strength is known to God,
And pathways steep and rugged lead
To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to love, O heart of mine,
Live not for self alone;
But find, in blessing other lives,
Completeness for thine own.
Seek every hungering heart to feed,
Each saddened heart to cheer;
And where stern justice stands aloof,
In mercy draw thou near.
True, loving words and helping hands
Have won more souls for Heaven,
Than all mere dogmas and mere creeds
By priest or sages given.

Be strong to hope, O heart of mine,
Look not on life's dark side;
For just beyond these gloomy hours,
Rich, radiant days abide.
Like hope, like Summer's rainbow bright,
Scatter thy falling tears,
And let God's precious promises
Dispel thy anxious fears.
For every grief a joy will come,
For every toil a rest;
So hope, so love, so patient bear,
God doeth all things best.

—*Selected.*

The most remarkable whirlpool is the maelstrom of the northwest coast of Norway and southwest of Moskenæsol, the most southerly of the Lofoden Isles. It was once supposed to be unfathomable, but the depth has been shown not to exceed twenty fathoms.

Growth of the United States.

Boston Traveler. 1884

The following statistics show the growth of the country since the year 1860:

Twenty-three years ago we were 30,000,000 of people; now we are over 50,000,000.

Then we had 141 cities and towns of over 8000 inhabttants; now we have 286 of such cities and towns. Then the total population of our cities was 5,000,000; now it is about 12,000,000.

Our coal mines then produced 14,000,000 tons a year; now 85,000,000 tons a year, or six times as much.

The iron product amounted to 900,000 tons of ore; to-day it foots up over 8,000,000 tons a year, almost a nine-fold increase.

In 1860 our metal industries employed about 53,000 hands, consumed about $100,000,000 worth of material and turned out about $180,000,000 in annual products.

To-day these same industries employ 300,000 hands, consume $380,000,000 of material, and their annual product amounts to $660,000,000 a year.

In 1860 the wood industries employed 130,000 persons; to-day they employ 340,000, while the value of their annual product has trebled.

The woolen industry employed 60,000 persons then and now employs 160,000, while our home mills, which produced goods of the value of $80,000,000 in 1860, now turn out an annual product worth $270,000,000.

Finally, there is cotton. In 1860 we imported 227,000,000 yards of cotton goods; in 1881 we only imported 25,000,000 yards.

In the meantime the number of hands employed in American cotton mills has increased to 200,000, and we export over 150,000,000 yards of cotton goods a year, instead of importing 227,000,000 yards, as we used to do.

The silk industry employed 5000 persons; now it employs about 35,000, seven times as many.

We import no more silk goods now than we did in 1860, but our own mills, which produced goods of the value of $6,000,000 then, now turn out a product of over $40,000,000 yearly.

In 1860 12,000 persons were employed in American pottery and stoneware works; to-day about 36,000 are employed in this industry.

The chemical industry, which employed 6000 persons then, now employs 30,000.

In the meantime we have nearly five times as many miles of railways and double the number of farms, and yielding more than double the number of bushels of cereals.

In the production of sheep, we had 22,000,000 of them in 1860; to-day we have over 40,000,000 of them; and whereas we then produced in this country 60,000,000 pounds of wool, now we produce 240,000,000 pounds.

Finally, the total of our exports has doubled.

In 1860 it stood at $400,000,000 and now it stands at about $900,000,000.

VALUABLE EGGS.

Empty Shells That Are Worth Many Dollars.

New York Mail and Express.

Perhaps the most valuable collection of birds' eggs in this country is the property of Professor Thomas G. Gentry of Philadelphia, who is the author of "The Nests and Eggs of Birds of North America." He spent four years collecting the specimens, some of which are worth to collectors $100 a piece. He recently showed them to a reporter for the *Record*, in Philadelphia. The handsomest eggs in the collection is a set of six laid by the white ptarmigan, a bird related to the grouse family and which is found in Labrador. The eggs are a beautiful shade of golden brown, with black dots and lines, no two of which are alike. The foolish guillimot, a bird which only lays one egg and leaves that upon stones, depending on the heat of the sun for incubation, except in cloudy or stormy weather, when the female covers them until the sun appears, is represented by seven beautiful specimens. Of the Greenland eider duck five eggs of an olive hue are found in the collection. These were presented to Professor Gentry by Erastus Corning of New York. The nest accompanied them, and is made of feathers plucked from the body of the bird. Two eggs of the Iceland gyrfalcon, about the size of an ordinary chicken's egg, of deep amber color, smeared with a darker shade, and valued at $20 each, lie alongside of two eggs of the turkey-buzzard of Florida. These are blue, with brown blotches, and are laid in a cavity of a log. Both the male and female take turns in performing the incubating process. A peculiar egg is that of the red flamingo, found in the Bahama islands.

The soft shell is like chalk and leaves a white mark wherever it is deposited. An egg of the golden eagle (the size of a goose egg), two eggs of the bald eagle, two eggs of the gray sea eagle and three eggs of the fish-hawk (which builds a nest five feet wide) are among the curiosities of the professor's collection. Another rarity is a set of two eggs of the inaqua heron of the Bahama islands, which were discovered by Charles B. Cory of Boston and presented to Professor Gentry. But one other set has ever been collected. As a natural curiosity in egg laying, the professor exhibited a set of eggs of the piping plover, found on Seven-mile beach, New Jersey. This bird does not build a nest, but scoops a hole in the sand in the midst of broken shells, always laying eggs with the points together. They are the color of the sand, covered with dots to resemble foreign substances, and are not easily recognized.

"This nest is worth $50," said the Professor, as he opened a handsome cabinet and took out what appeared to be seven large beans. The collection was, however, a complete set of eggs of the golden crowned kinglet, found on the coast of Labrador, only two sets of which can be found in collections in the United States, and are highly valued by egg collectors. Each drawer of the cabinet as it was opened displayed new combinations in colors. Many of the specimens had their beauty enhanced by the glossy surface which nature had provided, while others were adorned with such varied tints as to lead one to believe that the hand of man had applied the colors. A set of eggs of the least tit of California is highly prized. This bird, though only the size of a wren, builds a nest twenty-two inches long, four inches wide and ten inches deep. Its eggs are about the size of peanut kernels. Next to them in the cabinet is a set of eggs of the cactus wren of California, which builds a nest the size of a half-bushel of cactus spines to protect its little ones from intruders. Professor Gentry has in his possession the largest set of eggs of the ruffed grouse ever known to be found in one nest. The set comprised twenty-two specimens, but as the family is polygamous they were not probably laid by one bird.

The most remarkable artificial echo known is that of the Castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.

A MOTHER'S WORDS.

When the elder children were round me,
And needed my every care,
Noisy and rough, with cloth-rent knees
And tumbled, wild, tossed hair,
I often thought, when they were grown,
How free my life would be;
Then I could rest, and they would work,
And lift all care from me.

But now my boy so bearded
I hardly seem to know;
He's half-ashamed to kiss my cheek,
And afar in the world must go.
My girls, though loving in their way,
Have grown so very tall,
And seem so strange, I often sigh
And wish that they were small.

Ah! mothers, when you are weary,
And the children seem to crowd,
When they seek you in their troubles,
Or their glad tones are too loud,
Think not of that far future
When they may help you rest;
Enjoy the present happy days,
While they love mother best.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Mrs. Judah.

"*The sceptre shall not depart from Judah.*"

Because thy sweet rendition of the ways
In which our mothers only do excel
Have wrought within our hearts a potent spell
Do we vouchsafe to thee this meed of praise.
Thy mother-motions innocently lays
Thy pure heart bare; there is no need to tell
The strange observer *why* we love so well
One who so naturally the Mother plays.
Thy winsome manner, so replete with grace,
Seems like a holy garment draped about
The ripened fullness of thy after days;
So may sweet memories of thy simple face
Clothe the bare boards that knew thee, while the shout
Sinks, at the mention of thy name, in praise.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879. PERCY VERE.

The Biggest Things on Earth.

The greatest wall in the world is the Chinese wall, built by the emperor of the Tsin dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against the Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles. Among the most remarkable natural echoes is that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, which repeats a bugle-call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments, and that of the banks of the Nahe, between Bingen and Coblentz, which repeats a sound seventeen times. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that of the castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times. The most remarkable whirlpool is the maelstrom off the northwest coast of Norway and southwest of Moskenæsol, the most southerly of the Lofoden Isles. It was once supposed to be unfathomable, but the depth has been shown not to exceed twenty fathoms. The greatest cataract in the world is that of Niagara. The Horseshoe fall, on the Canadian side, has a perpendicular descent of 158 feet. The height of the American fall is 167 feet. The Horseshoe fall, which carries a larger volume of water than the American fall, is about 600 yards wide and extends from the Canadian shore to Goat Island. The biggest diamond in the world, if indeed it be a diamond, is the Breganza, which forms a part of the Portuguese crown jewels. It weighs 1,860 carats. However, not a little doubt exists of its being a diamond, as the government has never allowed it to be tested. It was found in Brazil in 1741. The largest tested but uncut diamond is the Mattam, belonging to the Rajah of Mattam, in Borneo. It is of pure water, weighs 367 carats and is of pear shape, indented at the thick end. It was found about 1760 at Landak, in Borneo. It has been the cause of a sanguinary war. Before it was cut the Koh-i-noor, which is one of the English crown jewels, was the largest tested diamond. It then weighed 792 carats. When in possession of the Emperor Aurengzebe it was reduced by unskillful cutting to 186 carats. During the Sikh mutiny it was captured by the British troops and presented to Queen Victoria. It was recut and now weighs 106 1-6 carats.—*Philadelphia News.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

THE EARLY VERSION AND THE REVISION.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[As originally written.]

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother
Surpassing all other,)
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere,
There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy play'd,
Even stronger than Time, and more deep than Despair!

An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again!
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,—
Those who named me with pride—
Those who play'd by my side,—
Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like Home.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

[As revised by the author, and said to be copied from Mr. Payne's manuscript, and with his own precise punctuation.]

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet, Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet, Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

[The following additional verses Mr. Payne affixed to the sheet of music, and presented them to Mrs. Bates, of London, a relative of his and the wife of a wealthy banker.]

To *us* in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of *home* still appears;
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh,

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!"

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow;
But *mine* has been checkered with many a woe!
Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!"

—*Christian at Work.*

Among the most remarkable natural echoes is that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, Ireland, which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments, and that of the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblentz, which repeats a sound seventeen times.

Washington's Rules of Conduct.

One of George Washington's early copy-books contains a list of one hundred and ten "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." Here are a few of them:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

"They that are in dignity or in office have, in all places, precedency; but whilst they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

"Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

These are not unwise rules; they touch on things great and small. The difficulty with most boys would be to follow one hundred and ten of them. They serve, however, to show what was the standard of good manners and morals among those who had the training of George Washington.—*St. Nicholas.*

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY.

The boy who does a stroke, and stops,
Will ne'er a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams
Its gold above the gray;
It takes a thousand little beams
To make the day the day.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root,
And buds must bloom and fade withal,
Before the fruit is fruit,

The farmer needs must sow and till
And wait the wheaten head,
Then cradle, thresh and go to mill,
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out
That makes the winner win.

—*Alice Cary.*

CUTTING OFF THE BABY'S CURLS.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

My beautiful darling ran in from his play,
His blue eyes swimming with tears unshed;
"The boy's all call me a 'dirl,' mamma,
And I isn't a dirl," he said.
"Its 'cause I've dot curls, and they're just like a dirl's,
And I wish you'd cut off all these mis'able curls."

I held my darling close, close to my breast,
And I hushed his sobs with a sigh and a smile,
But oh, my heart was so ill at rest
As I thought of the past the while;
Must I sever those ringlets, half silk, half gold,
That lovingly over my fingers I rolled?

I thought of the baby kisses and wiles;
Alas! had my baby gone far away?
Must I look in vain for his dream-like smiles,
And watch him no more at his play?
Nor call him my "wee dimpled pearl of pearls."
While I stealthily fondled the hated curls?"

I lifted them gently—my boy, my pet,
Still sobbed and still clamored to have them shorn;
His cheeks were like scarlet, his eyes were wet,
As he lisped of his playmates' scorn;
And my own eyes were heavy with unshed tears,
As the shining tresses fell off the shears.

It was done—my darling no longer wept,
But proudly held up his head as he ran,
"See! now you can't call me a dirl any more;
My curls are all gone—I's a man!"
Ah, poor little manikin, what did he care
That my tears fell hot on that glistening hair?

I laid them aside in a carven box,
Those living tresses of amber glow,
And I look at them now with a yearning love,
Though my locks are as white as the snow:
And they straighten and spring into spirals of gold
At the touch of my tremulous hand, as of old.

And I think of the head where they clustered soft,
Of the tearful voice and the wet blue eyes;
And I wist if his ringlets are grown again,
In his beautiful home in the skies.
My baby! his triumph was brief as wild—
He died on my bosom a little child.

I had dreamed my dreams of the coming man,
My proud, high dreams, but they never led
So high as the Heaven to which he has gone,
Or stooped to that narrow bed;
They were full of glory, untroubled by pain—
Now God has the glory, and he the gain.

And I sometimes see through the open door
My darling, my baby, my pearl of pearls!
His hands outstretched, and his shoulders hid
In a cloud of golden curls,
Ah! me, these tresses will never grow gray.
Yet my tears fall like rain as I hide them away.

—*Youth's Companion.*

ALONE WITH CONSCIENCE.

I sat alone with my conscience.
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemn silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time:
And I thought of my former thinking
Of a judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save,
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by;
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which though I learned in dreaming
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience.
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

"I HOLD STILL."

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in Him, and suffer still!

Funeral Rites.

The Mohammedans bury without a coffin of any kind.

The Greenlanders bury with a child a dog to guide it in the other world, saying, "A dog can find his way anywhere."

The music continuously kept up at the Irish wakes used to be for the purpose of warding off evil spirits.

The Russians place in the hand of the corpse a paper certificate of the character of the deceased, to be shown to Peter at the gate of heaven.

In India the devoted wife formerly ascended her husband's funeral pyre and perished in the flames.

The Australians tie the hands of a corpse and extract the finger-nails, that the dead may not scratch his way out of the grave

The North American Indians buried with the corpse a kettle of provisions, bow and arrows and moccasins, with pieces of deer-skin and sinews of deer for the purpose of patching the moccasins.

The Chinese scatter paper counterfeits of money on the way to the grave, that the evil spirit following the corpse may, by delaying to gather them, remain in ignorance of the locality of the grave. They also scatter in the wind, above the grave, paper images of the sedan-bearers and other servants, that they may overtake the soul and act in its service.

The Greeks sometimes buried and sometimes burned their dead.

In the Roman empire the body was invariably burned.—*Recorder.*

St. Peter's at Rome is to have a square portico in front formed by 48 granite columns, ornamented with statues of the apostles. Another bridge is to be built over the Tiber, making a direct communication between St. Peter's and the beautiful church of St. Paul without the walls.

COURAGEOUS JOHNNY.

"Come one, come all, these rocks shall fly
From their firm base as soon as I,"
Roared Johnny in a voice so loud
It proved him hero of the crowd;
He was a captain, with a sword
Made from a bit of whittled board.

They marched upon the village green;
And, though no foe just there was seen,
They trod as proudly as if war
With all its glories were not far,
And, as if spurring them to strife,
One big boy whistled for a fife:

They had a tin pan for a drum
That made the very echoes hum;
Their paper caps had tufted peaks;
Tired were their legs and hot their cheeks;
They moved in rather zigzag line;
Yet it was martial, bold and fine.

Just then old Brindle chanced to pass,
Nibbling the wayside weeds and grass,
Seeking the daintiest bits to eat—
Clover or thistles, prickly sweet?
And, anxious for a patch of shade,
She came upon the grand parade.

She lifted up her meek-eyed face:
Grave was her look, and slow her pace;
So long she stared: 'twas evident
She greatly wondered what it meant;
And if her horns were seen to shake,
Clearly 'twas only by mistake.

But Johnny spied her, nearing thus,
Looking so huge and dangerous,
Just as he finished the third time
Shouting his fierce, defiant rhyme;
Down dropped both voice and sword, and he
Over the fence went instantly!

Easy and pleasant 'tis to quote
The valorous words another wrote;
But he who rank and file would lead
Should prove his courage by his deed,
Small virtue has the eloquence
Of him who's first to climb the fence.
—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR COUNTRY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Read at Roseland Park, Woodstock, Conn., July 4, 1888.

We give thy natal day to hope,
O country of our love and prayer,
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air!

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
To meet new tasks before thee set.
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep; but men remain
As wise, as true, and brave as they,
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

Whate'er of folly, shame, or crime
Within thy mighty bounds transpires,
With speed defying space and time
Comes to us on the accusing wires:

While of thy wealth of noble deeds,
Thy homes of peace, thy votes unsold,
The love that pleads for human needs,
The wrong redressed, but half is told!

Each poor wretch, in his prison cell
Or gallows-noose, is interviewed;
We know the single sinner well,
And not the nine and ninety good.

Yet, if on daily scandals fed,
We seem at times to doubt thy worth,
We know thee still, when all is said,
The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or where,
Belted with flowers, Los Angeles
Basks in the semi-tropic air,
To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by Northern winds,
Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled;
Alone, the rounding century finds
Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,
Thy generous heart has borne the blame
That, with them, through thy open door,
The Old World's evil outcasts came.

But, with thy just and equal rule,
And labor's need and breadth of lands,
Free press and rostrum, church and school,
Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands

Shall mould even them to thy design,
Making a blessing of the ban;
And Freedom's chemistry combine
The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar
And set the dusky millions free,
And welded in the flame of war
The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,
Redress the red man's grievance, break
The Circean cup which shames and kills,
And Labor full requital make?

Alone to such as fitly bear
Thy civic honors bid them fall,
And call thy daughters forth to share
The rights and duties pledged to all.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here;
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Huguenot and Cavalier,

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands, unstained with blood, maintained
The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all
To do the work which duty bids,
And make the people's council hall
As lasting as the Pyramids!

Well have thy later years made good
Thy brave-said word a century back,
The pledge of human brotherhood,
The equal claim of white and black.

That word still echoes round the world,
And all who hear it turn to thee,
And read upon thy flag unfurled
The prophecies of destiny.

The great world-lesson all shall learn,
The nations in thy school shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn
With watch-fires from thy own uplit.

Great without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee;
God of our fathers!—make it true!

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

The Thoughts Unuttered.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen or a thought unguessed,
And souls that were kindred may live apart,
Never to meet or know the truth,
Never to know how heart beat with heart,
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
Saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At women and love in the open day,
And at night-time kisses, with bitter tears,
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

ONCE AND AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

CURIOUS FAILINGS.

A PLEA FOR THE BAD SPELLING OF EDUCATED WRITERS.

Letters That Will Twist Themselves Into Wrong Positions—Words Which Present Two Faces—Mental Peculiarities—Cases With a Tinge of Romance.

It is likely to be insisted upon by those of a pedagogic turn of mind that an educated person must never make a mistake in spelling, or that the least blunder in the grouping together of the letters forming a word is a convincing proof that the intellectual training of an individual is far from being perfect. It will be found in daily experience that to be absolutely perfect in spelling is by no means to be taken as the criterion of an educated man or woman. There are the queerest and strangest twists in a man's mind, for there are certain words over which people stumble, and they will live all their lives in a hazy condition about the spelling of them.

Here is a really curious case of a literary man, who contributes very clever fiction to the magazines. This is his absolute and truthful confession: "I am afraid to give my material to an editor who is not thoroughly acquainted with me or my antecedents, and who has not already bought my stories, or who does not know that what I write people like to read for I am that unfortunate creature whose spelling may be good or bad according to circumstances. In other words, I belong to that miserable catagory of human beings who are to be classed among the 'accidental spellers.' What do I mean by that? I may write fifty pages of manuscript with very few errors, of spelling, then all of a sudden on page fifty-one will come blunder after blunder. Words correctly spelled and used over and over are all wrong now. My mind of a sudden halts and refuses to arrange the letters properly. My little boy of 8 years old would deserve a thrashing for such vulgar blunders. My wife will sometimes read my copy and clean it up, but when I am in a hurry I can not wait for her.

A STORY OF HUMILIATION.

"Do you want to listen to the story of my humiliation? I took a book I had made some time ago to a well-known publisher. He knew me by reputation, and I was politely received. The subject I had chosen seemed to suit him. He had the temerity to read the first page of my manuscript; then he suddenly halted, and I was at once aware that he had found certainly one, maybe half a dozen, mistakes in spelling. Under ordinary circumstances I might have corrected the blunders, but if the sale of my work, or my life, had depended on spelling right off the doubtful words I could not have done it. I had no idea how to spell them. I was conscious that they were wrong, but the geography, the picture, of the word had entirely faded out of my mind. I might have said to that bewildered publisher, 'I will spell those words quite correctly to-day or to-morrow, but just now it is impossible.' Fortunately it did not hurt the value of the work, for that intelligent and forgiving publisher bought that book. I feel very much ashamed of myself, however, whenever I see him. I fancy my mistakes arise from some sudden obliteration of the mental faculties, for the confusion is not permanent. It goes and comes. If I say to myself, 'Now watch out and see that you pay particular attention to your spelling,' I could not produce a hundred words consecutively. Yes, it worries me.

"Here is an instance happening to me today: I am very much interested in abstract science, and am reviewing for a periodical a series of works on a particular topic, and have to take copious notes. I wrote the simple word 'many' 'maney.' I don't think I ever put the 'e' in before. That extra 'e' fascinated me. I was conscious that it looked funny and original. It seemed ludicrous, and it annoyed me. Then, after a while, I did not know whether it was right or wrong. I had to call on my little girl and ask her to spell 'many' for me. As long as I live I never shall write 'made' and 'maid' without shying at them. The verb and the noun are utterly distinct, but nevertheless I have to think whether 'The Made of Orleans' is right as far as it refers to Joan of Arc. It's a trick of forty odd years standing. 'Despair' is another word. I despair of ever writing it without a feeling of uncertainty. I want to make it 'despare.' I have a pitch battle with my pen before I can work in the i, and as often as not I put in the i after the word is written. I won't write 'desperate' if I ever can help it, but must write 'despairate.' It's my worst case of mixing words. I speak French and German fluently, read Italian and Spanish with ease, I delight in the Roman poets, and am distinguished for bad spelling in three languages. I do not brazen it out. I do not say, 'I don't care.' I rather solicit your pity for a very sad infirmity."

THE MENTAL PECULIARITIES.

In order to satisfy one's self how strange are these idiosyncracies, it is only necessary for the reader, without going into the spelling bee annoyance, to ask his friends in regard to their peculiarties of spelling. It is exceedingly rare to find only one who does not tell me that he halts over certain words. A gentleman who in his professional duty reads all the leading journals of the United States declares that the words most frequently mispelled are "lose" and "loose," for both editors and proof readers seem to be at sea in regard to them. Working only on the threshold of this subject, the mental peculiarities are as various as curious, and are quite as marked among the individuals forming the staff of a newspaper, from the editor-in-chief down to the reporter, as anywhere else. Everybody has a word or two, some any quantity of them, that they are always uncertain about, and the word is written by them as often wrongly as rightly, and what is worse there seems to be no cure for such mistakes.

Here is a final case, with a slight tinge of romance to it. A college-bred man, a graduate with honors, addressed a young lady, and was referred to the young person's father. Permission to press his suit could not be made verbally to the father, who was absent, and accordingly the young man wrote a letter. A reply came promptly enough, but not of a pleasing character. The father, a highly educated man, and somewhat of a purist, was shocked with several bad blunders of spelling in the letter, and he so informed his daughter. Whether it was excitement, or what not, could not be determined, but the consequences to the suitor were likely to be distressing. Subsequent correspondence showed that the possible son-in-law was really an educated man, and matters were arranged. But from an "e" out of place and a double "t," or one too many "l's," or mixing up an "ie" with a "cei" the fortunes of two young people came near being shipwrecked.

"After all, spelling is a mechanical rather than a mental process" say those who make the mistakes.—New York Times.

Making Edged Tools in 1826.

The first American establishment for the exclusive manufacture of edged tools was founded by Samuel Collins, of Collinsville, Conn., about 1826, when the product of a day's labor was the forging and tempering of eight broadaxes.—Chicago Herald.

THE OLD ACTOR'S STORY.

By George R. Sims, Author of "Lights o' London."

Mine is a wild, strange story—the strangest you ever heard;
There are many who won't believe it, but it's gospel every word;
It's the biggest drama of any in a long adventurous life;
The scene was a ship, and the actors—were myself and my new wed wife.

You musn't mind if I ramble, and lose the thread now and then;
I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's a way with old women and men,
For their lives lie all behind them, and their thoughts go far away,
And are tempted afield, like children lost on a summer day.

The years must be five-and-twenty that have passed since that awful night,
But I see it again this evening—I can never shut out the sight.
We were only a few weeks married, I and the wife, you know,
When we had an offer for Melbourne, and made up our minds to go.

We'd acted together in England, traveling up and down
With a strolling band of players, going from town to town;
We played the lovers together—we were leading lady and gent—
And at last we played in earnest, and straight to the church we went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the ring,
And swore that I'd love and cherish, and endow her with everything.
How we smiled at that part of the service when I said "I thee endow!"
But as to the "love and cherish," I meant to keep that vow.

We were only a couple of strollers—we had coin when the show was good;
When it wasn't we went without it, and we did the best we could.
We were happy, and loved each other, and laughed at the shifts we made—
Where love makes plenty of sunshine, there poverty casts no shade

Well, at last we got to London, and did pretty well for a bit;
Then the business dropped to nothing, and the manager took a flit—
Stepped off one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury call.
But our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet to fall

We got an offer for Melbourne—got it that very week—
Those were the days when thousands went over to fortune seek—
The days of the great gold fever, and a manager thought the spot
Good for a "spec," and took us as actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves to please—
And we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune across the seas.
We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long and rough—
We hadn't been out a fortnight before we had had enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind a storm,
When misery came upon us—came in a hideous form.
My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last so bad
That the doctor said she was dying—I thought 'twould have sent me mad.

Dying where leagues of billows seemed to [illegible]
prey,
And the nearest land was hundreds—aye, thousands—of miles away.
She raved one night in a fever, and the next lay still as death,
So still I'd to bend and listen for the faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping, with a smile on her thin, wan face,
She passed away one morning, while I prayed to the throne of grace.
I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I said,
Till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my wife was dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They forced me away that night,
For I raved in my wild despairing—the shock sent me mad outright.
I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head on the side,
And all day long in my madness, "They've murdered her!" I cried.

They locked me away from my fellows—put me in cruel chains,
It seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the surgeon's brains.
I cried in my wild, mad fury, that he was a devil sent
To gloat o'er the frenzied anguish with which my heart was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy upon my wrists,
And my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my fettered fists,
Beat at my prison panels, and then—O God!—and then
I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurrying men.

I heard the cry, "Ship a-fire!" caught up by a hundred throats,
And over the roar the captain shouting to lower the boats;
Then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of burning wood,
And the place grew hot as a furnace, I could feel it where I stood.

I beat at the door and shouted, but never a sound came back,
And the timbers above me started, till right through a yawning crack
I could see the flames shoot upward, seizing on mast and sail,
Fanned in their burning fury by the breath of the howling gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking, "I will not die!
Die in this burning prison!"—but I caught no answering cry.
Then, suddenly, right upon me, the flames crept up with a roar,
And their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my prison door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down to death;
I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burning breath
Of the flames that danced around me like man-mocking fiends at play,
And then—O God! I can see it, and shall to my dying day.

There lay my Nell as they'd left her, dead in her berth that night;
The flames flung a smile on her features—a horrible, lurid light.
God knows how I reached and touched her, but I found myself by her side;
I thought she was living a moment—I forgot that my Nell had died.

In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back to my brain;
I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain;
Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies?
The dead woman's lips were moving—the dead woman opened her eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell! my Nell!"
They had left us alone and helpless—alone in that burning hell,
They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—and she
Had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the sea.

I clutched at her—roused her shrieking—the stupor was on her still;
I seized her in spite of my fetters—fear gave a giant's will.
God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames and the wreck
Up—up to the air, and brought her safe to the untouched deck.

We'd a moment of life together—a moment of life, the time
For one last word to each other—'twas a moment supreme,

sublime.
From the trance we'd for death mistaken, the heat had
brought her to life,
And I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband
and wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed away,
When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo,
there lay,
Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by—
They had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up
the sky

I shouted a prayer to heaven, then called to my wife, and
she
Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her, and
I was free;
Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance
of life.
Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my
dear old wife.

We were out in the boat till the daylight, when a great ship
passing by
Took us on board, and at Melbourne landed us by and by.
We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that
famous trip,
But ne'er such a scene together as we had on the burning
ship!

Things Curious and Useful.

— A reason why distant objects appear closer just before rain is that the air gets damp just before rain, and damp air is more transparent than dry.

— When water freezes it forms itself into crystals, with interstices, and expands; hence ice swims, and is eight parts in one hundred lighter than water.

— The beautiful play of colors in mother-of pearl is known as diffraction. It is the decomposition of the light by extremely minute grooves in the surface of the pearl.

— Cathay was the old name given to China by the Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, who, in the employ of the Khan of Tartary, visited it in the early part of the thirteenth century.

— Coral has the hardness and brilliancy of agate; it polishes like gems and shines like garnet, with the tint of the ruby. In Russia, Northern Africa, and India coral is much in demand.

— There is no season when vegetation does not flourish in Bermuda, and when a garden is once made it is always there. Men set out cocoanut-trees, and in a few years they are tall and beautiful, and bear a cocoanut—so the saying is—for every day in the year.

— The fiber of silk is the longest continuous fiber known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silk-worm will often reel one thousand yards, and accounts are given of a cocoon yielding one thousand, two hundred and ninety-five yards, or a fiber nearly three quarters of a mile in length.

— The period commonly known as the "Dark Ages" embraces the first six centuries of the Middle Ages—that is, from the close of the fifth to the close of the eleventh centuries. The Middle Ages comprise the one thousand years commencing with the close of the fifth and ending with the close of the fifteenth centuries.

— Formerly gentlemen as well as ladies regarded the muff an integral part of their winter attire, and no "beau" or "macaroni" could sustain himself with the consciousness that his appearance was what was due to himself and to the society which he adorned unless a small muff dangled from his neck by a silken ribbon.

— In Wurzen, a small Slav village on the borders of Carniola, whenever there is a baptism the nurse, on leaving the house for the church, takes a loaf of bread with her, and gives it to the first person whom the party meets. He must take it whether he wants it or no. It is said that this custom is symbolical, and that it is intended to render the child charitable.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

To measure very weak electric currents that change their direction very frequently Dr. Hertz has made a new dynamometer. A very thin silver wire is stretched horizontally and wound about a steel cylinder vertically adjusted. When the current is passed through the wire it is heated and elongated, and the cylinder turned in a negative or positive direction, making movements which are observed by a mirror and telescope. This instrument is available only when the currents are weak and when other instruments fail.

About a quarter of a century ago the cry was, "There is nothing like steam." Now it is, "There is nothing like electricity." Indeed, there is hardly anything that goes on the market but which gets in electricity in some form as a sort of recommendation. Suppose purchasers, before making an investment in the various appliances for which they are invited to empty their purses, would kindly inquire where the electricity came in and what was its actual utility when it did, they might save a good deal of money and an unnecessary stretch of faith.

In London it is said that a dentist uses an incandescent electric lamp to let him see what he is doing while operating. Should any person in this country require the services of a dentist and find him resorting to any such means of seeing what he is about it will be a good rule to set him down as a quack, stop his proceeding, pay his fee, and quietly walk out and ask some respectable druggist for a reputable dentist. Much subsequent agony may be spared by this course. Those who know the least about electricity make the most of it in dentistry, baths, etc.

As to mimicry, the giraffe has the most astonishing power of any animal, says Dr. H. W. Mitchell. Inhabiting as it does the forests of Africa and feeding upon the boughs of trees, its great size makes it a most conspicuous object. Its most dreaded enemies are the stealthy lion and man. In the regions it most frequents are many dead and blasted trunks of trees, and its mimicry is such that the most practiced eye has failed to distinguish a giraffe from a tree trunk or a tree trunk from a giraffe. It has even been said that a lion has looked long and earnestly at a giraffe, in doubt whether it was a tree or not, and then skulked away.

Some archæologists are puzzled over the discovery in one of the remains of the pre-historic lake dwellings of Zurich of a hatchet made of pure copper. It will be well for some scientists to reconsider the grounds upon which they base the several ages of the progress of man. At present from a great variety of points of view, the grounds are very boggy, to say the least of them, and the footfall of the adventurous traveler is very uncertain. Within the last twenty years in Scotland, not two miles distant from where excellently equipped mills were at work making first-class cloth, yarn for stockings was made by the "whirls," considered to be used by the ancient mound-builders. A remote past sometimes projects itself very curiously into the living present.

The singular fact is demonstrated that, while the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 metres a second—over 1500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 metres per second, a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of 4000 to 6000 degrees Cent.

The new pencil introduced by Faber for writing upon glass, porcelain and metals in red, white and blue, are made by melting together spermaceti, four parts; tallow, three parts; and wax, two parts, and coloring the mixture with white lead, red lead, or Prussian blue, as desired. These pencils are convenient in the laboratory and save the trouble of labeling.

There are twenty blast furnaces in and about Pittsburg, thirty-five rolling-mills, thirty-nine steel works, fifteen window-glass works, thirty-seven flint-glass works, and eleven green-glass works. The blast furnace makes 900,000 tons of iron per year, the rolling mills 575,000 tons, steel works 750,000 tons, plate-glass works 3,250,000 square feet, window-glass works 900,000.

What Love Is.

Smiles and tears are common things;
Hearts that throb like fluttering wings,
Sudden blushes, causeless sighs,
Tender glances of bright eyes
Yieldings to the least demands,
Whispers soft and touch of hands,
Grief when time a while divides—
May mean love—or aught besides.

These may come and these may go,
Though of love you never know;
Though love's tone have these, alone
Love has attributes its own,
That can ever dearer make
Life but for the other's sake—
That can welcome death as sweet
When 'tis life cast at love's feet.

Love unites, as when the sun
Melts two cloudlets into one;
Wishes to one center tend,
Hopes and fears and fancies blend,
As two melodies combine,
Forming harmony divine;
As two rivers, soul with soul
Joins to make the perfect whole.

—George Birdseye, in Demorest's Monthly for February.

MUCH-PRIZED COINS.

Chicago Tribune.

Nobody who looked at the quiet little house which snuggles between its red brick neighbors at No. 24 Will street would suppose that Mr. George P. Avery, its owner, lived in a wonderland of curiosities. Yet all countries have contributed to the furniture of his sitting-room. A tom-tom from sacred Benares hangs beside the lamp. A Chinese marriage procession streams across the wall. Ivory elephants look out from the glass windows of the cabinet. Bits of mummy lie on the mantel piece. And on the table is a huge album containing portraits of celebrities, from George Washington to Fay Templeton, from Abraham Lincoln to Kelly the ball player.

But what Mr. Avery prizes above all earthly possessions is his collection of coins.

"Here," he said, "are four silver dollars. The date of one is 1795. The first silver dollar of the United States Government had only been issued the year before. This is dated 1796 and this 1799, and here's one dated 1801.

"If that date were 1804," said Mr. Avery, "the coin would be worth $2000 or more. And here is a Queen Anne farthing."

There was a time when farthings of Queen Anne were among the rarest of coins. It was the general belief that in the reign of Queen Anne there were but three farthings coined, and that in the coinage of the third farthing the die broke. One of these was preserved in the King's Museum as a great curiosity; the second was in the British Museum; the third fell into the hands of an Irish gentleman named Millar. There are some English coins which fetch high prices. A gold penny of Henry III sold in 1859 for $630; a quarter florin of Edward III for $710; a crown piece of Henry VIII for $700. Probably the largest price ever paid for an English coin was for a £5 piece presented by King Charles I on the scaffold to Bishop Juxon, bearing the motto "Florent concordia regna." It was a "pattern piece," never published. The British Museum having refused it for $400, it passed into the hands of a Mr. Cobb, at whose sale it was bought for $1000 for Longmans, the London publishers.

"What do you think of this coin?" asks Mr. Avery.

It is an old coin, bearing in Greek characters the name of Lysimachus. If it is genuine it is about as ancient as a coin can be. There is hardly anything known to numismatists before the silver coins of Alexander I., King of Macedon, whose reign extended to the year 454 B. C.; and Lysimachus, King of Thrace, was one of the inheritors of the Empire of Alexander the Great. His are almost the first coins on which the regal portrait appears. In Lord Northwick's collection a tetradrachm of Lysimachus sold for $750.

Is Mr. Avery's coin genuine?

There exists among the Greek islands a nest of counterfeiters who are to-day engaged in making false dies of ancient Greek coins. One of them not long ago netted more than $15,000 from an English peer who was traveling in Greece for the purpose of collecting rare specimens. And counterfeiting was common even in the oldest times. Among the ancient Halvetii the money most in circulation was a quarter-stater of gold, a bad imitation of this Macedonian coinage. So late as the year 1783 there were discovered about ten miles from Calenthe a quantity of money which had been coined by Chandza, a King of Upper India in the sixth century, A. D. It was an exact copy of the coinage of Alexander the Great and of Lysimachus, King of Thrace.

"And here," says Mr. Avery, "are three Roman pieces—one of Julius Cæsar, one of Augustus and one of Agrippa."

There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of Mr. Avery's specimens. Concerning other Roman coins which he has he is more than doubtful.

And from these specimens of ancient coins Mr. Avery passes to his modern collection.

Every country is represented. The United States, as in honor bound, stands first. Here is a half-dime of 1792. It has upon its obverse a female bust emblematic of Liberty. This is supposed to represent Martha Washington. The coin is said to have been struck from Washington's private plate. It was not generally circulated. Here is a half-eagle of 1800. This is exactly similar to the half-eagle of 1801, which has entirely disappeared. It was in 1801 that the Bey of Tripoli declared war against the United States. Ships of Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli and Morocco captured American vessels and reduced their crews and passengers to slavery. Captain Bainbridge was sent to the Mediterranean to protect American commerce. His purser was provided with all the half-eagles of that year's coinage. They were never seen again. So, at least, runs the legend.

The dollars of 1836 and 1838 are both rare. The former has twenty-six stars in the field, the twenty-sixth being Michigan, which was then applying for admission into the Union. The latter is a "pattern" piece, and circulated mostly among members of Congress. The nickel cent of 1856 sells at a high premium. "In God We Trust" first appears on a bronze two-cent piece in 1866.

"And this," says Mr. Avery, "is a curious half dollar. The liberty cap is on one side, the eagle with the words 'Half dol.' upon the other. The mint offered me $10 for it. It is unique.

"'That's a Benton Mint Drop' as they were called. This is a Franklin penny, with the motto 'A Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned.' The other is a Jackson penny marked 'Roman Firmness'; 'the Constitution as I understand it'; and 'I take the responsibility.'"

In an adjoining bag lie various uncoined symbols of value. Here are the silver lumps, bullet shaped, called "'tekal," current in Siam; and the white cowrie shells used in Africa; and the rings of gold and silver which are common currency of Nubia; and the pieces of iron, named "Hashhash," like semicircular knives used in Kordofan; and bits of course cotton called "Fredgat," which are equivalent to sixty pieces of "hashhash;" and the beads and blocks of salt used in Abyssinia; and the fish-hook money, made of pieces of silverware, still current in China.

"Don't overlook this tenpenny bank token," says Mr. Avery. "It is Irish."

The Irish coins mostly resemble the English. Those of Henry VIII. have the arms of England and the Irish harp crowned between the initials of Henry and his Queens. Then comes the Ormonde money, having its weight stamped in Irish numerals. But the most remarkable Irish coins are the pieces called "gun-money," struck out of cannon melted down by James II. before the last struggle for his forfeited throne. There is also a crown in white metal with the King on horseback. This last is scarce, but specimens of the "gun-money" are common.

"Here," continues Mr. Avery, "is a specimen of the 'constitutional currency' of France." It is a sou of 1792, showing the head of Louis XVI., with the inscription, "La loi, le roi, la nation." It is of bell metal, made during the Revolution from the bells of demolished churches. It jingles out of the bag with a five-franc piece of "Napoleon, Empereur" and "Dieu protege la France" on the edge; and a piece of five lire marked "Napoleone imperatore e re," with "Dio protegge l' Italia" on the edge. The Italian coin shows the Conqueror in the flush of his conquests; the French coin brings him under the shadow of Waterloo. In the one he is serene and proud; in the other his face is full of care.

Then Mr. Avery opens another bag. The coins that tumbles out are "joes" and "half joes" of Brazil, Bolivian dollars, with bust of Bolivar and the motto "Libre par la Constitucion," doubloons at the Argentine Republic from the mint at Rioja, reals celebrating the independence of Chili in 1817, Spanish dollars cut into "bits" for use in the West Indies; copper coins of Pétion, Boyer, and other rulers of Hayti; a ten livres piece from Mauritius, the home of Paul and Virginia; a coin of the American Colonization Society of Liberia, showing a negro welcoming the arrival of a vessel; Arabic coins marked with the date of the hegira (A. D. 587) and of the Sultan's reign; macutas from Guinea: a pistareen of Ferdinand of Spain; siege pieces or necessity money, struck during the incursion of Napoleon into Spain; guilders from Zealand; stivers from Holland; crowns from Belgium; a brass counter from China with a square hole in the center; a cudo of Pope Pius VII.; a bajocco of Pope Pius IX.; a gold mohur from Calcutta; a pagado of the East India Company; a Turkish piastre; a Bank of England dollar; a Tuscan florin; a Russian rouble.

What Makes Corn Pop?

Chemists who have examined Indian corn, find that it contains all the way from 6 to 11 parts in a hundred (by weight) of fat. By proper means this fat can be separated from the grain, and it is then a thick pale oil. When oils are heated sufficiently in closed vessels, so that the air can not get to them, they are turned into gas, which occupies many times the bulk the oil did. When pop-corn is gradually heated and made so hot that the oil inside of the kernels turns to gas, this gas can not escape through the hull of the kernels, but when the interior pressure gets strong enough, it bursts the grain, and the explosion is so violent that it shatters it in the most curious manner. The starch in the grain becomes cooked and takes up a great deal more space than it did

COLOR OF SEA-WATER.

The color of the sea as we look off upon its surface is one thing, and the color of the water as we look down into its depths is quite another matter. In the former case there is shown, to a great extent, a reflection of the sky. The sea is bright or dark as the sky is clear or cloudy. Again, the breeze that just ruffles the surface changes, for the time, the appearance of the sea. This aspect of the water is always changing.

But when we look at the water in a mass, it shows a permanent color. We see this true color of the water best in billows raised before us. It is a blue, tinged more or less with green.

Travellers often express great admiration for the blue of the Mediterranean. The same hue is found in inland seas like the Great Salt Lake. On the other hand, those who have sailed into the Arctic Regions report that the water there is green.

The explanation of these facts was easily found from observations made on board the German ship *Gazelle*, which went on a voyage of scientific exploration a few years ago. It was found that the color of the sea varied according to the percentage of salt which its waters contain—its salinity, as the term is. The more salt, the more intensely blue is the color.

In the tropics, where the evaporation is greater than the fall of rain, there is an excess of salt as compared with the Arctic regions where the conditions are reversed. Accordingly, the water about the equator is described as intensely blue, and that toward the poles is said to be comparatively green.

Whenever green water is met with in the tropics it is found either to belong to a current from the neighborhood of the poles, or else it is near the shore where a large quantity of fresh water is being discharged into the sea. In a similar manner the blue water is carried toward the poles by the Gulf Stream and other currents in the ocean.

In the case of inland seas in which the water is more salt than any part of the ocean, the blue is correspondingly intense. This is what is reported of the Caspian and of the Dead Sea.

PICKING UP RARE COINS.

The Work of Bank Tellers When Their Day's Work Is Over.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Do you know what a good many bank tellers and men who handle large amounts of gold and silver coins do at the close of the day?" queried a former bank clerk.

"Go home, probably."

"Yes; but not until they have looked through their metal cash for rare coins."

"Do they ever find any?"

"Certainly they do some times, though not so very often. It is a lottery. The fact that some of the rarest of American coins have been picked up in ordinary circulation keeps their eyes peeled. They know values pretty well, and the sanguine cherish the hope of unearthing one of the missing dollars of 1804, which are worth $200. In fact, as high as $800 has been offered and refused. The half-dollar of 1852, representing Liberty seated, is in circulation. It is worth $1 75. The quarter of 1853, with rays, is also occasionally met. It brings $2. Among silver dollars of recent coinage, the 1858 dollar, representing Liberty seated, is the most valuable. It is worth $15. The dollar of 1838 has a flying eagle on the reverse side. A little worn it would pass without notice. It is worth $15. So is the same coin of 1839. Both are in circulation. The 20-cent piece of 1877 is worth $1 50 and of 1878, $1 25. They are to be met, though rarely. The valuable dimes and half-dimes were all coined before 1846. The silver three-cent piece of 1873, with the large star, brings 60 cents; the copper two-cent piece of the same year is worth the same. The flying-eagle cent of 1856 sells for $1. All the gold coins coined prior to 1836 command premiums."

At what height does the tide rise in the bay of Fundy? Please state also the height of tide at several other points along the Atlantic seaboard. NEPTUNE.

Elmira, April 11.

Height of tide at Cumberland, head of the bay of Fundy, is 71 feet; at Boston, 11½ feet; at New York, 5 feet; at Charleston, S. C., 6 feet.

— The number of sweat-glands in a man has been estimated at two million, three hundred thousand. It has been calculated that a healthy adult man loses by the skin two pounds daily; a horse weighing eight hundredweight loses fourteen pounds five ounces, and some small animals, such as a guinea-pig, as much as one twelfth of the weight of their bodies. The watery vapor thus excreted contains five parts in one thousand of solids.

— A curious custom of the Chinese in pisciculture is mentioned by P. Gresier. They collect the eggs of fishes as they are found floating on the surface in rivers. These are placed in an empty egg-shell, and this is closed and put under a sitting hen with other eggs. When the little chickens are hatched the egg-shells containing the fish-spawn are emptied into the rivers when the water is heated by the sun, and the young fish soon thrive.

— Soundings in the Pacific Ocean have been made to the depth of from five thousand to six thousand fathoms. The deepest sounding known was made in the South Atlantic Ocean, being seven thousand, seven hundred and six fathoms—about eight miles and three quarters. Iron was used for the sinker—both lead and iron sink rapidly to the greatest depths. The pressure at a depth of five miles is eleven thousand pounds per square inch.

— Ceylon has always had a reputation for its richness in precious stones. Inferior kinds, such as the moonstone and the garnet, are found in the beds of streams about Kandy, Newara Eleya, Badulla, and some of the small rivers of the south; but the more precious stones, such as the ruby, the blue sapphire, the Oriental topaz of various yellows, the Alexandrite, and the cat's-eye, must be sought for within a radius of thirty or forty miles from Ratnapura, the city of gems.

ANGELS OF GOD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Angels of God, if men would call on Thee
In all their daily strivings, toil and grief,
There is no thing they might not do or be,
Strange miracles are wrought by firm belief;
Thou wert created with the first great plan
To help, to strengthen and to uplift man,
Angels of God!

Angels of God, whatever I have won,
Borne or resisted, which has lifted me
Above my baser self, has all been done
Thro' the sweet strength shed on my soul by Thee;
What worth, what glory now, might be my dower,
Had I but leaned more fully on thy power,
Angels of God!

Angels of God, there is no earthly ill,
No pain, no sickness, no disease so fell,
Thou can'st not heal it: no poor human skill
Can read the secrets which thou knowest so well:
The blind may see, the lame may walk again
If they appeal to Thee, and not to men,
Angels of God!

Angels of God, in this tremendous war
Between the body's passions and the mind,
The moral force, the strength I struggle for,
Not in myself, but all in Thee I find;
Fierce as the conflict is, I do not fear;
I call on Thee—and lo! fair heights appear—
All things are possible, for thou art near,
Angels of God!

THE STORY OF "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

How the Familiar Poem Came to Be Written—Its Wide Popularity.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* thus retells the story of how "Sheridan's Ride" was rapidly written and started upon its course to fame, as swift as the black horse on the Winchester road:

It is being told in chat over the closely-recalled poem by Buchanan Read of "Sheridan's Ride" that the dramatic lyric was written at about as great speed as that taken for the great gallop itself. It was written, too, by the inspiration of a cup of strong tea, on the morning of the day when Mr. Murdoch was to read it in the evening. As a testimony to tea and pace of authorship, as well as to the instant judgment of Murdoch in seizing upon a poem for the occasion, which was made ready at a few hours' notice, the details given by the Cincinnati *Commercial* are interesting. The brother-in-law of Buchanan Read had his attention called on the morning of Nov. 1, 1864, to an illustration in *Harper's Weekly* depicting Sheridan's ride to the front. Read shut himself up with a cup of tea and produced the poem which had been offered to Murdoch by Read's brother-in-law, as something "sure to come" out of that picture—even before it was written. It was read to an enthusiastic audience, veritably "hot from the oven," that same night—so this account runs.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester Town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need!
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs thundering south
The dust, like smoke from a cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire,
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the

groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops:
What was done! What to do? A glance told
him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of
huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his red nostrils'
play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester twenty miles away."
—Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

How the Doleful Sound of the Sea-cow is Ground Out.

As so much mystery has surrounded the whistling buoy, and the manner in which it works, a SURF reporter was detailed to learn the exact working of the mechanical "sea-cow." As no one is better posted on such matters than Capt. G. H. Sagar, the gentlemanly agent of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, the reporter called on him and learned the following facts: The whistling buoy placed in the bay here is what is known as a second class buoy, the first class buoy being twice as large, and having twice as loud a sound. This one cost about $1,800 or $2,000. The buoy proper is a hollow cone, made of thin boiler plate, nine feet high and five feet in diamater at its base. From the base is a hollow iron tube ten feet long and six inches in diameter. This acts as a keel to the buoy which floats on its base. At the end of the iron pipe is attached a chain sixty feet long. This chain is attached to a carved, solid block of granite, weighing 3,000 pounds. This acts as the anchor, and in time becomes imbeded in the sand. As for the mournful music it is produced as follows:

On the top of the floating cone is an arrangement that looks like a steam whistle. It is a flexible metallic tongue similar to an organ reed. In the bottom of the cone are half a dozen holes in different places. Each is an air-hole and from it runs an air pipe to the metallic tongue in the top of the cone. As the buoy sits in the water and rolls about, a portion of the bottom of the cone is exposed to the air, which rushes into the air hole. As that part of the cone is immediately submerged, the water rushes in, forcing the air out through the top and thereby causing the sound heard. Capt. Sagar states that already the buoy has been of great service in guiding steamers on foggy nights.

Don't Like the Music.

The Lighthouse Inspector last Wednesday had an automatic whistling buoy, placed off Point Pinos, about an eight of a mile from the prominent white rock that stands up from the beach near the Lighthouse. This buoy has long been needed at that point on account of the impenetrable fogs that often obscure the surroundings, and making it a difficult matter for Captains to navigate into the bay. Mariners are well satisfied over the location of this buoy, and the possible danger it may avert. but Capt. Luce thinks it is a needless luxury in the way of music. He has become more resigned, however, since he found out that his fellow lighthouse warden at the Santa Cruz point of the bay, has a like companion for her daily and nightly vigils.—*Monterey Argus.*

THE MUSIC OF THE HOME.

"The Harp that once in Tara's Hall its soul of
music shed,"
Long years ago with broken strings, was num-
bered with the dead;
But still its soul goes marching on, as from some
sacred tome,
And echoes forth from bygone years the music
of the home.

It sings a mother's lullaby, in soothing tones
and low,
In pleadings that her babe be kept from every
want and woe;
In prayers that Heaven's blessings full in mer-
cy may descend—
That ministering angels, ever near, her loved
ones may defend.

A mother's voice, a father's prayer to the Giver
of all Good;
The note of new existence, the tale of mother-
hood;
The plaintive cries of birthright, the breath of
dawning life;
Endearing tones of parent, of husband and of
wife.

The morning song of gladness, the chant as eve
draws nigh;
The words of consecration of souls to the Most
High;
The lover's declaration, the marriage vow to
hear,
The wedding march and wedding bells ringing
loud and clear.

A mother's kiss—sweet music, that never fades
or dies,
But echoes and re-echoes throughout the earth
and skies,
With memories dear and tender, though faint
on mortal ear—
Ah! what more loved and loving, more treasured
or more dear?

The good-night supplication: "Now I lay me
down to sleep,
I pray"—in lisping accents—"the Lord my soul
to keep.
If I should die"—oh, solemn thought—and die
"before I wake,
I pray the Lord"—sad music—O Lord, "my soul
to take."

The hand of ministration, with voice of trust
and cheer,
The breath of home affection, in tender tones
and clear,
The tale of patient suffering, of sorrow and of
grief—
Sweet music, when the mourner has promise of
relief.

Sad music, when oppression, misfortune, sin
and wrong
Prevent the would-be singer from singing Zion's
song;
Soul music, when the heart swells, as, passing
on its way,
The clouds of darkness brighten, and night
gives place to-day.

There's music everywhere on earth for every
listening ear—
Rich music, heard in unison, afar, and yet so
near—
Flashed forth, as if on lightning's wing, from
out the starry sky,
In solo notes and chorus full—in tones that never
die.

Music in children's prattle—in the patter of
little feet,
In cordial words of welcome when long absent
ones we greet,
In parting words of dear ones, yea, even in a
sigh—
Oh! touching, tender music in that one dear
word, good-bye.

There's music from the organ loft, by sacred
breezes fanned;
In choir and chorus swelling forth, well studied,
classic, grand;
In field and street, in mammoth hall, echoed
from lofty dome,
But sweeter, purer, dearer far, The Music of the
Home.
—*Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.*

JAPANESE LACQUER.

How the Tree Is Cultivated by Order of the Government.

The ruhs vernicifera, an evergreen tree from which the lac or gum is obtained, is cultivated in every section of Japan. As long ago as the sixth century an edict of the Emperor required every landholder to plant a certain proportion of his acreage with this lacquer tree, just as he was compelled to cultivate and maintain a certain number of mulberry trees, and but for this governmental support it is doubtful if the art, even then widely practiced, would have attained its great perfection. Every tree, when tapped to obtain its gum, died in the course of two years. The amount obtained from a tree five years old seldom exceeded three ounces. In the mountainous districts the tree was of slower growth and was permitted to grow for ten years before the gum was drained. The gum varied in quality according to the part of the tree which exuded it, that from the twigs being most esteemed and drying with superior hardness.

Among other uses in very remote periods, lacquer served in finishing coffins, probably for ornamentation as much as because it rendered the wood impervious to moisture, but its every-day uses were those which gradually raised it more and more to a place among the arts. The gum, when applied to the prepared wood, can be prepared with either oil or water. Modern lacquers contain scarcely a trace of the true gum, and hence it comes that they do not possess either the enduring qualities or beauty of older work. True lac will not blister or peel from the wood, and does not change appearance from subjection to water or heat. The most conclusive test of this property was in 1873, when the steamer Nile, returning to Japan, with the specimen purchased for the Yeddo museum, foundered in twenty-five fathoms of water. Eighteen months after divers employed by the Government recovered two hundred cases from the steamer, and the ancient lacquers were as perfect in joints, color and polish as when they left the hands of their makers.

The finest lacquer sknown are those made between 1550 and 1650. It is claimed for these that the wood was prepared by boiling and heating, gold leaf being pounded into the fibers of the wood until it would receive no more. Upon such a foundation the successive coats of gum were carefully applied. Not less than thirty-three stages of treatment were given, and often the number was sixty. Owing to the presence of moisture in the lac, and possibly also in the foundation itself, the coats of gum required protection that the hardening and drying might take place slowly. To accomplish this newly varnished pieces were encased in a damp box, where they remained a full month—the shortest interval permitted between two stages of treatment. Polishing followed each coat of lac. The golden grains which seem to float in the thickness of the lac and which are filings highly sifted on the fresh varnish are not a tawdry display of yellow metal, but represent and become an imperishable body of harmonious color, which can not be rivaled in painting or porcelain. To produce a full palette of such metallic colors for lacquer work is an art unknown outside of Japan; yet there are specimens in which 110

tones of metallic color may be counted. There are also names for twelve varieties of different sizes in metallic powders. Although this is intricate enough for ordinary art industries, the artistic part of lacquers can only be begun when this mechanical part is thoroughly mastered. When the ground has been primed and polished and powdered and repolished, before proceeding with other coats of lacquer the design must be begun. Unlike painting, where change of pigments makes a change of color, in fine lacquer relief is given and is emphasized more by change in the size of metallic powders than by color. It has been often asserted that the foundation wood of lacquers was carved to produce the relief. This may be true to some extent in incrustations of bronze, silver, pearl, or porcelain, not otherwise. The relief is usually built up with nothing else than repeated coats of the thin lac varnish. These coats are each subjected to the same slow process of drying and to the accurate polishing which makes them appear complete in every stage of progress.—*Baltimore American.*

UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL.

'Twas not at all like those you see of ordinary men;
'Twas such as never could occur, excepting now and then;
For Uncle Nate had studied hard upon it, night and day,
And planned it all—while yet alive—in his peculiar way.
"I've managed other men's remains," he said, with quiet tone,
"And now I'll make a first-class try to regulate my own."
And so, a month before his death, he wrote the details down,
For friends to print, when he was dead, and mail throughout the town.

The paper said: "I've figured close, and done the best I knew,
To have a good large funeral, when this short life was through;
I've thought about it night and day, I've brooded o'er the same,
Until it almost seemed a task to wait until it came,
Especially as my good wife has wandered on ahead,
And all the children we possessed have many years been dead;
And now I'll tell you what I want my friends and foes to do—
I'm sorry that I can't be here to push th' arrangement through:

"I do not want to hire a hearse, with crape around it thrown:
I'm social like, and am not used to riding round alone.
Bring my old wagon, into which the children used to climb,
Until I've taken on a drive full twenty at a time:
We've loafed along the country roads for many pleasant hours,
And they have scampered far and near, and picked the freshest flowers:
And I would like to have them come upon my burial day,
And ride with me, and talk to me, and sing along the way.

"I want my friend the minister—the best of preacher-folks,
With whom I've argued, prayed, and wept, and swapped a thousand jokes—
To *talk* a sermon to the friends, and make it sweet, but strong;
And recollect I don't believe in speeches overlong.
And tell him, notwithstanding all his eloquence and worth,
'Twon't be the first time I have slept when he was holding forth.
I'd like two texts, and one shall be by Bible covers pressed,
And one from outside, that shall read, 'He did his level best.'

"And any one I've given help—to comfort or to save—
Just bring a flower, or sprig of green, and throw it in the grave.
Please have a pleasant, social time round the subscriber's bier,
And no one but my enemies must shed a single tear.
You simply say: 'Old Uncle Nate, whatever may befall,
Is having probably to-day the best time of us all!
He's shaking hands, two at a time, with several hundred friends,
And giving us who stay behind good gilt-edged recommends!"

They tried to follow all the rules that Uncle Nate laid down;
When he was dead they came to him from every house in town.
The children did their best to sing, but could not quite be heard;
The parson had a sermon there, but did not speak a word.
Of course they buried him in flowers, and kissed him as he lay,
For not a soul in all that town but he had helped some way;
But when they tried to mold his mound without the tears' sweet leaven,
There rose loud sobs that Uncle Nate could almost hear in Heaven.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.*

Manitoba.

O neighbors, neighbors, rouse you! Quick!
My heart is empty and forlorn,
My heart is empty, faint and sick;
For John came dragging home at morn,
Two frozen limbs, and on! and oh!
My boy left buried in the snow!

Nay, blame not John. The day was wild
With driving snow that drowned his face.
The hidden sleigh now holds my child;
The horse stands frozen in his place.
Come, neighbors, quick! Be not so slow!
My boy lies buried in the snow.

The snow is frozen. Follow me!
Like ice this gleaming sea of snow.
And far across the frozen sea
The mound where he is lying low.
Oh, like to gold his hair; his eyes
Were bits of yonder bluest skies.

I clad my boy as best I had.
The sleigh sped ringing toward the mill.
My boy, my poor lost farmer lad!
Oh, that I had you with me still!
Why, I would give these snowy lands
To knit two mittens for his hands!

But, neighbors, neighbors, here! Behold
This mound of snow, this broken place!
A sweet face in a sheen of gold!
Two blue eyes laughing in my face!
My boy, my boy, safe, sound, and well,
Breaks like some chicken from his shell!

—*Joaquin Miller in the Advance.*

THE DEAD POET.

Some Pleasant Traits in the Character of Longfellow.

William Winter in the New York Tribune.

Longfellow liked to talk of young poets, and he had an equally humorous and kind way of noticing the foibles of the literary character. Standing in the porch one summer day, and observing the noble elms in front of his house, he recalled a visit made to him long before by one of the many bards, now extinct, who are embalmed in Griswold. Then suddenly assuming a burly, martial air, he seemed to reproduce for me the exact figure and manner of the youthful enthusiast, who had tossed back his long hair, gazed approvingly on the elms, and in a deep voice exclaimed, "I see, Mr. Longfellow, that you have many trees—I love trees!" "It was," said the poet, "as if he gave a certificate to all the neighboring vegetation." A few words like these, said in Longfellow's peculiar, dry, humorous manner, with just a twinkle of the eye and a quietly droll inflection of the voice, had a certain charm of mirth that cannot be described. It was the same demure playfulness which led him, when waiting, to speak of the lady who wore flowers "on the congregation side of her bonnet," or to extol those broad, magnificent Western roads, which "dwindle to a squirrel track and run up a tree." He had no particle of the acidity of sparkling and biting wit, but he had abundant, playful humor, that was full of kindness, and that toyed good-naturedly with all the trifles of life. That such a sense of fun should be amused by the ludicrous peculiarities of a juvenile bard was inevitable. He had himself passed through the grotesque and singular period. * * * His sense of humor found especial pleasure in the inappropriate words that were sometimes said to him by persons whose design it was to be complimentary, and he would relate, with a keen relish of their pleasantry, anecdotes against himself, to illustrate this form of social blunder. Years ago he told me, at Cambridge, about the strange gentleman who was led up to him and introduced at Newport, and who straightway said with enthusiastic fervor, "Mr. Longfellow, I have long desired the honor of knowing you! Sir, I am one of the few men who have read your 'Evangeline.'" This anecdote, in recent days, he coupled with another about an English lady who, on being introduced, exclaimed; "Why, Mr. Longfellow, I thought you were dead!" "No, madam, you see I take the liberty of living." "Yes—but I thought at least you belonged to Washington's time." Another of his favorites was related to me a day or two after it occurred. The poet's rule was to reserve the morning for work, and visitors were not received before 12 o'clock, noon. One morning a man forced his way past the servant who had opened the hall door, and burst in upon the presence of the astonished author in his library; and thereupon ensued this remarkable conversation: "Mr. Longfellow, you're a poet, I believe." "Well, sir, some persons have said so." "All right, Mr. Longfellow! Poet it is! Now, I've called here to see if I couldn't get you to write some poetry for me to have printed and stuck onto my medicine bottles. You see, I go 'round sellin' this medicine, and, if you'll do it, it'll help immensely; and I'll just tell you right now, if you give me the poetry I'll give you a bottle of the carminative—and it's $1 a bottle." For the full enjoyment of this story it was needful to see the poet's face and hear the delicious, bland tone of voice in which he added, "The idea of its being a carminative, of all things." More than twenty-four years ago he told me that incident—sitting by the wide fireplace in the library back of his study. As I write his words now the wind seems again to be moaning in the chimney, and the firelight flickers upon his pale, handsome, happy face and already silvered hair. He took such delight in any bit of quiet fun like that! He was so gracious, so kind, so wishful to make every one happy that came near him! And now he is gone forever!

Young Dr. Harry E. Sanderson, a Californian by birth and instinct, has been appointed resident house physician of the Mount Sinai Hospital, where he will have abundant opportunity to practice his profession. He is proud and happy!

LITTLE STUDENTS' CORNER.

PLEASANT HOURS WITH GREAT AUTHORS—

Washington Irving.

It was in the city of New York that Washington Irving was born, and at Tarrytown, only a few miles away, that he died, while the years between were spent in very many different places. He was born in 1783, and christened shortly after the American army entered New York; so, like many another baby he was named after the great general. A few years after, when Washington came back as President of the United States, young Irving's Scotch nurse followed him into a shop and said, pointing to the boy, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." The President placed his hand on the boy's head and blessed him.

His childhood was not a particularly pleasant one. His father was very strict with his children, and this boy, like most boys, got into scrapes sometimes, but, like his great namesake, he never would tell an untruth to escape punishment. However, his mother, according to a way that most mothers have, made a good time for her boy whenever she could; and his boyish pranks did not seem quite so bad to her as to the father, although she often said to him, "O, Washington, if you were only good!"

He began to go to school when only four years of age, and kept at it till he was sixteen, when he entered a law-office. His school-days were a mixture of study and fun. He had no great love for his work, but he was just the queerest boy in one respect; he liked to write compositions, and would often change work with the others and do theirs while they did something for him.

He read so many voyages and travels and became so interested in them that, when about fourteen, he made up his mind to run away and go to sea. There was one great difficulty in the way. He did not like salt pork, but he thought that by eating it every time he had a chance he would get used to it and it would not taste so bad to him. So he tried it; and nights he would get up and lie on the bare floor so as not to miss his good bed when on shipboard. But it was no use. The pork tasted worse every time, and the floor grew harder and harder, so he wisely concluded to stay at home.

At nineteen Irving wrote a number of pieces for a daily paper, signing himself Jonathan Oldstyle. These were copied by other papers. About this time he was not at all well. He had a very bad cough, and people feared consumption. He went from place to place for his health, but grew no better, so a year or two after his brothers sent him to Europe. Indeed, at this time he was such an invalid that the captain was sure he would not live to get across, but they were all mistaken; he lived to be an old man. He spent nearly two years in Europe, visiting France, Italy, and Sicily, staying for weeks at places that he cared for, and scarcely stopping at others. Then he went to London, but, having a fit of homesickness, started for home without seeing any of Scotland.

In 1809 was published a *History of New York* by Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, another of the queer names that Irving was fond of taking. Every body expected this was a sure enough history, but on reading it found it to be a funny account of things. Some enjoyed this very much, while others thought the author was making sport of their ancestors. Sir Walter Scott wrote to a friend, "I have been employed these few evenings in reading the *History of New York* aloud to Mrs. S—— and two ladies who are staying here, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing."

Irving made about three thousand dollars by this work, but he needed more money, so his brothers took him in partnership, not for his help, but because they could help him in this way.

In 1813 he started once more for Europe. While in London,

owing to his brother's illness, Washington took charge of his brother's business. After two years he was planning to return home, but hearing of his mother's death he changed his plans, and went to Scotland. He visited Scott at Abbotsford, and the two became great friends. Some friends wanted him to accept a place in the navy department, but he concluded to spend all his time in writing. His brothers were much disappointed at this, but they lived long enough to find out that Washington was right and they were wrong.

In 1819 *The Sketch Book* came out, and was a great success, especially the story of "Rip Van Winkle," that man who went to sleep and forgot to wake up for so long that the people as well as himself were so changed that he knew nobody and nobody knew him. Through the influence of Scott this was published in England, where the people enjoyed it as much as did his own countrymen. Indeed Irving was always popular with the English people. He wrote several other books, but his great work is *The Life of Washington.*

Although this great author had traveled about the world so much, and seen so many people, he was always too timid to speak in public. At a great dinner in New York, given to Dickens, Irving had to make a speech. This troubled him very much. He kept saying to his friends, "I shall certainly break down." When the time came he had it written down, all ready, but after two or three sentences, he began to hesitate, and could not go on, so he just spoke about the great author who was with them and sat down, saying, "I told you I should break down, and I have done it." He was always very modest and anxious about his books, and never seemed to know how good they were.

There is no room to tell of Sunnyside, his quaint home on the Hudson, the beautiful river he loved so well, nor how the people loved him, and how every body mourned for him when, in 1859, he died of heart dis ase.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Manganese dioxide has been recommended for the manufacture of printing and marking ink instead of lampblack.

Philadelphia is to have a street car with a patent spring motor. The inventor says that after the spring is wound up it will propel the car eight miles.

There is a great probability that the geological structure of the bottom of the straits of Messina is favorable to the excavation of the proposed tunnel. As yet, however, the data secured are not very elaborate, and of course the conclusions based on them cannot be precise.

A new adulterant of ground pepper is a finely ground preparation of the kernels of olive-berries. If a sample of the suspected mixture is scattered upon a mixture of equal volumes of glycerine and water the pepper floats upon the surface, while the ground olive kernels sink.

Work on the Corinth Canal is going forward with activity. Over 1000 laborers are employed, exclusive of officials and those engaged in the transport service. At the Corinth end a temporary harbor has been constructed and a breakwater 312 feet long erected at Isthmia Kalamaki. Powerful excavators are soon to be set at work on the undertaking.

S. R. Canestrini has been experimenting upon the effects of decapitation upon insects. Butterflies were able to use their wings eighteen days after they had lost their heads. Crickets leaped on the thirteenth day after they had been beheaded and the praying-mantis showed signs of life on the fourteenth day after the head had been separated from the body. He gives still more singular observations, tending to show that the head in insects cannot be subject to the same perpetual strain as the head in mammals in guiding the motions of the body.

IN THE ORPHAN-HOUSE.

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

They sat at supper on Christmas Eve,
The boys of the orphan-school,
And the least of them all rose up to say
The quaint old grace in the old-time way
Which had always been the rule:
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

The oaken rafters holly bedight
And brave in their Christmas guise,
Cast shadows down on the fair young face,
The hands clasped close with childish grace,
The reverent wistful eyes;
And for a moment as he ceased
Unheeded smoked the Christmas feast.

The smallest scholar he sat him down,
And the spoons began to clink
In the pewter porringers one by one,
But one little fellow had scarce begun
When he stopped and said: "I think—
And then he paused with a reddened cheek,
But the kindly master bade him "Speak!"

"Why does the Lord never come?"
Asked the child in a shy soft way;
"Time after time we have prayed that He
Would make one of our company
Just as we did to-day,
But He never has come for all our prayer,
Do you think He would if I set Him a chair?"

"Perhaps! who knoweth?" the master said,
And he made the sign of the cross;
While the zealous little one gaily sped
And drew a chair to the table's head
'Neath great ivy boss;
Then turned to the door as in sure quest
Of the entrance of the Holy Guest.

Even as he waited the latch was raised,
The door swung wide, and lo!
A pale little beggar-boy stood there
With shoeless feet and flying hair
All powdered white with snow.
"I have no food, I have no bed,
For Christ's sake take me in," he said.

The startled scholars were silent all,
The master dumbly gazed;
The shivering beggar stood still—
The snow-flakes melting at their will—
Bewildered and amazed
At the strange hush; and nothing stirred
And no one uttered a welcoming word,

Till, glad and joyful the same dear child
Upraised his voice and said:
"The Lord has heard us, now I know,
He could not come Himself, and so
He sent this boy instead
His chair to fill, His place to take,
For us to welcome for His sake."

Then quick and zealous every one
Sprang from the table up,
The chair for Jesus ready set
Received the beggar cold and wet,
Each pressed his plate and cup,
Take mine! take mine!" they urged and prayed;
The beggar thanked them, half dismayed.

And as he feasted and quite forgot
His woe in the new content,
The ivy and holly garlanded
Round the old rafters overhead
Breathed forth a rich, strange scent,
And it seemed as if in the green-hung hall
Stood a Presence unseen which blessed them all.

O lovely Legend of olden time,
Be though as true to-day!
The Lord Christ stands by every door,
Veiled in the person of His poor,
And all our hearts can pray:
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

—*Susan Coolidge, in Wide Awake.*

A CAR LOAD.

It is now a matter of interest to many people to know what constitutes a car-load. Nominally, a broad-gauge car-load is 20,000 pounds, dead weight, as follows: Seventy barrels lime, 70 barrels salt, 90 barrels flour, 60 barrels whiskey, 200 sacks flour, 340 bushels wheat, 300 bushels corn, 680 bushels oates, 400 bushels barley, 360 bushels flax seed, 360 bushels apples, 430 bushels Irish potates, 360 bushels sweet potatoes, 1,000 bushels bran, 6 cords soft wood, 4 cords hard wood, 18 to 20 head cattle, 50 to 60 hogs, 80 to 100 sheep, 9,000 feet solid boards, 17,000 feet siding, 15,000 feet flooring, 40,000 shingles, 20,000 do hard timber, 10,000 do green timber, 40,000 feet joist, scantling and all other large timbers.

Memorial Day.

The following poem read on Memorial Day at the Pavilion by Prof. D. C. Clark, was written by the well known poetess, Mrs. Laura C. R. Searing, better known to the public, however, by her *nom de plume*, Howard Glyndon. This name recalls to memory some exquisite bits of verse printed some years ago in the *Atlantic* and contemporary periodicals, and finally gathered together and published by J. R. Osgood, of Boston, under the title, "Sounds from Secret Chambers." It was eminently appropriate that Howard Glyndon should have written the Memorial Day poem since, during the entire war her pen was busy with prose and poem and her interest ever with her country. Hurd & Houghton published her war poems as "Idyls of Battle," and she was war correspondent from Washington. At different times she was connected with the *N. Y. Tribune, N. Y. Times* and *N. Y. Evening Mail.* Finally she began to feel the effect of such constant brain work, and she has come to Santa Cruz for rest and recuperation:

O, day of memories dear, yet sad,
Proud tho' regretful, glad yet tender;
The drift and wreckage of the mad
And fiery years of war-time splendor.

Tho' here there be no sight nor sound
Of strife or cornage to remind us
How the red blooms of battle wound
About the stormier times behind us;

No! Not in all the wildwood wealth
Of flowers that nature, open handed,
And laughing out in golden health,
Heaps on us, veterans disbanded,

Is there a single one to wake
Old thrills, old pains, old camp-fire stories;
Not one the sight of which can take
Our thoughts back to the awful glories

Of flowerful fields that patriot blood
So cheerfully and richly watered—
Flowers that smiled up to where we stood,
For Right and Country to be slaughtered

We cannot say: "Like this and this
Grows on the graves at Arlington;"
Nor with a proud and passionate kiss,
"Like this, beheld a battle won."

No; on the old fields where we fought
We left the flowers and many a token;
Nothing to this new land was brought
But memories tenderest when unspoken.

And for the sake of these we stand—
A little, worn-out band, fast thinning—
To-day with heart to heart, and hand
In hand, as once at the beginning.

Stronger than links of steel the thought
Of comrades who no longer listen
Nor answer to the roll call; fraught
With tenderness that makes to glisten

The tears in eyes that never fell,
When death stared in them during battle;
That never faltered when the shell
Burst near them with its direful rattle.

O, peaceful years that grew between!
O, happy graves 'neath skies so tender!
And overgrowing what has been,
The present with its glad surrender.

Yet, sad for us when overhead
This day dawns, taking us still further
From the old times, so dear tho' dread,
And one is missing and another.

For we, whose living hands bestrew
Our comrades' graves in mood memorial,
Not long may linger so to do,
And none way wear our robes seigniorial.

When none are left our tale to tell,
Not one to answer to the roll,
When all are mustered out and well
We slumber, one victorious whole.

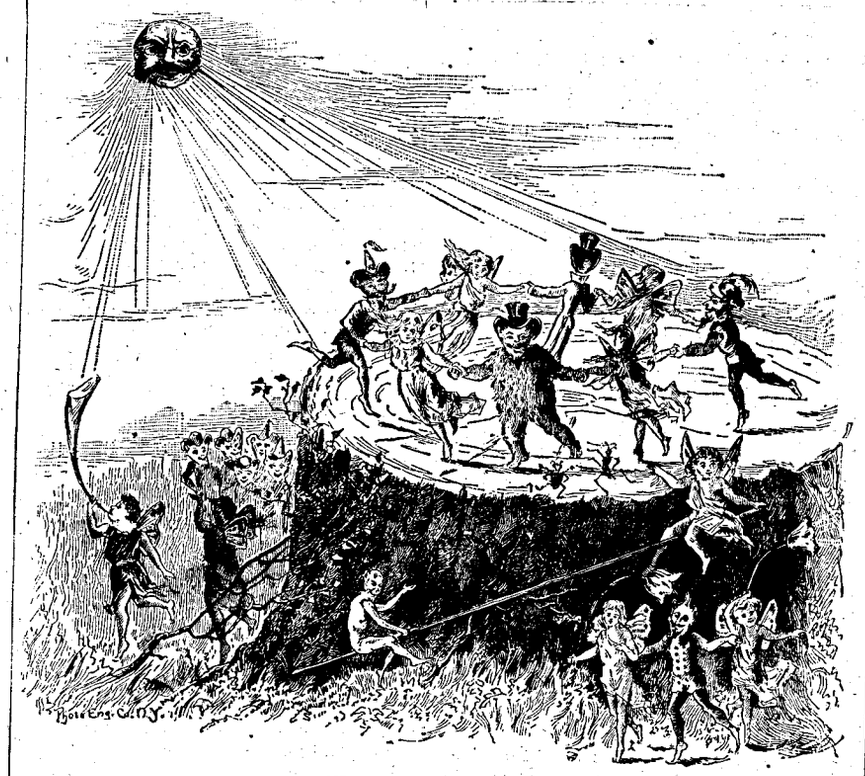
Memorial mornings, fresh with dew,
Shall see our children glad, unscarred
By the fierce fires that we went through,
Strew flowers where "glory mounts on guard."

HOWARD GLYNDON.

Santa Cruz, May 30th, 1887.

SSSSSSXXXXXX333333888888.

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the paper upside down and, without any careful looking, you will see that this this difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half.



THE FAIRY FESTIVAL.

'Tis midnight in the wildwood,
And all is calm and still.
A cloudlet hides the moon's bright face,
And shadows veil the hill—

When suddenly the bluebells
Ring out a roundelay—
"Arise, ye gnomes and fairies!
Prepare to welcome May."

Up spring from earth the hill-men,
And join in merry race;
But, borne on air, the fairies
First gain the trysting-place.

The kindly moon besought by all,
Turns on his calcium light.
Then lightly tripping to and fro.
They dance away the night.

The morning dawns; at its approach
The wee folks flee away.
And leave to merry girls and boys
The crowning of the May.

Oh, royal month, that in your train
Bring balmy air and flower,
We welcome you with joyous song,
To forest, field and bower.

VENUS, THE MORNING STAR.

An important event occurred a week or two ago in the movements of our nearest celestial neighbor among the planets. The fairest of the evening stars shines no longer in the western sky, where her beaming presence has been so welcome during the spring and summer.

On the 21st of September, Venus reached inferior conjunction, passing, at that time between the earth and sun, as the moon does at new moon, and changed her position from the eastern side of the sun to the western. She has become morning star.

For a short time after she began her new role, she was invisible, for she was so near the sun as to be hidden in his rays. She may now, however, be seen shortly before sunrise; for she moves rapidly in this part of her course. Careful observers will easily find her early in the present month, a lovely object under "the opening eyelids of the morn." She will rise earlier each morning and grow brighter until the 28th of October, when she reaches her period of greatest brilliancy as morning star, being visible even in the presence of the great luminary from whom she borrows leave to shine.

Attar of Rose.

The origin of attar of roses is said to have been this: To please a voluptuous monarch his favorite sultana caused his bath in the palace garden to be filled to the brim with rose water. The action of the sun soon concentrated the oily particles floating on the surface, and the attendant, supposing the water to have become corrupt, began to skim it for the purpose of taking off the oil. The globules burst under the process, and emitted such a delightful odor that the idea of preparing this beautiful perfume was at once suggested.

ENGLAND'S ROYAL PLATE.

Twelve Million Dollars' Worth of Gold Services in One Department.

Troy Times.

In Windsor Castle there is one apartment called "The Gold Room." In that room the gold plate is valued at $12,000,000. Much of this plate is only silver gilt. A good part, however, is of solid gold, and $12,000,000 was the estimated value of the whole, whether the material was gold or silver. It is said to be an irksome thing to get out and lay the plate for a state dinner, so enormous is its weight. It is handled and placed by the royal pages, some of them having been over fifty years in the service.

One salver in the "Gold Room" is of immense size—five feet in diameter—and was made from the gold snuff boxes alone of George IV, presented to him by various cities and towns, the lids and inscriptions curiously preserved on the surface in a kind of mosaic gold; and this salver is valued at $50,000. Among other curious articles there is a dinner service of silver, presented to Victoria's uncle, William IV, when he was Duke of Clarence, the donors being merchants of Liverpool, in reward for loyal service rendered to them by his advocacy of the slave trade. Forty years later, when he was King, he signed the Act of Parliament which abolished slavery in the British dominions on and from August 1, 1834.

A candelabrum of gold, to be used for lighting the dinner-table, which is among the plate at Windsor, is so heavy that two strong men are required to lift it. Its value is $50,000. There are 140 dozen of gold table and teaspoons, of six different patterns, and golden plates of various sizes sufficient to dine 250 persons.

THE FIRST ENGLISH KISS.

How Rowena Astonished Vortizern by Touching Her Lips to His.

Iowa State Register.

It has just been discovered who first introduced kissing into England. It was a woman, blessed be her name, and the daughter of a king. We had supposed the custom originated in Paradise, and came to us as a matter of inheritance from our first parents. It is hard to believe that original sin could descend, without break, through all the generations that have followed Adam and Eve, and this other original instinct could have lapsed, in any part of the world, through disuse or neglect.

But sober history relates that Rowena, the daughter of the Saxon Hengist, himself descended from the gods, at a banquet given in old England by the Britons, in honor of their Northern allies, after pledging Vortizern in a brimming beaker, astonished and delighted him by a little kiss, accorded to the manner of the country. Bearded man that he was, and monarch of a fierce people, it was left for the young daughter of a rival king to show him, with the touch of the lips, a realm greater and more powerful than any ruled by man. The King and the maiden have slept in their graves for centuries, but neither the race whose fair daughter taught the king a lesson nor that one descended from her willing pupil have ever forgotten her example. The fashion she set came to stay.

ENOCH PRATT, who gave Baltimore, Md., a free library, lately celebrated his eighty-first birthday. Mr. Pratt gave property worth $250,000 and his check for $50,000 to the city and agreed to give $50,000 a year to the support of the library.

MRS. J. M. LAMADRID perseveres in maintaining the charitable "St. Andrew's coffee stands" which she has established in New York City, though they are still losing investments financially. Nearly 3,000,000 meals have been served from the stands since they were opened, two years ago.

CURIOUS CRADLES.

Queer Arrangements for Toddlers in Foreign Lands.

Drake's Magazine.

The Chinese have a queer institution which they call the winter cradle. It is shaped somewhat like an hour glass and stands on end. There is an opening above and below, and the waist, which is contracted, serves to keep the celestial baby on his feet. Day after day little almond-shaped eyes peep over the top of this cradle and little hands play with miniature dragons and other toys till the nurse puts in an appearance. Some of these winter cradles are made of wicker-work and are beautifully painted by Chinese women artists. It is almost impossible for one to be upset; but now and then, when two are placed close together and the occupants declare war and measure arms, two cradles roll over the floor to noises that "bring down the house."

The Lapp baby very often has a snow cradle, for when the indulgent mother attends church she makes a hole in the snow outside and deposits the young Laplander therein. It is no uncommon sight to see a circle of these snow cradles in front of a Lapp chapel, and now and then a lot of fierce-looking dogs are on guard to keep off the wolves that might meditate a raid on the baby contingent. The Lapp cradle in material differs essentially from that used by the Bushman baby, whose mother digs a hole in the hot sand and chucks him therein in the shadow of some lonely bush. Sometimes the cradle is ready to hand in the shape of an ostrich nest, and now and then some feathers left by the mighty bird help to soften the nest of the future Bushman warrior.

There is a tribe in the palm region of the Amazon that cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up around the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath tub. Strong cords are formed from the sinews of another species of palm, and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little tot to sleep. Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave a baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkey delighted to drop nuts downward with an unerring precision. An older child is stationed near by to watch the baby during his siestas, and the chatter of the monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy migration.

Patagonian babies are kept in cradles made of flat pieces of board. Two pieces of guanaco skin are so arranged across the cradle that the child is firmly fastened inside, and can be carried thus suspended from a saddle-bow without danger. In the rude huts of this people these cradles are hung hammockwise to the rafters, and amid the smoke that darkens everything, including his very nature, as it seems, the Patagonian infant passes the first stages of babyhood. When the village migrates the cradle is swung from the saddle, and in swimming a stream it floats like a canoe on the surface, while the horse is almost entirely submerged. Sir Francis Head, who saw a good deal of Patagonian life years ago, leaves on record the statement that the Patagonian baby in his queer cradle is one of the best-natured representatives of the infant world.

One would hardly go to Kaffirland for a fantastic cradle, and one almost as queer as it is fantastic at that. Yet he would find such a one there. The Kaffir baby, when he comes into the world, is put into a cradle or bag made of antelope skin, with the hair on. This baby castle, narrow toward the bottom, widens to within a few inches of the opening, when it again suddenly contracts. The skin is turned inward, giving the young Kaffir as soft a bed as some found in the cradles of royalty. Four long strips of antelope skin are attached to the cradle, and enable the mother to swing it on her back after a peculiar fashion.

MISS EDNA LYALL devoted the profits of her most popular novel to the purchase of a peal of bells for the village church at Eastbourne, Eng.

MY FIRST PAIR OF BREECHES.

How dear to my heart were my first pair of breeches,
Although now worn out I remember them still;
They'd been in the house a year or two previous,
And were formerly owned by my big brother Bill.
How my eyes opened wide in great expectation
When told that new breeches for me would be made;
How I felt in my heart a strange agitation,
And laughed when I thought how I'd look so arrayed.

They were not cut in fashion, of that I'll assure you;
They came to the knees, no suspenders were worn;
A patch in those days would excite no great notice,
If in climbing a fence my new breeches were torn.
When I first put them on a peculiar sensation
Arose in my bosom that gave me great joy.
For now all the neighbors who'd want information
Could see that no girl I was, but a big boy.

And the pockets—how large, how deep and how roomy;
I had a place for my marbles, my top and my ball.
I found one behind—why, 'twas nothing but pockets!
There were three that were large and one that was small.
When I strutted out proudly an audible titter
From one of the boys gave me some little pain;
When he said: "Can your mother make pants fit no better?"
I said naught for answer, but looked with disdain.

From those days of our childhood, alas! we've now parted.
Does your first pair of breeches ne'er give you a thought?
Did they not fit you better, at least you did think so,
Than those from the tailor that since you have bought?
But now, when you see that new breeches are needed,
A tailor, you'll find, you must soon interview,
And your purchase of pants will, perhaps, be impeded—
He's not like your mother, he will not trust you.

—*New York Star.*

A Wonderfully Pointed Stone.

Monticello (N. Y.) Watchman.

Imagine a stone, in size containing about 500 cubic feet, in shape nearly as round as an orange, in weight not less than 80,000 pounds, or forty tons, and so nicely balanced upon a table of rock that a child 10 years of age, by pushing against either the north or south side, can rock it back and forth; yet the strength of 100 men, without levers or other appliances, would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position. Such is the celebrated rocking stone on the farm of J. McLaury, two miles west of Monticello. This is one of the greatest natural curiosities in our whole country. What sculptor could chisel out a piece of marble of its size and then poise it so nicely that it would vibrate under so light a touch? But its shape, size and position are not the most wonderful things about it. Its body is composed of a somewhat loose and soft sandstone, in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles of a diamond-like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the solitary specimen of its class. Around and under the rocks are of a totally different structure. The table on which it rests is a hard stone nearly as firm and close-grained as the blue stone of our quarries. From whence came this wanderer and how?

LITTLE STUDENTS' CORNER.

PLEASANT HOURS WITH GREAT AUTHORS:

Charlotte Bronté.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

THERE were six children in the Bronte family, and on looking them over no one would ever have thought that that thin little girl, with hair screwed up in those tight curls, and the dark, plain face, was to be known all over the world and talked about long after she was dead; yet so it was, for Charlotte Bronte became a writer whose works have been read by many, many people.

When Charlotte was about five years old Mrs. Bronte died. The family was then living in Haworth rectory, where she spent the greater part of her life. After her mother's death it was not a very pleasant home for the children, for although their father loved them dearly he was a queer man, and had some strange ideas about bringing them up to be hardy and strong, never once thinking whether they were happy or not. He liked to be alone, and the most of the time when not busy with his parish—for he was a clergyman—he was shut up in his study with his books.

When Charlotte was eight years old, she and three of her sisters were sent away to school. This was no such pleasant boarding-school as girls go to now; for, remember, Charlotte Bronte was a child over sixty years ago, and in those times little people were not made so much of as they are to-day. She has put this school in one of her books, and if the description is at all true nobody wonders that she did not like it. Two of her sisters died while here, and Charlotte herself becoming almost ill, the little girls were sent for to come home.

Now she became the little mother of the family, and did all she could to take care of her younger sisters. They were both more pleasing and better looking than Charlotte; who was so plain that she was almost ugly. This always troubled her very much, as she feared people would not love her as well on account of it; so, when she began to write stories, she said she would have in one of her books a girl who, without being in the least pretty, would make every one love her. This she did in *Jane Eyre.*

When about fifteen Charlo te again went to school, this time to a good one. How she did love to study! She would finish her lessons, in which she was nearly always perfect, and then spend the time the rest used for play in learning ex'ra ones. She would sit close by the window to get every bit of light, and so late did she sit there that her school-mates laughed at her, saying that, like an owl, she could see in the dark. They were never jealous because she was at the head of her class and bore off most of the prizes.

She was always so very shy with strangers that people did not like her very well at first; but when she was better known and her shyness wore away every body loved her; they could not help it, she was so affectionate and unselfish.

While here she commenced her story-telling. At nigl t after the lights were out she would begin, and about the only time she ever broke the rules was by telling long stories at night when late talking had been forbidden.

One of the girls became very ill. When she grew better her school-mates took turns in watching with her. On the day that Charlotte was nurse she began a story, thinking to amuse the patient. It was a wonderful tale about some one who in his sleep walked on high shaky walls, over steep precipices, and near all sorts of dangers; and her voice took on such thrilling tones that the poor sick girl was greatly frightened. It was a long time after this before Charlotte could be coaxed to tell another.

In after years she came back to the same school as teacher. She was also a governess in one or two families, but this sort of life did not suit her; besides, father needed her at home, so she gave up teaching and took to writing.

These were happy days in the lives of the sisters. True, the people about were queer and quaint and not much company for them; and there were no pretty things in the house such as girls delight in, for Mr. Bronte was so afraid of fire that no curtains were allowed, and only the sitting-room and study had carpets. So far did this fear go that his daughters were obliged to dress in either woolen or silk all the time, and if their friends wore any thing else while visiting them he did not like it at all. But they had their books and their pets, the two dogs, and Tom, the cat, besides each other and the beautiful world outside. This they never tired of looking at, and they loved every brook and glen, every hill and bit of heather about Haworth. Then there was the writing, for all three wrote, but neither of the others as well as Charlotte, although she was always very proud of Emily, who she thought could do much better than herself.

A book of poems by all three first appeared, but the public did not care much for it. Then Charlotte wrote *The Professor,* a short story that for a long time she vainly tried to get published. But fortunately she was not easily discouraged, so *Jane Eyre* was begun, finished, printed, and read and re-read by all who could get it.

Her brother and sisters died in a year or two of each other, and she and her father were left alone to bear their sorrow as best they might. These were lonely, gloomy days, and it is little wonder that her books have so much of sadness in them. She gave herself entirely up to writing. The dining-room of the rectory became her study, and here she had her desk by a window overlooking the crowded old grave-yard.

When about thirty-eight she was married to her father's curate, a man who had long loved her. Scarcely more than a year after that she died, and was greatly mourned, especially by the poor, whom she had helped whenever she could.

REST AND SLEEP.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is failing and listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep,
And folded in fair, green pastures, he giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So he calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them he giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, go gently, as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise he giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppressed to-day,
Like mists that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only his voice can reach them, who giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that her toils are over, weep not that her race is won;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like hers, is done;
Till then we would yield with gladness this treasure to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance, he giveth his loved ones sleep.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HINTS ON READING.

What Books to Select, and How to Read and Study Them.

Be careful what you read, for books and literature of all kinds help to form your minds more than you have any idea of. Through books you are permitted to listen to the teachings of learned men and poets, and the contact with their great minds will serve to elevate and strengthen your minds, if you will but profit by their wisdom. With the writings of the great and good upon your bookshelves you need never pine for intellectual companionship. When you have selected a book to read—and you would do well to ask the advice of those older and more experienced than yourselves about it—read it *thoroughly;* try to discover for yourself the beauty of the simple Saxon words as distinct from the wretched stilted semi-foreign jargon indulged in by men of smaller attainments. If you have no friend to advise you, depend upon it that you can not do wrong in studying the following list of authors and works among British books. Of classical works we will not now speak. Hume, Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher; Milton and Dryden will teach you as much history as you will require, in addition to your school studies, until you are old enough to judge for yourself. Most interesting and instructive are the table-talks of Selden, Boswell, Coleridge and Goethe. You should also form an acquaintance with old Froissart through his chronicles, and also with Southey and the Cid, Rabelais, Izaak Walton, Dr. Johnson, De Quincey and many others, for they will show you what you may make yourself.—*Bow Bells.*

The Genealogy of a Sovereign.

Queen Victoria is the niece of William IV., who was the brother of George IV., who was the son of George III., who was the grandson of George II., who was the son of George I., who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William III., who was the son-in-law of James II., who was the brother of Charles II., who was the son of Charles I., who was the son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward VI., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Henry VII., who was the cousin of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry VI., who was the son of Henry V., who was the son of Henry IV., who was the cousin of Richard II., who was the grandson of Edward III., who was the son of Edward II., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of Henry III., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I.; who was the son of Henry II., who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I., who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William, the conqueror, of eight hundred years ago.

MRS. M. A. CROCKER, of San Francisco, has given to the Young Women's Christian Association of that city $10,000, and the association will buy a lot preparatory to erecting a fine building.

MONSTROSITIES.

Marvelous Productions of Nature and Art.

Largest of Every Thing—An Interesting and Instructive Compendium of Facts Gleaned From All Quarters.

The highest mountain range is the Himalayas, the mean elevation being estimated at 18,000 feet.

The loftiest mountain is Mount Everest, or Guarisauker, of the Himalaya range, having an elevation of 29,002 feet above the sea level.

The largest city in the world is London. Its population numbers 4,021,875 souls. New York, with a population of 1,550,000, comes fifth in the list of great cities.

The largest theater is the new opera-house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground. Its cubic mass, 4,287,000 feet. It cost 63,000,000 francs.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatapetl (smoking mountain), thirty-five miles southwest of Pueblo, Mex. It is 17,784 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and one thousand feet deep.

The largest island in the world—which is also regarded as a continent—is Australia. It is twenty-five hundred miles in length from east to west, and measures 1,920 miles from north to south. Its area is 2,294,287 square miles.

The largest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistuah, between Bezorah and Sectauagrum. It is more than six thousand feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is twelve hundred feet high.

The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad and 60 feet deep, being 22,927 tons builder's, 18,915 gross and 13,344 net register. She was built at Millwall, on the Thames, and was launched January 31, 1857.

The largest university is Oxford, in England, in the city of the same name, fifty-five miles from London. It consists of twenty-one colleges and five halls. Oxford was a seat of learning as early as the time of Edward the Confessor. University College claims to have been founded by Alfred.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior—400 miles long, 160 miles at its greatest breadth and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 200 and its greatest depth 900 fathoms. Its surface is about 635 feet above the level of the sea.

The most extensive park is Deer Park, in the environs of Copenhagen in Denmark. The inclosure contains 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river.

The largest pleasure ground in the United States, and one of the largest in the world, is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 2,745 acres.

The largest cavern is Mammoth Cave, in Edmondson County, Kentucky. It is near Green River, six miles from Cave City, and about twenty-eight miles from Bowling Green. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by navigable branches of the subterranean Echo River. Blind fish are found in its waters.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 990 feet below the surface at Andermatt and 6,600 feet beneath the peak of Kastelhorn of the St. Gothard group. The tunnel is twenty-six and one-half feet wide and nineteen feet ten inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is nine and a half miles long—a little over a mile longer than the Mount Cenis Tunnel.

The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare County, according to the measurement made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet high, 106 feet in circumference at base and 76 feet at a point twelve feet above the ground. Some of the trees are 380 feet high and 35 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age of from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest inland sea is the Caspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 760 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 180,000 square miles. The Great Salt Lake, in Utah, which may be properly termed an inland sea, is about 90 miles long, and has a varying breadth of from 20 to 25 miles. Its surface is 4,200 feet above the sea, whereas the surface of the Caspian is 84 feet below the level of the ocean.

The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,567,658 square miles—more than a sixth part of the land of the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third, containing 3,581,243 square miles, including Alaska. In population it ranks fourth, with its 60,000,000 of people. Russia ranks second, having 8,352,910 square miles.

The highest monolith is the obelisk at Karuak, in Egypt. Karuak is on the east bank of the Nile, near Luxer, and occupies a part of the site of ancient Thebes. The obelisk is ascribed to Hatasu, sister of Pharaoh Thothmes III., who reigned about 1600 B. C. Its whole length is 120 feet, and it weighs 400 tons. Its height without pedestal is 108 feet 10 inches. The height of the obelisk in Central Park, New York City, without pedestal, is 68 feet 11 inches, its weight about 169 tons.

The largest bell is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Krennlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly sixty-eight feet and its height a little more than twenty-one feet. In its stoutest part it is twenty-three inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds. It has never been hung, and was probably cast on the spot where it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken off. The fracture is supposed to have been occasioned by water having been thrown upon it when heated by the building erected over it being on fire.

The greatest wall in the world is the Chinese Wall, built by the first Emperor of Tain dynasty, about 221 B. C., as a protection against Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet of five feet, the total height of the wall is twenty feet; thickness at the base, twenty-five feet, and at the top fifteen feet. Towers or bastions occur at intervals of about one hundred yards.

The largest statue in the world is Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. This colossal statue was given by the people of the Republic of France to the people of the Republic of the United States as a monument of ancient friendship and as an expression of sympathy of France in the Centennial of American independence. It has been placed upon Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, and in the face of the great cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken. The Government has promised to maintain it in perpetuity as a light-house and beacon. The statute is one hundred and fifty feet in height, and cost $250,000.

Among the most remarkable natural echoes are that of Eagle's Nest on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments, and that on the banks of the Naba, between Bingen and Coblentz, which repeats a sound seventeen times. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that in the castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.

The most remarkable whirlpool is the maelstrom off the northwest coast of Norway and southwest coast of Moskenasol, the most southerly of the Lafoden Isles. It was once supposed to be unfathomable, but the depth has been shown not to exceed twenty fathoms. The whirlpool is navigable under ordinary circumstances, but when the wind is northwest it often attains great fury and becomes extremely dangerous. Under strong gales the maelstrom has been shown by official statistics to run at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour.

The largest library is the Bibliothique National in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 100,000. The building which contains these treasures is situated on the Rue Richelieu. Its length is 540 feet; its breadth 130 feet. The largest library in New York in respect to separate works is the Astor; about 195,000 volumes are on its shelves.

The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east. The length from east to west is about 3,000 miles, its average breadth about 900 miles, its area 2,000,000 square miles. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of five, ten and twenty years. In summer the heat during the day is excessive, but the nights are often cold. In winter the temperature is sometimes below freezing point.

The most remarkable natural bridge is probably the Jisrel Hagar, which spans a gorge not far from the ruins of the Temple of Adonis, in the province of the Lebanon in Syria. It is a flat piece of limestone rock, from ten to fifteen feet thick, perfectly arched on the under side. The gorge is about 150 feet across, and the bridge is about one

hundred feet from the bed of the torrent below. The bridge is so broad and level that a good carriage road might be made over it. This bridge is surpassed in height by the natural bridge in Rockbridge County, Va., abou 125 miles west of Richmond, and about two miles from the James river. It extends over Cedar Creek. The height of the arch is two hundred feet, and the upper surface of the bridge is 240 feet above the stream.

The largest suspension bridge in the world is the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. It was commenced under the direction of J. Roebling in 1870, and completed in about thirteen years.

The highest tower in the world will be the Eiffel Tower when completed. The iron tower which the engineer Eiffel proposes to erect on the banks of the Seine, opposite the Trocadero Palace, as a feature of the Paris Exposition of 1889, will, if completed, dwarf all other structures yet reared by human hands. Its height is to be nominally one thousand feet—actually about 950 feet.

The largest church in the world is the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome. Its dimensions are as follows: Length of interior, 613 feet; breadth of nave and aisles, 197 3-4 feet; height of the nave, 152 feet, length of the transepts, 446 1-2 feet; diameter of the dome, including the walls, 195 feet, or nearly two feet more than that of the Pantheon; diameter of the interior, 139 feet; height from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet; to the summit of the cross outside, 448 feet. The whole of St. Paul's Cathedral in London might stand within the shell of St. Peter's, with room to spare. The towers of the Cologne Cathedral, when completed, will be the highest church towers in the world—511 feet—which is the length of the Cathedral. The breadth of this edifice is 231 feet.

The greatest fortress, from a strategical point of view, is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar, belonging to Great Britain, situated upon the most southern point of land upon the coast of Southwestern Spain. It occupies a rocky peninsula, jutting out into the sea about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. One central rock rises to a height of 1439 feet above the sea level. Its northern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On the south it terminates in what is called Europe Point. The west side is less steep than the east, and between its base and the sea is a narrow, almost level span, on which the town of Gibraltar is built. The fortress is considered impregnable to military assault. The regular garrison in time of peace numbers about seven thousand men.

The greatest river of the world is the Amazon. It rises in the Peruvian Andes, about sixty miles from the Pacific Ocean, and flows, including its windings, a distance of 4,000 miles to the Atlantic, which it enters under the equator in Brazil. The average velocity of the current is three miles an hour. It is navigable for large ships 2,200 miles from its mouth. The area drained by the Amazon and its tributaries is estimated at 2,000,000 square miles. The Amazon enters the sea through an estuary about 150 miles wide. So great are the volume and impetus of the river that its fresh water is carried, unmixed, into the sea about 300 miles. If the Missouri and Lower Mississippi were considered one river, as many geographers claim they should be, it would exceed the length of the Amazon about 300 miles. The length of the Mississippi from Itaska Lake to the Gulf of Mexico is estimated at 3,160 miles.

The greatest cataract in the world is that of Niagara. The Horseshoe fall, on the Canadian side, has a perpendicular descent of 158 feet. The height of the American fall is 167 feet. The Horseshoe fall, which carries a larger volume of water than the American fall, is about 600 yards wide, and extends from the Canadian shore to Goat Island. Geologists are agreed that the cataract was once six miles nearer Lake Ontario than at present. Although Niagara is the largest cataract, it is by no means the highest. The Yosemite fall, in California, surpasses all other cataracts on the globe in height. This is formed by the Yosemite creek, which is an affluent of the Merced river. The average width of the stream in summer is about twenty feet, and its depth about two feet. From the edge of the cliff, from which the water plunges, to the bottom of the valley the vertical distance is about 2,550 feet, but the fall is not in one perpendicular sheet.

The biggest diamond in the world—if indeed it be a diamond—is the Braganza, which forms part of the Portuguse crown jewels. It weighs one thousand eight hundred and eighty carats. However, not a little doubt exists of its being a diamond, as the Government has never allowed it to be tested. It was found in Brazil in 1741. The largest tested but uncut diamond is the Mattam, belonging to the Rajah of Mattam, in Borneo. It is of pure water, weighs 367 carats, and is of pear shape, indented at the thick end. It was found about 1700 at Landak, in Bornea. It has been the cause of a sanguinary war. Before it was cut the Kohinoor, which is one of the English crown jewels, was the largest tested diamond. It then weighed 793 carats. When in the possession of Emperor Aurengebe it was reduced by unskillful cutting to 186 carats. During the Sikh mutiny it was captured by British troops and presented to Queen Victoria. It was recut, and now weighs 106 1-16 carats.

The greatest active volcano in respect of eruptive force is probably Hecla, on the southwestern cost of Iceland, though Vesuvius, on the east side of the Bay of Naples, may be said to dispute the palm with it. Hecla rises to a height of 5,110 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by many much higher mountains. It has three peaks, and along its sides numerous craters, the seats of former eruptions. The crater of its principal peak is a little over 100 feet in depth. Since A. D. 900 forty three of its eruptions have been recorded, five of which were simultaneous, or nearly so, with those of Vesuvius, and four with those of Etna, and one with those of both. Vesuvius rises 3,948 feet above the sea level. Its crater is 1,500 feet in diameter and 500 feet deep. The craters of both these famous volcanoes are far exceeded in dimensions by that of the "mountain of fire" of Sicily, whose crater has been estimated to be four miles in circumference and 800 feet in depth.

The greatest pyramid is that of Cheops, one of the three pyramids forming the Memphis group, situated on a plateau about 137 feet above the level of the highest rise in the Nile. Its dimensions have been reduced by the removal of the outer portions to furnish stone for the city of Cairo. Its masonry consisted originally of 89,028,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to 82,111,000 feet. The present vertical height is 450 feet, against 479 feet originally, and the present length of the sides is 746 feet against 764 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 6,316,000 tons.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

MLLE. CHANSON, or "Maman Chanson," as she is affectionately known among her numberless proteges, has for the last thirty-five years conducted an orphanage in Paris for those children who are not admissible to the ordinary religious institutions. She has carried on her beneficent work in the face of considerable difficulties and discouragements, and with but little pecuniary assistance.

GOOD-BYE.

There's a kind of chilly feelin' in the blowin' of the breeze,
And a sense of sadness stealin' through the tresses of the trees;
And it's not the sad September that's slowly drawin' nigh,
But jes' that I remember, I have come to say "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," the wind is wailin'; "Good-bye" the trees complain,
As they bend low down to whisper with their green leaves white with rain;
"Good-bye" the roses murmur, an' the bendin' lilies sigh
As if they all felt sorry I have come to say "Good-bye."

I reckon all have said it, some time or other—soft
An' easy like—with eyes cast down, that dared not look aloft
For the tears that trembled in them, for the lips that choked the sigh—
When it kind o' took holt o' the heart, an' made it beat "Good-bye."

I didn't think 'twas hard to say, but standin' here alone—
With the pleasant past behin' me, an' the future, dim, unknown,
A-gloomin' yonder in the dark, I can't keep back the sigh—
An' I'm weepin' like a woman as I bid you all "Good-bye."

The work I've done is with you; may be some things went wrong,
Like a note that mars the music in the sweet flow of a soug!
But, brethren, when you think of me, I only ask you would
Say as the Master said of one: "He hath done what he could!"

And when you sit together, in the time as yet to be,
By your love-encircled firesides in this pleasant land of Lee,
Let the sweet past come before you, an', with somethin' like a sigh,
Jes' say: "We ain't forgot him since the day he said "Good-bye!"

—*F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.*

To the Editor of the Republican:

I am interested in the beautiful tradition about the swan singing its sweetest just before its death. Who were the earliest ancient poets to allude to it, and how did they regard the bird? CLASSIC.

Port Jervis, April 13.

The swan was consecrated by the ancients to Apollo and the muses. By all nations it has been regarded as an emblem of poetical dignity, purity and ease. There is scarcely a poet of note who has not alluded to its beautiful and majestic mein on the water. The ancients thought it foretold its own end and sang more sweetly at its approach. Among the earliest references to this legend is a couplet in Æschylus:

——"She, like the swan
Expiring, dies in melody."

And this from Ovid's "Tristia":

**"So on the silver stream, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings its own melody."**

VALUABLE COPPER.

Big Cents That Are Worth More Than Their Weight in Gold.

FAMOUS COLLECTIONS.

General Phil Sheridan, Senator Stanford and Other Prominent Men Are Ardent Collectors.

[Cor. New York World.]

WASHINGTON, March 22, 1888.

F all the fads of Washington the coin-collecting fad is the latest, and the numismatists of the capital increase daily. Generals, statesmen and department clerks have now their coin collections, and there are men here who pay $50 for a rare cent, and who have coin collections running into thousands of dollars in value. The most enthusiastic collector of the city is B. H. Collins of the Treasury Department, whose specialty is copper cents, and whose collection is worth a small fortune. Mr. Collins is as well posted as any man in the United States on the values of different coins, upon the history of coin collections and the peculiarities of collectors. I asked him to-day as to the growth of this hobby and its hobbyists. He replied:

"Coin collecting is on the increase throughout the whole world. There are now forty ardent coin collectors in Washington, and there are fully 10,000 people in the United States who own such collections. Of these 3,500 are active, wide awake and enthusiastic, and as an instance of the wonderful growth of coin collections the tosal number in the United States in 1852 was only seventy. In other words, there are 500 times as many coin collectors in the country now as there were then, and still we grow. Among the present collectors in Washington are General Phil Sheridan, Senator Leland Stanford, Mr. Roessle, the proprietor of the Arlington Hotel; Colonel J. L. Hodge, Captain Dutton, Surgeon C. C. Byrne of the United States Army and others. Among those who have collected are Robert J. Blaine, the brother of the late Presidential candidate; W. S. Titcomb, the late Assistant Register of the Treasury, and the late Commodore Aulick of the United States Navy. The most complete collection of United States coin issues in Washington is owned by W. W. Hayes of the Pension Office, and the worst collection of cents here or elsewhere is in the National Museum.

THE LIBERTY-CAP CENT.

"The most complete collection of United States and colonial coins in the world, greatly excelling the collection of the United States Mint, is owned by Loring G. Parmalee of Boston. It represents thirty years' careful search and study, and its face value is less than $1,000, while its actual cost has been more than $65,000. T. Harrison Garrett of Baltimore, the brother of Robert Garrett, has a set of United States cents the probable face value of which is $2 or $3, but which cost him from $2,000 to $3,000, and his entire coin collection so far has cost not far from $40,000. There are many collections whose cost and actual value run from $10,000 to $20,000, and nearly every city of the country has its grand collector. Julius Brown of Atlanta, the son of Senator Joe Brown, has a fine lot of coins, and so have J. B. Ten Eyck of Albany, J. H. Farrington of Saratoga and others.

"How does the coin mania begin?"

"The coin-collecting craze begins in curious ways. The foremost collector of the United States, who died recently, became a collector through an accidental desire to possess a big cent of the year of his birth, 1799. His collection was sold after his death at auction. It brought $20,000, and it would to-day realize double that sum. The cost of rare coins increases year by year, and the increase in value during the past five years has been over 200

THE MICKLEY CENT.

per cent. Coins must not only be rare, but they must be in good condition, and the best are hard to obtain. A perfect coin of some dates is as rare as a Maud S., a peachblow vase or a Kohinoor diamond."

"What are the leading specialties of the United States collectors?"

"Three-fourths of the collectors of this country collect United States stamps and colonial coins, and the others collect miscellaneous coins, ancient and modern, foreign and United States. Some collect only certain series, some only gold coins, some silver and some only copper. My specialty is copper cents. Its coins are the rarest to be found in perfect condition, and the values of copper coins are more certain. It is very hard to find fine specimens. The cents and half cents have circulated to such an extent that they have become worn, disfigured, black and smooth, and rare cents in good condition are thus very costly.

"Take the big cents, for instance. Their coinage began in 1793, and five prominent types were issued during that year. Among these was the Ameri, which is worth from $5 to $170. The Mickley cent of this coinage sold in October, 1867, for $110. It was resold at the Mackenzie sale two years later for $145, and at the Root sale in 1878 for $170. L. G. Parmalee bought it. He still owns it. This is the finest known cent of that variety, and its condition and cost are unique. Owing to the fact that 'America' was not spelled out the Ameri cent was criticised and a new die was made with America on the reverse. This cut shows that cent, and these cents bring from $75 to $100 each, if they are in perfect condition, and not more than a couple of dollars if they are worn or defaced.

Then followed the wreath cents, and these are worth from $2 to $75, according to their condition. A cent, to be in perfect condition, must look as fresh almost as when it came from the mint. It must not be worn or scratched. The figures must be perfectly cut, and those rare cents which have turned to a soft olive color are especially desirable. The difference in condition makes tens of dollars difference in price, and while a fine cent may be worth hundreds of dollars, a poor one is hardly worth as many cents."

"What constitutes a perfect cent?"

"A sharp, even, well-centered, strong, clear impression of light (olive preferred) color, never circulated or cleaned and no nicks, spots, bruises or discolorations by handling or atmospheric action.

"The Liberty-cap cent was the handsomest cent of the series of 1793. Only half a dozen perfect ones of these are known, and they would readily sell at public auction at from $100 to $200 each. Mr. Cottier of Buffalo paid $200 for the one he owns, and at the auction sale of Mr. Ed Frossard in 1884 a nearly perfect specimen of this cent sold for $119. The general

FILLET-HEAD CENT.

design of liberty-cap on pole continued until 1796. In 1794 at least fifty-four dies were used at the mint, creating that many distinct varieties. These have been classified and portrayed by Mr. Ed Frossard of New York and Dr. Maris of Philadelphia, and their works are standard authorities on the subject. There are a number of collectors who make a specialty of these varieties of 1794 cents, and we have two here, namely: Mr. Henry Phelps of the Agricultural Bureau and Mr. W. W. Hayes of the Pension Office. Mr. Hayes, after a long search and much outlay, has succeeded in obtaining forty-eight of the fifty-four varieties, and lately, thorough me, has become the owner of an additional unclassified and unnoticed variety, which may be unique. I may add that a complete and perfect set of these 1794 cents is not known to exist."

"Why were there so many varieties?"

"It was because United States coins were then struck by hand and not by steam, as now. This rule prevailed until 1836, and the outfit of the Mint in those days was crude and imperfect. Dies broke more or less quickly and had to be replaceed, and in the recutting of these many peculiarities and small variances occurred which are now noted. One of the cents which is prized by collectors is the fillet-head cent, which came in in 1796 and lasted until 1807. In this range appeared two of the rarest cents in the whole of the United States series. These are those of 1799 and 1804. Of the latter series one absolutely perfect cent was sold for $300, and of the 1799 date a perfect unworn specimen is not known in the world, and if such a one were to come upon the market it would command from $500 to $1,000. Common specimens of both of the above dates are obtainable for a dollar or two. A dealer now advertises a perfect uncirculated cent of 1806 for $100. In his catalogue just below this a cent of the same date and marked as in very good condition is offered for $5, and a poor one could be supplied for ten cents. It is not altogether the date of the

THE WREATH CENT.

coin that gives it extraordinary value. It is primarily the condition which is considered unique, but a "find" of a dozen or more in perfect condition would depreciate the price.

I have looked over some perfect cents of Mr. Collins' collection, and was warned to hold them very carefully by the edge. As I picked up some of 1794, 1797 and 1801, Mr. Collins said:

"These cents are perfect, and their value is from $20 to $50 each, though a legible one of the same dates, slightly worn, can be bought for from 20 to 50 cents each. We have to be very careful not to get the electrotypes which were turned out some years ago, and which were surreptitiously put upon the market. Look at this cent of 1799. It is very good, but not perfect. I thought I had a sure thing of a perfect one three years ago, and a storekeeper told me that a neighboring tobacconist had a valuable 1799 coin, but that he wanted $50 for it. I went to his shop. He was out. I sat down and waited. I asked him if he had any old coins. He replied that he had one of 1799, and that no less would buy it. He said that he had frequently refused $25 for it, and that its condition was perfect. I supposed it was a 1799 cent. I gasped in my eagerness as I asked him to produce it. He took out of his safe a most carefully wrapped and boxed ten-dollar gold eagle of 1799. I was disgusted. I told him that I could easily furnish two others of the same kind for $25, and that had it been a cent of the same date and condition I would have been glad to give him his $50. He was incredulous, but I can buy a dozen of such gold eagles for $11 or $12 apiece, whereas such a cent in perfect condition does not exist, and I could resell it for several hundred dollars. Such disappointments are common to numismatists. A friend of mine thought he had a dead-sure thing of an 1804 dollar. He spent $30 in traveling expenses to get to the old lady who got it in the year of her birth and who said it had never gone out of her family. He found it to be a Spanish dollar of 1804—worth just 88 cents!

"In 1808 a new design was adopted for the American cent, and it was continued until 1814. Three cents are known as Indian-head cents, and they are all rare in perfect condition, especially those of 1809 and 1811. One of the 1809 cents sold in the Crosby sale for $60, and as an evidence of the increasing value of perfect cents, the following extract from the price-sale catalogue of the Mackenzie collection, sold in New York in June, 1869, gives the history of an 1811 cent. It is marked Lot 653 and described as follows:

"'Uncirculated. The finest cent of this date I have met with. This cent was purchased by Mr. Leavitt of Cincinnati at the sale of Mr.

INDIAN-HEAD CENT.

Cook's coins in Boston, for $12 50. When I sold Mr. Leavitt's coins it was purchased by Mr. Lightbody for $25, and when I sold his collection Mr. Mackenzie bought it for $45.' It realized at this sale $72 50."

The Lost Child.

"I'm losted! Could you find me please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped, and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head:
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, di'nt you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came;
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-fowing stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
What has ou been a-doing?"

—*Wide Awake.*

THE TALE OF STAVOREN.

Stavoren is situated on the northern shore of the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. As early as the fourth century it was a famous town, and its princes made alliances with the Romans. Its days of greatest glory were in the thirteenth century, when it was one of the principal cities of the Hanseatic League, which was an association of free cities of northern Europe, formed for the purpose of protecting their common commercial interests. In the fourteenth century Stavoren began to decay. A huge sand-bar formed in front of its harbor, and its riches gradually vanished. At the present time only a few wretched huts, the homes of poor fishermen, occupy the site of the magnificent city of the Middle Ages. Among the peasants of that region the sand-bar is known as "Lady's Bank," and they still tell this legend of the wrong-doing of a proud and wicked woman.

Within the broad old fire-place leaped up the glowing flame;
Beside it, with the children, sat the kind old Holland dame;
While knitting deftly as she talked, to wondering ear she told
This story of a marvelous thing that happened long of old:

Upon the shores of Zuyder Zee, where lands are broad and low,
There stood a proud and stately town in centuries long ago;
Stavoren was its name, and there the burghers saw with pride
The great ships as they came and went upon the flowing tide—

Ships from the Indies far away, with freight of spice and gold
For the burghers of Stavoren, the men of wealth untold.
But rich and proud above them all was a maid of high degree,
Who owned a hundred mighty ships that sailed on every sea.

A stately palace was her home, with floors inlaid with gold,
And many wondrous stories of her treasure heaps were told;
No queen in greater splendor dwelt, and many jewels rare
Upon her raiment glittered, and in her golden hair.

One day the captain of her fleet, a skipper gray and wise,
She called to her, and spake to him, with cruel glistening eyes:
"Go, weigh thy anchor, sail away! This task I lay on thee,
To seek and bring to port the best contained in land or sea."

Then humbly spake the aged man: "Shall it be gold or wine?
Or spices from the Indies? or cloth of texture fine?
Speak but the word, my lady; I hasten to obey."
"Bring me the best," she proudly cried. "Go, take thyself away."

The skipper spread his glistening sails, but sore perplexed was he
To know what was the best of all contained in land or sea;
But suddenly it came to him, as the ship plowed through the main,
That the noblest thing in all the earth was God's own gift of grain.

And anchoring in a distant port, he found the people there
Rejoicing with festivities about the harvest fair;
So golden, rich, and goodly was never grain before,
He loaded with the precious freight, and homeward sailed once more.

And when he reached Stavoren, and stood again on shore,
He hastened to the palace to report his noble store.
But paled with rage his mistress grew. "How dar'st thou, wretch," she said,
"To bring me miserable grain, from which the poor make bread."

Then to her trembling servants she gave this stern command:
"Go, cast the grain into the sea; and I myself will stand,
To watch and see the work well done, down by the water's side,
And joy to see the rubbish float upon the ebbing tide."

The news flew forth. From every side the poor came crowding there
To beg this hauty maiden the precious grain to spare.
"Our suffering little ones," they cried, "they die for lack of bread;
For Christ's sake, lady, hear us, that our children may be fed!"

She laughed a laugh of cruel scorn as the grain fell in the sea,
When before her stood the skipper, and pale with wrath was he.
He raised his hand: "O woman, not a year shall pass before
Through this proud city thou shalt beg thy bread from door to door."

A ring she from her finger drew and cast it in the sea.
"My riches shall endure," she cried, "till that comes back to me."
That very night a fisher laid the ring within her hand;
That very night her ships were strewn in pieces on the strand.

And day by day quick messengers arrived from far and near
With news of sore disasters, which she grew pale to hear.
Her riches flew like drifting sand before the desert's blast:
She stood a beggar in the street before a year had passed.

And where the grain fell in the sea a bank of sand appeared,
Covered with weeds and tangle, which every sailor feared;
The ships passed by to safer ports, and with the coming years
Sank down in crumbling ruin Stavoren's wharves and piers.

From the haughty old Dutch city all wealth and splendor fled;
The sand blew through its silent streets from where the grain lay dead.
Alas for proud Stavoren! only fisher huts remain,
And sea-birds swoop and clamor there through driving mist and rain.

—*Helen S. Conant, in Harper's Young People.*

Tired.

I am so tired to-day;
I long to lay
My head, for rest, upon the pillow green
Of some still church-yard grave, and shut me in
From all the cares, the worries, and the strife
Of all this anxious, restless mother-life,
And sleep, please God, for aye.

Ah! Little children, with your dancing feet
And glances sweet!
I have so weary of burdens grown,
I fain would loose your fingers from my own,
And leave to other hands the dear delight
Of guiding baby-footsteps on the height,
And thus my task complete.

But, weary mothers, would I have it so?
Would I? Ah! no.
I could not sleep within my grassy bed
For hearing pattering footsteps overhead.
This mother-heart, though turned to dust, would throb
Responsive to the baby's lonely sob,
However faint and low.

And so I could not rest me after all;
The grasses tall
And snowy daisies could not bring me peace;
The aching mother-love would never cease,
Oh! Christ, who gave this love with motherhood,
On mothers tired bestow this great good,
Patience—whate'er befall!

—Eva P. Kitchell, in The Homemaker.

MEMORY'S FLOWERS.

[Written for This Paper.]

LIKE the custom beautiful of ours
That sets aside a special holy day,
When we may strew, with memory's glowing flowers,
The graves of Blue and Gray.

Not only those whose lives are fair and brief,
For only flowers of the earth are they—
Flowers of the heart, that breathe of hope and grief,
That will not fade away.

But let us not our offerings confine
To patriots who fell on battle heights;
Let all our loved who died to life divine
Share in the sacred rites.

Where is the home whose circle is complete?
Where is the heart that has not lost a friend?
Go, cast your flowers where their incense sweet
May, with your prayers, ascend!

Ah! flowers can speak when our poor lips are dumb,
Of love or woe, in language of their own;
And, clustered on the grave, bring utterance from
The cold lips of the stone.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE WOMEN RULE.

In Faderland, the story goes,
A young man, level-headed,
Unto a rich man's daughter Rose
One happy day was wedded.

And then, like many others, he
Commenced at once to school her,
But found, to his surprise, that she
By nature was his ruler.

He sought her pa. "Take back your child—
I'm bossed like any goose, O!"
"Wives always rule," the old man smiled,
"And wise men let them do so."

"But for a fresh young husband's needs
I've a cure that's able;
Take sixty eggs and seven steeds—
The best within my stable."

"And where the husband rules I beg
You'll leave a horse I treasure,
But—where the wife rules leave an egg—
Then tell me of your pleasure."

The youth with eggs and horses grand
Upon his errand started,
And, as he journeyed through the land,
Egg after egg departed.

His sixty eggs to sixty wives
In sixty homes he carried,
Where sixty men led happy lives
Ruled by the ones they'd married.

Although the youth searched far and wide
And used his best resources,
Though high and low he bravely tried
He still kept all the horses.

At last he sought a warrior bold
Who reveled in a battle,
And had no end of land and gold,
And governed men like cattle.

The young man ventured in his hall
Like Jack before the giant;
Beside this mighty hero tall,
His little wife looked pliant.

"I want that black horse," gruffly cried
The soldier. "No! I'd rather
The white one keep," his wife replied,
"'Twill nicely do for mother."

"Just as you say," the great man winced.
The youth no longer tarried,
And drove the horses home, convinced
That women rule—when married.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.*

—The other day two boys, shooting from a point above the Light-house, shot onto the roof of the building. Miss Hecox, the keeper, hearing "the rattling on the roof," ascended to the lamp, and while there a ball struck the ventilator above her head, endangering the life of Miss Hecox and the property of the Government. Boys, allow us to call your attention to the fact that the Light-house is located within the city limits, and that any one found shooting in that neighborhood is liable to arrest. Don't endanger human life.

During this time, she is moving westward from the sun, and will continue to move in this direction until the 2d of December, when she reaches the greatest western elongation. Her movement is then reversed. She approaches the sun, sets earlier every evening, and her brilliancy decreases until she arrives at superior conjunction on the 11th of July, 1888. Her course as morning star is then completed, and she becomes evening star.

It takes our charming neighbor five hundred and eighty-four days to pass through the changes from the time she becomes morning star until she reaches the same point again. She is morning star for about two hundred and ninety-two days, and evening star for the same length of time.

Observers who wish to follow her present course will find it an easy study. She will be visible early in October, a little while before sunrise, in the eastern sky, will grow larger and brighter and rise earlier until the 11th of December, when she rises about three hours before the sun. She will, after this time, approach the sun, grow smaller and rise later until she is lost to sight in the sunbeams.

gold-pieces—generally octagonal in shape

gold-pieces—generally octagonal in shape

CHANGES IN COIN.

Curiosities of Early San Francisco.

SLUG AND SPANISH DOUBLOON

Gold-Dust Galore and the Silver Mintage of Every Known Country.

The customers of a Sansome-street bank have recently been treated to a sample of the strict and retired way in which the New York tellers and note clerks conduct their share of the business. Instead of the free and open counter over which we have been so long accustomed to lean and lounge, chatting easily with the cashier in handling distance of the trays of coin, this bank has erected a barrier—a handsome gilt-wire barrier, but still a barrier—between its officers and its customers. In this barrier are constructed little wickets, and through them the coin or paper transaction is conducted. This is the way, it is repeated, in which bankers shut up their attaches in New York, and it is only a question of time now before it will be generally followed here. The barrier of the Sansome-street bank is a sign of the times. It shows that the old customs of San Francisco are passing away and that the unique is being laid aside.

For many years San Francisco has had its own peculiar way of doing business, incurring debts and settling them, of handling coin and computing values, of deifying gold and swearing at copper. Some of these peculiarities remain, but many of them have been set aside and it will be fitting at this transition state to dwell for a half hour on a few of them, with particular consideration of the oddities of our monetary transactions.

Because of its first remoteness and the astonishing character of its first years of growth, San Francisco was by no means flush of current coin in the old days. Previous to the discovery of gold and the consequent rapid influx of population, there was very little coin in the country, and that little mostly in the towns of Monterey, San Diego and Los Angeles. Payments throughout the country were frequently made in cattle, hides, etc., Frank Soule stating that an informant of his had seen a physician's bill of $20 settled "by two cows, in full." This was in 1847 and near Los Angeles. With its Mexican memories it was but natural that California should retain many of its old tokens of associa-

The fifty-dollar piece or the "slug."

tion, and so it happened that even after the secession Mexican doubloons, or ounces, and Mexican dollars were the principal coins in use. The original value of the doubloon was $16, but in San Francisco it was received for $15.75. After the discovery of gold that metal in its natural state became the currency. Gold dust was the common form in which it was dealt in, and in 1848 and 1849 the bankers' rates were as follows: For grain dust, $15 50 to $15 75 per ounce, and for quicksilver dust, $14 50 to $14 75 per ounce. This was when coin was paid out for the dust. When the banks received it on deposit they valued it at $16 per ounce, and repaid it at the same rate.

These rates were not settled without some difficulty. On the 9th of September, 1848, a great public meeting was held in San Francisco to fix the price of gold dust to pass as currency until a branch mint could be built. Dr. T. M. Leavenworth was in the chair, and J. D. Hoppe was made secretary. Miners came from all parts of the State to attend the meeting, which was of especial importance to them, and altogether it was the most important gathering that had then taken place. The result was that the current value of dust was set down at $16 the ounce. The precious dust was then used for all purposes and on all occasions. It was about this time that Governor Mason announced that thereafter gold dust would be received for customs duty, with the right of redemption in gold or silver coin within 180 days at $10 an ounce. The conflict of these valuations was even more extended, and gold dust was treated more as a commodity with a varying standard, subject to supply and demand, than as a fixed currency. It was also subject to the amount of coin at disposal, for whenever there was plenty of coin the value of gold dust as a circulating medium of course went down. Sometimes it went down to $8 an ounce, and there is one transaction on record in which a quantity brought but $4.

Everything was gold. There was actually more of it than people knew what to do with. Frank Soule in his "Annals" says: "At first the general gains of the miners, though great, were little compared to what shortly afterward were collected. But any positive statement on this matter is naturally subject to error, since none could personally know more than what was taking place around the scene of his own operations, or where he was immediately traveling. If, however, we compare different accounts and endeavor to form from them something like a fair average, we might find that from $10 to $15 worth of gold dust was about the usual proceeds of an ordinary day's work. But while that might have been the average, people listened more to the individual instances of extraordinary success. Well-authenticated accounts described many well-known persons as averaging from $100 to $200 a day for a long period. Numerous others were said to be earning from $500 to $800 a day. A nugget four pounds in weight was early found. If, indeed, in many cases, a man with a pick and pan did not easily gather some $30 or $40 worth of dust in a single day he just moved off to some other place which he thought might be richer. When the miners knew a little better about the business and the mode of turning their labor to the most profitable account the returns were correspondingly increased. At what were called the 'dry diggings,' particularly, the yield of gold was enormous. One piece of pure gold was found of thirteen pounds weight. The auriferous earth, dug out of ravines and holes in the sides of mountains, was packed on horses and carried on two or three mules to the nearest water to be washed. An average price of this washing dirt was at one period as much as $400 a ton. In one instance five loads of such earth sold for $752 which yielded after washing $16,000. Cases occurred where men carried the earth in sacks on their backs to the steam and collected from $800 to $1500 in a day as the proceeds of their labor. Individuals made

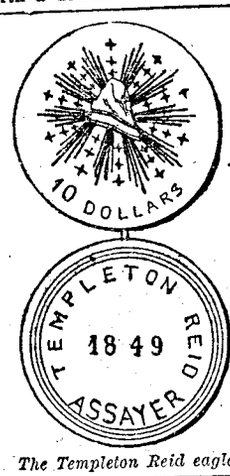
The ten-dollar gold piece of Moffat & Co.

their $5000, $10,000 and $15,000 in the space of only a few weeks. One man dug out $12,000 in six days. Three others obtained $8000 in a single day."

It was a perfect glut of gold. People dug out gold with butchers' knives, washed it out in milk pans and wooden chopping-bowls, picked it out with a sharpened stick, worked it in old straw hats, secured it somehow. Within the first eight weeks after the diggings had been fairly known $250,000 had reached San Francisco in gold dust, and within the next week $600,000 more, all to purchase additional supplies for the mines. Gold dust paid for everything and filled the pockets of every shrewd and active man. Millions worth of pure gold in lumps and in dust reached San Francisco every month. The greater portion was forwarded to the Atlantic States in payment of goods, but in the transit much was appropriated and retained as currency among the ever plotting and restless San Franciscans. For a time everybody made money in spite of himself. Bags of gold dust were handed about as freely as cake. The gamblers at the public saloon planked them down as stakes and guessed at the weight. Men had a sublime indifference to the smaller coins and talked indifferently of dust and dollars. There was nothing less received for any service, however slight, than half a dollar; for any article, however trifling, than 25 cents. The lowest price of admission to a circus was $3, while $55 was the price of a private box. Thirty dollars a week, or $8 a day, was the sum asked for good boarding; every mouthful at dinner had its value and the meal cost from $2 to $5.

Gold was a drug, but as in the case of King Midas it was with difficulty it could be converted into the necessaries of life. Wheat, flour and salt pork sold at $40 a barrel; potatoes and brown sugar at 37½ cents a pound, a small loaf of bread cost 50 cents; coarse boots $30 to $40 a pair, and a first-class pair $100. Washing cost from $12 to $20 a dozen, laborers' wages were $1 an hour and skilled mechanics received from $12 to $20 a day. Every brick in a house was valued at a dollar and lumber was $500 per thousand feet. Three hundred dollars a month in advance were paid as rent for a single store and limited dimensions, made of rough boards. Eight to 15 per cent per month were paid in advance for the use of money and ministers were paid $10,000 per annum for their services. Butchers' knives were worth $20 apiece, eggs at one time sold at $3 each, tea and coffee at $4 a pound, laudanum cost $1 a drop, three pills $30, spirits from $10 to $40 a quart, picks and shovels from $5 to $15 each, while pickles, fruit, fresh pork, sweet butter or a box of seidlitz powders brought just exactly what the holder chose to ask.

Gradually this altogether abnormal condition of things righted itself, although the process was by no means a rapid one. The supply of the necessaries and luxuries of life grew apace and brought the prices down to a reasonable basis, but the want of a proper circulating medium was still felt. The national mintage came in too slow, and specimens of nearly all the coinages of the civilized world were in circulation. Approximate values were bestowed upon the pieces, and if anything near the mark, they readily passed current. The English shilling, the American quarter-dollar, the French franc, and the Mexican double-real were all of the same value; so likewise were the English crown, the French five-franc piece, and the American and Mexican dollar. On the other hand four single francs were quite as good as a five-franc piece, in that they were worth a dollar. The smaller silver

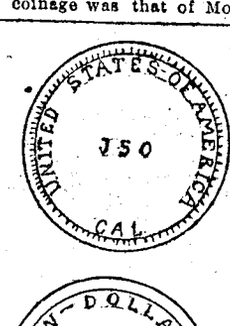


The Templeton Reid eagle.

coins of whatever denomination and of every country were all alike bits, and passed for the same value. As for copper money, it was of course never seen. The free acceptance of silver was one of the peculiarities of the years 1850–51. Besides the coins mentioned there were Indian rupees, Dutch and German florins and guilders, the many coinages of South America, in fact every known piece of silver money that circulated in Europe or any other part of the world. Barrels of francs were imported, bought at 18 cents in France and sold at 25 cents in San Francisco. The Swiss batzen, of a value of 2½ cents, and the German six-kreutzer piece were accepted as bits—everything, in fact, went, provided it was silver.

With gold, matters were quite different. Dust continued to be plentiful, but coin continued to be scarce. Finally the banks took hold, and as the only way to settle the difficulty commenced the coinage of private gold. A few words here relative to the early banking history of San Francisco will be apropos: All the mercantile houses having safes—such as Ward & Co., W. H. Davis, Melliss, Howard & Co., Dewitt & Harrison, Cross & Co., and Macondray & Co.—received deposits and paid them out again. As the population increased this work became so great that the necessity of houses devoted especially to the business began to be felt, and the first of these to be established was that of Naglee & Pinton, who opened their "Exchange and Deposit Office" on Kearny and Merchant streets, January 9, 1849. Burgoyne & Co. followed on June 5th; the bank of B. Davidson was opened in September; that of Thomas G. Wells (afterward Wells & Co.) in October, and that of James King of William on December 5th. D. J. Tallant (afterward Tallant & Wilde) opened his banking house in February, 1850; and Page, Bacon & Co. and F. Argenti & Co. theirs in June of the same year.

The first firm to set the example of private coinage was that of Moffatt & Co.,



A "pure-gold" specimen.

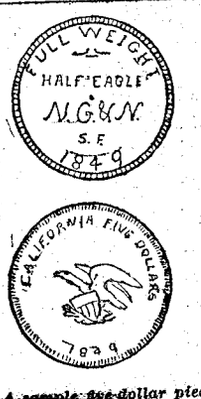
long the United States assay contractors. They first issued the immense fifty-dollar

The twenty-five-dollar piece or "half-slug."

gold-pieces—generally octagonal in shape—and known as slugs. They also issued ten and twenty-dollar pieces. Their example was soon followed by about a dozen other establishments all more or less connected with the various banks. Adams & Co., the expressmen and bankers, for instance, efficiently used their interest to introduce the gold five, ten and twenty-dollar gold-pieces struck by J. E. Kellogg and Wass and Molitor & Co. All these private issues were not only not acknowledged by, but were contrary to law; but the coin contained as much gold as the Government mintage, was a great convenience to the public, and was condoned by the United States officials. Some of the coins were very neatly executed, and stray specimens may yet occasionally be found by curious numismatics. The coins, as may be seen by the cuts that are presented with this article, were not in imitation of the Mint stamps, were coined without secrecy, and were, for a time, accepted at par to the extent of millions of dollars. The material was gold, usually mixed with about 12 per cent of silver and without any copper.

On April 3, 1854, however, the branch Mint, which had been so long looked for, was opened on Commercial street, between Montgomery and Kearny, on the site now occupied by the United States Land Office. Its effects were soon felt. The foreign silver coinage was all depreciated in that same year; in 1855 the octagonal slugs of Moffatt & Co. were refused, and in 1856 the merchants rejected all the gold coinage of the private banks.

It has been found impossible to procure either examples or descriptions of all the private gold coins that were struck in the early fifties in San Francisco, but it is evident that they must have been quite numerous. As far as can be learned, there must have been about twenty issues, seventeen of which were as follows: One quintuple eagle, slug or fifty-dollar piece; one two-and-a-half eagle, half slug or twenty-five-dollar piece; one double eagle, or twenty-dollar piece; six eagles, or ten-dollar pieces; six half eagles, or five-dollar pieces; one half dollar, or gold fifty-cent piece; one quarter dollar, or gold quarter.



A couple five-dollar piece.

The cut of the fifty-dollar piece which is presented is that of the reverse of the coin, and was evidently patterned after the old sur-piece of Peru. The obverse bears the design of an eagle guarding a shield and thunderbolt, while from its beak floats a streamer on which is inscribed the word "Liberty." Over the eagle runs the inscription, "United States of America," and underneath that the figures "887 Thous.," while below the eagle are the letters and figures, "50 D. C."

The $25 piece, of which a replique is given, was very little used and is scarcely remembered.

The $20 piece was very much like the United States coin, the distinction being that it bore on its obverse the designation, "California gold."

One $10 piece had its obverse surface chased except in a band across its middle zone, on which was engraved, "Augustus Humbert, United States Assayer of Gold Coin, California, 1852." That of which a cut is given showing the Phrygian Cap surrounded by rays is a direct copy of a South American coin. Another eagle bore the head and eagle of the regulation coin, but around the eagle ran the inscription "California Gold," and on the coronet of the head was inscribed the name of the utterers, "Dubosq & Co." Its date was 1852. The Miners' Bank of San Francisco also issued a $10 piece that was, however, little more than a private token.

One $5 piece was closely patterned after the Dubosq eagle, the name of the coiners, "Dunbar & Co.," alone marking the difference. The coiners made a point of setting forth the purity and honesty of their pieces and two of the six half eagles bore respectively the inscriptions, "Full weight, N. G. & N., San Francisco, 1849" and "California gold without alloy." A dollar coin, which was very little seen, and a half eagle called "the Massachusetts and California $5 piece."

The gold half and quarter dollar pieces were miniature copies of the octagonal slug, and were never in actual circulation. They were regarded rather as curiosities or as charms for the bracelet and watch-chain.

BURIAL OF WASHINGTON.

Description of the Services in a Paper of the Day.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A copy of the *Ulster County Gazette* for January 1, 1800, was exhibited to a group of citizens yesterday. Compared with the edition of the *Inter-Ocean*, it was but a paltry affair, but in the memories it evoked it was not insignificant. On December 20, 1799, George Washington was laid in his final resting-place, and the little country sheet, in its small way, did honor to the great chief. The few hundreds of words that were printed in honor of the nation's dead meant more at that time than many columns mean now, and the mourning borders, poorly printed from illy cut wooden blocks, are significant from their width and blackness.

"The *Ulster County Gazette*, published at Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y., by Samuel Freer & Son," was a four-page weekly, of sixteen columns, each containing about 400 words. The first page of the issue of January 1, 1800, contained a report of the proceedings of Congress, with an account of the call made by the Senate on President Adams, with the address made by the Speaker of the House and the President's reply. The second page was occupied by the "latest foreign" news from the seat of war on the Continent, "received by the Factor from Falmouth, that sailed October 20, 1799." This consisted of letters from correspondents at Paris, Strasburg, London and the seat of war in the low countries. Following the foreign news was President Adams' address on Washington, concluding: "If a Trojan found a Pliny, a Marcus Aurelius can never want a biographer, eulogist, or historian." The special report on the burial of the great General is as follows:

WASHINGTON ENTOMBED.

GEORGETOWN, December 20.—On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington, the great, the father of his country and the friend of man, was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and late residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion; but alas, the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul was gone. His mortal parts were here indeed; but ah, how affecting, how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus to mortal eyes fallen! Yes, fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty portico, where last the hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance, still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. Then those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin was the inscription:

"Surge ad Judicium,"

about the middle of the coffin,

"Gloria Deo,"

and on the silver plate,

"GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Departed this life on the 14th of December, 1799, Æt. 68."

Between 3 and 4 o'clock the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute guns awoke a fresh and solemn sorrow—the corpse was removed—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed and moved on in the following order: Cavalry, infantry, guard, music, clergy, the General's horse, with his saddle, holsters and pistols; Colonels Sims, Ramsay, Payne, Gilpin, Marsteller, Little, pallbearers escorting the corpse, mourners, Masonic brethren, citizens.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the bank of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched toward the mount and formed their lines, the clergy, Masonic brothers, and the citizens descended to the vault and the funeral service of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry, the cavalry and eleven pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States and to the departed hero. The sun was now setting. Alas! the son of glory was set forever. No—the name of Washington, the American President and General—will triumph over death. The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate the future ages.

A poem occupied the balance of the third page: "On the death of General Washington, by a Young Lady." The following is the closing verse:

Weep!—Kindred mortals—weep!—no more you'll find
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind;
Rejoicing Angels, hail the heavenly sage!
Celestial Spirits, greet the wonder of the age.

A Republican Gavel.

The accompanying illustration gives an idea of one of the handsome gavels presented to the presiding officer of the Republican Convention at Chicago. In accordance with usage, Mr. Estee will be allowed to retain it as a souvenir of his position. It will probably be formally presented to him by the National Committee at an early day.

A Beautiful Incident.

A young man who had been on a three days' debauch wandered into the reading-room of a hotel where he was well known, sat down and stared moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about 10 years came in and looked timidly about the room. She was dressed in rags, but had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room. She went to each begging. One gentleman gave her a five-cent piece, and she went to the gentleman spoken of and asked him for a penny, saying: "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was out of humor, and he said crossly: "Don't bother me; I haven't had anything to eat in three days." The child opened her eyes in sheer wonder and stared at him for a moment, and then walked slowly toward the door. She turned the knob, and then, after hesitating a few seconds, walked up to him, and, gently laying the five cents on his knee, said, with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice: "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days you take this and go and buy you some bread. Perhaps I can get some more somewhere." The young man blushed to the roots of his hair, and, lifting the child in his arms, kissed her two or three times in delight. Then he took her to the persons in the room and those in the corridor and office, asking contributions himself, giving all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over $40, and sent the little one on her way rejoicing.

THE CHILDREN WE KEEP.

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,
And the big brown house was alive with fun
From the basement floor to the old roof tree.
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And, leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said, "I am tired and cannot play;
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood where "the brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.
While the father's eyes on the grave are bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies;
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent,
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And as each, in his turn, became a man,
The boys proudly went from the father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair
That lovers were speedy to woo and win;
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left, new homes to begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together in eventide,
And say, "All the children we kept at last
Are the boy and the girl who in childhood died."

—*Home Journal.*

Glass Beads.

Saturday Review.

Among the most curious examples of persistence in art are the well-known Aggry beads, which occur everywhere in Africa and in many parts of Asia. Similar beads are still made for the purpose of barter by glass-makers in England and Italy; yet they appear among the oldest remains in many widely-separated places. Mr. Nesbitt considers them Phœnician, and supposes they were made for purposes of barter with uncivilized nations, such as the ancient Britons. Glass beads of extreme hardness have been found in British graves; and, on analysis, were found to be composed and colored in the same manner as those of undoubted Egyptian origin. The usual type is large, not round, but spindle-shaped, and marked with alternate indented bands of red and blue, the colors being separated by a narrow white line. These beads are found in England, on the Gold Coast, in India and Germany, in Italy and Egypt. They are particularly common in the cities along the course of the Rhine. The oldest specimens must be Egyptian; but in all probability the pattern was continued in many distinct manufactories at many different periods.

Santa Rosa's Name.

Santa Rosa Republican.

The following statement of the origin of the appellation so generally and appropriately given to our beautiful city is from the pen of F. E. Shearer, D. D.:

"A few years ago, on the site of the Randall block, opposite the Occidental Hotel, there was the largest rosebush of the world. It was of the La Marque variety. The stem was twenty-four inches in circumference at the base. It grew twelve feet high without branches, then spread twenty-two feet and attained a height of twenty-seven feet. At one time it had on it 4000 full-blown roses, with twice as many opening buds. But the city was named Santa Rosa long before it was the home of every variety of beautiful tree and shrub.

On August 30, 1829, Father Juan Amarosa, the devoted founder of the Mission San Rafael, while on a missionary tour, was surprised by hostile savages when in the act of baptising an Indian maiden. The good priest barely escaped with his life, and only so because of the fleetness of his steed, which he named "Centella," or "Lightning" in our tongue. The day was celebrated in honor of "Santa Rosa de Lima," and from this event the good Father christened the stream with the beautiful name of the saint. The valley was named from the stream and the city from the valley.

Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Brave-flashing gun and sabre stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings;
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of Kings,
Were he but great in little things.

—*Treasure Trove.*

FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest,
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasure all the day through,
Then meet in the eve in the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
Till the baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird song, and beauty, and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim darkened room.

One stole in the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till the angels had lifted the veil.

At last when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their father, his children were calling,
Four sunbeams passed into the west,
All said: "We have found in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we find to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

—*Woman's Magazine.*

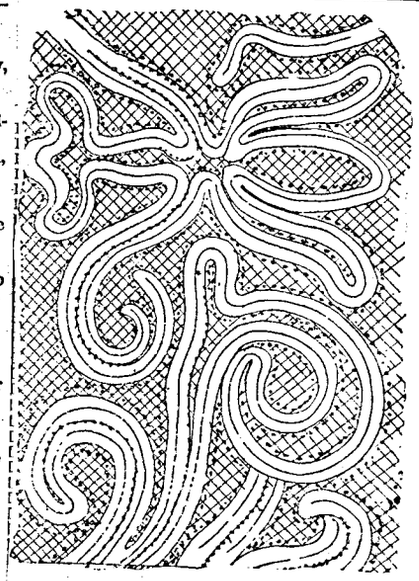
PRICELESS COLLECTIONS.

Antique and Modern Examples of the Lacemakers' Patient Skill.

The ladies of San Francisco are noted for their exquisite taste in many matters of art, but in no particular is this faculty more perceptible than in regard to lace, and some of our ladies have laces that a Princess of the royal blood might envy. Not only do private parties possess these treasures, but the Catholic churches have some elegant pieces of lace, which have been presented to the altars.

Bishop Riordan has elegant real lace robes, presented at various times, and Father Prendergast has some of rare beauty, presented on the occasion of his twenty-fifth-year jubilee. Most of the Catholic churches here have many real laces, notably St. Ignatius' and St. Mary's Cathedral. The former possesses many beautiful specimens of real point, Irish point, Limerick, Duchesse, Valenciennes, applique and Venetian point.

Mrs. Hopkins-Searles has magnificent specimens of the ancient point d'Alencon, a lace not now to be purchased in any market in the



OLD TAPE LACE ON MRS. M. HOPKINS SEARLE'S BED LINEN.

world. She has it in flounces of all widths, some remarkably deep and of quantity sufficient to completely cover a court dress. In this incomparably valuable lace, Mrs. Searles has also several shawls, fans and a parasol cover. Her pieces of magnificent Flanders lace are also very rare; copies of this style of lace are now sold under the name of Duchesse. She owns an entire dress of Chantilly, with fan and parasol to match. Besides these, she has a number of ancient point applique flounces, a scarf of light point de Venise, guipures in great quantity, both black and white, a fine collection of rare old Malines, Valenciennes in all sizes and designs—one flounce, sixteen inches wide and ten yards long, cost $2,200—and real Spanish lace both black and white. On her sheets and pillow-cases is the rich heavy old linen lace, or antique "tape lace," of great value, which cost from $20 to $50 a yard, and is now rarely manufactured.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, like Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, has a penchant for rich and rare old laces, her collection being very similar to that of the former lady. Twenty years ago Mrs. Stanford purchased some magnificent specimens of old needle point lace, which cannot now be duplicated. Her point d'Alencon is such as is possessed only by persons of immense wealth. Beautiful Chantilly laces, guipures, point applique, in all styles, are to be found in this unrivaled collection, besides an elegant assortment of modern Brussels lace, mostly in flounces, which are fastened to particular dresses, there to remain. She also has a great variety of rich, hand-made linen lace of beautiful design, for trimming bed linen and towels.

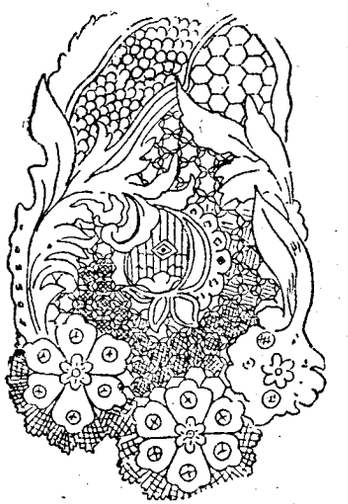
Mrs. Keys, nee Hastings, has magnificent point lace, the gift of her mother; also an exquisite Chantilly shawl and other pieces of great beauty.

Mrs. Charles Crocker, as is well known, has a great fondness for priceless point d'Alencon. She also has a large number of rich laces, including Chantilly, Valenciennes, Duchesse and point applique.

Mrs. J. C. Flood has also magnificent pieces of point d'Alencon, a $10,000 shawl, with scarf, handkerchief and fan to match. Miss Jennie Flood has rich Valenciennes, point applique, Carlsbad and old church lace.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele is the fortunate possessor of a garniture of the old point de Venise, which includes a flounce seventy-six yards long, and a deep turn-down collar, such as is not to be matched in all the lace markets of Europe. It is only when there is a sale of a lace collector's treasures, or the hoarded effects of some ancient but reduced family, that such rare old lace is to be procured.

Mrs. di Vecchi has the happiness to possess quantities of point de Venise, both ancient and modern, having flounces of each indis-



DETAIS OF POINT D'ALENCON—MRS. BARREDA.

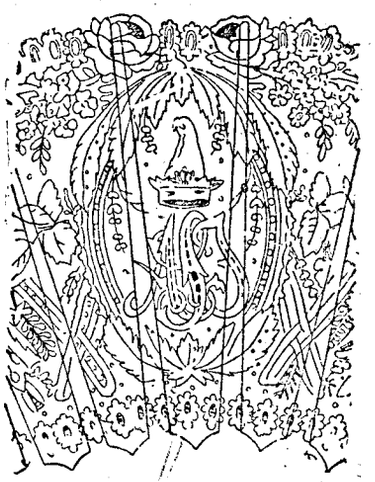
widths, with sufficient of each to completely cover a court costume. This lady's laces also belong in the list of specimens now not to be duplicated, and consequently they are of great value. She also possesses a complete garniture of point d'Angleterre and a bertha of Duchesse and point d'Alencon combined.

Mrs. Moody has several rich flounces and other pieces of dentelle de Flandres, embellished with medallions of point d'Alencon.

Mrs. J. R. Bolton has some real black Spanish lace, also real oriental laces, guipures and Valenciennes.

Mrs. Mackay is renowned for her great fondness for beautiful Malines, of which she has some rare specimens. While she was last in San Francisco she purchased, just previous to her departure for Europe, among other toilets to be worn at the French watering-places, three dresses of pure white linen, adorned with exquisite Malines, to the amount of $3,000. She also has other laces of great value, comprising pieces for every conceivable purpose, with parasols to match each toilet.

Mrs. A. E. Head's laces may be valued at the sum of $25,000. They include some of the fin-



CENTER OF MRS. COLONEL SAVAGE'S POINT LACE FAN.

est lest laces on this Coast, and when Mrs. Head was robbed of her magnificent jewels and silver, she considered herself fortunate that the burglars left her the much-prized laces, many of which were lying exposed upon a table in one of the rooms entered. In this valuable collection is a dress of point d'Alencon, made to order, and without seams, which greatly enhances the value of the garment.

Mrs. Martin (nee Downey) has some choice Chantilly and point applique.

Mrs. Julius Mayer has a fancy for the finest Chantilly lace, and also possesses fine specimens of mixed point applique and point de Venise.

Lady Hesketh, nee Sharon, is the owner of some magnificent lace, having inherited much of it from her mother, who was a lover of fine laces.

Mrs. Will Crocker on her wedding dress wore a rich garniture of Duchesse lace with modern Venetian. She also possesses some choice specimens of point and Duchesse, manufactured to order in Europe.

Mrs. Samuel Blair has a wide flounce of Duchesse lace, with medallions of point lace.

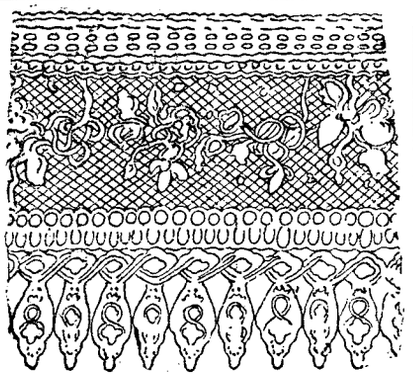
Mrs. Tobin is the owner of a wide flounce of ancient point applique.

Mrs. E. G. Lyons possesses fine Chantilly and magnificent guipures.

The Baroness Von Schroeder has the finest of ancient Malines, also Duchesses and Chantilly.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Mrs. L. B. Haggin have some of the choicest old laces in the city; exquisite Chantilly and a great variety of point laces, Valencennes and Malines.

Mrs. L. Tevis has an extremely valuable col-



SECTION OF MRS. BARRIOLHET'S POINT LACE.

lection of guipures, point d'Alencon and point d'Angleterre, Italian point, Brussels and Dutch laces.

Mrs. Peter Donahue wears rare point lace, guipures and Chantilly.

Mrs. Heller, *nee* Sahlein, having inherited her mother's laces, has a great number of fine point de Paris, Duchesse and Valenciennes, besides much antique lace for sheets and pillowcases.

Mrs. Gus Bowie has a complete set of point lace, including flounces, fans, shawls, handkerchiefs and scarfs.

Mrs. Dr. Lane has a fancy for rich Valenciennes.

Mrs. W. F. Goad has some fine Valenciennes, which she brought with her from Europe.

Mrs. Dr. Pescia has rich Italian laces, guipures, Florentine and cardinal lace, and also heavy silver wrought Spanish blonde lace, worth at least $50 a yard, as well as some fine gold embroidered tulles of ancient Italian manufacture, which have come to their present possessor as heirlooms and are worth an incalculable sum. She also has many beautiful specimens of modern Brussels lace and elegant embroideries and tapestries.

Mrs. Thomas Bell has perhaps the largest amount of real laces on the Coast, valued at $10,000, not limited to any particular makes, but comprising complete sets of point, applique, Valenciennes, Malines, Chantilly and guipure, in every conceivable shape into which they are manufactured, with value almost beyond calculation, As to their variety. In many of the pieces, such as the dresses, handkerchiefs, parasol covers, the owner's monogram appears in real lace. She also has silk dresses covered with lace, both black and white.

Mrs. Gerstle has some elegant laces.

Mrs. Louis Sloss has a foudness for rice Valenciennes and lace fans.

The ladies of the Mack and Lilienthal families have some rare pieces of Valenciennes and also Duchesse.

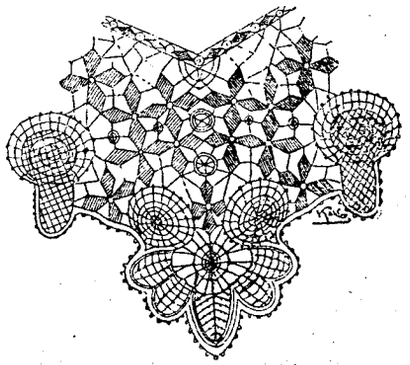
Mrs. Hiram Joseph has a penchant for Chantilly and lace fans.

Mrs. Dr. McNutt has only the finest of Valenciennes and point.

Mrs. Dr. Whitney is devoted to Duchesse and Chantilly.

Mrs. Dr. Hutchings possesses some choice Chantilly.

Mrs. Barreda, the widow of the Peruvian Minister, has many magnificent antique laces, su-



CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF WORKED BY MRS. JUDAH.

perb Florentine and Venetian point; also Cardinal laces in the special patterns called Pope's point. Mrs. Barreda is one of the very few ladies in this city who owns any of the real point d'Alencon.

Mrs. W. B. Bishop has choice specimens of point d'Angleterre and real Irish points.

Mrs. Macondray-Selby has also fine pieces of point d'Angleterre.

The late Mrs. D. O. Mills had a fondness for rare Chantilly and Valenciennes, and never missed an opportunity to purchase a fine bit of lace.

Mrs. J. W. Coleman of Oakland has many fine pieces of Chantilly, besides complete sets of Duchesse and point.

Mrs. W. T. Coleman of this city has some choice laces, including fine Chantillies and other black laces.

Mrs. Fargo has elegant points.

Mrs. Dr. William Gwin has a large and in many of the pieces old-fashioned and rare collection of Chantilly, points and guipures.

Mrs. E. J. Coleman has a number of fine points; also Duchesse and superb specimens of old Honiton.

Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Louis McLane, whose home was formerly in this city, are at present in Europe, where it is likely that they will add to their already fine collection of laces, the Valenciennes which they possess being some of the finest ever seen here.

Mrs. Millen Griffiths has among other fine laces some exquisite pieces of Valenciennes.

Mrs. Gazanega is the owner of fine antique laces and black Spanish of great beauty.

Mrs. Isaac Requa of Piedmont has a number of rich and valuable laces, both antique and modern. One of the former is a Valenciennes fichu worth $250.

Mrs. H. Barroilhet is the owner of a great amount of rare and beautiful lace, points of all sorts, Valenciennes and Honiton, including a number of the smaller pieces of lace for the neck and sleeves, barbs and handkerchiefs. Besides the Valenciennes, she has a beautiful dress of point applique.

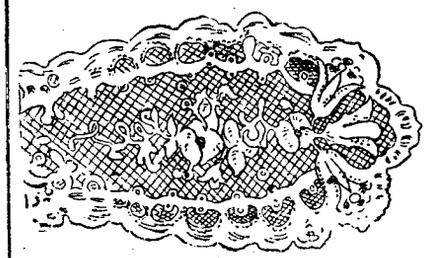
Mrs. John Parrott has brought over from Europe a beautiful assortment of elegant laces at various times, mostly in modern Brussels point and fine Valenciennes, while her daughter, Mrs. De Guigne, also possesses in lesser quantity an almost equally beautiful variety.

Mrs. W. H. Howard has elegant point, duchesse and Chantilly laces, which she uses freely.

Mrs. J. DeB. Short has rich Chantilly, point and Honiton—a passion for the choicest and rarest.

Mrs. I. M. Scott has choice point applique and Chantilly laces.

Mrs. Ira Pierce, *nee* Talbot, owns an elegant assortment of real laces, while her sister, Mrs.



DETAIL OF POINT LACE FAN—MRS. DR. GWINN.

Cyrus Walker, has a decided passion for them. Their united possessions amount to a large sum, and include Valenciennes, Brussels, guipure, point, applique and point.

Mrs. O. F. Salisbury of Salt Lake, a niece of J. G. Blaine, has some of the finest laces west of Chicago, including full sets of point, duchesse, Maltese and guipures complete.

Mrs. H. J. Glenn has beautiful specimens of modern Spanish (hand-made), elegant point and duchesse laces.

Mrs. Judge Hager's collection is almost priceless. Many of her laces were brought from St. Louis and many purchased abroad.

Mrs. Nat Brittan has some of the choicest specimens of antique and modern laces, which she values highly; also many Japanese copies of French hand-made laces.

Mrs. S. More has elegant laces of extremely fine makes and is very fond of Chantilly and Valenciennes.

Mrs. D. D. Colton has laces which are hardly surpassed by any collection, and which are selected with judgment and taste.

Mrs. H. McLane Martin has a large collection of all kinds of lace, particularly Brussels, Valenciennes, Duchesse, flounces and many smaller pieces such as handkerchiefs, collars and sleeve laces.

Mrs. Samuel Wilson has an immense quantity of exceedingly fine modern varieties, including specimens of Florentine laces, Brussels, and point applique.

Mrs. G. W. Collier has perhaps as fine a collection of beautiful modern laces as any lady in society.

Mrs. G. Reis has a great fondness for real lace, which she indulges to a large extent.

Mrs. John McMullin has elegant Chantilly.

Mrs. Milton Latham owns some rare point lace.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker of Sacramento is the possessor of a great variety of antique and modern lace, including specimens of Valenciennes, Brussels, applique and other varieties.

Mrs. O. S. Prait has a fondness for Duchesse and points.

Miss Peterson, of Rincon Hill, possesses many choice pieces of fine lace inherited from her mother, who owned some rare old Danish lace.

Mrs. Captain Blair and daughter, Miss Jennie, have many beautiful pieces of modern lace, bought chiefly during their sojourn abroad.

Mrs. Judge Sunderland's laces are simply invaluable. She owns some of the finest in the city of point, Duchesse, Mechlins and rose point, a lace not often seen in the genuine article.

Mrs. Nickerson, of the Palace Hotel, has many rich dress laces, among them Spanish and marquese.

Miss Tevis, of the Occidental Hotel, has some elegant pieces of Valenciennes and point.

Mrs. J. Pollard possesses some rare antique laces.

Mrs. Adam Grant is the owner of choice specimens of Valenciennes and a variety of point laces, in dresses, shawls, flounces and lace by the yard.

Mrs. Captain Goodall has a number of laces of the point, Duchesse and Valenciennes varieties.

Mrs. D. O'Sullivan has a fine collection of real Spanish, point, Duchesse and Valenciennes.

Mrs. George Ladd is devoted to point, Valenciennes and Duchesse.

Mrs. Con O'Connor has a number of valuable laces.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has also a fine collection of point, Valenciennes and Duchesse, in many attractive shapes.

Mrs. A. G. Spreckels owns many choice laces in Spanish, point, Duchesse, Valenciennes and Chantilly.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels has a fondness for fine point and Spanish.

Mrs. John Spreckels, while possessing a number of beautiful laces for personal adornment, prefers to purchase laces for house use, and has a great variety of fine antique Florentines for this purpose.

Mrs. Dr. Boyson of the Palace wears some choice pieces of Chantilly, point and Duchesse.

Mrs. De Long, the wife of the former Minister to Japan, owns some choice Valenciennes, point and others of rare value.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Avery has a special fondness for Chantilly, and possesses a shawl worth $500.

Mrs. W. B. Wiltshire has a number of real laces, among them a variety of points, Valenciennes and Duchesse.

Mrs. A. E. Hecht has an exceedingly valuable collection of Duchesse, point and Valenciennes, and revels in fine fans.

Mrs. Greenwald's laces are chiefly Valenciennes.

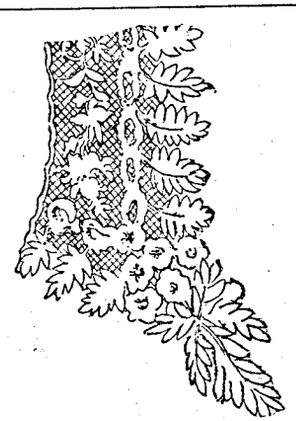
The widow of the late Judge Lake and her daughters possess many pieces of Valenciennes, Mechlins and English thread lace, besides fine specimens of Honiton.

Mrs. J. Bandman is the possessor of a number of rich pieces of Duchesse, malines and points.

Mrs. J. W. Coleman of Oakland owns a large collection of all kinds of modern laces, real Spanish Barcelona, Chantilly dresses and point lace flounces.

Mrs. Stuart Taylor has a craze for black Spanish and Chantilly lace.

Mrs. J. G. Eastland has a quantity of elegant



POINT APPLIQUE COLLAR—MRS. M. CASTLE.

Chantilly and Spanish lace, in every shape, notably a shawl and flounces.

Mrs. Easton of Menlo is the possessor of elegant lace of all kinds, particularly point and Duchesse.

Mrs. Hall McAllister has a large collection of real and valuable laces, many of which she purchased in this city, and more which she obtained during her residence abroad. She has a beautiful flounce of point applique at least eighteen inches wide, and a number of smaller old-fashioned collars, barbs and laces for the sleeves and neck.

Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne is the owner of fine point, Duchesse and Chantilly.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle has a fine collection of laces, including all kinds of point, by the yard, and in collars, handkerchiefs, and in other shapes. She also has Chantilly flounce, a fichu and a "Marie Antoinette."

Mrs. Dr. Brigham has a fine variety of all laces, particularly antique points and a Chantilly shawl.

Mrs. Stoney, nee Babcock, has point applique, in shawls, handkerchiefs and flounces.

Mrs. S. M. Wilson has a fancy for rich Valenciennes.

Mrs. A. D. Sharon possesses a Valenciennes sack, also a complete dress, and has several pieces of Duchesse.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker, the daughter of Senator Stewart, has a Valenciennes parasol cover, a point applique skirt, a Duchesse flounce, and also a handkerchief, collar and sleeves of the same lace.

Mrs. E. B. Pond has a fondness for Valenciennes, Chantilly and Spanish lace, in which she has handkerchief, collar, cuffs and barb, besides some smaller pieces of point.

Mrs. Pope collects principally Duchesse and point, possessing some exquisite collars, fichus and lace by the yard.

Mrs. Charles Kohler has some fine point lace and Duchesse of great beauty.

Mrs. General McDowell's hobby is fine embroideries. Among them is one worth fully $200, formerly in possession of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague.

Mrs. Dr. R. Beverly Cole has many thousands invested in elegant Chantilly, guipure, duchesse and other real laces.

Mrs. Pope also revels in elegant laces, which she has accumulated from time to time, and selects none but the finest.

Mrs. H. Dutard has an elegant Chantilly shawl and flounce of the same, beside magnificent guipures.

Mrs. D. G. Atherton has a number of flounces in all widths in old Spanish and Mechlin.

Mrs. Kip, the wife of the Bishop of Northern

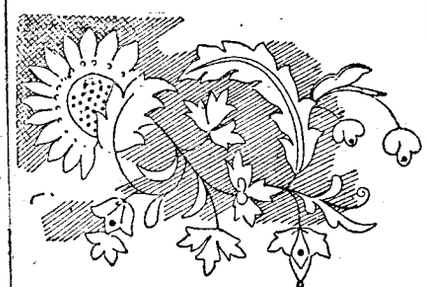


FIGURE OF BORDER OF OLD POINT D'AGUILLE.

California, has some rare and magnificent specimens of old church lace. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Willie Kip, also has some very similar.

Mrs. G. Spear, besides owning many white laces, has a Chantilly shawl and flounce.

Mrs. Dr. Nuttall has some exquisite guipures.

Mrs. L. Sachs has all black laces, including flounces, shawl and Marie Antoinette.

Mrs. Dr. Toland has a large collection of point de Venice, a Chantilly shawl, which she uses for drapery, and a quantity of thread lace.

Mrs. Theresa Fair has a fondness for pure black Spanish, of which she has a complete set. She also possesses many other pieces of lace.

Miss Tessie Fair's dress at her debut was of white silk, completely covered with point lace.

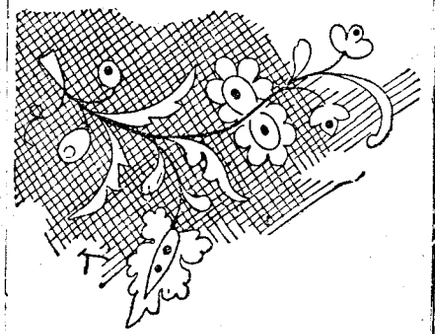
Mrs. Febiger has a quantity of Duchesse, Chantilly, Honiton and point.

Mrs. Captain Nichols has a piece of old Breton lace, point d'Aguille, which was in the Di Vernon family of England for over 300 years. It is in the shape of a long flounce over a yard wide, and with the pattern continued around the three sides. The border and the flowers through the flounces are exquisite. Besides this, Mrs. Nichols has some beautiful pieces of old family laces, Duchesse, rose point, Honiton, old Italian lace and old point. A lace handkerchief, worked by Mrs. Judah, is among the pieces that Mrs. Nichols treasures highly.

Mrs. Saunders, the venerable actress, came into possession of much of Mrs. Judah's theatrical laces, which included some heavy old Roman point. Mrs. Judah also bequeathed to her the lace dress which she wore in her historic part of the nurse in Juliet.

Mrs. Colonel R. H. Savage has some very rare and beautiful lace. One piece is a magnificent flounce of point d'Aguille, two feet broad in the center and tapering to a foot at the sides. It is used for drapery over a silk dress. She also possesses a complete set of point d'Angleterre, with flounce and narrow laces to match, also an exquisite fan of the same beautiful lace, with a medallion in the center with the monogram and the crest. Another lace set complete is that of Duchesse, with sets of flounces and mitts or gloves for a garden party, a piece of lace being for the hat. Mrs. Savage also has a small round piece of the real old Brussels point of the shape for a cap. This collection also numbers a complete set of point applique, with flounces and parasol cover to match. Italian

lace, beautiful Valenciennes old lace of every



SECTION OF BORDER OF OLD POINT D'AGUILLE.

description and several pieces of the old Brabant lace, which belonged to her mother, are to be found in Mrs. Savage's collection. Her set of real Brussels hand-made thread lace is exquisite and the fan has a center piece representing Cupid driving a swan. Several flounces, a shawl which is used for an overdress, handsome Spanish blonde mantillas and Spanish blonde fans are also a part of Mrs. Savage's collection. DORA CAREW.

OYSTER LIFE.

A writer in *Murray's Magazine* says that he wishes it were possible to tempt all his readers into examining an oyster, not after dissection, but merely by turning its parts over with a toothpick, and endeavoring to make out as much of its structure as may without difficulty be seen. For, insignificant as he may seem, the oyster has a very complex organization. "I suppose," said Professor Huxley, "that when this slippery morsel glides along the palate, few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery far more complicated than a watch."

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, who seemed to love as well as observe the most uninviting specimens of nature's handiwork, used to declare that oysters, like horses, have their points.

"The points of an oyster," he says, "are first the shape, which should resemble the petal of a rose-leaf. Next, the thickness of the shell; a thoroughbred should have a shell like thin china. It should also possess an almost metallic ring, and a peculiar opalescent lustre on the inner side. The hollow for the animal should resemble an egg-cup, and the flesh should be firm, white, and nut-like."

There may be a good deal of poetry in this description, but it is nevertheless true that an intimate acquaintance with an oyster will surely inspire one with an added respect and admiration for the little creature.

During the summer months, oysters become "sick," and are then out of season. But if a sick oyster be examined under the microscope, it will be found to contain a slimy substance, which, first white and then colored, is composed of little eggs. It is said that the number furnished by a single animal varies from eight hundred and twenty-nine thousand to two hundred and seventy-six thousand.

On some fine, hot day, the mother oyster opens her shell, and the little ones escape from it, like a cloud of smoke. They are provided with swimming organs composed of delicate cilia, and by means of these they enjoy for a few days an active existence. As middle-age creeps upon them, they become fixed and stationary, and very soon might reasonably be expected to declare, like the wise oyster of the poem, that they

"Do not choose
To leave the oyster-bed."

The oyster's food consists of such minute organisms as float freely in the water, a constant current made by tiny hairs, sweeping unsuspecting minutiæ into its slit-like mouth. It does not lead an untroubled existence. Sponges tunnel in its shell, dog-welks bore neat holes in it, and suck its juices, and the star-fish waits for it to gape, and then inserts an insinuating finger in its home.

But the young oyster is exposed to still greater dangers, during its period of active life. It is exceedingly sensitive to cold, and yields readily to an inclement season. It is a savory morsel, and likely to be snapped up by some marine monster, and when it would fain settle down, a current is likely to sweep it to some unfavorable spot, where it may choke in attempting to find a safe location.

DEAR OLD MAIDS.—The old maid may not have an absorbing mission, but she fits into all companies, cements social relations, and is always desired. She does not talk too much, and her words are always kind. She draws out and makes the most of dull and shy people. She is gentle, ready and helpful, and firm withal, in sickness or in any emergency. Her eyes "are homes of silent prayer," and she is truly religious, but she does not give tracts or talk much about religion. Yet sometimes she may say to a restless, impatient girl, "You know, my dear, I was once like you; I thought all the world was made for me; but now I see that it is better to be made for all the world. We cannot have what we want always, we must not think quite so much about ourselves and our pleasures—then they will come to us."—*From "The Five Talents of Woman."*

HERE AND THERE.

HERE is the sorrowing, the sighing,
Here are the clouds and the night,
Here is the sickness, the dying;
There are the life and the light.

Here is the fading, the wasting,
The foe that so watchfully waits;
There are the hills everlasting,
The city with beautiful gates.

Here are the locks growing hoary,
The glass with the vanishing sands;
There are the crown and the glory,
The house that is not made with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove;
There is the blessed fruition,
The feast, and the fullness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble,
And here is the chastening rod;
There are the song and the cymbal,
And there is our Father and God.

—*Alice Cary.*

Naval Changes.

Commander John W. Philip will be succeeded as Lighthouse Inspector of this district by Commander Nicoll Ludlow of New York on April 15. Commander Philip will take charge of the receiving ship Independence at Mare island, and it is probable that on the completion of the Monadnock and Charleston he will be assigned to the command of one of them.

A MONUMENT has recently been unvailed at Corbeil, France, to the memory of the Galignani brothers, founders of the Paris newspaper known by their name. The brothers, Anthony and William, were born in London, sons of an Italian teacher of languages and an English woman. They bought a summer residence at Corbeil in 1827, and William was mayor of the place for thirty-four years. They gave away 5,000,000 francs, of which Corbeil got about one-third for schools, an orphanage and a hospital. They also left money for a retreat for authors and printers at Neuilly, just outside Paris, which is nearly completed.

THE DOORSTEP.

The conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.
Not braver he that leaps the wall
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm;
We let the old folks have the lightway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.
I can't remember what we said;
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet;
The moon was full; the fields were gleaming;
By hoot and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.
The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love, and fear, and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.
The old folks, too, were almost home;
We heard the voices nearer come;
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.
A cloud passed kindly overhead;
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet did its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister;
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!
Perhaps 'twas boyish love; yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

THE BOOMERANG.

Misuse of the Ancient Weapon in California.

Some years since Professor Davidson exhibited at the Academy of Sciences two boomerangs which a friend had procured for him from old Indians living on the flanks of the San Jacinto mountains, in Los Angeles county. One was heavy and intended for large game and for war, the other was a lighter one, for small game. The latter was carved differently from the curved boomerang of Australia. The former was not curved, but the two nearly equal arms subtended an angle of 110 degrees. The Indians knew nothing about the method of throwing these weapons so that they would return in any measure to the throwers.

This announcement soon elicited a note from John T. Doyle, stating that when the early Spaniards reached the region of New Mexico they found a boomerang in use by the natives, but that it differed in shape wholly from the Australian or the Californian. From the Spanish description, the shape was about two-thirds the circumference of an ellipse, one of the longer sides being venting. In other words, it was very much like the block letter C.

Another mention of the boomerang in use by the Indians of San Diego has been found in "An Historical Journal of the Expedition by Sea and Land to the North of California in 1768, 1769 and 1770, when the Spanish establishments were first made at San Diego and Monterey," from Spanish manuscript translated by William Revely and published by Dalrymple in 1790.

The account is evidently written by one of the officers of the expedition, under the command of Don Gasper de Portola. After speaking of the bows and arrows of the Indians he says:

"Besides these arms they use a sort of menace of very hard wood, the form of which is very like a short and crooked saber. This they throw at a distance, cutting the air with great violence; they can send it farther than a stone and never go into the fields without it. If they meet with a viper or other noxious animal they throw their menace at it and generally divide it in two pieces, as the Spaniards saw during their intercourse with them.

"The menace was a wooden weapon, generally edged with sharp flint and used by the ancient races of Peru and of Mexico. It suggests an examination of old records to discover the form and particular uses of this instrument, and also whether Frank Cushing has found it among the Zunis."

BECAUSE.

"Now, John," the district teacher says,
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth
Where Cupid's hosts abide,
"What have you done to Mary Ann
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas nothing—don't, I say
For, John, that can't be so.

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure;
And if you've wounded justice, John,
You know the only cure
Is punishment. So come, stand up;
Transgression must abide
The pain attendent on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunburnt face
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth, so humble.
"Now, Mary, you must tell me all—
I see that John will not—
And if he's been unkind or rude,
I'll whip him on the spot."

"We—we were playin' p-prisoner's base,
An' he is such a t-tease,
An' when I w-was'nt lookin', ma'am,
He kissed me—if you please!"
Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind,
The stick came harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged!
Begone, ye smiles, begone!
Away, ye little dreams of love—
Come on, ye frowns, come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John;
Such conduct breaks the rule;
No boy, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A Nemesis she stands—
A premium were put an sin
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals tremble,
So trembled Mary's rosebud lips—
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him very hard"—
The stick stops in its fall—
"It wasn't right to do it, but
It didn't hurt at all."
"What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"
The school noise makes a pause—
And out upon the listening air
From Mary comes, "Because!"

—*Boston Transcript*

E. P. ROE DEAD.

The Popular Novelist Suddenly Expires at His Home.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, July 20.—Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, suddenly expired at his home at Cornwall-on-Hudson last evening at 10 o'clock from Neuralgia of the heart. He ate dinner with his family in the evening, and was bright and cheerful. After this he and his family and some visiting friends repaired to the library, where he read aloud some selections from Hawthorne. After reading about an hour, he suddenly ceased and lay down again. I shall have to stop reading," He left the room with a smile on his face. After reaching his bed the most intense paroxysms of pain occurred at short intervals for an hour, when he died, surrounded by all his family.

Since the conquest of Mexico by Europeans there has been no cessation of work in the gold and silver mines of the country. Under Spanish rule, or from 1537 to 1821, the value of silver produced exceeded 10,431,318,515 francs, and that of gold 313,812,055 francs. Since the independence of Mexico, dating from 1821 to 1880, the value of silver extracted amounted to 4,504,211,545 francs, and that of gold 247,068,930 francs. Since 1537 to 1880 the annual average production of gold and silver has been about 45,300,000 francs. An authority on the subject states that it only requires an improved method of extracting the ore to raise Mexico to the first rank of countries to which the world looks for its supply of the precious metals.

A Story for Children.

One of the best things that ever was heard of happened in the south of France not many weeks ago. There lives in the south of France a man of wealth whose chateau, or country place of residence, has around it very tall trees. The cook of the chateau has a monkey, a pert fellow who knows ever so many tricks. The monkey often helps the cook to pluck the feathers from fowls. On the day that interests us the cook gave the monkey two partridges to pluck, and the monkey, seating himself in an open window, went to work. He had picked the feathers from one of the partridges and plac... it on the outer ledge of the window with a satisfied grunt, when, lo, all at once a hawk flew down from one of the tall trees near by and bore off the plucked bird. Master Monkey was very angry. He shook his fist at the hawk, which took a seat on one of the limbs not far off and began to eat the partridge with great relish. The owner of the chateau saw the sport, for he was sitting in a grape arbor, and crept up to watch the end of it. The monkey picked the other partridge and laid it on the ledge in the same place, then hiding behind the window-screen on the inside. The hawk was caught in this trap, for when it flew down after the partridge it reached the monkey and caught the thief. In a moment the hawk's neck was wrung, and the monkey soon had the hawk plucked. Taking the two birds to the cook the monkey handed them to him as if to say, "Here are your two partridges, master." The cook thought that one of the birds looked queer, but he served them on the table. The owner of the house shook his head when he saw the dish, and telling the cook of the trick, laughed heartily.

CIPHER MESSAGES.

Beside furnishing a most interesting contribution to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, Ignatius Donnelly's latest book has served to revive an interest in a science that once occupied many clever men's attention—that is, the science of the cipher or cryptogram. It will, perhaps, be remembered that Donnelly not only strung together a host of outside and historical facts which he put forward as proofs that Bacon, and not Shakespeare, was the author of the great plays, but that he also claimed to have discovered internal evidence, in the shape of a cipher running through the plays, which proved that they were the handiwork of Lord Verulam.

The Baconian cryptogram which, according to Donnelly, runs through Shakespeare, is not, however, the cipher which Bacon invented for his own amusement, and, or so it said, for the purpose of State secrets. That scheme was the representation of every letter by seven permutations of a and b. Thus:

A was written.....aaaaa
B was written.....aaaab
C was written.....aaaba
D was written.....aabaa

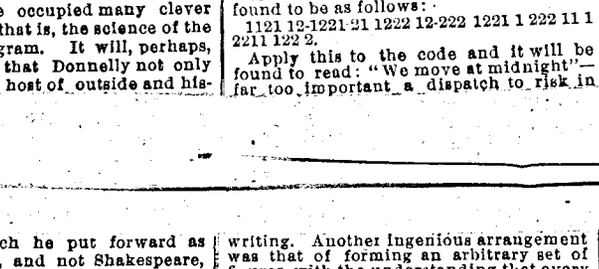
and so on through the alphabet. Paris would thus be transformed into *Abbba, aaaaa, baaaa, abaaa, baaab.* The labor of composing a dispatch in this fashion would be simply enormous, the possibilities of mistakes are great and the work of deciphering is not insurmountable.

This subject of concealed writings has been very extensively treated on by Brigadier-General Albert J. Myer, chief signal officer of the United States army, in his valuable "Manual of Signals," and from this source, it is believed an interesting column may be condensed. One of the oldest plans to send secret messages was to wrap a narrow strip of paper around a slightly tapering stick in such a way that the edges of the strip were in contact throughout its length. On the strip of paper in this position the message was written from end to end of the rod. The strip was then unwound when it appeared to be covered with fragments of words without any apparent connection. The recipient of the message being provided with a second rod of similar size, wrapped the strip of paper around it in the same fashion as had been first done, when the message appeared in its proper continuity and form.

During the war a great deal of work was accomplished in cipher messages, several of the plans adopted being very curious. A number of codes were invented, in which certain combinations of numbers stood for letters or for certain specific signals. There was, for instance, the general service code, made up of two figures as follows:

A	22	N	11
B	2112	O	21
C	121	P	1212
D	222	Q	1211
E	12	R	211
F	2221	S	212
G	2211	T	2
H	122	U	112
I	1	V	1222
J	1122	W	1121
K	2121	X	2122
L	221	Y	111
M	1221	Z	2222

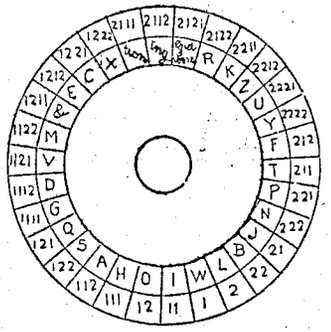
For numerals the Roman letters were ordinarily used with this code. A message written according to this code would be puzzling at first, but it would soon be deciphered by some shrewd fellow, and, worse than that, the code would then be in a fair way toward being discovered. To guard against this a number of cryptograms were arranged. One of them was an ingenious arrangement of arrow-heads, by which it would appear as though the position and size of the symbols had a different signification, when as a matter of fact it was understood between the sender and recipient that all large arrow-heads however pointing are "ones," and all small arrow-heads however pointing are "twos." One General wishing to inform another of an intended movement would accordingly transmit the following cryptogram:



Translated the signal numbers would be found to be as follows:

1121 12-1221 21 1222 12-222 1221 1 222 11 1 2211 122 2.

Apply this to the code and it will be found to read: "We move at midnight"—far too important a dispatch to risk in neither feet nor hands raised are "ones"; those holding up their right hand are "twos"; those holding up a left arm are "threes"; those with the right foot up are "fours"; those with the left foot raised are "fives," and he jumping in the air with both feet off stands for "six." Let the reader work this out and he will find again that the message reads, "We move at midnight."



Messages were also sent in bouquets, the different flowers and leaves of which indicated letters. So messages were sent by nails in the shoes of the bearer, the small-headed nails standing for "ones," the large-headed for "twos," and the whole driven into the sole in lines running across or along it. In drawings of the shingles upon a roof, of a fence or a flock of birds messages were also sent by means of long or short lines. Colors for ciphers were also used. Thus with the alphabetical code of the signals the colors red, green, yellow, blue, orange and purple would be, perhaps, selected, the initials of the three first to stand for "ones" and the initials of the three last to stand for "twos." The message, "We move at midnight," would then read,

rgby gb yopg br gbop rbz op b gopr r pob 82 7 pbrg ybo p.

Anything more hopeless than this can scarcely be conceived, yet with the key at hand it will be readily translated into the following signal numbers:

1121 12– 1221 21 1222 12–22 2– 1221 1 222 11 1 2211 122 2.

A very interesting cryptogram for cypher messages was that composed of the letters of the alphabet set down in the following fashion:

a b c 1 2 3	d e f 1 2 3	g h i 1 2 3
j k l 1 2 3	m n o 1 2 3	p q r 1 2 3
s t u 1 2 3	v w x 1 2 3	y z 1 2

It will be seen that there are three figures in each space except the last, in which there are two. All the different groups of letters, it will be also noticed, are numbered, and these, with the surrounding lines of the space in which they are found, are as follows:

A is 1 | B is 2 | C is 3

D is 1 | E is 2 | F is 3

And so on. A message on this system would be as follows:

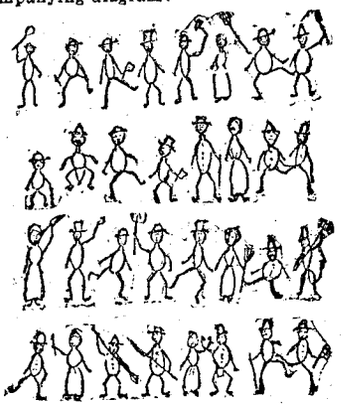
2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 3

2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3

3 | 2

This, if the curious reader works it out, will be found to read, "Embark at noon." The figures need not necessarily be 123 in the usual sequence in each compartment. All the digits might be used, as 123 in the first compartment, 456 in the second, 789 in the third, and then commence anew. Or it might be concerted that the letters of the alphabet were not to follow each other in the usual sequence. In fact, the cipher is capable of a great many changes.

One of the most intricate and at the same time most puzzling of all ciphers is that of the movable discs. The simplest form of this arrangement is constructed as follows: On the edge of a small disc of cardboard or other material are written or printed the letters of the alphabet in irregular sequence. These letters are so placed that when the disc is properly held all the letters are upright. On this small disc are also printed the combinations of letters which frequently occur, such as "tion," "ing," "ous," etc., and a sign to mark the end of a word. Next on a larger disc are also printed, around the circumference in the same manner, either the letters of the alphabet or their symbols. The discs are fastened concentrically together in such manner that they may revolve upon the other, and that they may be clamped in any position. They are also of such relative size that when so fastened, each letter, etc., upon the inner disc will appear directly opposite to another letter upon the outer disc, all of which will be, perhaps, clearly seen by reference to the accompanying diagram:



Having the discs arranged and clamped, as shown in the above cut, it will be easily understood that the writer has before him an alphabetical code with every letter opposite its symbol. A becomes 112, r is 2122, m 1122, y is 2222, and that the word is finished at "army" is indicated by using the figures 2121. Connected with this system are what are known as the adjustment letter and key number, which are, of course, equivalent to a pass-word among the persons using the discs. In the case under consideration it may be supposed that the letter is R and the number 2122. That means that the message has to be sent and read with the letter R turned to the number 2122. If there is a chance of the combination becoming known, then some other adjustment letter and key number are selected. Sometimes four or five or even seven discs were used and the adjustment letter changed to a combination, the letters represented by a variety of symbols and the whole affair made so difficult that it was next to an impossibility to decipher the message. There were also cipher discs made of brass with detachable letters, cipher tablets, route ciphers, in which the words have to be arranged in a peculiar way, blind-word ciphers, the Webster's Dictionary cipher, the card and alphabet cipher—much used by the Confederates at Vicksburg—and a dozen others. In fact as General Myers says: "The subject is endless."

Concerning the deciphering of secret messages it may be safely said that none have yet been invented that were inscrutable. The ingenuity and patience displayed by the decipherers were something wonderful. A writer quoted by General Myer as the most expert of living decipherers says: "It resembles the art of picking locks. Mr. Hobbs during the exhibition of 1881 picked Bramah's challenge lock in fifty-six hours. The performers in a celebrated robbery of a bank in Scotland spent three months in passing through three locks. The least inscrutable cipher I ever attempted cost me thirty hours, while some have cost me four or five working days."

It is in this question of time, however, that the value of the cipher depends. Messages in war times are generally to be acted upon immediately, and by the time the five days or even the thirty hours had elapsed the movement called for would have been made or given up. It is an interesting branch of the service and one the importance of which is being yearly appreciated.

One curious way in which messages were cryptogramically sent according to this code was in the form of an apparent grocer's or commissary bill, and which, in the search of a prisoner, would hardly attract attention. For example, the same message to which reference has already been made would appear as follows:

Office of A. A. C. S.

MEMORANDUM OF STORES ISSUED.

Pork (barrels)		2,551
Beef (rations)		33,531,651
Salt (sacks)		1,154
Coffee	(rations)	33,423,143
Hardtack	(rations)	42,223,251

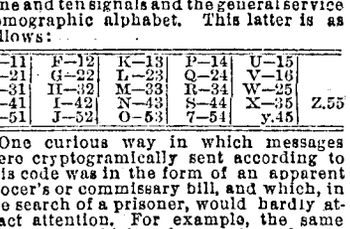
In this, each line constitutes a word, except when bracketed, and to interpret the bill the figures must be pointed off by twos and the result applied to the code last given.

Another, still more curious, is shown in the ludicrous arrangement given below of little men and women. The same general service homographic code is to be used and the numerals are indicated in this wise:

The figures standing upright with

A—11	F—12	K—13	P—14	U—15	
B—21	G—22	L—23	Q—24	V—16	
C—31	H—32	M—33	R—34	W—25	
D—41	I—42	N—43	S—44	X—35	Z.55
E—51	J—52	O—53	7—54	y.45	

writing. Another ingenious arrangement was that of forming an arbitrary set of figures, with the understanding that every straight line or combinations of straight lines should be considered as "ones," and all curved lines or combinations of curved lines should be considered as "twos." With the same code, the following would then be the cryptogram message:



There were a number of other alphabets, codes of three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine and ten signals and the general service homographic alphabet. This latter is as follows:

The Origin of Three Poems.

From James T. Fields' Writings.

"As I happened to know of the birth of many of Longfellow's poems, let me divulge to you a few of their secrets. The 'Psalm of Life' came into existence on a bright summer morning, in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small table; in the corner of his chamber. It was a verse from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished for a long time. The poem of 'The Reaper, Death,' came without effect, crystalized into his mind. 'The Light of the Stars' was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. 'The Wreck of the *Hesperus*' was written the night after a violent storm had occurred, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe the *Hesperus* came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep, and wrote the celebrated verses."

—In the valleys of California grows a tall, slender-stemmed liliaceous plant with purple and white flowers which played an important part in the economy of the Spanish population and is still more or less used by the country people. It is the well-known amole or soap plant. It rises from a subterranean bulb which is egg-shaped in form, two or three inches in diameter and enveloped in a thick coating of black, matted, hair-like fibers. This bulb has the detergent properties of soap, cleaning the hands or clothing quite as well and much more pleasantly than the coaser kinds of soap.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

G. P. B.

Could we see the inward anguish,
In the hearts of those around;
Could we from their standpoint reason,
Where, I ask, would hate be found?
Foolish actions, foolish motives,
All are weighed in Justice' scales;
Punishments, rewards, like given,
By Wisdom just that never fails.

Could we see the untold hardships,
Of the souls that struggle on,
Burdened with their grave misfortunes,
Around us, with us, in the throng;
Could we see the hearts of many
That we haste to call our foes,
Surely, hate would change to pity,
And all other thoughts depose.

A FAMILY CONCERT.

Fiddle-dee-dee! and the joyous strain
Is responded to with might and main
By the meouw, meouw, meouw, of the home quintette,
Whose musical voices haunt us yet,

As collar'd, ruffled and bowed at the throat,
They chant in chorus each wavering note;
And timed by piano, their key-notes high
Glide gracefully into the sweet by-and-by.

The Patter of the Shingle.

When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me in the bed-room—gently lays me on her knee—
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring,
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father—whom I supposed had gone—
To survey the situation, and tell her to lay it on;
To see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and wierd refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say, "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants;"
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,
And says, "I had not thought of that—my son, just take them off."

O loving, tender Mercy, cast thou pitying glances down;
And thou, O family doctor, put a good, soft poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces afterward commingle,
If I ever say another word when my mother wields the shingle.

—*Keokuk Gate City.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

At a recent meeting in Edinburgh Dr. Foulis gave a demonstration of the circulation in the web of a frog's foot by means of the oxyhydrogen light. The light transmitted through a powerful condenser passed through an ordinary microscope lens, and was thrown upon a large plate of ground glass at a distance of about twenty-five feet with excellent effect.

Writing on the production of photographs to scale, a correspondent of the *Field* says if a man wants a carriage or implement photographed so as to make a working copy to scale, all that is necessary is when a plate is being taken that a clear and distinct three-foot rule be placed on the carriage or implement. The rule is photographed with the other object, and no matter what the size of the print or negative may be, will always give a true scale. Within certain limits such a procedure should prove very useful.

WHO TOLD?

Who told Kitty Clyde that the summer was coming,
With song-birds, and blossoms and dew?
I met her just now and a tune she was humming,
Far sweeter than any I knew.
Who told Kitty Clyde that the summer was coming?
Did you, little sparrow, did you?

Not I, Jennie Wren, for I start out so early,
Before there's a leaf on the tree,
That every one seems to look solemn and surly,
And won't pay attention to me.
For summer is late, though the sparrow is early;
So I didn't tell her, you see!

Who told her, I wonder? The roses could never
Have whispered the secret so soon;
For though they are very delightful and clever,
Their hearts are not open till June;
And not any bird that I know of could ever
Have taught her so pretty a tune.

A robin flew down in the midst of the clatter,
The noise had prevented his rest,
And he listened awhile to the chippering chatter,
As he stroked the bright plumes on his breast.
"Who told Kitty Clyde? Oh what matter, what matter?
Why nobody told her! she guessed!"

The Little Rough House.

Many years ago there stood on a narrow country road, three miles from Hamburg and just on the edge of the village of Horn, an old weather-beaten cottage, the resort of the roughest class of loafers and drinkers in the surrounding neighborhood.

The acre of ground attached to the decaying house received no cultivation, and, covered with weeds, bushes and ditches, presented a most unsightly appearance, relieved only by a magnificent chestnut tree that spread its leafy screen over and about the mouldering cottage roof.

This unattractive, almost desolate spot was destined to become noteworthy in history, not because of any crime or romance connected with it, but through the humble efforts of an unassuming, almost obscure man, who there wrought out a great and beautiful problem of humanity, the redeeming and civilizing of the frightfully degraded children, who, poor unfortunates, born in vice and trained in crime, crowd the city streets, knowing neither home nor friends.

In the early fall of 1833, J. H. Wicherns removed with his family into this miserable abode, which required a number of hard days' work to render habitable. All preparations completed, the good man lost no time in beginning his labor of love. From the highways and byways of Hamburg he gathered in fourteen young thieves and vagabonds, ranging in age from five to eighteen years, all apparently hardened in crime and literally beyond the control of the authorities. Entering the portal of the humble country home, these outcasts received such kindly welcome that the forlorn hearts beneath the ragged coats experienced for the first time a thrill of gratitude.

The simple supper over, the master of the household talked frankly with them of his future hopes and plans; and, treating them all as if they too were joint proprietors of the mimic farm, spoke enthusiastically of *our* garden, *our* horse, geese, chickens and pigs. Afterward the mother interested them in song and story, later showing each his own white bed just underneath the roof. Inured to hardships and privation, accustomed to sleep under carts, on doorsteps, or to share the beds of the cattle, the boys were up and out the next morning bright and early, all eagerly anxious to begin their first day of honest toil. Nor as time went on did their ardor slacken in well doing. Determined to level an earth wall five hundred feet long, six feet in height and width, they frequently worked by lantern light, rooting up bushes and trees in spite of snow and rain.

The very stormy days and the long winter evenings were times of genuine mutual enjoyment. The good old mother then took them in charge, and even the most awkward learned to knit their heavy stockings, seam their coarse frocks and trousers and busily ply the awl on the half wood, half leather shoes they wore. The mother also taught them old-time ballads, gay and lively. It was only at morning and evening devotions they sang hymns, for the nature of those melodies overcame them so they often sobbed aloud, saying: "We cannot forget what we have been."

One evening hour was given regularly to study, in which they sought almost unanimously to excel.

Before spring the little flock had been increased by new additions and the boys determined to build themselves a house. As soon as the frost and snow would permit, the ground was broken, and then was there a grand hurrying to and fro, digging, mixing mortar, carrying bricks. All worked busily, and on the 11th of March the foundation stone was laid. On the 22d of July the building, all completed, was adorned with evergreens and flowers by the rejoicing children, and in the presence of several hundred friends the "Swiss House" was formally christened and dedicated. A young man of wisdom and experience came from a distance to act as elder brother to the twenty-seven reclaimed boys who took up their residence there. Ere long another little family went out from the old parent Rauhe Haus into their own home, with another wise elderly brother as head.

And so the institution widened and the houses increased until, with one branch and another, it grew into a little village of boy families. In one common chapel they assembled together, and in the printing office, wash house and bakery all had an equal interest. Every trade had a smaller or larger number of representatives in this happy colony, from which have passed out into the world's broad field many score of industrious, well-trained, self-reliant men. Raised from the mire of degradation by loving word and kindly hand, may the lives of these redeemed ones glorify and brighten the memory of the old Rauhe Haus, which suffered little children and forbade them not.

THE NEW YEAR.

Out of the darknes, out of the ages,
Out of the nations' conflicts and fears,
Out of the souls of prophets and sages,
Out of love's heart-aches, laughters and tears,
Welcome, thou latest, whitest of pages.
Crest of life's ocean and crown of its years.

What dost thou bring us, what is thy message,
Child of the heroes, covered with scars?
Light that was kindled, dim in the presage
The angels of morning sang with the stars?
Or do the ages say unto this age,
"Eye for an eye" yet, and darkness and wars?

Thou hast the secret of life in thy keeping;
Hast cross'd all mountains and sailed all seas.
Say, will thou yield it to praying and weeping—
Incense of wisdom—"wines on the lees?"
Or must we win it, working and keeping
The laws of thy being, caught on the breeze?

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

A Few Pages from an Old-Time San Francisco Directory.

CONDITION OF THE YOUNG CITY.

Congratulating Themselves Because Montgomery-Street Sidewalks Had Been Widened—Street Work—The Schools.

In a community where the general growth and development are as abnormally rapid as is the case on this Coast, events of a quarter of a century ago are not very distinctly remembered. The San Francisco directory for 1862, published by Henry L. G. Langley, contained much information that is well worth again calling to mind. Referring to that record, it is found that twenty-five years ago San Francisco had 340 hotels and boarding-houses. In reference to the population the directory says:

"The following figures, compiled from the most reliable data, are prescribed as an estimate of the population of San Francisco August 1, 1862, and in directing attention thereto it is believed to be as fair an approximation as can be made without an official and accurate canvass. White males over twenty-one years of age, 32,000. White females over eighteen years of age, estimated, 17,500. White males under twenty-one years of age, and females under eighteen, estimated, 25,000. White males names refused and foreigners 4,200. Chinese, male and female, 3,250. Colored, male and female, 1,875. Total permanent population, 83,825. To which should be added a large element of our population known as "floating," which consists of, first, transient boarders, etc., at hotels, boarding houses, etc.; second, soldiers at the fortifications in the harbor; third, persons engaged in navigating the bay, who claim this city as their residence; fourth, a large number of people in our midst who have no permanent place of abode, together amounting to about 8,000; a grand total population of 91,825."

At that time there was one high school, six grammar schools, eleven primary schools, one evening school, one Normal school and one Teachers' Institute. The number of pupils enrolled in the various schools was 6,617, of which number two were Chinese. John Swett was Principal of the Rincon School and Miss Kate Kennedy was Principal of the Greenwich-street School.

The total expenditures of the School Department for the year 1861-62 was $134,575 31. On July 19, 1861, the first overland mail arrived. David Scannell was Chief of the Fire Department, which numbered 822 members. On September 22, 1861, there was great excitement in front of Calvary (Rev. Dr. Scott's) Church, caused by the secession sympathy of the pastor, expressed on several public occasions. He was hanged in effigy. At one time there threatened to be bloodshed, but through the good management of the police it was averted. Dr. Scott immediately resigned, and on October 1st sailed with his family for Europe. On January 29, 1862, there was in this city a light fall of snow. On June 1, 1862, a duel occurred between Frank Turk and O. C. Hall, which was settled without injury to either party. The following extracts from the directory will give a good idea of the condition of the city at the close of the year ending June 30, 1862:

"The site of the village of Yerba Buena, in 1846, was on the steep hillside, cut up by numerous gullies, and bounded on the south by a tract of sand, which lay in a succession of steep parallel hills, from twenty to forty feet high, covered with stunted and tangled bushes. The place was inaccessible for a heavily-laden wagon, and, when reached, it offered no broad expanse for the erection of a great city. But it was destined, nevertheless, that a great city should be built here, and the work has been done. The cove, a mile across from Rincon to Clark's Point, and a half a mile deep, has been filled in, the hills have been cut down to gentle slopes to obtain material for encroaching upon the sea; gullies have been filled up; the sandhills have been leveled down; the bog and the marsh have been changed into dry ground. There never was a city in which changes so great had been made by man in the topography of its site; and he who now sees the place for the first time, can scarcely conceive how such great labors should have been accomplished or even seriously contemplated. The earth that has been moved in leveling the site of San Francisco would make a mountain beside which all the pyramids and artifical mounds would, as to size, sink into insignificance. Among the streets which have been graded are Harrison, from Third to Eighth, where 150,000 cubic yards of sand had to be cut down or filled in; Filbert, from Taylor to Jones; Bryant, between Third and Fourth; California, between Mason and Taylor; Lombard, between Mason and Taylor; Broadway, between Mason and Powell; Hyde, between Sutter and Post; Bryant, between Second and Third; Turk, between Taylor and Jones; Mason, between Bush and Sutter, and also between Chestnut and Francisco, and also between Washington and Clay; Seventh, between Howard and Folsom; Larkin, between Bush and Sutter; Eighth, between Folsom and Mission; Sacramento, between Jones and Leavenworth; Sutter, between Powell and Mason, and also between Hyde and Leavenworth; Jessie, between Fourth and Fifth; Leavenworth, between Sutter and Bush; O'Farrell, between Mason and Taylor, and also between Jones and Leavenworth and Taylor; Taylor, between Greenwich and Lombard, and some other less important blocks. In all, forty-seven blocks of street were graded during the year, and twenty other blocks are in progress. Most of this work was done west of Taylor street, or south of Bush, in the newer parts of the city. No one street was graded more than Harrison, which was brought to the proper level from Third to Eighth streets. The planking was distributed round in all parts of the city. One of the most important improvements of this year was the increase of the width of the sidewalks in a number of the most important streets, to the great gratification and increased convenience of those who are in the habit of walking much in the business parts of the city. The change was especially needed in Washington, Kearny and Montgomery streets: the last has now sidewalks worthy of the Broadway of the Pacific, and elegant ladies, no longer fearful of the disagreeable jostling of former times, now resort to it, not only for purposes of business, but as a pleasant promenade, and as the value of property in the fashionable retail street of a great city increases with the number of promenaders, so the value of property on Montgomery street has risen perceptibly in consequence of widening of the sidewalks. These great street improvements were accompanied by a relative increase in the number and quality of the edifices of the city. During the year 1,228 buildings were commenced and most of them finished. About two thirds of them, 856, were of wood, and the remaining third, 372, of brick. Among these were many of the largest and most elegant houses of the city, including the Russ House, the Lick House, the Occidental Hotel, and the Metropolitan Theatre. Parrott's building, on the northwestern corner of Montgomery and Sacramento, and Belden's building, on the southwestern corner of Montgomery and Bush, were greatly enlarged and beautified. Besides, two hundred buildings commenced in the previous year were finished in this. Among these is the Masonic Temple, on the northwestern corner of Post and Montgomery streets. It is 75x160 on the ground and one of the highest in the city. Most of the new buildings have been erected south of Market street, but all parts of the city have improved greatly. The northwestern district made more progress within a twelvemonth than in three years before. The principal hotels of the city were erected during the last year. Previous to 1862 the Oriental, the International and the American Exchange were the favorite resorts of the transient fashionable people; but now they have been thrown into the second rank by the larger, more magnificent and more favorably situated Lick House, Russ House and Occidental Hotel. The Russ House was opened in April, 1862. It is one of the largest hotels in the world—that is, upon the ground, but in height it is only three stories. It is 275 feet long by 137 "wide."

In 1862 owners of lots in the southern part of Montgomery street claimed that they had the most valuable land in the city.

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "Good night" and be kissed,
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
O, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild—
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction.
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door
I shall miss the "Good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid me "Good night" and be kissed.

COINS AS CURIOSITIES.

Some Time Before Confederate Money Will Reach Par.

N. Y. Sun.

"The coins most in demand," said a leading dealer in that business, "are, as they ought to be, the American. I don't mean the recent coinage only," he added, with a smile, "for that's in demand by everybody, but the old and rare ones that collectors are after. It is the same everywhere. The old coins of every country are most in demand in that country. Next to American, Greek and Roman coins are in demand."

The eye of the reporter happened to strike a papal "lira," with the tiara and counterfeit presentment of Pius IX.

"Are those called for?" he asked.

"No, the public are well supplied with them. A religious demand did you say? No; I don't think I ever sold one to any one who wanted it on the score of religion. The Papal crowns are, however, in considerable demand at high prices, on account of the historical scenes usually commemorated on them. It is singular that when a kingdom or other sovereignty goes out of existence, as did the Papal States, the increase in the demand for the coinage is hardly noticeable. It is different when a new State comes into existence. Now we are unable to supply the demand for Bulgarian coins."

"Who are coin collectors, usually?"

"They may be found in all conditions and pursuits of life. Sometimes a poor workman takes it into his head to have a collection. It is a safe investment, as the coins are not likely to depreciate in value."

"Does it ever develop into a mania?"

"Very seldom, although I have heard of one old gentleman who hugs his collections as if it were all that he lived for on earth, and is never tired studying it."

"One of the most intelligent coin collectors in the city is a handsome and well-educated young lady, who can tell, at a glance, the age of an 'obolus' or a 'denarius,' and is a living dictionary on the subject of old American coins. A singular thing about her is that she refuses to touch Confederate money. She says it would not be patriotic."

"How does Confederate money go?"

"Rather slowly. Jeff Davis is not a handsome man, and folks don't seem to want his picture for albums; the demand is small, while, on the other hand, the supply is still very large. It will be some time before either the currency or the bonds reach par through the demand for them as curiosities."

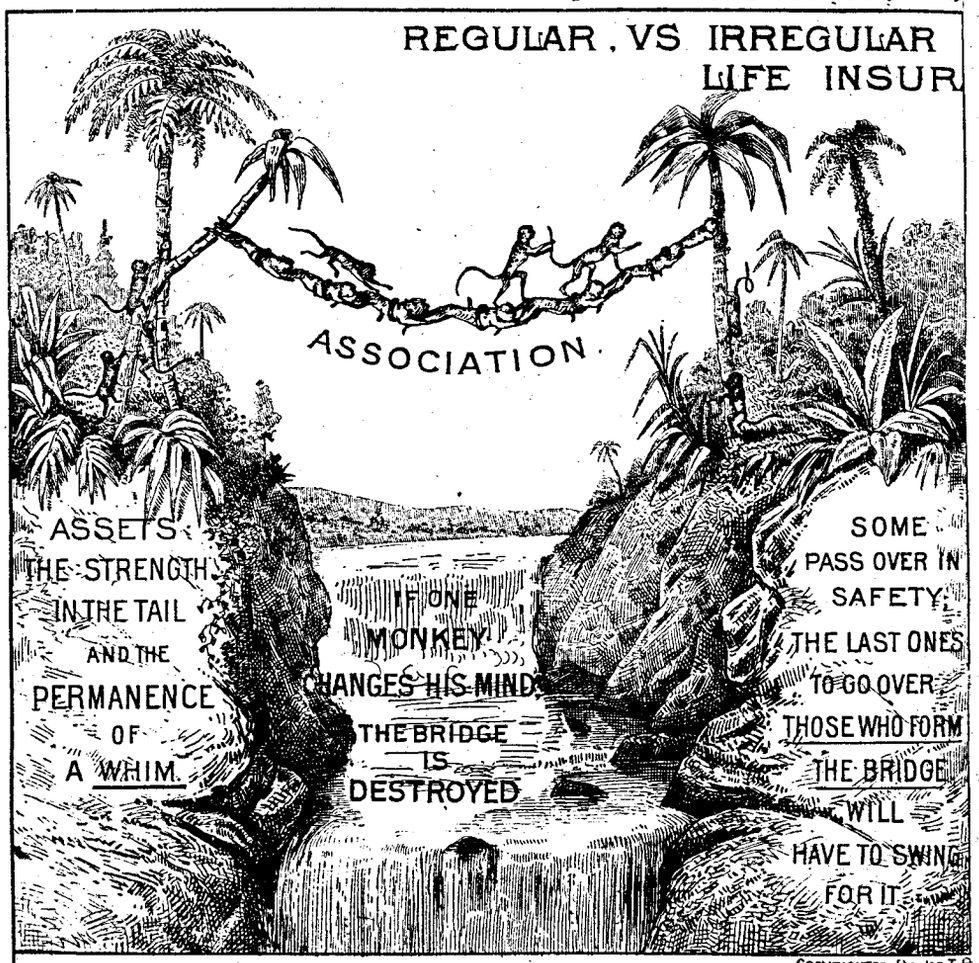
A WORD AND A DEED.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary man might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

THE MONKEY L



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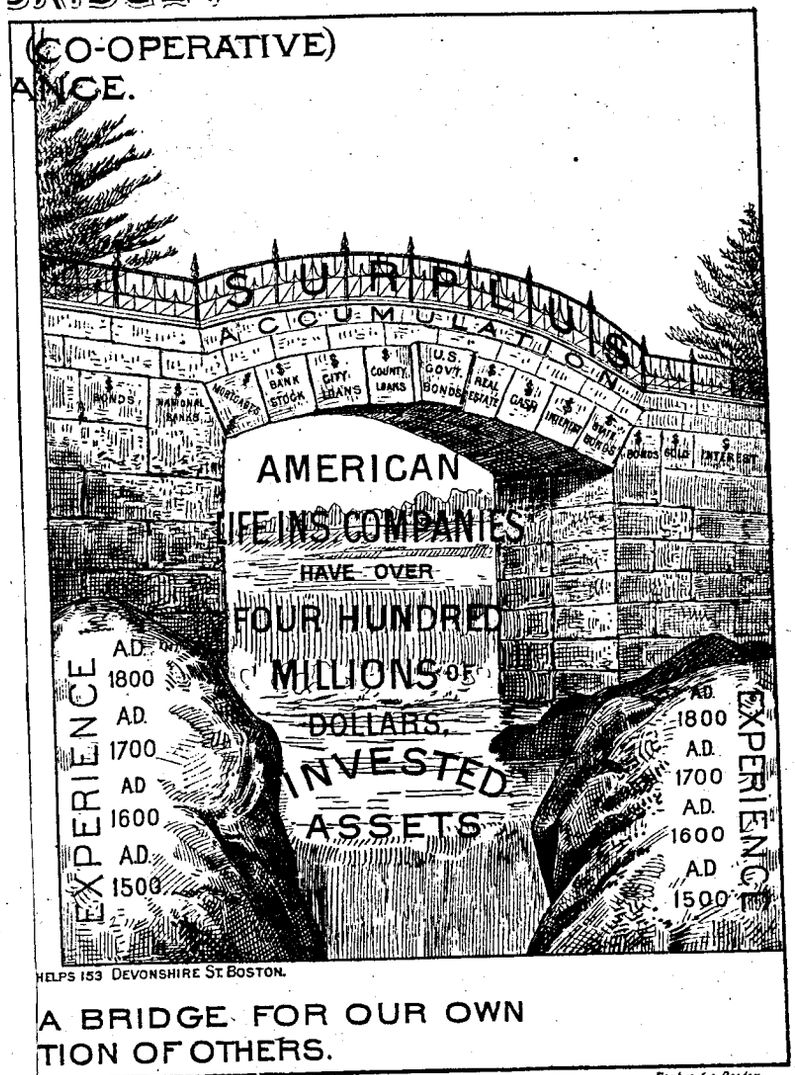

HELPS 153 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON.

A BRIDGE FOR OUR OWN
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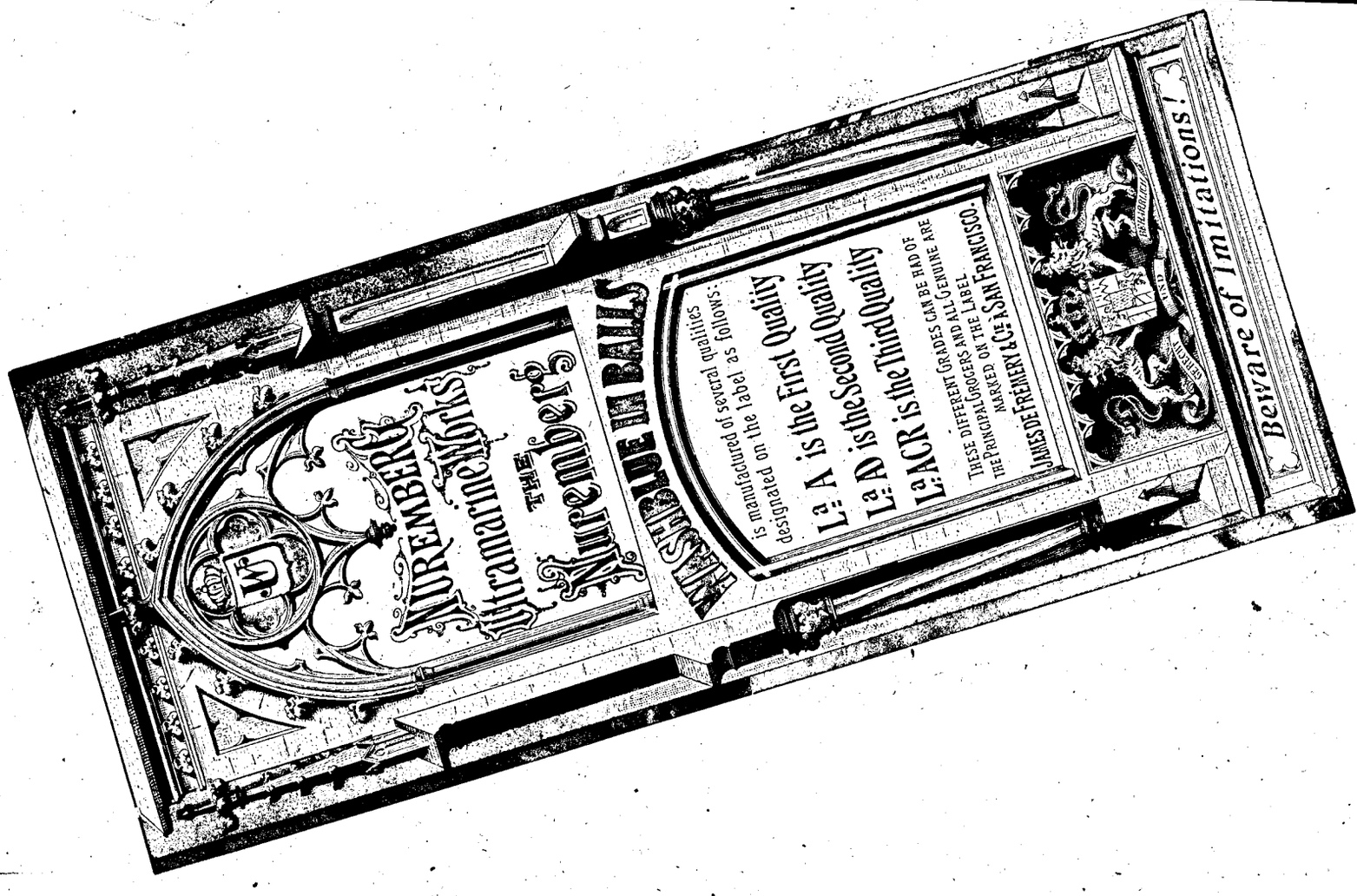

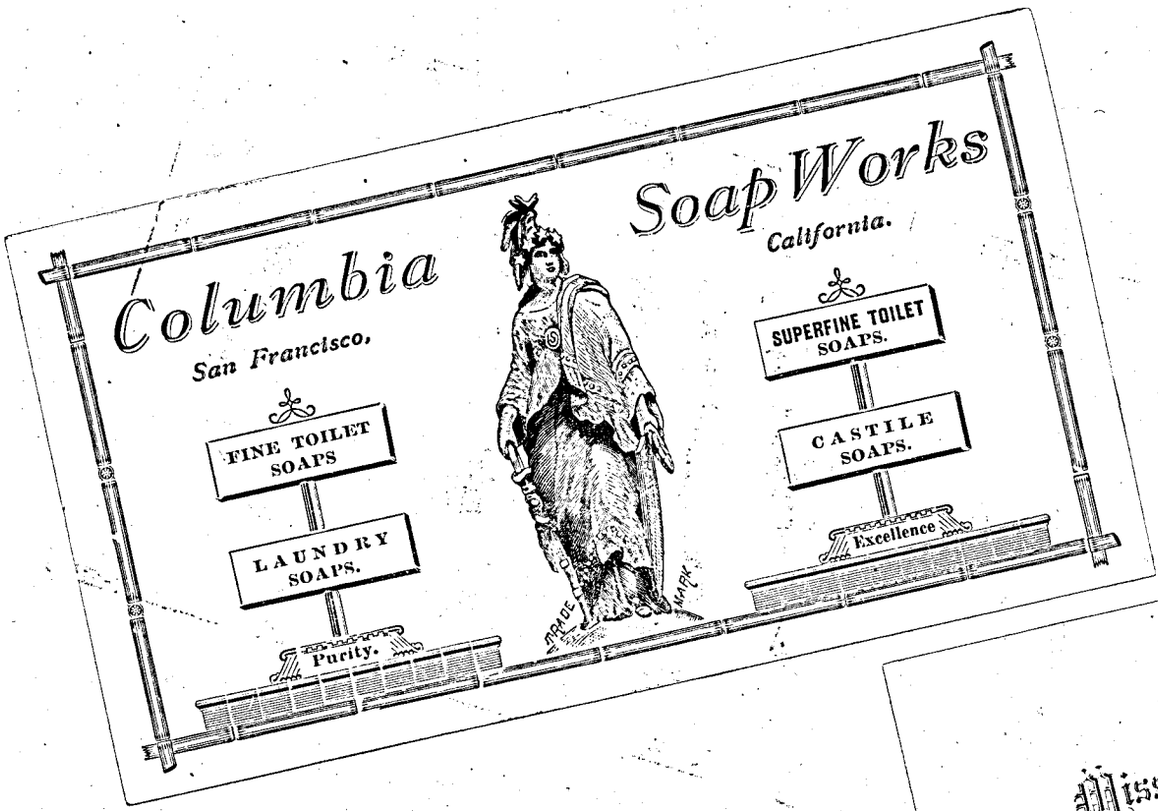

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