WAITING FOR WINTER.

BY HENRY A. BEERS.

"What honey in the year's last flowers can hide,
These little yellow butterflies may know;
With falling leaves they waver to and fro,
Or on the swinging tops of asters ride.
But I am weary of the Summer's pride
And sick September's simulated show:
Why do the colder winds delay to blow
And bring the pleasant hours that we abide;
To curtained alcove and sweet household talks,
Or sweeter silence by our flickering Lara,
Returning late from Autumn's evening walks
Upon the frosty hills, while reddening Mars
Hangs low between the withered mullin stalks
And upward throngs the host of wintry stars?"

BEPPO:

They called him Beppo and her—Rita. And seldom, indeed, did it happen that the one was mentioned without the other, for if ever there were bosom friends in the world Beppo and Rita were such.

Who were their parents? Who can say? They themselves were least able to give a satisfactory answer to this question. All they could remember was that they had found themselves one day, side by side, basking in the sun and scrambling among the rocks and pebbles of the shore at Naples; and since that day that shore had become their home, and they had always remained there together. Thrice a day Zio Antonio (Uncle Antonia) took them to his hut and gave them macaroni. When night came, if Rita felt chilly, they knocked at Antonio's door and huddled together among his nets and fishing tackle. But mostly they remained lying on the sand, looking at the bright stars overhead, chattering and laughing until the great sea lulled the children to sleep with its deep, soft and gentle murmur.

Beppo was somewhat older than Rita, and she looked up to him as her natural and powerful protector. He was proudly conscious of this, and would have sprung into a lion's jaws to shield her from harm.

So they grew up, like all that is alive in nature grows up in that blessed clime—children of the rich, burning soil on which they lay, of the blue sea which, like a mother, sang them to sleep.

Beppo was about fourteen and Rita perhaps two years younger, when Zio Antonio announced to them that in future they had no more macaronis to expect from him, for he was going away, far, far away—to a land called America. Things look bad in Naples, he said: "*Molta gente e poca danaro*" (many people and little money), and so he preferred work in foreign lands to starvation at home.

The poor children cried bitterly in taking leave of the old man. He was the only human being who had ever cared for them and now they were all alone in the world. It was not for his macaroni alone that they cried; as long as there was a fisherman on the shore they had no fear of hunger; but the macaroni is, after all, not everything in life—even for a Neapolitan lazzaroni.

After Zio Antonio had left them Beppo grew daily more restless and thoughtful. He could sit for hours in the sand, his dark sparkling eyes fixed with a longing look on the blue space of open sea between Capri and Tschia, and when Rita crept up to him and nestling on his lap asked what he thought about he answered: Zio Antonio and that foreign land he is gone to."

One day as they were thus sitting together a man dressed like a sailor approached them, and tapping Beppo on the shoulder, said:

"Cheer up my lad! I have good news for you, from Zio Antonio. I have seen the old man on the other side, he is doing very well and is fast becoming rich. Would you like to go to him? The ship, the Captain of which is a friend of mine, starts to-morrow. He will give you a free passage for Antonia's sake."

Beppo sprang up in delight.

"Of course we will go!" he exclaimed. "Won't we Rita?"

"As you will, Beppo," she answered simply.

And the pair started hand in hand preceded by the sailor. The same night they were brought on board the ship, where the Captain, a burly, coarse-looking red-haired fellow met him.

"Hallo, Domenico!" he cried. "Do you bring some more? We are pretty full already."

"But two more," answerd the man. "Squeeze hem up a bit!"

Then the Captain and the man who had brought the children drew aside and held a whispered conference. Some money passed from hand to hand, and then the sailor jumped into his boat and rowed back to the shore.

"What are you staring at?" cried the Captain to the children, who stood on deck side by side, bewildered, amazed by all they had seen and heard.

"Go down and sleep!"

Saying which he seized them roughly by the shoulders and pushed them down a steep ladder into an utterly dark and narrow hole. Groping their way through the darkness the children stumbled at each step they made on prostrate human forms. Cries and groans arose and chilled their hearts with a nameless terror. Beppo, with Rita half-fainting in his arms, rushed back to the ladder, but it had already been drawn up. He screamed aloud; nobody answered him. He shook his fists and stamped on the floor in impotent rage—all in vain. They were locked up—buried alive. With difficulty Beppo succeeded in finding an empty space on the floor. He took Rita in his arms, and pressed closely against each other both children cried themselves to sleep.

When they awoke the broad daylight streamed in through the hatchway. In the narrow and close space, forming the part of the steerage, a dozen or more ragged children of all ages, from ten to sixteen, were crowded together, lying on the bare floor with no other bedding than their miserable rags. One by one the poor wretches awoke, crying bitterly. The ship had heaved her anchor during the night and had already gained the open sea.

"What does this mean? What is going to become of us?" asked Beppo of his neighbor, a little chap of scarcely ten years of age, who cried as if his heart would break.

"We are sold!" cried the little one, sobbing. "Sold to wild people over the seas, who will roast us and eat us!"

The whole passage, which lasted nearly two months, was an uninterrupted series of suffering for the children. Not one soul on board cared for them in any way. Their food was brought to them in a trough, and consisted for the most part of a sea-buscuit soaked in water. Most of the children faded to skeletons before they reached New York. Two of them died, and the corpses were thrown overboard without further ceremony.

But of all these hardships and sufferings Beppo felt but little. His attention was too intensely absorbed by the care he had to bestow on poor Rita, who was sick nearly all the time. The lad nursed her with a touching, untiring devotion, and when at length he heard that New York was in sight his heart leaped up with joy. He forgot all the uncertainty of their future doom in the joy of the one feeling that Rita would feel well again.

The next day after the ship had come to anchor on the North River two uncommonly mean and brutal-looking Italians came on board and were received by the Captain with unusual honors. After indulging in a copious libation in the Captain's cabin, the three worthies proceeded on deck and ordered the children to be brought out. The little ones flocked out, shivering in the chilly atmosphere of a November morning. Every one of them was minutely scrutinized by both visitors. Half of the party remained on board; the rest, five in number, among them Rita and Beppo, were packed into the boat and brought on shore. On landing the padroni separated, the one taking, with three children, an easterly direction and the other driving Beppo and Rita before him like a pair of cattle in the direction of Baxter street.

While walking the Italian explained to Beppo that his name was Matteo, and that they were going to live together.

"And where is Zio Antonio?" asked the lad in despair.

"What do I know about your Zio Antonio?" rejoined the padrone gruffly. "You have no business to know anybody but me."

They walked on in silence. With each step through the busy roaring streets the poor children became more frightened and bewildered by the bustling which surrounded them. A feeling of utter despair and helplessness seized Beppo as he became conscious of the impossibility of finding Zio Antonio amid the waves of this human ocean.

"Here we are," said Matteo, stopping in the doorway of one of the highest and most dingy tenement-houses in Baxter street. "Follow me."

He stepped into the dark hall. The children followed, trembling with an undefinable horror. The walls of the hall were damp and clammy, the air foul with stenches and emanations of all kind. The poor lazzaroni, used to the balmy, invigorating breezes of the Mediterranean, felt nearly choked in this atmosphere. At the end of the long corridor they descended a few teps into what seemed to be an entirely dark cellar. Matteo opened a door in a narrow, badly lighted basement room in which, besides a rough bedstead in a cornor, they could distinguish but a great heap of nondescript rags, peanuts, eggshells and rubbish of every kind. In the middle of the room there stood a small decapitated iron stove, which had evidently not yet been used during that season, for the air in the room was damp and cold.

"There is your bed," said Matteo, pointing to a heap of rags in the corner. "There is always enough of that rubbish about for you to lay on. Now, come along, I will show you your business."

"But Rita cannot walk!" exclaimed Beppo, indignantly. "She has been sick all the way. Give her something to eat before going."

"Time enough for that," rejoined Matteo grinning. "Well, the girl may remain at home for this once."

Matteo led the way through a labyrinth of narrow streets to one of the busiest and noisiest corners of that noisy neighborhood. There the worthy padrone possessed a thriving peanut stand which he intended to intrust to Beppo, himself desiring to embrace a new and more lucrative career.

From that day a weary miserable life began for the poor children. It was not the wretched food and cruel treatment on the part of Matteo which pained them most; it was first of all the dreadful house, the abominable underground hole in which they lived, the feeling of dependence, almost of slavery, which was hard to bear for these children of nature. Many a sleepless night did they spend, sitting on their heap of rags and talking in a whisper about Santa Lucia and the nights on the coast, and Zio Antonia.

Sometimes Rita accompanied Beppo to his peanut-stand. But mostly she remained at home or was sent out by Matteo to sell evening papers, the names of which he had taught her. One bitter cold night as Beppo returned home a little earlier than usual, he heard on approaching the door of their room, the angry voice of Matteo swearing and scolding, while Rita cried and moaned in an agony of pain. Beppo rushed into the room and saw Matteo holding the girl by the hair with one hand, while with the other he lashed her naked back with a whip. Beside himself with rage Beppo sprang to Matteo's throat and clung to it with such a firm grasp that the man was obliged to release poor Rita. Of course he turned all his fury against the boy. He whipped him till the blood sprang out of the scars, then opening the door, threw the senseless body of the lad out into the inner yard of the house. Rita ran out after him, and Matteo locked both out, saying:

"Freeze there all night, you curs!"

The cold air revived Beppo very soon. On recovering his senses his first question was concerning Rita. She was kneeling at his side crying bitterly.

"Why has the rascal been whipping you again?" he asked.

"He wanted to teach me how to draw a handkerchief out of his pocket so that he should not feel it; I could not, and then he beat me," answered the girl, sobbing.

Beppo said nothing, but he clenched his fists and his eyes flashed like those of a wild beast. Rita was shivering with cold. The boy got up and rapped at Matteo's window. An oath and an order to keep quiet was all the answer he could get. With every hour the night became colder. An icy wind came sweeping over the city and, descending into the deep court-yard in Baxter street, kept whirling and whirling around, chilling the poor Italian children to their hearts. Beppo took off his coat and waistcoat to keep Rita as warm as possible, and feeling his limbs stiffening in the frost leaned against the door, and drew the girl to his bosom. Thus they lay, as they had often lain wrapped in a close embrace on the sand of their native coast. Sleep, the great friend of childhood, for whom there are no rich and no poor, who with equal love and mercy extends his soothing hand over the palace and the hut, closed their eyelids with a gentle touch and sent his sunniest dreams to soothe and to cheer.

A smile of happiness hovered about their pale faces; they saw once more before them the bay of Naples glittering in rays of their native sun; they felt the warm breeze caressing their cheeks. The smile on their lips grew brighter and happier.

"Beppo!" whispered the girl.

He heard her in his sleep, and drew her still closer to him.

And then all was still. The smiling friend of childhood had fled, and in his place a graver angel looked down upon the poor sleeping waifs and took them in his arms. The sunshine grew brighter in their dreams, the breeze warmer and balmier, their smile more radiant. Thus they lay through all the long, cold night. And when the morning came at last, and all that giant house awoke to its day's misery and crime, the two lifeless forms were found lying in close embrace with the same blissful smile illuming their faces.

What became of Matteo? Nothing of course. He easily proved that he had always been a "respectable" man, that he knew nothing about what had become of the children on that night, and that by "honest work" he had collected a few paltry dollars, of which he would readily give a share to any friends who would help him out of that scrape. It is hardly neccessary to add that he found such friends easily.

Stealing Messages.

In several instances portions of President Lincoln's messages were published, and the matter was attempted to be investigated by the Judiciary Committee of the House. When it was found that the inquiry would be likely to lead to a good deal of scandal connected with the ladies of the White House, it came to a very abrupt termination by the President going to the Capitol himself and directing that the investigation should be suspended.

The next instance was in the time of "Andy" Johnson, when, through the oblivious condition of his son Dick, a copy of the message was handed to a correspondent to read over and see what he thought of it. The correspondent took advantage of the opportunity and had a stenographic copy made, returned the manuscript and pronounced it an excellent message. The next morning the President was considerably astonished when he found the document in print.

President Grant's military methods were too much for the ingenuity of Washington correspondents, and in no instance did the text of his messages appear before their submission to Congress, except what he gave to one or two of his confidential friends or a correspondent. It was the custom of the General, when he had completed his message, to take his private secretaries—Pruden, Sniffin and Lucky—into one of the most remote apartments of the Executive Mansion, and there set them to work to make six manifold copies for the use of the press, which, when finished, were taken by the President, placed in an envelope, and held until the committee of Congress reported the two houses organized. He then submitted the manuscript copies for the use of the two houses, and, upon the return of Private Secretaries Gens. Porter or Babcock, he authorized the disposing of the six manifold copies.

While Mr. Boutwell was Secretary of the Treasury, on one occasion his annual report was made public in advance of its transmission to Congress. Upon investigation it was shown conclusively that the copy was given out by his private secretary. He was immediately dismissed and placed on the black list, and subsequently died in this city in absolute poverty, as the punishment of his breach of faith to his superior. The present administration seems to have been very unfortunate with respect to the premature publication of the President's messages, each message having been made public in advance of its transmission to Congress.

Although, as a rule, all the important features of the messages are anticipated, the eagerness to secure the text always makes the document a good marketable commodity. As high as $1,500 was offered for President Grant's messages. The last message, however, was sold for $500, while Secretary Sherman's report brought $450, the proceeds being divided between three parties, the purloiner and two middlemen who effected the sale.—*Philadelaphia Telegraph.*

Youth.

There is nothing like youth. The sunshine streams upon the flowers. The blood rushes wildly through the veins. The air is full of music, and echoes of happy laughter are borne on every breeze. All the world seems wrapped in golden mist, and hope, a white-winged angel, shines in the rosy heaven of the future. For age, the rustle of the dead leaves! For sorrow, the wail of the autumn wind, the sad November twilight, and the lonesome splashing of the rain! What have age and sorrow to do with life? Let them thrust away their doleful gloom—while for youth and beauty, and love and mirth, the silver bells ring, the wine sparkles, and the earth is strewn with roses.—*William Winter.*

A VERY beautiful lady who was hurrying through the streets of Baltimore turned and in pathetic accents asked a gentleman walking beside her to knock a pickpocket down who was following her. The gentleman obligingly complied. As soon as she saw the fight fairly begun she chuckled gayly and skipped away. The man knocked down was her husband.

Fluent Blackguardism.

In one of Albert Gallatin's letters, recently published, he warns his correspondent not to be troubled with the cry of Pharisee, which his political opponents will certainly raise against him. It is a policy akin to that of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. To sneer at a man as affecting superior virtue because he prefers decency and truthfulness in dealing, whether in politics, or in business, or in any relation of life, is a very amusing but an undeniably effective proceeding. It is really a charge of hypocrisy. It assumes that nobody sincerely wishes anything but what is mean and contemptible, and that to profess a preference for cleanliness is but a more disgusting form of meanness. The truth is that the mere suggestion of decency is a reproach to those who are satisfied to lie in the mire, and inevitably it extorts the grunt of angry sarcasm.

This cry of Phariseeism is especially common in politics. A young man beginning "to attend to his duties as an American citizen" finds immediately that he is expected to sacrifice his self-respect, to flatter and wheedle and lie, to affect good-fellowship with men whom he sees to be despicable, to drink and "treat," and "run wid de masheen," and clap "the boys" on the back, and to affect to believe of his political adversaries what Dr. Johnson asserted of his, that "the devil was the first Whig." As he does not conform—if he declines to drink, and prefers to talk honestly, and to show that he scorns the petty arts that are instinctively repulsive to every generous man—he is marked by his more cunning opponents; and it is they, not those whom he is accused of flouting, who sneer privately to their henchmen that he is "stuck-up," and "unco guid," and "high and mighty," and "too proud to speak to a poor man." We have heard a bar-room statesman insist that a man who brought his own cigars to a political meeting at the tavern, instead of buying them at the bar, could not hope to succeed in public life.

Don't be troubled, said Gallatin, because you are called a Pharisee. Blackmailing is not a difficult art, but it is very costly to the performer. When A pelts B with sarcasm and ridicule, B, if he can talk at all, can easily retort. But it is well for him if he has learned that such missiles recoil and wound the thrower. Many a public man, for the gratification of an hour, in giving way to his own bitter feeling amid the delighted applause of loyal stupidity, which innocently confounds fury with force, has forfeited forever the respect of really honorable men. It is a terrible gift, that of fluent blackguardism, however easy it may be, and the more intelligent the blackguard the more fatal the fluency. * * *

But the cry of Pharisee is not only a missile, it is also a measure of him who hurls it. It is not an argument, it is simply an appeal to the prejudice of base minds. The man who resorts to it reveals his own essential baseness. With whatever rhetoric he may ornament it, he cannot conceal it, and the rhetoric is but a decoration of carrion. The test of power in the contention of debate is the ability to scorn reliance upon these cow-boy and Skinner tactics. They do not assail the argument of an opponent. They do not meet the foe in a fair field. They skulk and dodge, and strike from behind and in the dark. His opponent sits down, and Cleon rises. He ridicules the face, the form, the movement, of his antagonist. He sneers that he is an angel astray in this wicked world, a Pharisee thanking God that he is not as other men. The crowd delightedly cheer. A Pharisee! a Pharisee! This is the end of the argument. The orator's victory is complete. What an able man! What an ugly foe! But his name is Cleon; it is not Pericles.—"*Editor's Easy Chair*," *in Harper's Magazine.*

FRANK LESLIE.

Henry Carter, more popularly known as "Frank Leslie," died at his residence, No. 511 Fifth avenue, at 5:45 p. m. Saturday, of a fibrous cancer in the throat, from which he had been suffering for eight weeks past, and which ultimately caused congestion of the brain, the immediate cause of his death.

Henry Carter was born at Ipswich, England, in 1821, and in early life he evinced a passion for engraving grotesque and curious designs in wood. His fancy for the manipulation of engravers' tools was developed in his frequent visits to a silversmith's. He also acquired a knowledge of glovemaking from his father, Joseph Carter, who was an extensive glove manufacturer at Ipswich, and he became a clerk in the glove department in an extensive establishment in London when seventeen years old. Here he also followed his inclination for sketching and engraving, and soon followed it as a business. His father and other relatives being averse to this pursuit, in order to keep it a secret from them, he assumed the non de plume "Frank Leslie." When twenty years old he married, but was seperated from his wife in 1860, taking with him his three sons—Henry, Alfred and Scipio, the latter dying last year. Carter soon became one of the first engravers and artists on wood of his time, and shortly after his first marriage was was given charge of the engraving department of the *Illustrated London News*, and there learned the system of regulating light and shade effect in pictorial printing, an improvement which he was first to introduce to this country, and which now forms so important an element in illustrated journalism.

Believing that a wider field lay in this country, he came here in 1848, and after declaring his intention of remaining, secured an act of the Legislature to enable him to assume the name of Frank Leslie, under which his fame as an artist in wood had preceded him. His American career began with Gleason's pictorial. Later, when Barnum and Beach started an illustrated paper, Leslie was made superintendent of the engraving department, where he remained until the failure of the paper, in 1854, when he began the publication of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine, and shortly afterward of the New York Journal. On December 14, 1855, Frank Leslie's illustrated Newspaper was startled, in which were the graphic illustrations of the Burdell murder, the inauguration of President Buchanan—the first Presidential election ever illustrated in this country—the exposure of the swill milk horrors, for his action in regard to which Mr. Leslie received public recognition and a public testimonial; of the execution of John Brown; of the Lynn Strike; of the Heenan and Sayers contest; of the Japanese Commission; of the Atlantic cable; the Civil War; of the Lincoln assassination; the Chicago and Boston Fires, and of other engrossing subjects.

In 1865, Mr. Leslie started the Chimney Corner, the editing of which, together with the Lady's Magazine, was done by his second wife. Following in rapid succession were published the Boy's and Girl's Weekly, Pleasant Hours, Lady's Journal, Popular Monthly, Sunday Magazine, Budget of fun, Chatterbox and illustriete Zietung. He also published reprints of novels, and in 1876 the Historical Register of the Centennial Exposition. Mr. Leslie was the first publisher who maintained a full engraving establishment for his own publications. Large double paged engravings which formerly required two weeks to produce by his invention were put upon the wood and engraved in a single night.

Forty Years Ago.

Some interesting reminescences were related by Capt. Bassett, who served more than a genreation in the United States Senate: "I entered the Senate," said Capt. Bassett, "in 1831, as a page, through the influence of Daniel Webster. Mr. Webster wanted me to get acquainted thoroughly with my duties. So during the year 1830 I worked as a page during the whole year for nothing. Up to 1831 there had been but one page to forty-eight Senators (the pages now number fourteen) and there was great opposition among Senators to have more than one. They said it was not to be thought of, one was quite enough. But Daniel Webster said that we must have his boy in, and in I went.

"Speaking of Daniel Webster," the Captain said, "I remember one rainy day Webster told me to go and get a hack. I hunted for a long time and came back wet and tired without finding any. Webster was very friendly with me, and so I came to be quite familiar with him. On this occasion, being rather cross, I rushed up to Webster, and said with boyish rudeness, 'I can't find any hack.' Webster just looked at me. But what a glance! I would rather endure anything than another such glance. I felt like sinking through the floor. Then Webster said, 'Go and get that hack.' It is needless to say, the carriage was found."

I asked the Captain, one day, what he thought of Webster's eloquence.

"Have you ever seen anybody that could make you laugh and cry at pleasure? Well, he could do it."

The Captain states as a curious fact that Daniel Webster always required a certain quantity of whisky before he spoke.

The writer has heard, on very good authority, that on one occasion, the Senate being in executive session, Webster, who was in that stage when the mind is most active, got up and made a brilliant speech. The question was on the confirmation of some official. Webster, with an entire forgetfulness of the matter in hand, quoted an entire play of Shakspeare. The Senate was enthralled by Webster. Imagine a play of Shakspeare personated by Webster, with his magnificent voice and awful presence!

"Rufus Choate," continued the Captain, "always wanted a cup of strong tea before he spoke.

"'Get me a cup of tea,' he would say, 'as hot as hell.'

"They speak of the eloquence of Rufus Choate, but I would rather hear Matt Carpenter, who studied in his office. I was present at the celebrated Webster-Hayne debate."

"Well, did Webster get the best of it?"

"They say so. He got the best of the argument."

The way in which the Captain said this inclines one to believe that his sympathies were with the fiery Southerner.

The old man continued: "I remember the fight between Foote and Benton, that famous one, the end of which was that Foote waltzed down the central aisle with a long pistol cocked in his hand.

"Benton jumped upon his desk, and, throwing open his coat, cried, 'Shoot, you villain.'"

Foote relates this in his book, but he omits the jumping on the desk.

Bassett again: "I was present when Brooks attacked Sumner. The circumstances which gave rise to the attack are well known. Brooks came into the Senate with a cane in his hand. It was a gutta percha one—all evidences to the contrary notwithstanding. Sumner was writing, and Brooks came up behind him and beat him over the head. The blood covered the head of the Senator, and he became senseless. I assisted him into the cloak-room. The cane was smashed to pieces, and I have a piece yet in my possession."

A Remedy for Diphtheria.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN LEGATION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 16. 1879.

In view of the increase of diphtheria in several places of the state of New York, I hastened to communicate to you for publicity a very simple remedy, which having been used in Ruisia and Germany, may prove effective here. Out of several others, Dr. Letzerich, who made extensive experiments in the application of this remedy, has used it in twenty-seven cases, eight of which were of a very serious nature, all of which had a favorable result, except in one case, when the child died from a complication of diseases. For children of one year he prescribes the remedy, for internal use every one or two hours, as follows:—

Natr. benzeic, pur. 5.0 solv. in aq-distillat aqmenth. piper. ana 40.0 syr. cort. aur. 10.0.

For children from one to three years old he prescribes it from seven to eight grammes for 100 grammes of distilled water, with same syrup; for children from three to seven years old he prescribes ten to fifteen grammes, and for grown persons from fifteen to twenty-five grammes for each 100 grammes.

Besides this he uses with great success the insufflation on the diphtherial membrane through a glass tube in serious cases every three hours, in light cases three times a day of the natr. benzoic pulver. For grown people he prescribes for gargling a dilution of ten grammes of this pulver for 200 grammes of water.

The effect of the remedy is rapid. After twenty-four or thirty-six hours the feverish symptoms disappear completely and the temperature and pulse become normal. This remedy was used also with the same success by Dr. Braham Braun and Prof. Klebs in Prag, Dr. Senator in Cassel, and several others in Russia and Germany.

N. SHISKIN.
Minister of Russia to the United States.

A Coffee-Field in Brazil.

In Southern Brazil, a coffee-field seldom lasts more than thirty years. The plantations are made on the fertile hillsides, where the forest has been growing thick and strong. But the soil there is never deep—six or eight inches of mold at the utmost. In the tropics there are no long winters, with mats of dead vegetable matter rotting under the snow. The leaves fall singly, and dry up until they break into dust; logs and decaying branches in the shady woods are carried away by white ants and beetles; hence the mold-bed increases very slowly; in twenty-five or thirty years the strong-growing coffee-trees eat it all up. Most planters simply cut down the forest and leave the trees to dry in the sun for six or eight weeks, when they are burned. S——, more provident, lets the logs rot where they lie, which they do in a year or two; in the open sunlight they are saved from insects, and the ground receives a large accession to its strength.

Back of the house there are two yards or small fields, four acres, perhaps, together. The ground is covered with earthen pots set close together, only leaving little pathways at intervals. Each of the 200,000 pots contains a thriving young coffee-plant. The ground forms a gentle slope, and water is constantly running over it, so that it is always soaked. The pots, through orifices at the bottoms, draw up enough of this water to keep the roots moistened. The young plants are protected from the sun by mat screens, stretched on poles above the ground.

This is a costly system. Most of the planters take root shoots at random from the old fields and set them at once into the unprepared ground. Sr. S——'s experiment has cost him probably $20,000; the pots alone cost $11,000. But he will make at least $50,000 by the operation. In the first place, he gains a good year in the start that he gives to these young plants. Then they are not put back in the transplanting; the pots are simply inverted and the roots come out with the earth. They are set into mold or compost which has been prepared in deep holes. The tender rootlets catch hold of this at once, and in a day or two the plant is growing as well as ever.

The nurslings come from selected seeds of half a dozen varieties. Sr. S—— has them planted at first in small pots. A dozen slaves are engaged transplanting the six-inch high shoots to larger pots. Little tired-looking children carry them about on their shoulders, working on as steadily as the old ones, for they are well trained. Sr. S—— wants to make his plants last fifty years, so he is careful and tender with them. The little blacks will be free in 1892, so his policy is to get as much work as possible from them while he can.

The plants are set in rows, about ten feet apart. They grow, and thrive, and are happy out on the hill-side. Warm sunshine caresses the leaves; the ground is kept free from intruding weeds and bushes, and the planter waits for his harvest. After four years, the trees are six feet high and begin to bear. By the sixth year, the crops are very large—three or even four pounds per tree at times. Meanwhile, corn and mandioca are planted between the rows. Often in a new plantation the expenses are nearly covered by these subsidiary crops. —*Scribner's.*

Interesting Facts.

The tomb of Edward I., who died in 1301, was opened Jan. 2, 1770, after 468 years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. Canute, the Dane, who crossed over to England in 1017, was found 1779 by the workmen who repaired Winchester Cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly 750 years, perfectly fresh. In 1569, three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of peat in Ireland, where they had probably lain 1,500 years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump. In the reign of James II. of England, after the fall of the church at Astley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried the 10th of October, 1530, in the twenty-second year of Henry VII.; and, although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails, and joints remained as though it had been but newly buried. Robert Braybrook, who was consecrated Bishop of London in 1331, and who died in 1404, and was buried in St. Paul's, was taken out of his tomb after the great fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral, and, although he had lain there no less than 262 years, the body was found to be firm as to skin, hair, joints and nails. The Convent de St. Domingo was partly demolished in search of treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Prince Rodriguez taken out, who had been buried alive in 1565, exactly as when placed 250 years before. His daughter, 2½ years of age, was lying at her father's feet, and as perfectly preserved as himself. The evidences of torture on him were fearfully apparent. The position of his hands showed that he was suspended by the body and neck until he died. Marks of the cord and the burning iron were deeply recorded on various parts of the body. His hair and beard were firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least trace of decomposition in any part.—*London Examiner.*

THE two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.