### My Wooing.

Down through the sloping meadows
Winds the rivulet fair,
With tangles of long grass waving
Above, like beautiful hair.
Lilies along its margin
Wave in the morning breeze,
And swing their golden censors
Beneath the blossoming trees.

Once, when the summer was dawning,
Down through the slope of green,
With roses among her tresses,
Wandered my beautiful queen.
Her footstep was slow and stately,
And down at her glancing feet
The fair flowers swayed and quivered
At touches so soft and sweet.

Scarcely I dared to whisper
The love fast filling my heart;
For I feared her scornful glances
Would bid every hope depart.
But her lids drooped softly downward,
And a rose-flush stained her cheek;
And I read, in her sweet confusion,
What her dear lips dared not speak.

## Clean-Washed.

"Mamma, listen! I heard a groan!" and little Helen Hawthorne sprang from her low seat by the warm fireside, the rich glow deepening on her fair cheek, and a sudden excitement leaping into the dark gray eyes.

"Nonsense, dear," answered the mother, after a moment's silence. "It was your imagination. My little girl is fanciful tonight," and she bent to stroke back the thickly-clustering curls from the low, white brow, as she pressed a fond, fervent kiss upon it.

It was a pretty picture on which the firelight danced and flickered—the warm, luxurious room, with the tall, elegant woman in its midst, and the little, daintily-dressed child by her side.

Without, the wind swept by, hurling great masses of snow on its wings, and dashing through the bare, leafless branches of the trees.

The child shuddered as she listened to its moan.

"I am quite sure I heard it, mamma. Suppose any one were out on such a night. It would be dreadful. Let me open the door a moment—just a moment."

And, without waiting for the refusal trembling on her mother's lips, she darted forward and threw open the great outside door.

In another instant, the bell sent a sharp peal through the house, for on the very threshold lay a prostrate body, already half buried in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later, and the lad had been carried to a sofa, and restoratives and stimulants passed down his throat.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think he will live?"

But, in answer to her question, the lids slowly lifted themselves, and the great black eyes rested wonderingly on the child's face, bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed overtaken him, and was this heaven he had reached? He feared to waken from his dream, and find himself again homeless and starving and cold.

With a long-drawn sigh, he closed his eyes, only to find the fascination of the present overcome him, and impel him to again gaze upon his marvelous surroundings.

But his wonder only deepened when the reality was brought home to him—when he discovered that it was life, not death, and earth, not heaven, and that he was not to be driven out again into the cold and bitter night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay motionless in this warm resting-place, picturing, in the darkness, the child's face, until it became stereotyped both on heart and brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last place," he said, "because I carried a book about with me, and the boss said it would teach me to dream instead of work. I was only trying to learn something in my idle minutes, though I couldn't find much time, and I didn't take my employer's. However, he was a hard man, and I had to go. I started West. The little money I had gave out. The storm overtook me. I struggled on as best I could, until I grew faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You know the rest. Now I am strong and well again, the storm is over, and I can only thank you in a few poor words for your generous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon," answered the child. "He is the owner of all the mills about here. If you would like, I will ask him to give you a place; and there is a school at night for the hands, so you can study, too."

"If I would like!"

It was all he said, but little Helen Hawthorne needed no other words. She knew that a great lump in his throat had choked his further utterance, and that he had turned away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled, and Alex Vernon stood once more a man among men. He found a place in the night school, too. Nor did his young patroness forget him. In some way she discovered the books he needed, and lent them to him, until he grew to associate her with every good thing of his new life. One morning she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma, Alex," said, "to be gone for a great many years. When I come back, I hope to find you a man—perhaps papa's overseer. I wanted to tell you that if you wished any books from the library I would leave this key with you, and you might come up and get them."

The sunlight was streaming full on her face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke, but to the boy, listening, a dark mist seemed to roll between them. She was going away for years—she who had saved him from death, or worse than death.

The next minute she felt just a little hurt, as, without a single word of thanks, he abruptly took the key and hastened from her presence.

She could not know that he went out to throw himself, face downward, on the ground, and sob out like a very child in his heart's bitterness.

Seven long years passed swiftly by, and Alex Vernon had reached his twenty-fifth winter. Helen Hawthorne's last words had been to him a prophesy, for she was now on her homeward way, and he had attained the position of head overseer of the works.

"My little girl made the best selection, after all." Mr. Hawthorne would often say, on receiving congratulations on the efficiency of his young aid.

Occasionally he would read him a scrap or kind message from his daughter's letters, but Alex received them all in silence. He had lost the little golden-haired child forever. She would return a woman, grown cold, haughty and proud, perhaps, refusing to cast even a smile across the vast social gulf yawning between them.

One morning—he had been absent a few days on business—he returned to find a difficult piece of machinery about to be adjusted in one of the mills which required his superintendence. Directing the men, he saw that not only his eye but his hand could do better work than the others, and so, seizing a workman's blouse hanging near, he slipped it on, and in another moment had his shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimed, he heard the rustle of a silken dress, and the silvery ripple of a woman's laugh.

He glanced up quickly. A gay party were passing through the works, with one among them seeming a princess surrounded by her followers. The gold still flecked her hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of purest ivory. Time had but made her more beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among the little group of men, of which he formed one.

"I see no one here I recognize," she said, in the old, sweet, soft voice, and passed on.

She had come home, then, during his absence. He had seen her. The seven years' waiting were over. What had they brought?

The machinery slipped into its place, but Alex Vernon, with a strange pallor on his face, went out silently from the mills. Not, as once before, to find relief in tears. He was a man now. He only knew that something was bursting within him—a bitter disappointment, to which he could give no name, but which he could only bring out into the air and sunshine, lest it stifle him.

Far out into the open country he walked, with great strides, knowing neither fatigue nor consciousness that it was unnatural that he should not tire.

Suddenly, on the road behind him, came a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his side.

"It is Alex," said a sweet voice, close in his ear; "I know that I am not mistaken."

And, as in a dream, he saw held out to him a tiny gauntleted hand. He looked at his own. Not even had he washed away the traces of his recent toil. He would soil by his touch even her glove, although the fair whiteness of her skin was thereby protected.

She saw the hesitation, and drew back.

"Am I wrong?" she questioned, in a little hurt surprise. "I thought you would be glad to see me."

"Pardon me!" he answered; "my hands are stained."

"Oh!" she said. Then, after a moment's pause, she added: "When you have washed them clean, come to see me."

And, cutting her horse with her silver-handled whip, she dashed past him out of sight.

The next week, he was invited to dine at her father's table. Mr. Hawthorne would accept no excuse.

"It is in our country an honor to be a self-made man. I have no guests of whom I shall be more proud."

But when he entered the elegantly-appointed drawing-rooms, Miss Hawthorne gave him simply a courteous bow of recognition, and made no effort to approach him.

Once or twice during the meal, he found her eyes fastened on his face, as he was drawn on to speak on this or that topic, as it was presented, while one and another mingled in the discussion, deferring to his opinions as to those of a man who understood himself.

The ice once broken, he met her often, but never once had their hands touched. He was admitted even into her circle now. He went only that he might see her, listen to her voice.

With her, he never forgot the cold night, the driving snow, the senseless, inanimate form, she had brought back to life, and light, and consciousness. He gave no name either to his pain or his exquisite happiness of being near her. He was in the maelstrom; let it whirl him where it would.

The summer came, and on its wings it brought the whisper that Miss Hawthorne was to be married in the autumn.

The day he heard it he went out, as once before, to walk off the sharp pang that made his former pain seem nothing. Was it fate that, as he turned into a path leading through the woods, he descried ahead the slight, willowy, graceful form he knew but too well?

She was coming toward him. In another minute they must meet; but even in that minute something came between. There was a sudden rustling of the bushes. He heard a low cry from her lips, as a large dog sprang on to the path, his blood-shot eyes and frothing lips, betraying his madness. The creature sprang toward her, but the man was quicker. He had thrown himself between them, and grasped the dog firmly by the throat.

"Run for your life!" he said, feeling his strength could not long hold out against such odds; but to his utter amazement she stood still.

"You shall not die for me," she said.

Then he remembered that in his pocket was a pistol, he had carried for protection, when at night he had been intrusted with money by the firm. He told her where to find it.

"Hold him a minute longer!" she said.

The next, a sharp shot rang out on the air, his hands relaxed, and the brute fell bleeding at his feet.

He turned toward her. She was very pale, and the pistol had fallen from her hold, but her eyes were fixed on his hands. He looked down. For the first time he saw that they were bleeding.

"Are they washed clean?" she said.

He held them toward her.

"Yes," he answered; "though I have saved your life for another man. *I*, who have dared to love you."

She spoke no word, but looking a moment in his eyes, stooped and raised first one then the other to her lips.

"There is but one man," then she said, "to whom I will belong, and he it is who for my sake washed his hands in blood. Alex, it needed this to lay bare our souls one to the other.

Then she burst into bitter weeping, but her tears fell on his breast.

### The Growing Power of China.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, who could boast long familiarity with the nations of the Orient, speaks with some weight when he cautions the people of England not to needlessly provoke the Chinese by unfair dealing. He intimates that they have acquired a power which should not be despised. He says: It might be thought that the enlightened regard for their own interests, which our merchants urge upon the Chinese as an unanswerable argument for increased facilities of trade and navigation, should suggest to them the value of mutual good-will, as the best means of securing their object. But no thought of this kind appears to prevail, and although China is at present weak, we are strong, and the day may not be so far distant as our merchants seem to believe, when these conditions may materially change. The same policy which within the last twenty years has led to the creation of extensive dockyards and arsenals, and the building of a fleet of fifteen ships, among which are large iron steamers of over 2,000 tons—all on the best European models, and with the latest improvements in guns and machinery—will, to all appearance, carry them much further. The drilling and arming of their troops with breech-loaders and arms of precision has kept pace with these advances in maritime equipments. Such a country is not to be despised, and cannot safely be regarded as too weak to offer any effective resistance to Western States, or too contemptible a Power to claim treatment in accordance with the law of nations. The time is probably coming when the Chinese Government may feel sufficiently strong to assert their independence, and resist dictation or interference. They have done so thrice before, and will undoubtedly do so again if unwisely provoked. Only the next time they will meet a Western Power in arms, it will be to fight it with other weapons than the bow, spear, or matchlock, and at less disadvantage than heretofore. With iron-clad steamers, Krupp and Armstrong guns, and some knowledge under good instruction of military science and European drill, they may make coercion a very costly affair both at sea and land.

### The Latest Shrewd Swindle.

A druggist in Des Moines, Iowa, was recently made the victim of a rather expensive practical joke. A man apparently under the influence of liquor, entered the shop one morning and called for a glass of soda water. After drinking it he staggered against a pane of French plate glass in the show window, shivering it to atoms. Seeing the mischief he had done he hurried away, but the druggist pursued and overtook him, demanding payment for the damage. The inebriate protested that he was impecunious, but the plea did not avail; two clerks seized and searched him, and extracted somewhere about his person a $100 bill. This they deposited in their money till, deducting the price of the glass, and, stuffing the change into one of his pockets, sent him adrift upon the street.

During the day the druggist discovered to his horror that the bill was a counterfeit. Of course, no time was lost; officers were sent in every direction, and the offender was at length captured and brought before the bar of justice. Here, however a legal technicality disturbed the even flow of the equity. The drunkard urged that he was guiltless of any crime; that the counterfeit money happened to be in his pocket at the time of the accident, and that it was taken from him by force. Under the circumstances the honorable gentleman who presided over the court felt constrained to dismiss the case, and the druggist, with the fear of a suit for assault and battery before his eyes, declined to move further in the matter.

### Taken In.

Yesterday evening, a colored swain entered the office of Justice McCormick, with a blushing colored belle on his arm, and without the slightest embarrassment and apparently unconscious of the solemnity of the occasion, he earnestly remarked, "We wants to marry," Brushing the dust from his coat-sleeve, and smiling like a basket of chips, the Justice simply observed, "All right." The groom removed his beaver, and the bride gracefully swung her trail, as they approached the stand wheron the Court sat, thinking of the gopher market and probable range of prices therein. Bringing that ease and grace into requisition which experience, and experience only, can acquire, the Court soon rendered the happy pair two souls but with a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. "How much is it?" asked the groom, as he put his hand into his pocket. "Well, about two dollars, I reckon," replied the Court. He seized the alabaster arm of his bride, laughed loudly, and said, "I ain't got a nickel," as he walked out of the office of the swindled Justice. The Court says that while it is the first time he was ever done so badly, he don't care anything about it, but admires the impudence of the groom, and thinks him foolish to start of the hill of life in double harness without a cent. He doesn't need any money, if his wife is a good cook, and has a good situation.

### A RECORD OF BIRTHS.

An honest farmer of Caithness, recording the births of his children in the family Bible, wrote: "Betty was born on the day that John Cathel lost his gray mare in the moss. Jemmy was born the day they began mending the roof o' the kirk. Sandy was born the night my mother broke her leg, and the day after Kitty gaed away with the sodgers. The twins, Willie and Marget, was born the day Sandy Brenner bigget his new barn, and the very day after the battle o' Waterloo. Kirsty was born the night o' the great fecht on the Reedsmas, atween Peter Donaldson and a south country drover. Forbye, the factor, raised the rent the same year. Anny was born the night the kiln gaed on fire, six years syne. David was born the night o' the great speat, and three days afore Jamie Miller had a lift frae the fairies."—*Chambers's Journal.*

### WASHINGTON'S LAST ILLNESS.

The certificate of Drs. Craik and Dick, the physicians who attended George Washington at the time of his death, has just been unearthed from a Georgetown newspaper of 1799. It does not appear in any of the biographies of Washington. The certificate concludes thus: "He was fully impressed at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal; submitting to the several exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectations of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system as coeval with the disease, and several hours before his decease, after several efforts to be understood, succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. During the short period of his illness he economized time in the arrangement of such few concerns as required his attention, with the utmost serenity, and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his whole life has been so uniformly and singularly conspicuous."

### CANINE COURAGE.

The house of a medical gentleman in London was lately entered by burglars. A little black dog was the only obstacle to their nefarious attempts, and it was not until a fearful fight between the dog and the thieves occurred, resulting in the poor animal's receiving more than twenty wounds, that they were able to proceed with their work of plunder, which they effected by breaking open all the locks and taking away every article of value upon which they could lay their hands. The fight between dog and men must have been very severe, the pools of blood and the cuts upon the sofa on which the poor creature slept, indicating the courage, determined resistance and sagacity we so often read of in anecdotes of that faithful animal. One of the most astonishing facts connected with the affair is, although one stab penetrated the lungs, one almost dividing the throat, and an immense amount of hemorrhage ensued, the dog is yet alive and the doctor has every hope of saving it.

### INTERESTING FACTS.

Professor Playfair says: "If I only bend my arm, or move my finger, there is a certain portion of the tissue destroyed, which must be supplied by my food; the more work a man performs, the more of these nitrogenous substances he requires. The other class of food serves a very important, but quite different purpose—supplying animal heat. The temperature of our bodies is, in temperate climates, at least, higher than the surrounding air, and in order to keep up this temperature, a combustion goes on similar to that of an ordinary fire. The same products—carbonic acid, water and ammonia—are evolved from the mouth of the furnace of the body, and the mouth of a common chimney. In cold weather a certain portion of heat is gradually extracted from our body, which must be supplied by the combustion of our food or of the matter of our bodies; the colder the climate, therefore, the more heat-giving must be the food."

### FULL AND EMPTY STOMACHS.

A business man who has been at work all day will enter his house for dinner as crabbed as a hungry bear—crabbed because he is as hungry as a hungry bear. The wife understands the mood, and while she says little to him, is careful not to have the dinner delayed. In the meantime the children watch him cautiously, and do not tease him with questions. When the soup is gulped, and he leans back and wipes his mouth, there is an evident relaxation, and his wife ventures to ask for the news. When the roast beef is disposed of, she presumes upon gossip, and possibly upon a jest; and when, at last, the dessert is spread upon the table, all hands are merry, and the face of the husband and father, which entered the house so pinched and savage, and sharp, becomes soft, and full and beaming as the face of the round Summer moon.

### A Riotus Pea-Nutt Eater.

Last week a woman was placed on trial in the Chester County, Pa., Court, charged with disturbing a religious meeting. The offence was riotously eating pea-nuts. She was requested to desist, but she munched and munched notwithstanding. And afterward she crushed the shells in her hands and threw them on the floor, and declared she would eat peanuts whenever she felt inclined. This was the evidence on the part of the prosecution. It was said in defense, that the meeting was over and the defendant was only loitering there and enjoying her peanuts, a fine old constitutional privilege which ought not to be abridged. Verdict not guilty. Prosecutor for costs.

### CHINESE DELICACIES.

In a street in Canton rats are hung up for sale with poultry. They are dried and salted, and are very much liked by ladies whose hair is falling off, as the flesh of rats is known to be an excellent preventative of baldness. Pork is one of the staples of Chinese cookery, the best bacon and hams coming from the provinces of Fokien and Quang Tang, the flavor of the hams being much improved by keeping them for a year or two in sawdust after they have been cured. As in Europe and here, certain places in China are renowned for their products, such as Pekin for its sweet ducks; Ton-lion, a small village near that city, for its vinegar (tsou); Tchin-Kiang, in the Klangsu, for a sauce made with fermented beans and salt, which the Chinese use as we use Worcestershire sauce.

### A Lawyer's Note.

A wag of a lawyer was sitting in his office the other day deeply engaged in unraveling some knotty question, when a gentleman entered and inquired, "Is this Mr. Z.?" The student of Blackstone raising his eyes from the legal book before him replied: "If you owe me anything, or have any business in my line, then Z. is my name; if you have a claim to present, I am not the man. If you simply called for a social chat, you can call me by any name." I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of twenty-five dollars I want you to collect," and handing the lawyer a note, departed to call the next day. As soon as he was gone, the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises to pay. The next day his client appeared, and inquired, "Well, what success?" "All right; I have collected the money. Here it is, less my fees," handing him fifteen dollars. "Good!" said the client. "I have made two dollars and a half by this operation." "How so?" said the lawyer. "Well," replied the client, "I tried all over the city to sell your note for twelve dollars and a half, but couldn't do it."

## A GOOD HORSE.

### The Graphic Description by a New York Dealer.

[Scribner's Monthly.]

"I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best-natured dealers in the street. They are as different as men; in buying a horse, you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick? Well I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he's got plenty of wing, and he'll kick the horn off the moon."

The world's treatment of man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured phrenologist could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly dilineated, while he had but the gentlest treatment for a sleek-limbed sorrel that pricked her ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all that was being said.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and and eyes. You can't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anbody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight elegant face. A horse with a dashing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the underside of a head a good horse should be well cut under the jowl, with jaw-bones broad and wide apart under the throttle.

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long legged stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high, and the shoulders well set back and broad, but don't get them too deep in the chest. The fore-legs should be short. Give me a pretty, straight, hind-leg with the hock low down, short postern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly graceful, good-natured and serviceable. As to color, tastes differ. Bays, browns and chestnuts are the best. Roans are very fashionable at present. A great many gray and sorrels are bought here for shipment to Mexico and Cuba. They do well in a hot climate under a tropical sun, for the same reason that you find light-colored clothing most serviceable in summer. That circus horse behind you is what many people call a calico horse; now, I call him a genuine piebald. It's a freak of nature and may happen anywhere."

### Gems of Thought.

Faint not; the miles to Heaven are but few and short.

Clothe and wrap yourself in humility, so that it shall be impossible to tear from you this covering.

There is a blessing attending the ministration of mercy. The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.

While we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.

A young man cannot recover the loss he suffers here in practice of bad habits, though by patience and godly sorrow he may regain the celestial companionship of his mother in heaven.

Every man ought to endeavor at eminence, not by pulling others down; but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the experience of them.

We look back to former times and the struggles that then were, and wish we had been helpers in the fight; but there is honorable warfare now, or have not the courage to do it if we can see, neither should we have had vision or courage then.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it all together. So it is with our mortal improvement, we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher moral atmosphere.

Mr. Horatio Seymour compares the Indians to Marquis de Talleyrand. Of the redmen he is reported as saying: "They are natural orators and diplomatists. The finest speeches that were made to me when I was Governor were made by the Iroquois Indians. Yet they would not speak except in their own language and through an interpreter, though they spoke English perfectly well. They reminded me of Talleyrand, who would not allow himself to speak English or be addressed in that tongue while he was in Great Britain, though he was a fluent English scholar.

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings he sees you express; these will educate him, the society you live in will educate him; above all, your rank, your situation in life, your home, your table, will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of these things except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. Education goes on at every instant of time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be.

### WHO FIRST DREW DOWN THE LIGHTNING?

The history of lightning-conductors extends over but a brief period of time. It is ordinarily dated from the memorable evening when Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by his eldest son, succeeded in the bold experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds down the conductor afforded by the wet string of a silken kite. It is remarkable that Mr. Anderson does not refer to that which converted the first failure into the subsequent success, namely, the wetting of the kite-string by the thunder-shower. But we cannot help confessing a sort of satisfaction, on behalf of the Old World, in being taught to antedate this triumph of experimental sagacity, though only by a few days, in favor of an experiment made at the suggestion of Buffon by M. Dalibard. At Marly-la-Ville, about eighteen miles from Paris, on the road to Pontoise, M. Dalibard possessed a country-house, standing on a high plain, some four hundred feet above the sea-level. Here a wooden scaffolding was erected, supporting an iron rod eighty feet long and a little more than an inch thick. At about five feet from the ground this rod was connected with an electrical apparatus. Shortly after the whole was fixed, on May 10, 1752, (fifty-five days before the observation at Philadelphia) a thunder-storm came on. M. Dalibard was absent in Paris, but he had left the apparatus in charge of a faithful sentinel, one of his servants, an old soldier, Coiffier by name, with full instructions. Coiffier presented to the conductor an iron key with the handle bound in silk, and was thus the first human observer who drew down, by tentative means, the electric spark from the clouds. On May 13, 1752, M. Dalibard startled the Academie des Sciences by reading a report of this first great experiment made as to aerial electricity.—*Exchange.*

### THE OLD, OLD HOMESTEAD.

Oft-times in memory I see the dear old homestead! Oh! how plainly in imagination the old farmhouse comes up before my mind; and those uncultivated and rock-crowned hills, the rude plain, that old maple and apple orchard, in fancy again I see. The violet and the forget-me-not, the mossy rocks, and laughing rills, the crystal spring, all these again I see, and the happy days of childhood come floating back to me again. It seemed but yesterday, that father smiled, and mother kissed her boy, in the old homestead! Oh, those sunny days of childhood, they were all too bright to last, and as I sadly think of the dear ones passed away, mother, father, sister, brother, all sleeping in those orchard graves on the old homestead, and of the thousand happy hours spent by us together, it seems that death has taken all my earthly treasures and I am left alone at last. But a voice softly floating on the evening breeze, tells me I am not alone, and in imagination I ramble over the old homestead, with the cherished *love* of long ago at my side. And thus it is, the buds of spring, the summer flowers come and go, with their beauty teeming, but in memory never dying. So with fondly cherished ones, though in the grave we have their forms so fair, they ever in memory dwell with us. The days of childhood, the old homestead, will never be forgotten, the past to us, by mind and memory, will be renewed, the tuneful birds, with varied songs, the little brooks that wind along the stream reflecting a spotless sky, and "crystal streams more fair," and the wildwoods around the old homestead where nature first her charms to me displayed, eclipsing works of human art, these to me are more precious in memory than all the gems of earth and art, rude though they be.

### TEXAN SPORTS.

Sportsmen find an agreeable abiding place in Texas. On the prairies almost every kind of wild animals abound. In the north west are the wild horse, or mustang and the fierce buffalo. The deer and the antelope, the moose and the mountain goat, are plentiful, not to mention the jaguars, the wild cats, black bears, ocelots, wolves and foxes, and such smaller game as peccaries, opossums, hares, rabbits and squirrels. A special feature of wild life is the prairie dog or marmot, dwelling in holes burrowed in the ground. Their numbers are so great that the traveler may journey for days together without losing sight of them. The feathered tribe are also abundant, including birds of prey and birds of sport. There is the bald-headed eagle and the Mexican eagle, vultures, owls, hawks, wild turkeys, wild geese, prairie hens, canvas back and other ducks, teal, brant, pheasants, quails, grouse, woodcock, pigeon, partridges, snipe, plover, red birds and turtle doves. By the waters are also found the crane, the swan, the pelican, the water turkey, and the king-fisher. The smaller birds are numerous, and among them many of the most brilliant plumage, as the oriole, the paroquet, the cardinal, the whippoorwill, and the sweet-toned mocking bird. Black birds abound, and wood-peckers, blue-jays, starlings, swallows, martens, and wrens. In the rivers and bays there are all the varieties of water life, from alligators to perch, pike, trout, green turtle and oysters.

### CHANGE OF COLOR IN ANIMALS.

Certain animals possess the power of changing their color at will, or according to the circumstances in which they are placed. This is convincingly shown in some recent experiments made by Mr. Pouchet, a French investigator. He chose as his subject the Palæmon serratus, a species of prawn or crab. These prawns, when brought ashore by the fishermen, have a rose or dark lilly color; but if they are put into porcelain vessels with black or white bottoms, they will assume colors wholly unlike. Those in the white dish become yellowish, almost colorless, as if they had just shed their skin; those in the dark-colored dish assume a brownish red hue. If they are changed, the pale into the black vessel, and vice versa, they again change their color, in correspondence with their surroundings. The change of a pale one to a dark tint was more rapid than the reverse. Thus, under favorable circumstances, a yellow, red, or blue Palæmon can be created.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There is a town in Kansas named Monkey Wrench.

It is said that only a few locomotives can make fifty miles an hour.

A whale seventy-five feet long has been seen off St. Mary's Lighthouse, Alabama.

A Persian will establish at Durhan, N. C., a factory for the manufacture of silk.

Female convicts in the Kentucky penitentiary are required to dress in pantaloons.

It is established beyond question that the coffee plant can be successfully cultivated in Southern Florida.

There are three million unmarried men in the country. This is understood not to include the divorced.

Over in England, when anybody has a complaint which puzzles the doctors, they lay it to American beef.

It is proposed to change the name of Central Park, N. Y., to Irving Park, in honor of Washington Irving.

Detroit has a restaurant where a cup of coffee and a roll of bread can be obtained for two cents, or a cent a piece.

There are nineteen batchelor farmers in Walnut township, Pike county, Iowa, who are farming and doing their own cooking.

In the Iowa Agricultural College every girl in the junior class has to know how to make light bread before she can rise to the seniors.

The St. Louis police searched all day for a baby whose mother said it had been stolen, but which was found under the bed, were it had fallen.

In order to enlarge a church in Dover, England, a yew tree, 1,000 years old, has been removed. The earth and tree weighed fifty tons.

An artesian well at Davenport, Iowa, has been sunk to the depth of 930 feet, and 400 gallons of water a minute flew from it, rising twenty-five feet above the surface of the ground.

A man, woman and child, who have been begging for some weeks in Watsonville, Cal., have been found to have $65,000 invested in San Francisco, have four sons engaged in profitable business, and $600 in gold was found in the possession of the man.

The Superintendent of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) schools highly commends the use of the daily paper as a text book, as the lively interest the pupils take in the geography and history of affairs connected with daily events would serve to impress both studies deeply upon their minds.

The grain crop in Syria has proved so poor that, instead of exporting, as Northern Syria did three years ago, she is importing wheat from Egypt and corn from America. Camels are carrying American "Indian corn" from Tripoli to Hamath, one of the granaries of the East.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

There is a German Evangelical Church in Jerusalem of 140 members, a German school, a hospital and an orphan asylum, all in a flourishing condition and liberally sustained by Christian charity. In Bethlehem a German missionary labors successfully. He has a school of 100 pupils and an orphan house.

A German newspaper mentions that certain druggists of Leipsic offer for sale colored inks for writing labels on glass, porcelain, ivory, marble and metal. The writing is done with a goose-quill, and when dry adheres so closely that it cannot be removed by any liquid. Black, white, red and blue inks of this kind are made.

Madame Adelina Patti, writing of her experience in singing, says that when her name is on the poster for appearance, she is all the morning preoccupied, nervous and agitated; as the hour of the representation approaches, she grows more and more feverred, and at the last moment, when leaving her dressing-room for the stage, one feeling dominates her—a terrible fear.

The oldest house in New England is that now owned and occupied by Alfred Poor, just beyond the Old Town Bridge, in Newbury, Mass. The Poors came to Essex county in 1635, and built their house in 1643, and the first child born in that house was named John Poor, and the last one christened the same. The Poor family have occupied this house through eight generations, and now it is stated it is to be torn down and a new dwelling erected upon its site.

An Italian newspaper says that a young female slave has escaped from the harem of the ex-Khedive at Resina, and taken refuge in an opposite house, in which lives a young man who has fallen in love with her from seeing her at the window, and with whom she has managed to carry on a pantomime wooing. The young man intends to marry this Oriental waif, and though there are some legal obstacles in the way, will doubtless accomplish his purpose. The young beauty is only sixteen.

Years ago, a party went from Kentucky to unearth the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife, whose bodies had been buried at Mathasville, about forty miles northwest of St. Louis, and a few miles from the house where Boone had lived and died. Fearing interruption from the citizens of the place, the party hurried back to Kentucky with what they got, leaving the graves unfilled, and they remain so to this day. The person who owns the lot where the graves are is said to be so angry at the loss of the money which he might have made by showing them in their original state that he is thinking of taking legal measures to recover what is left of their bodies.

Trials are moral ballast that often prevents our capsizing. When we have much to carry, heaven rarely fails to fit the back to the burden; where we have nothing to bear we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port, but the vessel without ballast is in imminent danger of not reaching it at all.

WOMEN resemble flowers. They shut up when they sleep.