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Requiescat.

More was buried with you, love,
Than just the beautiful clay
You left to chill the passionate kiss
When you passed from our life away.

More was buried with you, love,
Than the spring of your young renown,
And the glow of the fresh green laurel leaves
That were weaving to make your crown.

More was buried with you, love,
Than golden hopes and dreams—
Than all the glittering halo hung
Round a true heart's noble schemes.

For oh! when the heavy sods lay straight,
In the black December weather,
The light of a home and the strength of a life
Were left 'neath their weight together.

There were many around your grave, love,
With an honest tear and prayer,
But one, as she knelt beside it, knew
Her youth, too, rested there.

Saturday Night.

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

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

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

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

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

AMOS DYKES' FORTUNE.

The time of our little tale shall be some sixty years ago, before express trains tore along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, before chimney-pot hats were in fashion, and when there were many quaint old ways and customs in dress and manners which have now faded quite away.

And the hero of our tale shall be Amos Dyke, the son of the Hollington carrier.

Old Peter Dyke, the Hollington carrier, lived in a little side place off the main street of the town, and commenced life with only a few shillings in his pocket. By honest industry he had accumulated enough to establish a good business and, at last he became the Hollington carrier.

Old Peter died leaving a son about ten years of age, and enough for him to start well in life, and something more. But as he was so young it was necessary that he should have some one to look after him and his property; and who so fit as the miller, Crust, to undertake the task? Crust was nothing loth; he promised to defend the boy and do the best he could for him; and as Crust was an honest man everything promised fair for Amos.

Old Peter Dyke's business was sold at his death, according to his express wish; and according to arrangement made between the miller and the old man, the proceeds were all invested in the mill—a flourishing concern—and one out of which all the neighbors said a fortune must sooner or later be made.

The prospects of Amos Dyke, then, were about as bright as those of any young man in his rank of life all the country round.

The miller did not neglect his young charge's education. He gave him the very best the neighborhood afforded, and acted honorably by him in every way.

Thus grew up Amos Dyke to manhood; and side by side with him grew Mary Crust. And often, if the truth were known, the worthy miller looked with satisfaction upon them, as they sat one on each side of his table, and thought that perhaps some day, when he was gone, Amos and Mary would be in their places at the head and foot of the table, and perhaps the mill will be more flourishing than ever.

There was one drawback to this agreeable prospect. Amos Dyke was rather of dreamy nature—he was often absent as though his thoughts were far away, and he had to own that many a time when he should have been attending what he was at, he was building castles in the air instead.

Time passed on, as it will always keep doing, and Amos was now 20, and Mary was 18—and in another year, on New Year's Day, Amos would be of age, and would come in for his share of the mill. He hoped also to come in for his share of Mary.

But alas! there was a heavy cloud looming over the Hollington mill. The worthy miller entered into a large—too large a contract to supply flour at a given price for several months; he thought he knew what he was about, and if others had been as true to him as he was in his dealings, all would have been well; but the contract proved his ruin. One dreadful morning the post brought him the announcement that he was a bankrupt—he, and Amos, and Mary—and all of them were undone.

Honest John Crust could have borne his own losses well enough, if he had no one else to think of but himself. Time was, when he had only bread and cheese, and on bread and cheese he could live again; but there were others to think of too. Ah! the "others"—these are what makes life's trials and losses often so hard to bear. To see them want—to see them pinched; this soon doubles trials and losses.

And the weight of it proved too much for honest John; the trouble struck him with a deadly chill, and he did not survive long.

Amos tended the miller along with Mary, during his short illness; and as the time drew near when it was plain that the good man could not last long, he gave them both his last directions.

"Amos," said the dying man, "if this trouble had not come you would sooner or later have had all the Hollington mill—your own share and mine too; for Mary is all I have in the world, and she would have been yours, and with her whatever I had; but now it is all done. But whatever has gone our good name has not; and, believe me, a good name is worth money. 'Tis worth respect and honor and trust, which are better than money, but these often bring money too. 'Tis an awful thing when parents leave their children a bad name; my poor school-fellow Bence Porter used to say that it took him seven years to wipe off his father's name from him—ay—seven years' hard work, had he, as an honest man, before any one for miles round would trust him with a shilling, though he was as honest as the sun. And, now, Amos, give up day-dreaming. Perhaps you thought you could afford it when you knew you had a tidy fortune coming to you, and while you had no responsibility or care. for I was the head of everything. Well, you were wrong there; no man can day-dream without coming to loss; but if you could not afford it then, how much less now. Believe me, Amos, folks do not dream themselves into anything. Be up and doing, and with God's blessing all may yet be well. Keep from wishing, wishing, and be doing, doing, and with industry, honesty, and thrift, and blessing of your God, you will do well."

This was the last talk the miller had with Amos about worldly things, tho' he said much more to him about the happier and better land—for, the good man had that above which no losses or bankruptcies could take away.

Mary Crust had to do what she could for her own living, for, now the mill and all belonging to it was to be sold; but she had her brave father's heart and courage, and was quite prepared for whatever duty pointed out as a right course. Friends found her a situation as companion to a lady who lived in London. It seemed to be in every way what was desirable; and though Amos would have kept her in Hollington if he could, Mary was determined. She reminded Amos of all her father had said to him about day-dreaming—that honest work was what lay before them; and that if they both stuck to it, honest work would sooner or later bring them together as man and wife. "How soon will that be," said Mary Crust, "depends most likely, Amos, upon yourself."

So the miller's daughter went off to her situation, and Amos remained at Hollington.

Amos Dyke was not quite without resources. The creditors of the Hollington miller, when they met, had as their chairman a worthy "Friend," named Helps, who, at the end of the meeting, addressed his brother creditors on behalf of Amos.

"There is one matter," said Mr. Joshua Helps, "which I wish to bring before the meeting before we part; it is the case of the young man Dyke. I think we ought to show pity for that young man; he is now beggared through no fault of his own; and I would propose a subscription on his behalf. If there be any who will follow me, I will give £10 to begin with."

The proposition of the worthy Quaker was successful. £100 was raised for Amos in the room.

"Look thee here, friend," said the Quaker, "here are the materials for an ample fortune. Fortunes have been made out of a penny piece; how much more can there be made out of £100? Now stir thyself and this money aright and thou wilt do well."

Amos took the money with much gratitude, and in truth intended to do no end of things with it, but day after day slipped by, and while he intended to do a great deal, he really did nothing.

And every day he found it harder and harder to begin. He had no immediate necessity, for his money supplied him with all he required, and always thinking that this thing and that thing were not good enough, he allowed month after month to pass.

One grand chance Amos let slip. The Hollington carrier, who had succeeded his father, offered to give him a share of the business if he would put £50 in it and undertake to drive one of the teams himself, but Amos was above taking to the road, and so that chance passed by.

"Now," said Amos, as he sat dreamily by the roadside one day, as the Guilford and London coach drove by with a team of four splendid grays, "If I could get a share in a turnout like that I shouldn't mind driving it."

On came the coach, and there is no knowing how long Amos Dyke might have sat there had not an elderly gentleman shouted to him as he passed, and cried, "Ah, friend Amos Dyke, is that thee? what art thou doing there? Here coachman! Hallo coachman! wait one moment; we'll take up this young man for a mile or two, and I'll pay for him. Now then, friend Amos, squeeze in here by me; now tell me how thou art getting on, and what kind of business thou hast put that £100 in, which allows thee to be sitting doing nothing by the roadside at this hour of the day. My experience of a £100 is that it requires a good deal of looking after; but perhaps thou hast found some new way of making money while thou dost play."

A few words, and indeed poor Amos's looks revealed to the shrewd Quaker exactly how the matter lay. It was no part of the worthy man's attention to shame Amos before other people, so he said no more until they arrived at the next stage. Then, while the horses were being changed, Joshua Helps said, "thou hast nothing to do, so thou shalt come to London with me; I will take care of thee and bring thee back all safe to-morrow."

Amos felt a thrill of delight at the proposition, and, in the fullness of his joy, told the Quaker of his special attraction there; indeed, in his simplicity, he even went so far as to confess that he used frequently to go and sit on that seat, where he had found him, to look at the coach that he had a dreamy kind of pleasure in thinking that it was going to the place where she was.

"And will the coach's going bring thee any nearer?" said Mr. Joshua; "what good will that do thee?" Mr. Joshua did not say this because he did not believe in love—not he. He had loved Sarah Short himself, and never ceased until he had made her Sarah Helps; but he did not believe in dreamy love but in working love. He used to say, "Orpah kissed Naomi, but Ruth clave unto him."

All that day Mr. Joshua Helps took Amos Dyke about with him, continually directing his attention to one person, and one thing and another, in this fashion—"Dost thou see that horse, Amos—how it pulls! Dost thou see what haste that man is walking with that parcel? Dost thou perceive how everybody is going somewhere and doing something." And indeed the young man need have had no greater example of energy than Mr. Joshua himself, who pulling out his watch often from time to time, was evidently intent on getting through no end of work before evening.

When evening came, Amos asked if he could go out and try to get a sight of Mary, as he was so fortunate as to be near where she was.

"And how wilt thou go to her, and with what sort of a tale?" said the Quaker; "how wilt thou answer her questions when she asks thee what thou art doing, and how much nearer marriage thou art? I should be ashamed," said he, "to have asked to see my Sarah under circumstances like these; and indeed I am doubtful if she, on her part, would have seen me. Now take my advice, young man," said Mr. Joshua; "remain here quietly with me this evening, and let us talk over matters, and to-morrow thou shalt return with me, and I tell thee it will be worth a ten pound note to thee, and more, if thou dost not go to see that young woman. I am not going to tell thee how it will be worth so much money, but I do tell thee that it is so, and if thou takest my word thou wilt find it so too."

That night the good Quaker kept Amos at his lodgings, and talked with him over his affairs, and over his faults, which were surely amongst the most important of those affairs.

"Now, I will start thee," said the good man, "only on one condition, and that is, that thou wilt promise never to go to see thy Mary until thou canst give her a good account of thyself and thy concerns—or, at any rate, of thy industry and efforts—one such as thy conscience can approve of."

These seemed very hard lines for poor Amos. Still he agreed to them, for his £100 was slipping fast away.

On the following day good Joshua Helps went to the Hollington carrier, the successor of Amos's father, and then and there made an agreement with him that the young man should have the place originally offered to him. Mr. Joshua himself advanced what was necessary, on the condition that it was repaid to him in due season.

Very many struggles had Amos with himself as he, for the first time, put on his carrier's clothes and prepared to start with the team, but he overcome them all. Honor, gratitude, the hope of getting Mary Crust and of shortening the dreadful time during which he could not see her, all spurred him on to do the thing which was right.

Two long years had passed away, and now Amos had fairly and honestly set himself to work. The long road journeys, the "all weathers," which he had to meet, the old carrier's exactness in everything—to a farthing in money, to a minute in time—all helped to make him a business man.

At last the happy days came near. The old carrier sent for Amos one morning, and told him he was beginning to feel too old to go to the London stage any more; that he was about to give the journey up to him.

And now when Amos began to reflect seriously on the past, and see where he stood at the present, he felt that he had earned the right to see Mary, and could give her by word of mouth a good account of himself; but first he felt he ought to consult his friend Mr. Joshua Helps.

"And now," said Mr. Joshua, "canst thou pay me back what I have advanced for thee, for whilst thou art in debt there is nothing thou canst call thine own?"

"Aye, here it is," said Amos, pulling out a great leathern purse, and counting the money out in guineas on the table. "I brought it, for I could not answer Mary if she asked me if I owed anything."

"Then go and see thy Mary," said the Quaker; "and when thou comest back, come and tell me how she is, and how much she has saved."

Folks may wonder what the Quaker wanted to know about Mary's savings for, but he had a reason of his own. He meant Amos now to marry Mary, and he meant to help them, too, but he would not put his money where it would not be safe—into idle, dreamy, spendthrift hands.

So Mr. Joshua bought up the business of the Hollington carrier, and also the stage which dashed past dreamy Amos with the four gallant grays, and he made a fine business of them all.

Amos Dyke now changed the wagon for the coach, and drove the grays many a time himself. He never drank, and never dreamed—at least by day. He worked like an honest man; and at last, by God's blessing commenced a new year himself the proprietor of the whole concern. One thought often came into the mind of Amos and his wife, and that was, how delightful it would be to purchase the old mill. As time wore on this also was accomplished, and Amos Dyke and his wife had the pleasure of seeing two of their own sons prospering in it.

ARABIAN HORSE STABLES.—The following is a correspondent's description of his visit to an Arabian Stable: The stables cover a large square space, about 120 yards each way, and are open in the centre, with a long shed running round the inner walls. Under this covering the horses, about 300 in number when I saw them, are picketed during night. In the daytime they may stretch their legs at pleasure within the central courtyard. The greater number are accordingly loose; a few, however, were tied up at their stalls. Some, but not many, had horse-clothes over them. The heavy dews which fall in Wadi Haneefah do not permit their remaining with impunity in the open night air. I was told also that a northerly night wind will occasionally injure the animals here, no less than the land wind does now and then their brethren in India. About half the royal stud was present before me, the rest were out at grass; Feysul's entire master is reckoned at 600 head or rather more.

No Arab dreams of tying up a horse by the neck. A tether replaces the halter, and one of the animal's hind legs is encircled about the pastern by a light iron ring, furnished with a padlock, and connected with an iron chain of two feet or thereabout in length, ending in a rope, which is fastened to the ground at some distance by an iron peg. Such is the customary method. But should the animal be restless and troublesome, a foreleg is put under similar restraint. It is well known that in Arabia horses are much less frequently vicious or refractory than in Europe, and this is the reason why geldings are here so rare, though not unknown. No particular prejudice that I could discover exists against the operation itself, only it is seldom performed, because not otherwise necessary, and tending of course, to diminish the value of the animal.

BREAD AND FLOUR.—The following statement may be relied upon, says a New York Baker, although known to very few besides the craft: Seven pounds of flour when baked produce nine pounds of bread. The average number of barrels of flour used by bakers in New York City of any standing is twenty weekly. The flour costs say $12 each barrel (the highest price is given here). Therefore,

20 barrels per week cost	$240 00
Cost of labor and baking, $4	80 00
Interest on $800, shop &c., per week, say	5 00
	$325 00
Value of bread made weekly, 8½ oz., at 4 cents	$379 48
Value of empty barrels sold	4 00
	$383 48
Net profit on week's sale	58 40

This gives a net profit for the whole year of 3,040 96. Such profit ought to content any reasonable person, on so small a capital invested. It may be found that some bakers far exceed twenty barrels weekly, others bake much less, but the above statement will serve as a guide to the actual profits in either case. These speculators are only content with what some would deem a fortune. A probable remedy for this extortion would be to have the weight of each loaf fixed by law, and the price only alterable if found requisite.

HOW HE MADE HIS MONEY.—Judge Davis, of Illinois, is a rich man. The public may not know how he became wealthy. About thirty years ago, when Judge Davis was a practicing lawyer in the West, he was employed by a Connecticut man to collect $800. Davis went to the place where the debtor lived, and found him to be rich in landed possessions, but without a spare dollar in money. He finally settled the bill by giving a deed for a tract of land—a flat moist and undesirable piece of land in appearance, lying close by a sheet of water, and consisting perhaps of sixty acres. Davis subsequently met his Connecticut client in St. Louis, when the latter, who seemed not to have the usual Connecticut shrewdness, fell to and gave him a regular "blowing up" for taking the land rather than insisting on having the $800 in cash. He did not want any of your western land, and he told Davis that having received it in payment of the debt, he had better keep it himself and pay the money out of his own pocket. To this Davis agreed. Stepping into a friend's office he borrowed $800, took the Connecticut man's receipt for the land, and held it for a rise. That land forms part of one of the suburbs to Chicago. Judge Davis has sold two or three hundred thousand dollars worth of it, and has nearly a million dollars worth left. It is a striking example of what the Western property has done for its holder, and as the story has never been printed we thought it would be interesting enough to publish.

THE OSAGE INDIANS.—The Osage Indians are a peculiar people, to say the least of them. They are described as tall, handsome men, attired in gay colors, lazy, quiet and generally peaceable; and have many horses, but not much of other property. They live in tents made of buffalo skin, are addicted to "poker" and whiskey, and claim polygamy as a privilege. They generally marry all the sisters of a family, numbering from one to five. They are opposed to all railroads, changes of government, white squatters, and United States surveyors.

Sailors and the Shipping Laws.

The Seamen's Exchange, says a New York paper, affords a pleasing contrast to the dingy little offices from which sailors have been shipped at this port from the beginning of the history of the city. Everything is new and clean about its spacious halls. On the first floor is the reading-room and the savings bank. The second story is almost entirely occupied by a fine, airy lecture-room. On the third, which is all in one room, all the work of shipping seamen upon American vessels is to be done in the future.

At one o'clock a few afternoons since, about 300 sailors were present, and business was transacted with great celerity by Captain Duncan's employees. Conversations held with several sailors showed that there was a variety of opinions among them about the working of the law, though most of them favored it.

One middle-aged man said: "I am an American and a married man. I don't spend my whole time at sea. I am a rigger by trade, but can get no work at that now, so I want to go for a short voyage. I think that somehow the boarding-house keepers or runners get in here and shove their men—who owe them money—in ahead of us. I have been here three days. In that time four vessels have taken on crews, but I got no chance. There was one for Cow Bay, two to Demerara, and one to Martinique. When the crew for one of the Demerara vessels was shipped, I applied at the desk, but some men who I knew were not sailors pushed three sailors up and got them taken in preference to me."

"Do you think those pushing the sailors on were boarding-house keepers or runners?"

"I don't know; but they were not sailors."

Application being made to Captain Duncan by the writer for an explanation of this mystery, he said that the idea of others being pushed forward was doubtless a hallucination. He asked:

"Did the man say the Captain was choosing men for himself?"

"No; an order was sent to your shipping-master and the men he took were young Germans."

"Ah; that probably explains it. Captains running short voyages in small vessels, having so few sailors, are very particular about them. Active young Germans are in great demand; they are thorough workmen and more docile than native Americans. The order was probably for Germans; the shipper recognized a squad of them near by and took them in preference to the American, who was thus led to imagine that he was slighted."

"Is it not possible that some of your own runners are beginning to take bribes already?"

"Scarcely; I have given them distinctly to understand that any one found making anything but his salary out of the business would be discharged. Several men refused to take the work on those terms."

"What is the work of your runners?"

"One thing they have to do is to hunt up sailors when there is a deficiency of any sort. Another branch of their work is to see that sailors shipped at this office get on board safe and sober. Then they take the captain's receipt for them."

Another sturdy-looking sailor said he had no objections to offer to the institution, except that he feared it might be the means of bringing down wages. Said he in broken English:

"Some boarding-house keepers first-rate men. They never robbed me. I always drew my own money and paid my own way."

An official questioned about the foundation for this man's fears, said the new institution was likely to raise wages by putting into the hands of the sailors the money that had been previously filched from them. There is a Landlords' Association, which meets at Botanic Hall. This Association has really been of some use to sailors, because, being always on the lookout for money due them, they had aided seamen in maintaining high wages—had, indeed, fixed prices. But the bad men among them had largely counteracted this usefulness. These men, caring only that sailors should get large advances, would willingly see them shipped for $10 a month, if the advance was high enough.

"But if the Landlord's Association has helped sailors to get high pay, how can the office help them to get higher?"

"In the first place, the ease and rapidity with which men are disposed of will naturally keep the supply down, and small supply always stiffens prices. Then the thirty two scattered shipping-offices of the city, which were bound to keep going winter and summer, would often force men to go under rate, to cut out competitors. If the landlords could keep watch of all these offices, and keep them from beating down, they will have no difficulty in watching the rates of the one office."

An elderly German sailor was next questioned. He liked the new office very well; he had seen the plan carried out in Liverpool. A boarding-house keeper had warned him against coming to the Commissioner, but he told him, "What for; don't I want to get a vessel?"

Captain Mount, of the schooner Susan Wright, came to the desk just then for a crew, and was loud in praise of the office. This was the best thing of the kind he ever saw. Generally a captain knows nothing of his crew until they are aboard, but it is worth a man's while to come and pick his own men out of this big lot. "I have had trouble enough with those old offices. Last year I ordered a crew from one of them; waited ten days, and none came. Then I sent to another office and got a crew right down. The first shippers hearing of this, sent another, libelled the vessel when she got back, and it cost me $150 to get rid of them. I'll stick to this office as long as I live."

Much has been written of late about the mysteries and miseries of sailor life in this city. The public have been made familiar with the "Neptunes" or runners, who get $1 besides wages for every man they bring to the landlords; also with the sailor lawyers, who trump up charges of maltreatment against captains, and get from $50 to $300 hush-money from most of the victims—the money going, one-third to the runner, one-third to the lawyer, and one-third to the boarding-house keeper, leaving nothing for Jack. It has been estimated that 60,000 seamen ship annually from this port, and that $600,000 per annum has been illegally taken from them. The new Board proposes to protect the sailor on ship and shore from all the sharks that beset him. The officials will see that he gets his money; he will choose his own boarding-house; will pay 25 cents instead of $10 or $15 for a situation. In short, the intention is that no loophole shall be left through which his enemies may attack him.

There are 15,000 square miles of coal fields in which Pittsburgh is interested, and $15,000,000 of Pittsburgh capital is invested therein. Probably $25,000,000 more is invested in transportation, and the total of all interests dependent upon these coal fields cannot fall short of the enormous sum of $100,000,000.

A Massachusetts young woman recently patented a square-bottomed paper bag, for the use of grocers and others, and now she has still further increased the value of her invention by inventing a machine for folding, by which two girls can make 30,000 bags per day.

An American Lion.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Ledger* writes to that journal the following account of the encounter with and slaying of an actual lion, which, if it be true, is certainly very remarkable:

Although it may appear strange, and read by some with a degree of doubt, especially by those who had supposed that our country was long since freed from the terrific roar of the lion and the scream of the panther, I wish to make a statement that will convince them that such is not the case. On Saturday, July 20, Messrs. P. F. Lockett, Thomas Settles, Thomas Denton, and myself prepared ourselves and left our homes together for the purpose of having what we term a "deer drive." After leaving my father's farm we had only gone a few miles, when one of the company, Mr. Denton, began calling to us from a short distance in such a manner as to clearly indicate that something unusual was the matter. We at once left our stations and hurried to his relief. Upon our arrival we beheld in all his shagginess, a fierce-looking and apparently man-eating lion, and that too without any iron grating to hold him at a proper distance. Something none of us had ever seen outside of a menagerie, and he being game that we had failed to put on our programme for that day, we felt a little nonplussed in meeting him. Having with us, however, nine faithful and well trained dogs they at once began an attack. The lion becoming frightened began running and fighting fiercely all the while, almost killing a dog at each stroke of his tremendous paw. He had kept up the fight until he had gone about one mile. We anxiously followed, hoping that by some turn our dogs might become masters of the field. After pursuing him for some time through the thickest and darkest woods, known here as "flats," we finally came close upon him, and found that he had ascended the trunk of a half fallen tree, and was, when first discovered in this place, peering out from among the limbs, his eyes red with anger, and just in the act of leaping out upon Mr. Denton, who happened to see him in time to comprehend the danger, and being possessed of a good nerve and presence of mind, quickly raised his gun and fired both barrels, each loaded with fourteen heavy buckshot, the shot taking effect in the animals chest and throat. He gave one guttural groan, and dropped out dead. He measured seven feet in length, and was two and a half feet high. Where this monster of the forest came from or how he happened to be in our midst is something I am unable to explain; but that a real lion, such as above described, was killed in McLean County, Ky., is a fact that is beyond question. After the animal was killed it was carried in a wagon to Sebree City and shown to more than a hundred people who had gone there to a picnic. For the truth of this the reader is referred to any citizen of my town. The pelt of this lion can be seen at Calhoun Ky., by any one who so desires.

J. W. RUDY.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—"The house that Jack built" had interesting antecedents. This famous jingling legend, is believed to be an imitation of mediæval Hebrew parable in the form of a hymn, but commemorative of the principal events in the history of the Jewish people. The original is to be found in the Jewish collection called the Sepher Haggahah, volume twenty-third, and an interpretation of it was given to the world so far back as 1731, by P. N. Lebrecht, of Leipsic. There are ten verses. The first consists of two lines and a short refrain, thus: "A kid, a kid my father bought for two pieces of money." Refrain: "A kid, a kid." This refrain is repeated at the end of each verse. The second verse commences with the words, "Then came the cat and ate the kid that my father bought for two pieces of money." The third verse runs: "Then came the dog, and bit the cat, that ate the kid," etc. The fourth is: "Then came the staff, and beat the dog, that bit the cat, etc. The fifth is: "Then came the fire, and burned the staff, that beat the dog," etc. The sixth is: "Then came the water, and quenched the fire, that burned the staff," etc. The seventh is: "Then came the ox, and drank the water, that quenched the fire," etc. The eight is: "Then came the butcher, and slew the ox, that drank the water," etc. The ninth is: "Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher, that slew the ox," etc. The tenth and last runs: "Then came the Holy One, Blessed be He, and killed the angel of death, that killed the butcher, that slew the ox, that drank the water, that quenched the fire, that burned the staff, that beat the dog, that bit the cat, that ate the kid, that my father bought for two pieces of money: a kid, a kid." It is evident that this is the model of "The House that Jack Built."

THE DOG AND THE BEES.—A dog, being very much annoyed by bees, ran, quite accidentally, into an empty barrel lying on the ground, and looking out at the bunghole addressed his tormentors thus: "Had you been temperate, stinging me one at a time, you might have had a good deal of fun out of me. As it is, you have driven me into a secure retreat; for I can snap you up as fast as you come in through the bunghole. Learn from this the folly of intemperate zeal." When he had concluded, he awaited a reply. There wasn't any reply; for the bees had never gone near the bunghole, they went in the same way he did, and made it mighty warm for him. The lesson of the fable is that one cannot stick to his pure reason, while quarrelling with bees.

A TIDE POWER.—The New Haven *Palladium* says—"Mr. Henry Bushnell of this city has invented a machine which it is said Mr. Thurston, the celebrated patent lawyer of Providence, calls the most remarkable he ever has seen. It is the result of years of thought, and is made to utilize the power which there is in the ebb and flow of tide. It is so made that whether the tide is running in or out, a wheel will turn the invention, consisting in preserving a constant motion of the wheel. This power will be used to pump air into a large cistern, from which pipes will extend over a city, the compressed air being used as a motive power. Mr. Bushnell intends to put up the first tide wheel in the Quinnipiac river where he says the tide rushes in and out with a force equal to about seven thousand horse power.

A man and his wife at Keokuk were lately arrested for selling liquor on Sunday, when it was discovered that they had an arrangement of religious views excently adapted to their business. He said that he was a Seventh Day Baptist and observed Saturday as a day of rest and devotion, and hence claimed the right to carry on his business on Sunday. The wife, on the other-hand, belonged to the Reformed Dutch Church, and had no scruple to attending to the shop on Saturday.

The children in the U. S. under 5 are 5,513,343—2,707,887 male and 2,717,456 female; The male children from 5 to 9, inclusive, are 2,437,442, and female 2,377,271; total, 4,814,713. The male inhabitants of all ages under 21 are 10,050,568; female, 9,976,307; total, 20,026,870.

The New Diamond Fields.

The San Francisco Bulletin gives the following details concerning the recent discovery of precious stones in Arizona:

The existence of deposits of the precious stones in Eastern Arizona and Western New-Mexico has been quite well authenticated for many years. The Azees, at the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, had large stores of rubies, emeralds, and turquoises, which are not known to be found in any part of the present teritory of Mexico, and which they invariably told the conquerors came from the north. To this day diamonds, mostly of an inferior quality, rudely cut and clumsily set, are exceedingly abundant in Mexico, and the fact that they have a generally similar appearance, and do not resemble the Brazilian, African, or Asiatic diamonds in color has led to the conclusion that they came from fields somewhere on the North American continent. There are also many ruins which were long mistaken for temples for religious worship, being generally located on the summits of commanding hills, but which later investigations have demonstrated to have been intrenched mining camps, built in an enemie's country. One of these, in a good state of preservation, may be seen on the hill on the western border of the city of Prescott, Arizona; and between Prescott and Wicksburgh, on the bridle trail which leads up the Hassiyampi River, is a very fine one, which we believe has never been described in detail by any visitor. On a broad flow of lava, extending many miles southward from the now extinct volcano of Mount San Francisco, in the northeastern Arizona, many miles from water, there are in several places ruins of what were evidently mining camps.

On the barren plain near the headquarters of the Colorado Chiquito, a species of large red ant has thrown to the surface large quantities of gravel, in which, some years since, a party under Kit Carson found rubies of a deep color, varying in size from a grain of wheat to a small pea. Many of these were given to friends now residing in Arizona, and about a dozen of the rubies, with an emerald of very pale color, were given to a gentleman now in this city by Fred. Henry, an old frontiersman. The emerald was brought to this city, ground by a lapidary and pronounced genuine. The rubies, were, however, too small, and the emerald too pale to be of much value. They are now in the cabinet of Wells Female College, Auburn, New York. In 1866 a man named Lamberson, owner of a small grist-mill at Walnut Grove, on the Hassiyampi River, a few miles south-west of Prescott, showed the writer a large handfull of rubies, some of which were of good size, which he said he found in his mill-race in coarse gravel.

The stones already received in this city comprise several hundred diamonds, varying in size from very minute particles to stones of 100 carats. There are also a large number of rubies, many sapphires—some very large, a few black diamonds, and a half-dozen emeralds; the latter of an inferior quality. The value of the entire collection cannot be definitely stated, but a portion which was exhibited to a few persons in the cashier's room of the Bank of California to-day are estimated to be worth fully $100,000. This does not include a quart or more of small stones, not yet carefully examined, nor does it include the large diamond before referred to. The region is not far from the projected railway, and the discovery must result in the speedy settlement by Americans of a region heretofore a wilderness or occupied only by a race of murderous savages.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.—A scrap of news has just come to us all the way from the Orkney Islands, which is likely to be received with considerable satisfaction by those who labor for the complete recognition of woman's right in this country. It appears that the Poor Law Inspector, under the jurisdiction of the Parochial Board of Stromness, became so ill while in the discharge of his duties that his daughter, a very intelligent young person, was permitted to act in his stead. For a considerable time she continued to fill the position with such signal ability that, upon the death of her father, she was almost unanimously chosen as his successor. It so happened that the work of the Parochial Board came to be reviewed by a Board of Supervisors, composed of men who believed that the common law of Scotland did not recognize the appointment of women to public office. Acting under this impression, an order was issued for the election of "a fit and proper person." The Parochial Board, determined not to give in, re-elected the young lady. Now it appears that a case of a similar nature was brought to the notice of the Law Officers of the Crown in 1856, and that the decision was against the appointment for the reason referred to. In the meantime the Parochial Board adheres to its opinion that the appointment is legal. The case, naturally, has excited a good deal of attention among the inhabitants of the Orkneys, who, it is said, propose making it the basis for a petition to the British House of Commons in favor of women's rights.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS OF GERMANY.—The statistics of the religious orders of North Germany have just been published in the *North German Gazette*—Bismarck's official organ. In Prussia, according to these figures, there are ninety-seven orders of men and congregations, numbering in the aggregate 1069 members. The Jesuits and the Redemptorists are the strongest orders, the former having eleven convents with 160 members, and the latter five converts with sixty-nine members. Bavaria has seventy-one convents containing 1045 members, while the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt has four convents with twenty-nine members. The female orders of Prussia number 626, with 5586 members. This is an increase of about 1800 since 1865. The Bavarian nunneries are 188 in number, containing 2533 members. The superiors of the various male convents are mainly Italians, though a few are French.

NEW PAPER.—A letter from Berlin represents Prince Bismarck in a new light—in that, namely, of a paper maker. The paper manufactory established by the Imperial Chancelor on his estate at Varzin has proved so [successful, says the writer, that it is impossible to meet the large orders which come from England. This paper is made of chips of fir—that, at least, is the chief element—and the annual consumption of fir trees is at the rate of 600 klafter to keep the manufactory supplied. A new workshop is now being erected which will require no fewer than 1,500 of wood a year. The fir forests in the vicinity, which it has been found necessary to acquire, will furnish ample supplies for several years of the raw material for Prince Bismarck's paper mill.

A RESCUE.—During the Commune one Viscount de Beffry was arrested and imprisoned for refusing to join the insurrectionists. A certain Mademoiselle Guillot, who was acquainted with his mother, determined to rescue him, and went to the lock-up. She was granted an interview, and so disguised him in a workman's suit, which she had concealed about her, that he passed out unnoticed while she was talking with the sentinel about a cantiniere's place. The viscount rewarded his fair savior by offering her his heart and fortune, and they have just been married in the Madeleine.

Roasting Copper.

A visitor to the copper mines of Vermont, tells us how and why they roast copper ore as follows: From the dressing-house the sorted ore is carried to the adjacent roast-beds, to be freed from the sulphur, which enters largely into the composition of the ore. The roast-beds are formed by placing at the bottom a layer of cord wood about fifty feet long by thirty wide, on which the ore is piled about five feet high. The wood is then set on fire, and after it is thoroughly ignited, the bed is covered with fine ore. The wood is soon burned, but it takes from two to four hours to consume the inflammable matter contained in the ore. The process of burning is curious. First, the ore proceeds from the bottom up, then down, then up again, and then expires. The sulphurous fumes from these roast-beds pervade the whole valley, and assail unpleasantly the nostrils and lungs of the visitor, while they have a deadly effect on vegetation. It is curious to note how much more susceptible to this poison some kinds of trees are than others; thus balsam-firs and white birches are sere and withered, while the sugar-maples near them are still vigorous, and a forest of pines, some miles down the valley, is thought to be dying from the same cause.

The ore is transported in cars from the roast-beds to the furnaces, in which the fuel used is anthracite coal. The ore when it comes from the mines contains ten per cent. of copper, a much larger proportion than is found in the products of English mines. From the first melting comes the regulus or "matt," containing thirty-five per cent. of copper. The regulus, now in the form of thin, irregular slabs, is broken up and placed on sheets in the roasting-kilns to expel the remaining sulphur. Each batch goes through the kilns three times. Each roasting occupies forty-eight hours. The material is then placed in the copper furnace. From this smelting metal is obtained, ninty-five per cent. copper, and a regulus of sixty per cent. This last is returned to the furnace to be remelted. During the process of smelting, the slag or dross is run off into slag-pots, and wheeled away. At stated times, "tapping off" occurs, when the melted metal is drawn from the furnace into the "basin." The regulus forms a scum or crust on top, and is forked off, and the pure metal is dipped into the moulds, forming pigs of about two hundred pounds weight. The "slag" is broken up, and such portions as show sufficient traces of copper are remelted. The rest is thrown away.

United States Navy.

There were in the United States Navy on July 1, according to the semi-yearly Register, 1,672 commissioned and warrant officers, of whose rank the following is a synopsis. 1 Admiral, 1 Vice-Admiral, 12 Rear-Admirals, 25 Commodores, 51 Captains, 90 Commanders, 155 Lieutenant Commanders, 210 Lieutenants, 100 Masters, 30 Ensigns, 135 Midshipmen, 15 Medical Directors, 15 Medical Inspectors, 50 Surgeons and 75 Passed Assistant and Assistant Surgeons, 145 Pay Officers, 62 Chief Engineers, 177 First and Second Assistant Engineers, 30 Chaplains and Professors, 22 Naval Constructors, 191 warrant officers of the rank of Gunners, Boatswains, Carpenters and Sailmakers, and 80 Mates.

These were on active duty. The number of seamen and petty officers is about 7,000, and there are at present at the Naval Academy at Annapolis 199 midship men of different classes. The navy, on Aug. 1, consisted of 117 vessels of all rates and classes, 98 being men-of-war of various sizes, 51 iron clads, and 28 tugs, hulks, &c. There are at present 55 vessels in commission. The 51 iron clads are, with but few exceptions, laid up in ordinary in several navy yards, and are said to be in an almost decayed condition. Four are on the stocks unfinished. Most of them were built during the war, when well seasoned wood was so scarce that white oak and other soft woods had to be used in their construction. Of the men-of-war 7 are yet on the stocks unfinished; 11 are repairing at different yards, 28 are laid up in ordinary, 4 are on duty as school ships at the Naval Academy, and 7 are used as receiving ships, at the various navy yards. The others are used as store ships and are on special service, for which the Yantic is also fitting at Norfolk, the Omaha and Richmond at Philadelphia and the Hartford at Brooklyn.

NOT LIVING HALF THEIR DAYS.—"Did you run against me on purpose?" "If you choose to look upon the affair in that light, you may do so, sir." "Very well; then take *that*!" and the speaker sent a pistol ball crashing through the other's skull. That bloody drama in one act was performed in San Antonio, Texas. The actors were both desperadoes, who chanced to come in collision accidentally in the street. One of them thought the other ran against him on purpose, and hence the dialogue and the murder. The survivor, according to the local account of the affair, coolly walked off, carrying his pistol in his hand, as though to be in readiness to exchange the compliments of the season with any