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The Laborer's Evening Rest.

Laugh, my little one, laugh away,
For gone is the weary, toilsome day;
The twilight shadows are falling fast,
And father's hour of work is past.
Hark to the distant vesper bell!
Sweetly its clear tones rise and swell
On the ev'ning breeze, as it speaks of peace
And bids the murmur of turmoil cease.

Laugh, my little one, laugh away;
Father has earned this hour of play.
The day was weary, perhaps, and sad;
This ev'ning hour will make him glad.
Then laugh, my baby, I'll share your glee
For the joy this hour hath brought to me.
O twilight hour, so doubly blest,
Welcome ever thy tender rest!

Human Life.

After a while, a busy brain
Will rest from all its toil and pain.

After a while, Earth's rush will cease,
And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After a while, a vanished face,
An empty seat, a vacant place.

After a while, a man forgot,
A crumbled head-stone, an unknown spot.

THE DAUGHTER'S DOWER.

M. Desgranges, a merchant retired from business, is talking by the fireside with his wife and his daughter, and the talk is extremely animated, as it is all about a marriage. A young architect, M. Henry Grandval, has asked the hand of Madeleine, with whom he is in love, and who is in love with him. So far, nothing plainer. But M. Grandval senior will let his son marry only a girl of two hundred thousand francs, and M. Desgranges will give his daughter only one hundred thousand. His wife presses him to yield, his daughter tenderly beseeches him, but he refuses point-blank. A practical man and a firm one is M. Desgranges, and there is no moving him against his will. Good Madame Desgranges belongs to that tribe of soft-natured mothers who can't speak of her child without a certain cheking in her utterance. She insists, she prays, and still finds her husband inflexible.

"O papa, papa! you don't believe, then, that I'm in love with Henry!"

"Of course I do."

"Henry is good and clever. You say yourself that he has a fine prospect before him as a architect."

"That's true."

"His father, M. de Grandval, is a man—"

"Of the highest honor."

"Well, then?"

"Yes, well then?" chimed in Madame Desgranges.

"Well, then, let her marry him, and with my consent, and a hundred thousand francs for dowry. But, as to the two hundred thousand that M. de Grandval asks—no;"

"Why?" replied Madame Desgranges.

"Why! That's charming. Because I'm not rich enough to give two hundred thousand francs to my daughter, without crippling myself."

"You will have enough, all the same."

"Enough! That's too little; my life is full of wants."

At this moment the young suitor walked in. Seeing him, Madeleine runs to meet him, and takes him by the hand.

"Come, Henry, come! Unite with us in our appeals to papa."

Papa only replied: "Why, you can't have any heart, young man! What, to have so pretty a girl in love with you, so good, so well-informed, so affectionate, and you're not willing to marry her if she has only a hundred thousand francs!"

"But, papa—"

"He is bargaining for you. Ah, when I married your mother, she was worth fifty thousand francs less than you, and I didn't hesitate, notwithstanding."

"Neither do I hesitate a moment," replied Henry, eagerly.

"It is his father who refuses, my dear."

"Yes," said Madeleine, "it is his father. As for himself, he doesn't care the least for your fortune. He has told me twenty times that he would take me without any dowry; that he would even prefer my not having any."

"My mind is made up. Henry, go and talk to your father, and try to make him renounce his pretension. What the deuce! It is easier to abstain from asking a hundred thousand francs than it is to give them."

"But," said Madeline, "if he does not succeed in convincing his father?"

"It will be because he does not love you well enough. In that case I shall not mourn for him."

A month after the above scene, the young people were married. A year after, Madame Desgranges was godmother. Two years later, M. Desgranges was godfather. At the end of three years we find the young household and the old, the parents and the children, installed in the pretty house at Villeneuve-Saint-Georges.

Henry's budget was made up from his wife's dowry and his own, which together brought him an income that would have been amply sufficient for a citizen of the olden time. But an artist! a man who likes everything that is beautiful!

Our young household, then, gave way pretty often; and, if to this you add that the husband was very much in love with his wife, and consequently desired that she should be charming and well got up; bearing in mind, also, that, in three years, they had indulged themselves in the luxury of a little son and a little daughter, you will easily understand that, during the latter part of the quarter, they were very apt to be in difficulties—difficulties that broke the heart of the excellent Madame Desgranges, and drew upon the head of M. Desgranges a deluge of prayers and invectives.

"I beseech you, my dear, to add something to their dower."

"I shall take good care not to do it," was the answer of M. Desgranges. "I congratulate myself too sincerely on the course I adopted. My system is too good to be changed."

"Is it possible that you have the heart to see them thus embarrassed, and to leave them so?"

"Are they embarrassed?"

"Frightfully, my dear."

"So much the better. My son-in-law will take all the more pains to find employers."

"But they don't come, these employers."

"All the more cause for working hard to procure them."

"They have additional burdens besides their own."

"Additional sources of happiness, you mean." And, as Madame Desgranges made a gesture of despair, "Come, come, wife, no outburst. Let's talk it over calmly. Supposing that three years ago I had given my daughter a hundred thousand francs more, as you wished, what would have happened?"

"It would have happened," replied Madame Desgranges, with mingled indignation and pathos, "that, instead of living in a state of privation, as they have been compelled to live for three years; instead of denying themselves everything—"

"Stop, stop, my dear, permit me. It seems to me—"

"It seems to you, indeed? Well, then, would you have me tell you? When I am with them at their home, when I see their poor little modest table—just a single dish of meat, just one vegetable, and no sweets whatever—and when I come home and find you, yes, you, seated there comfortably with your chin almost upon the table-cloth, with your excellent broiled chickens and your partridges larded—for you must needs have them larded now—"

"What would you, my dear? As one grows old—"

"Well, well, all this hurts me much. I reproach myself at every good mouthful that I eat."

"I don't."

"I find our conduct revolting."

"Be calm, my good wife, and come back to the question, from which you have completely wandered off. Follow my argument, if you are able. We are, to-day, at the 15th of November. Our daughter, our son-in-law, their two children, and their two servants, have been here in our country-house since the 13th of August—that is to say, three months and two days; and they reckon on remaining here—they, their children, and their servants—until the period of our leaving, which will be on the 20th of December."

"Well, and would you reproach them for staying with us now? Are you going to complain of what their presence costs you? Have you any idea of exiling them from your home, from my home?—Oh, wait a moment, I beg—"

"Wife, wife!"

"Depriving me of the sight of my children—my only consolation in life!"

"Why have our daughter and our son-in-law been with us for three months and two days, and why will they stay with us until the 20th of December?"

"A pretty question!—Because they love us! because they are happy it being with us! because they know how to make their stay pleasant to us! because they are warm-hearted, sensitive—"

"In short, just the reverse of myself! Isn't it so?" said M. Desgranges, laughing, and adding, as he went up to his wife, "Come, come, let me give you a kiss, I can't help adoring you, for you are never more than twelve years old!"

"How?—I?—twelve?"

"I mean that you are and always will be the same good creature, simple, confiding, credulous, whom I married with so much satisfaction."

"Simple and credulous!" replied Madame Desgranges, somewhat hurt. "Would you pretend that our children are not?"

"Yes, my dear, they are all that, and more still! But do you suppose that your daughter, with her pretty face, that she takes pleasure in showing because it is a pleasure to look at it—that your son-in-law, with his artistic tastes and his imagination, would leave Paris and the enjoyment of its early winter; and, particularly, that he would go there for his business every morning and return every evening, all for the sole delight of taking a hand at *piquet* with a father who is beginning to be a little deaf, and a mother who would gain something is being partially dumb?"

"But, what else can you imagine? What motive can you assign for their prolonged stay with us?"

"My dear," answered M. Desgranges, laughing again, "when you were young, and had very beautiful hair, you were enchanted at going into the country, so that the parting might have a rest. Well, our children are delighted to stay here and give a rest to their purse!"

"Outrageous! Can you suppose—?"

"I've no grudge against them for it. I do not accuse them, either, of ingratitude or indifference! I am sure that, if they had an income of twenty thousand francs, instead of ten thousand, they would love us always—but not quite so long at a time. In the same way, for instance, I don't know any son-in-law the like of mine. It is impossible to show more deference, to pay more attention. He never allows one of my anniversaries—*fete*-day, birthday, wedding-day—to pass, without hastening forward with an immense bouquet."

"And you believe that interested motives only—?"

"Oh, no, my dear, not interest alone—no—no—an interest made up, half affectionate, half calculated—an unconscious calculation, of which one takes no account, but the existence of which I surmise, originating in a necessity by which I profit, while it does not vex me in the least!"

"Ah, you are really too bad. You disenchant—you take the poetry out of every thing! One must be capable of such sentiments, in order to imagine them in others! It is monstrous!"

"By no means! It is quite natural. Old people are very much in the way. They must make amends somehow. I make amends by hospitality!"

"Say at once that our children take our house for an inn!"

"Ah, just so; the 'Golden Lion!' Here are lodged and boarded certain embarrassed children, desirous to economize. Have they spent too much upon theatres, balls, concerts?—'Let's go and pass a week with papa!'—Is one of the children out of sorts? Send him or her into the country, to papa's! And the child is sent—and they all come at the same time. And, as they are received with open arms, and as they are spared all expense, and as papa has good quarters and a good table, and as they find there good capons and good partridges that the egotistical father is enchanted to share with his children, why, they come, and return, and remain with pleasure!"

"Ah, how disgusting! He invests every thing with egotism, even paternal love!"

"But, suppose, on the other hand," continued M. Desgranges, without appearing to have heard his wife, "suppose that I had doubled Madeleine's dower, according to your wish, what would have happened? That at this moment our children, considering that our son-in-law is somewhat of an enthusiast, would not perhaps be much richer, while I should be a great deal poorer; that I could not receive and entertain them for so long a time, nor so well; and that they would come less frequently to us, because they would be better off at home. Ah, my dear, if our children had more money than ourselves, our daughter would have discovered six weeks ago that Villeneuve-Saint-Georges is too damp in the autumn, and would have feared for the children the effect of the fogs from the river, while our son-in-law would have declared that these daily trips to Paris were affecting his health. This brings me, therefore, to my conclusion, which I dedicate to all fathers who have marriageable daughters: 'Would you keep your children?—keep your money! Would you have pleasure in your grandchildren?—keep your money!'

For it is thanks to the money that the father remains the head of the family; that the father's house remains the domestic rallying point—that is to say, an honorable and comfortable retreat for the aged; for the young, a place of refuge and enjoyment; for the babies, a nest, to which they will come in search of health, and sometimes for nurture more judicious than that of their mothers themselves; for all, in short, a centre and a sanctuary, wherein occur things to be remembered—wherein successive generations grow up and grow old, and wherein are perpetuated traditions of respect and affection! Call my foresight, if you will, calculation and personality; for my part, I call it the true paternal love, that which consists in making children happier and better! For, note well, my dear, that my son-in-law had, I am quite willing to believe it, everything in favor of his becoming a pattern son-in-law; but, without this foresight of mine, his good qualities would perhaps have remained in a budding state only. To whom does he owe it, if they have bloomed? Plainly, to me! Morol of the fable: I shall not add one sou to my daughter's dowry!"

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We have now reached the 30th of November, a fortnight later, but still at Villeneuve-Saint-Georges; for, if in this sketch I have slightly violated the unity of time, I have at least respected the unity of place. The house of M. Desgranges is all alive. Never has he himself appeared so gay and so happy. It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding day.

"Wife," said he to Madame Desgranges, "this is a day that must be worthily celebrated. No economizing to-day, spread all sail! give us a dinner—just as though I was an epicure! I have particularly recommended Madeleine, who has been passing a day in Paris, I don't know on what affair, to return with her husband by the four o'clock train. She will find in her room a pretty new dress, which I should like her to wear to-day. As for you, if you still love me a little in spite of my deficiencies, prove it; make yourself charming also. Put on for dinner—and for the evening, for I have invited all the neighborhood—put on, I say, my poor mother's diamonds. They represent, in my eyes, all that I have most loved in this world—her, who gave them to me for you—you yourself, who have worn them for my sake and hers—your daughter, who will wear them for all three of us!" And thereupon Mr. Desgranges walked off to conceal some slight emotion.

Why did not Madame Desgranges answer him? Why did she remain for some time immovable and with her head sunk down? Why did her daughter, coming in, carry her off to her own room, in tears? Why was the son-in-law so gloomy? Why did the dinner-bell make them all three start? Why, on entering the dining room, did the mother give a troubled look at her husband? Why did M. Desgranges, on observing it, utter a few words that were almost a reproach? Why? The words themselves explain all.

"You have not got on your diamonds!" cried the father. As her sole reply, the mother threw herself, weeping, into the arms of her husband. The daughter took his hand, and kissed it, on his knees before him. "You have not got your diamonds, what have you done with them?" The wife and children were silent. "You make no reply!" continued the father, in a harsher tone. "It is I then who must speak out. You have sold them to cover the imprudence of your son-in-law! Yes, because he was pleased to associate himself with an ill-devised enterprise, because he had the folly to make himself responsible for scamps who have deceived him, you have been obliged, in order to pay one-half of his debt—for he still owes twelve thousand francs—you have been obliged to tear away from me the dearest *souvenir* of my poor mother, and the most precious voucher of our own affection, and you have even embittered the enjoyment of this special day! Ah, it is too bad!"

Madame Desgranges endeavored to mutter excuses.

"That is enough!" said M. Desgranges, interrupting her. "Here are the servants. Go, take your places!"

Mother and children went silently to the table; but suddenly, as she unfolded her napkin, Madame Desgranges uttered a loud exclamation. Her son-in-law did the same thing, and both leaned forward over toward M. Desgranges, their eyes filled with tears. The mother had found her case of diamonds under her plate, and her son-in-law had the twelve twousand francs that he needed.

"Ah, my dear!"

"Ah, father?"

"It's all right, it's all right!" replied M. Desgranges, disengaging himself from their embraces. "You will not hereafter call me an egotist. It seems that there was some propriety in my foresight; and you comprehend at last that the father ought always to remain richer than his children, were it only—were it only, my dear ones, that he may be able to help them at a pinch, and save them from a catastrophe. Nevertheless, Henry, don't do the same thing again, because I shall not be able to repeat my part."

Spring Styles.

Black net veils covered with small beads are again in fashion, coming just to the tip of the nasal organ. They are said to be very injurious to the eyes.

Pompadour fans are the most fashionable just now. The shape is odd, and, withal, pretty. They are made of ivory, pearl and of genuine tortoise shell.

There is quite a mania among ultra-fashionable for jewelry of antique coins. Some very peculiar necklaces, bracelets and earings are shown, made of coin.

Standing collars, very English in character, have in a great measure taken the place of the Elizabethan ruff. They turn over in front and look quite jaunty.

The fashionable walking boot buttons at the side and corner a few inches above the ankle. In Paris some ladies have appeared in the new Russia leather shoe.

In Paris the "coffee" colored lace handkerchief is very popular, and soon will be here. The color is produced by soaking the handkerchief in strong black coffee.

Looping of street dresses is formed from the side seams of the front width, puffed and caught up with strings to produce what the Parisians call a "pouff" at the back.

Sleeveless jackets will be more or less fashionable during the ensuing season. Those of lace are generally admitted to be the handsomest possibly, because they are the most expensive.

Ladies now carry, as the Paris ladies do, a small note book enclosing a gold pencil. They are covered with blue or purple velvet, and have a gold clasp. Most people think they are prayer books.

Bridal wreaths of late years have grown smaller and smaller, and beautifully less, and now the bride of the period thinks she is doing well to insert a couple of orange blossoms amid her tresses.

The newest ornament is a change box for the ladies. It is of pearl, in the shape of a ball, and dangles from the waist belt as the umbrella did last season. They are not booked to be generally fashionable.

Some of the leading ladies of the bean monde are wearing their hair in a series of small puffs covering the entire sides and top of the head, with small, light and airy curls at the back. This style does very well for the house, but the new bonnet will not ride easily on so many puffs. Less false hair is worn now than for many years past, yet a lady who has a fine head of natural hair nowadays don't get credit for it.

Talleyrand wrote to a lady on the death of her husband: "Ah, madame!" The sympathy he felt was fully expressed. Soon after he heard of the lady's new marriage, and wrote, "Oh, madame!" Indignant surprise could not have been more eloquently manifested.

THE KILLING OF THOMAS SCOTT.

The Murder with which Louis Riel is Charged with Having Committed.—A Live Man Nailed in his Coffin.

John Bruce, of Manitoba, who on the first organization of the Provisional Government, at the time of the Red River rebellion, was named as President with Louis Riel as Secretary, has written a letter in which he purports to give an authentic account of the execution of Thomas Scott, with whose murder Louis Riel is charged.

Riel has been elected a member of the Dominion Parliament from the district of Provencher in Manitoba, and in spite of the fact that a reward of $5,000 is offered for his apprehension, and that detectives have been seeking him for months, he visited the Government buildings in Ottawa the other day, subscribed his name on the roll of the House to which he has been elected, and then disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, an event which has caused intense excitement throughout Canada.

At the time of the Scott tragedy, March 4, 1870, Riel was acting as President of the Provisional Government and Scott was a political prisoner. Bruce says:

Six soldiers had been chosen to shoot Scott. I have here again to write the name of a man whose behavior in that circumstance reflects on him the greatest honor. Augustin Parisien, one of the six soldiers, declared openly that he would not shoot at Scott; and, in fact, he took off the cap from his gun before the word of command, "Present," was given. Of the five balls remaining only two hit the poor victim, one in the left shoulder, the other in the upper part of the chest above the heart. Had the other soldiers missed the mark unintentionally, or had they willingly aimed too high, too low, or aside? It is unknown. However that may be, as the two wounds were not sufficient to cause death, at least sudden death, a man named Guillemette stepped forward and discharged the contents of a pistolclose to Scott's head while he was lying on the ground. This ball, however, took a wrong direction. It went into the upper part of the right cheek and came out somewhere about the cartilage of the nose.

Scott was still not dead, but that did not prevent his butchers from placing him alive, and still speaking, in a kind of coffin made of four rough boards. It was nailed and placed in the southeastern bastion, and an armed soldier was placed at the door. This would seem like a story made at one's ease if there were not several witnesses full of life who heard between the hours of five and six in the evening the unfortunate Scott speaking from under the lid of his coffin; and it is known that he had been shot at half-past twelve. What a long and horrible agony! and what a ferocious cruelty on the part of his butchers! The words heard and understood by the French Metis were only these: "My God! my God!" Some English Metis, and others speaking Scott's tongue, heard distinctly these words: "For God's sake take me out of here or kill me!" Toward eleven o'clock, that is after ten and a half hours of frightful agony, a person, whose name I shall withhold for the present, went into the bastion and gave him the finishing stroke with a butcher knife, according to some; with a pistol according to others.

The corpse was left in the southeastern bastion a few days, being kept by soldiers, relieved each in their turn. On the third or fourth night, I could not say precisely which, the corpse was taken toward the Red river, and stopped about one mile and a half from the fort, nearly opposite the river La Seine. By means of a large stone tied to the corpse the body of Thomas Scott went to the bottom of the river to come thence no more.

A few words more and I am through this horrible tragedy. It was in the afternoon of the day when the execution took place that the corpse was placed in the coffin, and it was later taken out of it in the bastion; but, in order to avoid suspicion, a grave had been dug inside of the gate facing the Assiniboine river, a few steps to the right, and it is there the coffin which was thought to contain Scott's body was lowered.

The Ashantee Warriors.

A correspondent writes from the field: The Ashantees fought like demons. They were present in enormous numbers, pouring on our gallant troops by the thousands, yelling and screaming hideously. Although our firing told on them immensely, they had to be driven from point to point, and even when pushed out of the successive villages returned to the attack. In the thickest parts of the brush they climbed the trees in order to fire more effectually upon our troops. The order of advance from Insarful was as follows: The attack was made in the form of a square, through the middle of which ran the main road, and the line extended about 300 yards on either side. The Forty-second Regiment, preceded by Lord Gifford and his scouts, formed the front line, with two of Raff's guns in the centre, Gordon's Houssas in a dense corner of jungle. It really seemed as if nothing but the failure of their ammunition would drive them out. Now at one point, now at another, along the hill crest they poured down crushing volleys. Life they counted at no price if only a white man could be killed. It was the same desperate obstinacy we had seen at Abrakrampa. They climbed trees to fire with more deadly effect, but the mass just lay down and shot till shot themselves or short of ammunition.

Discoveries by the Microscope.

Leuwenhoeck tells us of animated insects seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite. Insects of various kinds are observable in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit fully discernible. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales; and a single scale covers 500 pores; yet through these narrow openings the sweat exudes like water through a sieve; how minute then must be its particles! The mite makes five hundred steps in a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen in a meadow.

A Boy Shoots Himself from Fear of his Father.—William Bang, aged fifteen, a messenger of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York, received a month's wages. He purchased a small pistol with a portion of the money, the rest he spent in dissipation. When nightfall admonished him of the necessity for returning home, the dread of meeting his father rendered him desperate. He opened his shirt, put the muzzle of his pistol almost over his heart and fired. The ball missed the chief organ at which it was aimed, but lodged very near it, and the boy died.

A Wasted Life.

Within the last week, says the New York *Graphic*, the pride of an honored house has been humbled, but not by the fault of either of its partners. Yet one of them had a fault which the hard of heart are not ready to forgive. He was generous and trustful. Before he had become rich he had a bosom friend named Bailey, who afterwards died poor and left a widow and one son. When the New York merchant learned of these facts he provided a home for the means of earning her own livelihood, and took the youth into his employ. The boy, Frederick, grew up into a shrewd, active man whose business espacity pleased all the members of the firm. As time went on he was advanced from one position of trust to another until, five years ago, he was made chief bookkeeper of the concern. His benefactor was pleased, and the mother now had hope that her declining years would be happily passed amid pleasant surroundings and cheered by the love of the son who was her stay and pride.

To all outward seeming the young man led a correct life. He appeared to live within his means, had no vices that showed upon the surface, and no evil associates. The only drawback to his mother's happiness was the fact that he was often out until late in the night and looked weary and haggard in the morning. By way of excuse he pleaded that he had to remain late at the office. Thus the young man lived, at home, at church, in society, in the presence of his employers, a life of rectitude. But there was another current, deep and black, running beneath this outward calm of his existence, and it was rapidly sweeping him away to destruction.

The young man has lived the life of a thief and debauchee for three years past. In his midnight revelries in the company of abandoned beauty and at the gaming table he has squandered $100,000 that belonged to his benefactor and the firm. By day his skill doctored the books of the firm so that they should betray no secret, and his smiling face was made to mask his villainous ingratitude. He had a wife at home, but her love did not suffice to keep him from sin. He was tempted and he fell. Into evil courses and companionship, deeper and deeper in the mire of vice he stepped down until concealment was no longer possible. But he had covered his wanderings well during the three long years in which he lived his double life. It could not have been a happy life. With every morning's dawn he must have looked into the face of a felon and hated him as the furtive eyes met his own. The praise of his employers turned to gall at his taste.

At last there came a day when this double life became unendurable. He fled. It was only last week that his flight was discovered. Then slowly the truth came out, to shame the hearts of mother and wife, embitter the life of his benefactor, and bring a cloud over an old and honored firm. Whether he took a companion in his flight and how much money went with him is not known. To-day Frederick Bailey is an outlaw, and must remain a fugitive unless he is brought back to spend the best years of his life in a felon's stripes.

The worst of such an example is that it hardens men's hearts and teaches them distrust. They will make it an excuse for refusing help to the needy, pointing to the black ingratitude of the man who robbed his benefactor. But the one lesson taught above all others is that the man who leads two lives may be sure that his sin will find him out.

One Possible Cause of Fire.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* relates as follows the results of an investigation following the accidental discovery of a narrow escape from house burning:

"One day last winter poking about the by-ways of my cellar, I came across a demoralized bottom part of a trunk which was among the receptacles used for holding kindlings. It was comfortably full of burned paper, charred kindlings, and a miscellaneous medley suggestive of a place where a sluttish parlor girl had tipped up the contents of a parlor cuspadore, which proved to be the fact. Well, there was no fire, but the discovery was interesting, and in the interest of domestic economy, art, and science, I investigated, and, as will straightway appear, I myself would have been the most culpable if a fire had come of this matter. Thus it was, carefully ridding the place of the burned stuff, and scrutinizing the residuum, there appeared at the bottom, with the rest of it, numerous used-up matches, suggestive of the scratch, the light, the brimstone, the puff in the pipe, and, of course, the toss into the cuspadore. So far, so good. No advance yet in domestic economy or safety of the individual. But I persisted. Presently, plain to be seen, were numbers of little brimstone ends of matches, fresh and potent as they came from the primeval dip. Indeed, here was food for reflection. I took one, relighted my pipe, and thought it out. Said I to myself, and was sure of it, 'Why may not that careless fellow up in the parlor who runs this house, and thinks neither master nor mistress ever does a stupid thing, doing always as he pleases—why may not he, I say, have taken a match some time, and wool-gathering over a problem not half as consequential as this, just scratched wildly, snapped off the life and light-giving end, and tossed the whole into the cuspadore, and tried another? And why may not that little end of a match, in due course emptied here, have met its fate, (a little attrition,) and, responding to its destiny, produced a flame, and that flame set fire to this mass?' Even before I had worked out this problem to this wise result, I caught myself breaking a match and tossing the useless to me, but nevertheless dangerous fragment somewhere! Yes, that must have been the way, and had not my cellar had a brick floor, with a brick partition next to the kindlings, and some other safety notions, peradventure good luck, too, who knows but my house might have burned up and the mystery of the fire never have been fathomed?"

Consumptive Milk.

With simultaneous zeal in the pursuit of disagreeable knowledge, M. Chauveau, of France, and Dr. Klebs, of Germany, have demonstrated, by a long succession of experiments, that the milk of a tuberculous cow is capable virtually of infecting the partakers thereof with consumption. The virus, which is in the serum of the milk and in a dissolved state, is not destroyed by boiling. Worse than all, the lacteal yield of one phthisical or tuberculous cow will contaminate all milk added to it. The person diseased by it has first a kind of intestinal catarrh, which extends to the liver and spleen, thence to the throat, and finally, tuberculously, to the lungs.

Benefactors.—He who goes through a land and scatters roses may be tracked the next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose seeds, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument, and as an heritage for his sons and daughters.

Watching Texas Cattle.

The cow boys who watch cattle in Texas, says Pomeroy's *Democrat*, have a hard time of it once in a while. They must be vigilant. On their horses they dodge about, dash here and there at full speed till in a few days their horses need rest. Then the tired animals are turned loose to recuperate and others are taken for the work. Herders with their cattle have a busy time and great responsibility. They must keep the cattle where there is grass and water. If the feed gives out in one place they must seek another locality. They must see that the cattle do not wander off to be lost, or picked up by other persons.

At night when the cattle are tired or full of food, they camp like the Arabs. The cattle rest by lying down. Horses are picketed or tied with a rope attached to a long spike which is driven or forced into the ground. The men, after supper sleep on the ground close to their horses, with or without a blanket over them as the weather suggests.

Soon all will be quiet as a grave yard at night. The cattle sleep and puff. Horses lie down by the side of their riders, care being taken that all saddles are removed and everything that could be made to rattle is put away in such place or manner as not to be touched.

When all is quiet, and the cattle, or some of them, are asleep, should a horse on which had been left a saddle shake himself, the noise would startle the cattle and they would be apt to stampede. Care must be taken to prevent this. At times the howl of a wolf or the hooting of an owl will startle the cattle from slumber, and away they run in all directions, to be brought together again only after much hard riding, work, botheration and profanity.

Should a herder have occasion to rise in the night for any cause, he must move with great caution. He will crawl out from under his blanket. It may be that some of the cattle are awakened. They open their eyes, lift their heads and listen for the next disturbing sound. If a horse should jump or a herder spring from the ground suddenly, the scare would be complete—the startled animals would jump to their feet and run perhaps for miles.

When a herder raises an alarm he rises slowly, the while talking low, as if to his horse or some cattle. Gradually rising his voice in a natural way, he speaks soothingly, coaxingly, yet distinct. The cattle hear his voice, are reassured, and very soon all is quiet.

In this quiet way the herder can move around among the cattle with impunity. But let there come some quick jump—let some fool of a cow have the nightmare and spring to her feet with a snort, and the very dickens is to pay.

Sometimes an entire drove of cattle will take fright and follow in the direction taken by their leader. They run like deer and none but good horses can keep up with them. At such times the herder or cow boy hastens to his saddle if he be not already therein. At the top of his horse's speed pursuit is given.

The drove is off like a long comet, all in line. Then comes what is called "milling." The horses are crowded forward to the head of the flying column of scared cattle. All the herders ride to the right or left of the column, as the case may be, till close along side with the first of the stampeders. To ride in front and try to stop them would be death, for long horns, sharp hoofs, and reckless plunging would soon finish horse and rider.

Then the horseman presses close upon the right or left of the head of the column, till the leaders are forced out of a straight line and then gradually into a curve. Soon the cattle are "milled" and are running at the rate of fifteen miles an hour in a circle. Around and around they go, forming a ring, as it were. When the herders succeed in steering the steers so they will make the "mill," their work is done for the moment. The cattle run in this way till exhausted, and till the head of the column is lost in the tail of it. In a little while all is quiet again and the drove or herd is ready to move on.

At times some of the cattle break out and run, some in one direction, others in another. At such times the herder and his horse have work to do. It may be a race for miles, till the pursuer and pursued are far away from and out of sight of the main herd.

If the cow boy has but one animal to chase, the work is quickly done. The lasso is used and the quest animal has the life lasso taken out of him that he is content to travel in company. In thousands of cases the rope is not used, but the animal is thrown without its aid.

The mode of operation is this: Putting his horse to full speed, the herder rides close alongside the animal, reaches down, and catches it by the tail. Going at a greater rate of speed, the man on the horse lifts the animal partly from its feet, or lifts and pulls sideways, when the steps of the steer are thrown out of mesh, as machinists say, and heels over head it rolls upon the ground. If one tumble is not enough, soon as it gets under headway the game is repeated and down it goes again. After two or three falls the ugliest steer generally gives in and is tractable. Cows are more stubborn, but five or six dumps and rollovers are generally sufficient to teach them better than to war against the inevitable.

In these exercises an animal may have a leg broken or become disabled. The long sheath knife of the herder finishes the work, the throat is cut, the skin ripped open and started about the neck. The rope is then made fast, one end to the skin, the other to the horn of the saddle. The horse moves on, and the skin is peeled from the carcass as a man would turn a leg of his pants inside out. The skin is then rolled up, put upon a pack horse and taken to camp to be salted, preserved, and sent to market.

At times some of the cattle are mired in the wet places where they go for drink and are powerless to get out. Then the cow boy hitches the rope to the horns of the animal, which is pulled out head first. If one horse cannot do the work, another cow boy with horse and rope comes to the rescue, and the animal is snaked out of its mud bath, to rest, recover, and travel on. Here is a country miles upon miles in extent, without fences or anything to prevent stock being raised at no other cost than for cattle and care.

Sensation.

The theatre-goers of Paris have lately been deprived of a decided sensation by the intervention of the police. There are in the city at present two lion tamers, one a negro named, Delmonico and the other an Englishman named Cooper. These rival performers met one night at a restaurant, and a dispute arose between them respecting the ferocity of their respective animals, when Delmonico informed Cooper that his lions were mere sheep. Cooper replied by offering to exchange cages with his rival. The offer was accepted, and an exhibition arranged whereat Cooper was to enter the cage of Delmonico's lions, and vice versa. But unfortunately for the seekers after excitement, the wife of Delmonico became so terrified at the idea of the danger her husband was about to run that she laid the matter before the Prefect of the Police, and persuaded him to interfere.

Cuttle Fish.—The story of a gigantic cuttle fish, sixty feet in diameter, told some months ago in the columns of a New York daily, will need further corroboration before being generally accepted. At the meeting of the Polytechnic branch of the American Institute, a gentleman stated that the had seen cuttle fish frequently on the coast of Oregon, but the largest never exceeded six feet in diameter. Fishermen cut them up, and used them for bait.

The great clock in the British Houses of Parliament has been stopped for cleaning on account of having lost a second in one month. The average variation of the clock does not amount to a quarter of a second in the year.

BALD MOUNTAIN.

The Sensation of a Third-Rate Hoax.—An Indian Legend.

The Bald Mountain Volcano, of North Carolina, has been regarded as a third-rate hoax at Richmond, Va., according to a correspondent, from the publication of the first sensational rumors in regard to it. The truth is, doubtless, that this new sensation is but the revival of an old tradition, derived from the Indians, that Bald Mountain was once, in very remote times, a volcano, and hence that absence of vegetation which has given it its name.

The Indian legend is to the effect that a certain tribe living at the foot of Bald Mountain was annually afflicted by the visit of a huge bird of prey, that made his eyrie on the summit of the mountain, and that on every visit seized and carried away with him a child of the tribe. This annual affliction had been undergone for a long series of years, when a great chief and medicine-man arose, and, just before the time for the next annual visit of the bird, began to preach a crusade against the common enemy. He adjured the warriors, as they were brave men and loving fathers, no longer to submit to the depredations of the bird, but to march against him and destroy him or be destroyed.

Thus aroused, the men of the tribe swore to follow the chief in the desperate venture, and, placing their squaws and children in a place of safety, they encircled the base of the mountain and began the ascent, resolved to kill the bird at all hazards and at every cost. The mountain was then clothed in rank vegetation—mighty forest-trees thickly undergrown by a tangled wilderness, that made the progress upward very painful and difficult. But the determined tribe persevered until, nearing the top of the mountain, what was their horror to perceive that it was not merely one tremendous bird they had to encounter and destroy, but a countless number of the fierce creature, clustering in ferocious masses all over the higher portions of the mountain.

At this despair overcame them, for they at once recognized how impossible it would be for them to overcome and exterminate so many of the winged monsters, and they threw themselves down upon their faces, expecting the birds to rush down upon them and destroy them. At this moment their leader raised high his voice to the Great Spirit for their deliverance, and in answer to his prayer vivid lightnings sprang from every quarter of the cloudless sky, without a sound of thunder, slaying the bidrs to the last one, riving the forest-trees, and wrapping the whole mountain-top in flames, that soon swept from it every trace of vegetation. Thus were the monstrous birds of prey destroyed, the mountain made bald, and the tribe delivered. The anniversary of the deliverance was perpetually celebrated by the tribe, and the tradition I have just related handed down from one generation to another.

In this tradition lurks the story, doubtless, of either the original formation of the ridge known as the Bald Mountains, or of an eruption which occurred many years ago.

Wildcat Banking.

Many of our readers will remember the period of wildcat and red-dog banking. Then banks were chartered without restriction by the Legislatures of Territories, while the bankers put forth boundless quantities of shinplasters to be circulated a thousand miles from the place of issue; and with this sort of trash the real estate banks of Illinois, so-called, redeemed their own circulation during the panic of 1857 without the payment of any coin. The cashiers of the sham banks then usually carried their offices around in their hats. One of them, the Platte Valley Bank Nebraska, had over $100,000 of notes circulating in the States of Illinois and Indiana. A simple-minded citizen of Springfield, having to travel in Nebraska, carried for the payment of his expenses a few hundred dollars to Platte Valley, where the pretended bank was; but when he arrived there he had great difficulty in finding the cashier of the bank, and worse yet, he had to borrow money to get home again. When the cashier told him that the bank would not redeem its notes, the poor victim inquired whether it would not at least give him tolerably executed counterfeits in exchange.

In those days it was the fashion to locate the headquarters of a bank so far away from civilization that the bill holder must be courageous indeed to attempt to reach it. The red-dog banks of Michigan were located on the peninsula, or in the midst of the pine woods regions, while those of Wisconsin were located in the Superior regions. One man who had a fondness for hunting and fishing, and was not afraid of solitude, would build him a cabin and put up his sign, "Red-Dog Bank," or "Wildcat Bank," or whatever it might be, and with from $50 to $100 in gold would stay and wait, often for months, not seeing meanwhile a red or white man. In the meantime the bank doing its business in some of the larger cities would have a million or over of circulation, and money was plenty. We do not care to see the wildcat banking days again, and trust we shall not.

Charity in France.

The wife of the President of France, Madame M'Mahon, found it impracticable to make her grand charity project a success without the aid of the newspaper men. To give the affair a dashing start, M. Debrousse, one of the most opulent press proprietors of Paris, gave her a check for 100,000 francs, and got the editors to meet Mrs. President. She made them a little speech, and forthwith the men of the pen organized subscriptions, and devoted space to publishing the names of persons giving. In a few days money began to pour in, and in a little over a week 275,000 francs were raised for the soup-houses. The press does this, although more heavily burdened with taxes than any other industry (each journal pays one-fifth of its value to the state), and yet receives very little credit for it. The walls of Paris were recently covered with notices signed by the Mayor of Paris, saying that Madame M'Mahon had devoted 100,000 francs to the release of the mattresses in pawn, and 100,000 more to certain soup-houses which she had founded. Paris is having a charity mania. All the ladies of the *haut monde* are vieing with each other, and are happy to see their names in the papers as having passed the plate all day long at some public ceremony.

Their Idea of It.

The crowd outside the court room was greatly disappointed when it heard the result of the Tichborne trial. A reporter for the *Daily News* ran to a cab and said, "Drive me to the *Daily News* office." "What's the sentence?" asked the cab driver. "Fourteen years' hard labor." "Then I'll see your neck broke before I'll drive you anywhere." This little dialogue is characteristic of the crowd. It was a crowd of people who had gradually come to consider the Tichborne case a fight between a butcher and the aristocracy and nothing else, with their sympathies in favor of the butcher.

Items of Interest.

Cure for a felon—Take it to the pen