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A Love Song.

Oh, warm sweet breath of the Southern wind!
Blow softly o'er the sea,
Bearing my kisses to lips that wait—
Wait for kisses from me.

Under the roses, white and red,
My love is watching the moon;
The stars of the skies are watching her eyes,
That are deep as the skies of June.

Rose and lily, watching her cheek,
Chant from their hiding place:
"Hail to the queen of the lily and rose,
With the rose and lily face!"

Oh, swift, sweet messenger! come back,
Come back from over the sea,
Bringing the kisses that pure, sweet lips
Gave you in trust for me.

A Day of Summer Beauty.

Out in the golden summer air,
Amid the purple heather,
A woman sat with drooping head,
And hands close knit together;
Never a bitter word she said,
Though all her limbs looked cold and dead—
Cold in the glowing haze that lay
Over the fair green earth that day,
That day of summer beauty.

Far, far away, where leafy woods
Touched the blue sky, cloud riven,
A thousand birds rang out life's bliss
In jubilee to heaven;
How could the poor, old, withered throat
Carol echoes to each soft note?
Every soul must pay life's cost—
Her deepest silence praised God most,
That day of summer beauty.

Too dulled her soul, too worn, to feel
Summer delight acutely;
While earth was praising God aloud,
Her patience praised him mutely.
Her narrow life of thought and care,
Not life to live, but life to bear;
Contented that her soul was sad,
While all God's soulless things were glad,
That day of summer beauty.

And where she stayed, a dusty speak
In gorse and heather glory,
A weary spirit watched and read
The pathos of her story;
A spirit, doubt oppressed and worn,
Had found another more forlorn,
That, trustful, stayed, nor sought to guess
Life's meanings, which are fathomless,
Through all the summer beauty.

The General's Address.

A Story of the Dark Days of the Revolutionary War.

The sufferings of the American army during the Revolutionary war were severe. The American Congress was accused of not treating the army fairly, and at one time there was great danger that the troops would leave the field Washington appealed to Congress at this juncture, but no heed was paid to his request. In writing to the secretary of war on the subject he said: "Only conceive the mortification the troops must suffer (even the general officers), when they cannot invite a French officer or traveling acquaintance to a better dinner than bad whisky (and not always that) and a bit of beef without vegetables will afford them."

Congress, though it professed a desire that the army should receive justice, declared its inability to do anything until the separate States were consulted. A committee appointed to make known their grievances to Congress returned and reported their ill success. This report fell like fire on the suffering army, and it was evident that some decisive action would be developed before long. At length, on the tenth of March, it took form in an anonymous address that was distributed through the army, calling on the officers to meet next day to decide on the measures that should be adopted to obtain a redress of their grievances.

This address, it was ascertained years after, was written by Major Armstrong, aid-de-camp to General Gates. Its language was well calculated to set on fire the army that was already prepared for an explosion. The address commenced with the statement of the disappointment felt at the report of the indifference of the government to their rights, saying "that faith has its limits as well as its temper, and there are points beyond which neither can be stretched without sinking into cowardice or plunging into credulity." He then takes a rapid survey of the past, reciting their devotion, their sufferings, and their wrongs, and in a series of scornful questions asks them how their faith and patience have been rewarded. After arousing their indignation by this recital of their wrongs, and the contemptuous treatment with which their humble petitions had been received, he burst forth: "If this, then, be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defense of America, what have you to expect from peace, when your voice shall sink and your strength dissipate by division, when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides and no mark of military distinction left you but your wants, infirmities and scars? Can you then consent to be the only sufferers by this revolution, and retiring from the field, grow old in poverty, wretchedness and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of despondency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity which has hitherto been spent in honor? If you can, go; and carry with you the jests of Tories and the scorn of Whigs, the ridicule, and what is worse, the pity of the world; go, starve, and be forgotten!" But he adds: "If you revolt at this, and would oppose tyranny under whatever garb it may assume, awake, attend to your situation, and redeem yourselves. If the present moment be lost, every future effort will be in vain, and your threats then will be empty as are your entreaties now." Having thus artfully kindled the passions of the army, he boldly sketched out the only course to pursue. "Draw up," he says, "a last remonstrance, and tell Congress with them rests the responsibility of the future; that if redress is not given, and peace returns, nothing but death shall separate you from your arms; if the war continues, you will retire to some unsettled country to smile in turn, and 'mock when their fear cometh.'"

This address, so well adapted to stir up the passion and bring about sudden and violent action, had been scattered through the army without the knowledge of Washington. When at last it was brought to him and he read it over, a cloud dark as midnight settled on his countenance—the day of evil, which he so long dreaded, nay, had foretold, had at last come. The labor of seven long years was in a moment to be overthrown. The earthquake had opened at his very feet, and he gazed with sinking heart into the gloomy abyss. The worst of it was, there was not an assertion or statement in that fiery address that he could contradict. The appeal alone to redress themselves he could not meet, and this could be done only by a counter appeal to their patriotism and their faith in his promise, that had never been broken. But the first great object was to gain delay. The meeting had been called for the next day, on purpose that no time should be given for passion to subside and cooler counsels prevail. Washington was too sagacious to attempt to prevent the meeting, as he had authority to do. Force he knew would only intensify the feeling that prevailed. Things had plainly come to a crisis, and to meet it successfully required great prudence. Hence he must have time to mature his plans, and so postponed the meeting till Saturday, four days in advance. To this no one could object, but the leaders in the movement saw that it boded evil for them. In the meantime he sent for his generals to meet him, to consult on the proper course of action. It was a cold, chilly day on which they assembled, and the old open fireplace was heaped with blazing logs before which Washington was slowly pacing when the generals one after another rode up—Wayne, and Putnam, and Sullivan entered one after another; Steuben from over the river; while the veterans Knox and Green rode up together from the south. Others arrived from near the camp ground, until as noble a group as ever gathered around a chieftain stood around Washington. Could this old room speak and tell what passed at that sad and solemn council, it would tell of noble devotion and patriotism such as the world has seldom witnessed. It was finally resolved that Washington should attend the meeting and open it in person. It was arranged that immediately after his address "Old Put" should move that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions expressing the feelings of the meeting.

The fifteenth of March was a cold, bleak day, and the leaden clouds gave a somber hue to the wintry landscape. Snow was still on the mountain tops, and here and there lay in drifts in the hollows, as Washington and his staff began to climb the hills back of Newburgh toward the temple near the camp ground.

Washington dismounted at the door, and giving his horse to the orderly, entered the building. It was packed throughout its entire length with an anxious audience. Every eye was turned as that tall and stately form moved calmly toward the raised platform at the further end. Not a sound but his heavy footfall on the uncarpeted floor broke the profound, impressive silence of the room. As he reached the platform and stood for a moment and gazed on the assembly, his noble heart was stirred to its profoundest depths. He knew every face, and, as his eye passed from one to another, what a tide of feeling must have swept over his heart. They were his comrades in battle. How often had they closed round him in the deadly encounter, and shoulder to shoulder carried him triumphantly over the fields of his fame. Noble men were they all, on whom he had relied, and not in vain, in the hour of deadly peril. A thousand proofs of their devotion came rushing back on his memory; their toils and suffering rose before him, and the whole history of the past swept by like a moving panorama till his heart swelled over them with parental fondness. He had no word of rebuke for them—only words of affection and sympathy.

Unrolling his manuscript, he took out his spectacles, and said, in a voice choked with emotion: "You see, gentlemen, I have grown blind as well as gray in your service." One could have heard a pin fall, so breathless was the audience; while many an eye, that had never blenched in the wildest storm of battle, grew dim with tears. Every line of this immortal address reveals the stern patriot and the devoted chieftain. After referring to the anonymous address, and denouncing the author and his dark designs in unsparing language, and the meeting called in this unprecedented way, he with changed voice and manner spoke of the army, its sufferings and devotion, and then passed on to his own conduct, saying: "If my conduct heretofore has not evinced to you that I have been a faithful friend to the army, my declaration to you at this time would be equally unavailing and improper"; * * * that he had never left the side of the army except when called away by duty, but had ever been their companion in distress and danger, and adds: "As I have considered my own military reputation as inseparably connected with that of the army, as my heart has ever expanded with joy when I have heard it praised, and my indignation has arisen when the mouth of detraction has been opened against it, it can hardly be supposed at this last stage of the war that I am indifferent to its interests." But he asks: How are these interests to be preserved? Not, he plainly shows, by following the treasonable advice contained in the address. He then pledges most solemnly his utmost ability to see all their wrongs redressed, all their rights established.

He conjures them to rely on the plighted faith of their country, and taking fire as he proceeds, he exclaims: "Let me conjure you in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, as you regard the military or national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes, under any specious pretenses, to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the floodgates of civil discord and deluge our rising empire in blood." He closes up his stirring appeal by saying: "If you will do this, you will by the dignity of your conduct afford posterity occasion to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind: 'Had this day been wanting, the world would never have seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.'"

It was enough. The conspiracy was dead, and a deep murmur of delight ran through the audience. Removing his spectacles, he descended the platform and moved out through the assembly, each eye following the stately form as it disappeared through the doorway. Knox immediately arose, and moved that the thanks of the officers be tendered to the commander-in-chief for his address, and "to assure him" that the officers reciprocated his affectionate expressions with the greatest sincerity of which the human heart is capable." It was carried with a unanimous and loud cheer. "Old Put," as he was called, then moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions and report in half an hour. In half an hour the report was ready. The resolutions were short and spicy and to the point. They were carried by acclamation, and that was the last ever heard of the anonymous address.

BEWARE.—Let ladies beware of "lacing back," "strapping up," or whatever the correct term is, their dresses too tightly; at least when they go to court. At one of the last drawing-rooms a lady, after executing a most low and loyal courtesy to Queen Victoria, found herself quite unable to "get straight" again and actually had to be helped into an upright position.

A HUNTERS' CAMP.

A Novelty on the Centennial Grounds—Western Life as it is in Civilization.

The "Hunters' Camp" on the Centennial grounds is visited by hundreds daily. It is in a ravine and on a creek that runs through the park. A long piece of oak bark, pegged with its outer side against a tree, with an inscription carved on its inner side with a jackknife, tells the visitor that the curious structure which he sees is "The Hunters' Cabin." It is reached by crossing a bridge of two logs, and if the visitor has a cane he will probably tap on the back with it to satisfy himself that they are not flesh and blood the tin ducks and drakes floating at anchor in the stream. Safe over, he is confronted by the hunter's watchdog—a dwarfed brown bear tethered to a tree which shades the kitchen and dining-hall—a little circular wall of sooty stones, with a black iron pot hanging above it, and sharp pointed roasting or toasting sticks leaning over its sides, and a table made of a huge strip of bark supported on four stout twigs stuck into the ground. A camp fire of logs is constantly burning, near by, and at night it casts such a light through the wooded vale that the bloodthirsty redskins dread to approach the cabin. It succeeds, also, in keeping the hunters warm these frigid July days, and proves the mortal foe of Centennial mosquitoes. The two chaps sitting at the table must be inspected before a look is taken at the cabin. They are attired in full Western hunter's costume, which is quite as outlandish as Robinson Crusoe's—coonskin cap, buckskin tunic, with fringe like a leathern flynet for a horse, breeches of the same stuff and similarly fringed, and moccasins. With sharp sticks for forks, and with Arkansas toothpicks (fourteen-inch butcher knives), they are helping themselves from wooden platters to Rocky mountain venison obtained from West Philadelphia steers, and to cracked Arrapahoe maize produced by Bucks county savages. Three times a week they have hash, and on Sundays they add the luxury of bread made of maize meal, which they grind between flat stones. Their speech does not lack the peculiar charm of Western classics. While one "'ll be teetotally chawed up for a sucked egg" if he ain't near a "gone coon" for a "chawt-a-backer," the other hopes he "may be toasted on forked lightning if he ain't spun out cleaner'n a bar's tongue of everything 'cept crumbs," and "these" he wants for "smokin'."

The cabin is salt-box shaped, entirely open in front, built of logs, and thatched with bark as hostile to water as a duck's back. Underneath the bark is a coating of palm and cedar branches to increase the warmth. This it has little difficulty in effecting, assisted by the crackling camp fire just in front of the cabin. Within are two camp lounges—the only beds. These are exactly like hospital stretchers, but having two legs at one end so as to elevate the head of the sleeper. Among the other articles displayed inside are the skin of a white polecat (declared to be the only white polecat known to have been ever seen in the United States), the stuffed head of a leopard, skins of black and grizzly bears, elk antlers, horns of Rocky mountain rams, bows, arrows, moccasins, wampum, strings of grizzly bears' claws and other curiosities captured from the Indians; rifles of auld lang syne, fish spears and fishing and trapping implements of every description, a table made of nicer bark than that in the table outside, and two objects of the shape and size of an enormous codfish, and made of plaited willow. These are snowshoes. The feet are slipped under straps in the center, and the wearer jogs along fearless of sinking in the snow and hopeless of making a hop, step and jump over a fence. "An' do the redskins have feet as big as them?" was the innocent inquiry of a spectator. Below the cabin a dam has been constructed, the stream being thereby made broad and deep enough for the hunters to amuse themselves rowing about in the two Indian canoes which they have there. To cut the story short, this hunters' cabin, with its contents and surroundings, afford a complete illustration of the life of a Western hunter. It is improbable though that many of those daring and enduring pioneers are fortunate enough to find for their headquarters such a lovely spot as Landowne ravine.

Carrier Pigeons and Shipwrecks.

An interesting lecture on the utilization of the homing or carrier pigeon was given at the zoological gardens, Regent's park, London, recently, by Mr. Tegetmeier. After describing the origin of the pigeon voyageurs, the methods of training for the long concours, or races, the powers of flight, extending to upward of five hundred miles a day, the lecturer described the details of the pigeon post used during the siege of Paris, and stated that at the present time every fortress and fortified town in Germany was provided with flights of trained pigeons by which communications could be sent into the town, if invested by a hostile force.

He then proceeded to describe the latest application of the homing faculty of these birds—namely, the establishment of communications from lightships to the shore, so that by the use of the maritime code of signals, two or three letters stamped on the wing would convey the intelligence that assistance of any kind was desired, and would provide a means of communication when no other method was available. The experiment is being tried, in the first instance, at Harwich, and as soon as a sufficient stock of birds has been reared, it is proposed to keep relays on board the adjacent lightships, so that in case of a second wreck like that of the Deutschland, requests for assistance could be immediately conveyed to the authorities at Harwich.

London Beauties.

It is no slight work which the beauties of London have to perform, a correspondent writes. As I heard one say to another the other night, on a crowded staircase, where people had been waiting for half an hour unable to get either up or down: "We have to go to a reception and a ball yet, and this is our third party to-night." To drag around from house to house like this, night after night, requires a constitution of cast iron, and most of these fair damsels seem to have it. The first rose of the year is not a more beautiful object than some of these girls, with their perfect forms and complexions as fresh and clear as the daylight. They are beginning life without an anxiety or a care, and imagine that they will meet with nothing much worse on the road than a dull party or stupid partner; but we old stagers, who have trudged on a good way ahead, know very well the kind of entertainment which will presently be spread out before them. It seems to me that the crop of these beauties is more abundant than ever this year.

THE MENNONITES.

A Description of a Peculiar Sect in Pennsylvania—How they Live and Dress.

A correspondent writing from Lancaster, Pa., draws this picture of the Mennonites, a noted sect there: A representative Mennonite is an object of curiosity. Travelers going through this valley are puzzled to know what to make of them. Mennonite men are nearly always above the medium height. They are tall, straight, and angular. They wear their straight, black hair rather long, until it nearly reaches their shoulders. Their coats are cut straight up and down. The material is of gray wool, and is home-made. There are no buttons on their clothing, hooks and eyes being used instead. The vest is cut high; so is the shirt; and around their necks they wear black scarfs or stocks. Vests, and wide, long, straight pantaloons, looking more like a pair of bags than like pantaloons, are of brown jeans, coarsely and rudely made up. There is no style about them. The Mennonite costume consists of a black slouch hat with a very wide brim, which is worn a part of summer and all winter. The men wear heavy cowhide boots in winter. This style of dress was worn by their fathers in this valley over two hundred years ago, and has been worn ever since. The women wear black sun bonnets, lined with pasteboard slips, brown calico gowns, and black woolen capes or shawls. Their feet are covered with blue stockings knit at home from wool raised on the farm, and rough kip shoes.

The women are, as a general thing, small as compared with the stature of their husbands. Young and old dress alike, so that unless a close inspection is made a man twenty years of age can hardly be told from one fifty years old. They stand quite erect, and, like the Chinamen, resemble each other very much. The married women become plump and sluggish, and the young ladies may be ever so handsome, yet they always look plain in their domestic garb, and their black eyes and rosy cheeks are hid away under the flaps of their uncommonly large sun bonnets. They are quiet, and rarely smile. The old folks are more loquacious than the young. A fair daughter will go to church with her father and mother. She will sit between them, and look neither to the right nor to the left. At the close of the services all of them may stop in leaving the building to recognize and speak to friends for a short time, but the conversation is very limited.

I visited one of their farmhouses—a small, two-story, stone house, with four small rooms and a kitchen. There was no carpet on the floors, and the furniture was neat and plain. The boards were scrubbed fresh and clean; the windows up stairs were open; the beds, puffed up with bouncing feather bolsters, looked sweet and clean; extra apparel hung on pegs in a corner, and a chest served for a wardrobe for the other clothing. The walls were white as the driven snow, and the pleasant air of the shady grove without bulged in the common paper curtains. Their diet is principally eggs and vegetables. They eat very little meat.

About fifty yards from their dwellings are their immense barns, large enough to hold a dozen of the houses they live in. These barns contain the remains of the crop of last year. The stables are filled with horses and cows, and in the outbuildings are the plain family carriage, wagons, plows, and other implements. These men are hard working farmers, sun-browned and honest, caring nothing at all about politics, and living only to till the soil, deal honestly with their neighbors, and save money. The husband is the sole manager of his household, the wife and children doing his bidding in the most minute particular. They are people of remarkably few words, speaking only when it is absolutely necessary. They would not knowingly wrong anybody. Their religion embraces the doctrine of the golden rule. One of their leading men, who has acquired a large fortune, will not take more than four per cent. for the use of his money, because, as he says, it is not fair, right, just, nor honest to receive any more. It is certain, also, that there are plenty of them who loan money to their friends and neighbors who do not ask even a bond, note, or collateral, nor do they ask for or receive any interest. They sell nothing on credit. They keep no accounts. Their verbal promise to pay is as good as a first mortgage or a government bond. They never go to law, and crime is unknown among them.

Curious Facts About Blind Tom.

Blind Tom's birthplace is Georgia, and he begun to excite attention as a musician at the age of four years. All sounds afford him delight; even the crying of a child causes him to dance about in a state of ecstasy. When at home he often bit and pinched his brothers and sisters to make them emit cries of pain. If kept away from a piano, he will beat against the wall, drag chairs about the room, and make all sorts of noises. When in London a flute was procured for him of a very complicated pattern, and having twenty-two keys. He frequently rises up at night and plays this instrument, imitating upon it all sorts of sounds which he may hear at the time. Once when the agent attempted to make him stop playing a piano in a high-toned hotel at three o'clock in the morning, Tom seized him and threw him through the door. In Washington he threw a man down stairs who came into his room. When at home in Georgia he lives in a building about two hundred yards from the house, and there remains alone with his piano, playing all day and night, like one possessed with madness. Bad weather has an effect upon his music. In cloudy, rainy seasons, he plays somber music in minor chords; and when the sun shines and the birds sing, he indulges in waltzes and light music. Sometimes he will hammer away for hours, producing the most horrible discords imaginable. Suddenly a change comes over him, and he indulges in magnificent bursts of harmony taken from the best productions of the masters. Since his childhood he has been an idiot, and he played nearly as well at the age of seven as he does now; but now his repertoire is much larger, as he can play anything he has ever heard. He now plays about 7,000 pieces, and picks up new ones everywhere. It is a curious fact that he will not play any Sunday-school music if he can help it, having a great dislike for it.

Of Course.

A subscriber, says the Hartford *Post*, who signs his letter "Charles," writes us: "Something within me tells me I have genius. At dawn, at midday and eventide, I break forth in poetic song; my waking hours are musical with the lute tones of an unseen Orpheus, and in my sleep the muses bend lovingly o'er my cot. How shall I develop and perfect this inspiration—this divine afflatus—this gift of the gods?" Come down to Hartford, Charles, and peddle clams.

A Roving Life.

Young Jessup, of Philadelphia, who was killed in a duel in Colorado, possessed a roving disposition. He served in the army when fourteen years of age, and in 1866, then only twenty, he, with a single companion, started on an overland trip around the world. The journey across the plains at that time was particularly dangerous. The Indians were suspicious and resentful of the encroachment of the whites. The frontier posts were insufficiently guarded, and, as a consequence, the savages had grown bolder in their raids. The two young men left Leavenworth, Kan., with a canvas covered wagon and four light mules. For about a month they traveled entirely alone, but on the borders of Nebraska they found the Indians so bad that they found it necessary to join a train for the purpose of mutual protection. Their party numbered thirty-four in all, and for nearly three weeks the party was beset by bands of hostile Sioux, who followed them until they came to a military post. Arriving at Denver, then just rising into prominence, the two young men visited the different mining camps and towns of Colorado, skirting the mountains to Bishop's pass, and proceeded thence to Salt Lake City. Proceeding westward toward Sacramento they made frequent detours, visiting whatever was of interest by the way, now journeying alone and again joining the wagon trains they overtook. In California they explored the wonders of the Yosemite, then a comparatively unknown region, and after remaining here some time they sailed for the Sandwich islands and thence to China, Cochin China, Malacca, Ceylon and India to the Himalayas, returning half way back to Allahabad. Upon making the great journey across central India by "coolie dak"—a two-wheeled cart drawn by sixteen natives—they arrived in Bombay. Proceeding thence by steamer to Aden, and up the Red sea to Suez and through lower Egypt to Alexandria, their further journey was interrupted by a cable telegram to young Jessup announcing his mother's dangerous sickness and summoning him home by the quickest route. In all his dangerous and adventurous journey, in the hardship and exposure to which they were exposed, his companion bears witness to his chivalric disposition, his desire to protect the weak from imposition and his disposition voluntarily to assume more than his share of the hard work.

And now comes the contrast. After having been at home but a little while, Jessup went to Europe and made the grand tour. He visited all the great capitals from Paris to Vienna, from St. Petersburg to Rome. Supplied with abundant means he lived a most luxurious life and became sated with all the pleasures of continental life. His sense of manliness and his keen enjoyment of innate refinement of character that was occasionally strongly marked kept him from many of those excesses into which other young men have fallen. While living in this way he insisted on having all the appointments of his daily life as nearly perfect as might be. For him there was no middle course. Unless he could dine *en regle* in the city he preferred a bit of bacon and the freedom of the backwoods.

Some six years ago he went into business in Philadelphia, but the roaming habit had grown too strong for him to be long contented with the daily routine of office work. In 1873 he gave up his position and bought a stock farm in New Mexico, which he afterward transferred to Colorado. This sort of life seemed to suit him exactly, and on a visit to his home last winter he expressed himself well satisfied with his new occupation and his desire to make his home permanently in the West.

How to Treat Sunstroke.

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, and abuse of stimulants predispose. It is much more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working in doors and where there is artificial heat, see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat) and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have wherever possible an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or broad cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, or be excused from work, especially after eleven o'clock in the morning on very hot days, especially if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place, apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body.

If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

He Can Vote.

A gentleman in New Orleans writes to the New York *Sun* to inquire whether a man born in the United States, the son of foreign parents not naturalized, is or is not a citizen of the United States; whether naturalization papers are in any way necessary for such a man; and whether he is eligible to the office of President. We answer that, by the very fact of birth on American soil, he is a citizen, needing no other naturalization. Whether his parents are naturalized or not makes no difference. Every man born in the United States is a citizen of the United States, unless he expatriates himself and becomes a citizen or subject of another nation. As a citizen, he has all the rights that belong to a citizen, including the right to vote under the ilmitations of law as to age and residence; and he is eligible to the office of President, although his father may be a foreigner, and remain such to the end of his days.

Mr. Posonby's Adventure.

Mr. Posonby, while busy in his office, was surprised by the entrance of Mrs. Posonby, who came in to say that she was going to take tea with Mrs. Bilderback and would not be home until nine o'clock, but she would leave the key under the mat at the front door so that he could let himself in when he went home, and he had better get his supper down town. Their son, Herbert, would accompany her.

Now, it so chanced that while Mrs. Posonby was thus explaining matters to her husband her hopeful son was making desperate efforts, assisted by all the dogs he could whistle up from the entire neighborhood, to get at a rat he had seen run under the front porch. Master Posonby punched with a long pole and scraped and dug with a hoe, and the nine dogs deployed at irregular intervals around the porch and along the verbena bed, scratched with might and main, yelping hysterically as they scratched, and pausing from their labors now and then to fight over the question which had dug the deepest hole, to the immeasurable delight of Master Posonby. But as the sun went down and the soft light of sunlight faded into the misty gloaming, he remembered that he had been told to lock up and join his ma at her friends'. He put the key under the door mat, and then with his head still set on capturing that rat, he brought around an old steel trap, wicked as dynamite, and having baited it liberally, set it on the porch for the benefit of the rat when it should come out. Then he carefully dismissed his allies, and stoned them in different directions lest they should go back to resume the siege and fall into his torpedo pit.

Mr. Posonby did not come home until quite late, not until his wife and son had returned and retired, tired of waiting for him. As the house was quite dark and quiet when he approached it, he naturally supposed his spouse had been detained later than she expected. He felt under the door mat for the key, but as that useful little "open sesame" was in the lock on the inside of the door, he couldn't find it. He felt further under the mat, and then thinking he might have pushed it away, began to feel around the porch for it, sweeping his hand out in circling swoops, accompanying these erratic movements with sundry exclamations and mutterings. In one of these vigorous sweeps he thrust his hand into something that lifted him to his feet. A terrible, cold, vicious something that shut down on his hand like a wild beast and just raised him up until only his tip toes touched the porch floor. The wail that broke from his pallid lips silenced all the dogs in the ward, and woke up a private night watchman who was pacing his vigilant beat on top of a salt barrel just around the corner with his eyes shut. It wakened his son, who thrust his head out of the window and shouted "fire!" in the most stentorian tones that a youth of eleven years can command. It roused his wife from her peaceful slumbers, who thrust her head out of another window and screamed "thieves!" with all the full piercing vigor of her womanly voice. It wakened his neighbors in both directions, who leaned out of their windows and shot at Mr. Posonby, who stood on the porch, dancing about in an ecstasy of agony, howling at every jump. In a moment he became calm enough to investigate; he removed the trap, explained and was admitted to the house. He explained to Mrs. Posonby, as she bandaged his wounded hand, that he thought sure it was "snakes," and when that good lady ridiculed the idea, and said there were no snakes about here, he shook his head wearily, and looked at her out of the corner of his eyes with a sweet, sad smile.

Disbanding the Army.

The position of the American army at the close of the Revolutionary war was by no means an agreeable one for the officers and men who had been so long engaged in military duty. Major North says: "The inmates of the same tent or hut for seven long years grasped each other's hand in silent agony—to go they knew not whither, all recollection of the art to thrive by civil occupation lost, or to the youthful never known, their hard earned military knowledge worse than useless—to be cast on a world long since by them forgotten. Severed from friends, and all the joys and griefs which soldiers feel; griefs while hope remained—when shared by numbers, almost joys. To go in silence and alone, and poor and helpless—it was too hard! Oh, on that sad day how many hearts were wrung. I saw it all, nor will the scene be ever blurred from my view."

The brave, generous hearted old Baron Steuben looked on the pitiful scenes with swimming eyes. Seeing Colonel Cochrane, a brave and meritorious officer, standing apart with a sad and disconsolate look, he approached him, and tried to cheer him up by saying that better times would come soon. "For myself," replied the officer, "I can stand it; but," pointing to a mere hovel, "my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have nowhere to carry them, nor even money to remove them." "Come, come," said the baron, "I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochrane and your daughters, if you please;" and leaving him standing alone, he strode away to the tavern, where he found the ladies sunk in despondency at the dismal prospect before them. The sight was too much for his benevolent heart, and emptying the entire contents of his purse on the table, he hastened away to escape their tears and blessings. As he went down to the wharf where the troops were embarking, he came upon a poor soldier, whose wounds were yet unhealed, bitterly lamenting that he had not the means to get to New York. Touched with his sufferings, the baron's hand instinctively sought his pocket, but, alas! the last cent had just been left in the miserable garret. Turning to an officer, he borrowed a dollar and gave it to the poor fellow, and hurried him aboard a sloop. Reaching the deck, the latter turned, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed: "God Almighty bless you, baron." Soon the last tent was struck and the last gun wheeled away.

Children.

Children must be taught proper manners at table, of course, but to prohibit them from laughing or talking at their meals, is wholly unphysiological. Joyousness promotes the circulation of the blood and helps digestion. All disagreeable and uncomfortable topics should be banished from the table, and the conversation encouraged should be of the most cheerful kind.

A gentleman from Lyons, France, displays thirty-seven varieties of roses, and a new and beautiful geranium, the Zonal—Riokes Nakashima.

FUNERALS COST TOO MUCH.

We Spend More Money than we can Afford to that we May Make an Ostentatious Display.

It is very strange, the material importance we now attach to a funeral. We insist that it shall be conducted with a certain show, at a certain cost; we refuse to be content with an observation of the mere proprieties. Expensive superfluities are demanded; we do not believe we have discharged our duty to the dead, unless we have honored him or her with at least an approach to pageantry. We fancy that kinship or friendship should be expressed in a prodigal outlay; that bereavement must be reckoned by disregard of dollars and cents. Except on the score of taste, there may be no objection to this. When any member of a rich or well-to-do family dies, it is a question for relatives to decide how expensive a funeral the deceased shall have. If they wish to make a great display; if they like to render his death more conspicuous than anything in his life has been; if they want to advertise their income upon his coffin and its accompaniments, surely nobody should gainsay them. But when the dead was poor; when he leaves a family with little or no means, it is more than foolish to use the little they possess, or to incur indebtedness, in order to trick out his corpse, and to send it to the cemetery in a manner they cannot afford, and which certainly can be of no possible benefit to him. By such worse than useless extravagance they wrong his memory and themselves, and encourage a custom extremely unwise in itself and decidedly mischievous in its results.

Persons who can best afford to bury their kinsfolks or friends sumptuously, are less apt to do so than persons who cannot afford it. It is one of our national weaknesses—and a miserable weakness it is—to struggle against any and every appearance of poverty just in proportion to the degree of our poverty. We seem to be unconscious that this constitutes the real meanness which we flatter ourselves that we are avoiding. We are wont to speak of it as our pride, when any true pride would blush at it, knowing it to be nothing but the most vulgar vanity wearing a worthy name.

It would be surprising to learn how common it is for families in this and other large cities to overtax themselves to provide paraphernalia for the tomb. Not infrequently they spend every dollar that has been left, even exceeding the amount sometimes, and in many instances anticipating a large share of, if not all, the insurance upon the life of the deceased. Not a few instances might be cited in which money has been borrowed to defray funeral expenses, when, if the funeral had been modestly and properly managed, there would have been no need of borrowing at all. What an unworthy return is this to the man who has probably worked hard for years, and given himself endless anxiety to save something for his family in the event of his sudden death! Of what advantage is it to him, in his sheeted sleep, that there should be a few more flowers or carriages, that the coffin should be real rosewood, or the handles genuine silver? All has ended; all is well with him. To him money is no longer essential; whatever he has gained beyond necessary expenditure should be devoted to the service of the living.

Undoubtedly, they who so exceed their means in such *post-mortem* parade are generally influenced by good though mistaken motives. They do not know—at least, they do not think—how far such ostentation is removed from honest reverence, from veracious grief, for the loved and lost. If they could see how hollow, how pitiable, is this sacrifice of sensibility to mere display, this profanation of affection for theatric effect, they would never be guilty of it. Influenced by the spirit of imitation—by an ignoble desire to do what others do, irrespective of ability or fitness—they turn occasions which are distressing, and which should be sacred, to tawdry spectacles for idle comment and vulgar gossip.

They who lead the best, the purest, the noblest lives, care not for, indeed, they are opposed to—gaudy obsequies. They prefer, when they have acted their part and the dark curtain has descended between them and the world, that they shall be borne quietly to the grave, without pomp or circumstance. It is only the vain, the shallow, the undeserving—secretly conscious how totally unimportant their death must be, even to their own circle—who want to emphasize it with display and expenditure. It is well to shear death of the unnatural terrors with which superstition and monasticism have invested it; it is well to make it as little solemn as it may be; to view the inevitable with calmness and philosophy; but it is not well to deprive the tragedy which we must all undergo of its pathetic simpleness and awful dignity.—*New York Times.*

Brazilian Silkworms.

In the Brazilian department of the Centennial there is a very interesting display made by Senor Luis de Rezende. Upon wooden tablets arranged in a rack, Senor Rezende exhibits silkworm eggs, then silkworms, one, two, three, and so on, up to twenty-five days old—those of each day being upon a separate tablet, and cared for by an attendant. In a series of glass bottles, and preserved in spirits, are specimens of silkworms, showing each stage of silkworm existence, "from the cradle to the grave"—that is, commencing with one day old, advancing to twenty-five days old, then from beginning to spin to the formation of the chrysalis, and, finally, the emerging of the butterfly—the whole having been produced at Rio de Janeiro. Another case contains a collection of Brazilian butterflies, one of which, the *Aurota saturnia*, is a silk producer. It measures about seven inches across the wings from tip to tip, and is about five inches long. Its cocoon is much larger than that of the ordinary silkworm, and produces about five times as much silk, the latter being of a somewhat brownish cast of color.

Burning Coal Dust.

Burning coal dust as fuel is a complete success. Instead of being molded into blocks, as by the Loiseau process, the dust, in its loose condition, is shoveled into furnaces of stationary engines or locomotives. The heat obtained is equal to that from an equal weight of lump coal. The burning is effected by forcing a current of air and steam through the dust in the furnace, which prevents it from caking, increases the supply of oxygen and adds some hydrogen, all of which tends to make the combustion more vigorous. The Pottsville *Miners' Journal* estimates that one-third of all the coal which is mined is crumbled to dust and made unsaleable. Forty million tons are thought to be available for market, and much of it is close by railroad tracks. The new invention is supposed to be applicable to the use of steamships and smelting furnaces.

Brained by a Lunatic.

Mr. John Shank, a wealthy farmer, seventy-six years of age, living on Salt Fork creek, about six miles north from Lawrenceburg, Indiana, was discovered by his daughter, Eliza Shank, lying up against an old smokehouse, gasping in the agonies of death, with the blood oozing from his mouth and nose, and with the entire back of his skull mashed and crushed in a horrible manner. Miss Shank at first was petrified with horror, and then, with a piercing scream, alarmed the inmates of her home, all of whom came rushing out just in time to see the old man fall back a corpse. At first it was thought that Mr. Shank had been plundered and then murdered, but the discovery of the bloody ax with which the murder had been committed lying near the victim, and the sight immediately thereafter of Ezra Shank sauntering leisurely up from the barn, which is located not more than a dozen yards from the scene of the tragedy, together with the knowledge that he had been chopping wood not ten minutes before the crime was committed, convinced the friends of the deceased that the crime was a patricide, and that Ezra was the guilty son. This son is now forty eight years of age, and for nearly a quarter of a century has been hopelessly insane. Until very recently, however, he had never been suspected of being vicious; indeed, he had been considered perfectly harmless, and the most of the time was kept about the old homestead rather than in an asylum because of his harmlessness. He is of a powerful frame, being over six feet high and weighing upward of 250 pounds, constituting, therefore, anything but a frail antagonist in a desperate fight. His father was a man equally tall, but by no means so heavy, besides being enfeebled by his weight of nearly fourscore years.

Ezra had been of late very obstinate and lazy, and once or twice had indulged in some savage threats whenever any of the children, of whom there are ten, all grown and nearly all living at home, insisted on his doing any work. No attention, however, was paid to these threats, and Ezra was requested to take the ax and break up some wood. In compliance he took the ax, but in going to work was very sulky and would answer no questions. It is supposed that his father happened along when he felt most vicious and begun a conversation, when, with the horrible desperation of a madman, the son raised the cruel ax and dashed out his father's brains. The sight presented was sickening in the extreme, and the aged wife and mother, on beholding it, fainted, and has ever since been utterly prostrated, only hovering between life and death. The sons at first were frenzied and sought to question their brother, but they could get nothing out of him. He would answer no questions, and when shown the lifeless body of his father evinced no more concern than had he been discussing the weather.

The Kentucky Shower of Flesh.

At last we have a proper explanation of this much talked of phenomenon. Mr. L. Brandeis writes to the *Sanitarian*: In 1537, while Paracelsus was engaged in the production of his "elixir of life," he came across a very strange looking vegetable mass, to which he gave the name of "nostock." The want of rapid transportation, combined with the perishable nature of the substances fallen, have hitherto prevented a complete and exhaustive examination. The specimens of the "Kentucky shower," however, reached this city well preserved in glycerine, and it has been comparatively easy to identify the substance and to fix its status. The "Kentucky wonder" is nothing more or less than the "nostoc" of the old alchemist. The nostoc belongs to the confervæ; it consists of translucent, gelatinous bodies, joined together by threadlike tubes or seed bearers. There are about fifty species of this singular plant classified; two or three kinds have even been found in a fossil state. Like other confervæ, the nostoc propagates by self-division as well as by seeds or spores. When these spores work their way out of the gelatinous envelope they may be wafted by the winds here and there, and they may be carried great distances.

Wherever they may fall, and find congenial soil, namely, dampness or recent rain, they will thrive and spread very rapidly, and many cases are recorded where they have covered miles of ground, in a very few hours, with long strings of nostoc.

On account of this rapidity of growth, people almost everywhere faithfully believe the nostoc to fall from the clouds, and ascribe to it many mysterious virtues. The plant is not confined to any special locality or to any climate; sown by the whirlwind, carried by a current of air, in need of moisture only for existence and support, it thrives everywhere. Icebergs afloat in mid-ocean have been found covered with it. In New Zealand it is found in large masses of quaking jelly, several feet in circumference, and covering miles of damp soil; and in our own country it may be found in damp woods, on meadows, and on marshy or even gravelly bottoms.

All the nostocs are composed of a semi-liquid cellulose and vegetable proteine. The edible nostoc is highly valued in China, where it forms an essential ingredient of the edible birdnest soup. The flesh that was supposed to have fallen from the clouds in Kentucky is the flesh colored nostoc. The flavor of it approaches frog or spring chicken legs, and it is greedily devoured by almost all domesticated animals.

Such supposed "showers" are not rare, and are entirely in harmony with natural laws. In the East Indies the same nostoc is used as an application in ulcers and scrofulous disease, while every nation in the East considers it nourishing and palatable, and uses it even for food when dried by sun heat.

She Threw It.

A fortnight ago a lady, with true feminine recklessness in times of excitement, threw a stone at a cow which had invaded her flower garden. The stone happened to be a choice specimen of gold quartz which by some accident had been misplaced. Of course the lady did not hit the cow, and the missile went off at right angles, and landed in a neighbor's yard. A few days afterward he picked it up, and was astonished at the show of gold which he saw on all sides. Taking it down to a jeweler, it was tested, and the gold pronounced to be of the best quality.

The lucky finder was wonderfully elated for a few days, and would not have taken $100 a square foot for his land, but the lady who threw the stone having heard of his good fortune, mistrusted the truth, and having asked to see the specimen, at once identified it as a portion of her cabinet, and carried it off in triumph.

Items of Interest.

The speeches that have not been made are the best.

The desert of Sahara covers 2,000,000 square miles.

We take great liberties with those from whom we expect nothing.

There is no use disputing with a man who will not be convinced.

A man should be doing a good business, if it is not so profitable.

The wholesale prices for cattle have reached the lowest price since 1862.

What species of love is that which is never reciprocated? A neuralgic affection.

Some people cannot drive to happiwith four horses, and others can reach the goal on foot.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth, nor examine the date of an exchange begged from an editor.

In Kern county, California, a few days ago, sixteen hundred sheep were sold to a butcher for fifty cents a head.

When the young ladies hand you a card nowadays with the cabalistic letters Y. M. C. A. it means "you may call again."

Doing business without advertising, says the Danbury *News*, is a good deal like trying to borrow a flag on the fourth of July.

Laughing may make a man grow fat, but you've got to mix it nightly with bread and meat and a quiet conscience if you get it to stick.

It is proposed to amend the constitution of Connecticut by adding a section making nine members of a jury competent to render a verdict.

A Yankee, describing an opponent whose person was extremely thin, says: "I will tell you what, sir—that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; cast him up, and there's nothing to carry."

A new trouble threatens the country. The scarcity of help is already being felt, especially in the West. Nearly everybody is being withdrawn from the field and shop to fill vacancies in the family of the late A. T. Stewart.

Accustom yourself to overcome and master things of difficulty; for, if you observe, the left hand for want of practice is insignificant, and not adapted to general business, yet it holds the bridle better than the right, from constant use.

"In Eastern lands," when the government wants to get rid of a troublesome subject, he is invited to dine with the chief local official, and word is sent to his family that "his dinner did not agree with him," after which he passes into history.

"Oh, my dear sir!" said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "this is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out!" "Very sorry, my dear sir," said the blundering operator; "but as there were only three altogether when I begun, I'm sure to be right next time."

A Chicago paper says that a clergyman of that city thinks it looks decidedly suspicious for a member of his congregation to send him a mess of fish on Monday morning, especially when he recollects that that member was not at church the day before.

An old fellow was paid his week's wages in New York, recently, receiving the most part of it in silver half dollars. He looked benignly at them as they lay in his palm, chuckled as though in triumph, and exclaimed: "That's the stuff the rats can't chew."

The first lord of the admiralty on his first voyage down the Thames, in rather a leaky vessel, observed the men working the pumps. "Dear me!" he said, "I did not know you had a well on board, captain, but I am really very glad, as I do detest river water."

"Can you change this William for me?" said a young man who presented a $50 bill at the counter of a bank recently. "Yes," said the cashier; "but why do you call it a William?" "Oh, I'm not familiar enough with this kind of a thing to call it Bill," was the ready reply.

The six men hanged at Salonica for complicity in the murder of the consuls were all notorious assassins. When led out to execution each refused assistance, adjusted the rope round his own neck himself, and kicked the stool from under his feet. The inquiry made by the Turkish government previous to their execution was carried on in secret.

The idea of a South Carolina judge is to allow any one to sell liquor freely, but require every one who wishes it to take out a regular license, which should be granted only upon a reasonable proof that he may be trusted to keep tolerably sober, and to be revoked if he gets uproariously drunk; selling or giving liquor to any person not showing such license to be a misdemeanor.

A gentleman afflicted with an impediment in his speech took dinner at a tavern, and calling to a waiter addressed him thus: "We-w-waiter, gi-give m-me s-s-some r-r-roast b-b-beef." The waiter stammered out in reply: "W-w-we a-a-ain't g-g-got any." At which the gentleman, highly enraged, supposing the servant was mocking him, sprung from his seat and was proceeding to knock him down, when a third person arrested his arm and cried to him not to strike, saying: "He st-st-stutters s-s-same as w-w-we d-d-do."

What Washington Did.

Washington, who understood Indian warfare the best of any man of his time, held that surprise is the one thing to be guarded against, and that a commander who suffers a surprise is inexcusable. One of the few occasions on which he lost his self-control and gave way to an uncontrollable outburst of anger was when the news came to him that General St. Clair had fallen into an ambuscade in his expedition against the Miama Indians. The news was brought to him by a special messenger while he was at dinner with company. He went out to speak with the messenger, returned to his seat and went through the dinner with perfect composure and immediately attended Mrs. Washington's drawing room, speaking courteously to every lady. When the company had gone and Mrs. Washington had retired, leaving the President and his secretary, Mr. Sear, alone, Washington broke out again and again in terrible expressions of wrath. "Yes," he exclaimed, "here on this very spot I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions from the secretary of war,' said I. 'I had a strict eye to them and will add but one word—Beware of a surprise!' You know how the Indians fight us. I repeat it, 'Beware of a surprise.' He went off with that, my last warning, thrown into his ears. And yet, to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by a surprise—the very thing I had guarded him against—Oh, God! Oh, God!" (throwing up his hands and shaking with emotion) "he's worse than a murderer. How can he answer it to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him, the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of Heaven!" It is clear from this passionate outburst that Washington thought a commander who permits himself to be surprised by Indians is without excuse.

Affection.

Mary Clemmer, in a recent Washington letter, says: We are approaching that line in the thermometer when from a natural law human affections cease, and even woman ceases to be a lovable being, for I persist that a woman with a perspiring face, in a sticky muslin, fighting flies, is not a lovely or a lovable being. It is merely a question of weather when the capacity for romance ceases, and the power of human affection dies out of the human heart. Surely it must be easier to be affectionate at the north than at the south pole.

A Penn Yan pig was recently born which had one head, two eyes, three nostrils, one mouth, four ears, two sets of brains, a portion of two bodies, two tails and eight legs, two of them being located on its back.