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A Gentle Word is Never Lost.

A gentle word is never lost,
Oh, never then refuse one;
It cheers the heart when tempest tossed,
And lulls the cares that bruise one;
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
And turns our thorns to roses,
It changes weary night to day,
And hope and love discloses.

A gentle word is never lost—
Thy fallen brothers need it;
How easy and how small the cost—
With peace and comfort speed it;
Then drive the shadow from thy cheek,
A smile can well replace it;
Our voice is music when we speak
With gentle words to grace it.

The Empty Schoolroom.

Gray dust upon each window-sill,
A broken chair;
The tarnished bell untouched so long—
One leaf of a familiar song—
Such marks of wear
As hearts with sad remembrance fill.
Tired, tired I gaze on these at last.
Strangely it seems—
The fresh, young faces are all fled—
Some blithe, young hearts among the dead,
Numbered. In dreams
Alone, come visions of the past.
With something twixt a sob and sigh
I stand to-day
Within this empty, dreary room,
As silent as the speechless tomb,
And out, away
Beyond these walls brown meadows lie.
O room deserted evermore!
I love you yet.
And sky, that holdeth only gloom,
Beyond are skies, of summer bloom
Without regret,
To shine upon the golden shore.
Brown meadows, where the wild wind sweeps—
Chill, ah! so chill;
Just through the cobwebbed window-pane
see the graveyard in the rain,
Still, ah! so still,
Each heart aweary, resting, sleeps.

A LEGHORN HAT.

Nine o'clock of a cloudless summer morning. The basket phaeton stood at the door in the narrow noisy street below, but Mr. White had already gone to his office, Annie pleaded headache, and the children had their allotted tasks with the German governess to accomplish. I must either remain within doors during the hot hours of the day or go out alone. I decided on the latter course.

"I am too old to require any chaperon," I said, with a laugh, and glanced in the mirror.

There I beheld a not unpleasing image of a little woman attired in gray, with a silvery veil over her plain face, in the act of fitting on a pair of quite infinitesimal gray gloves. I kissed my good Annie and the children, as if bound on a long and perilous voyage, and departed in the basket phaeton.

What a new world was that all about me! It was the city of Leghorn, with its tall houses, rendered dingy by sea damp, and wide white squares, the atmosphere redolent of tar, the quays thronged with shipping, the clumsy funnels of Oriental steamships relieved by the lighter tracery of interlacing masts against the sky. I like ships; in their boundless suggestiveness they resemble wishes, hopes, ever coming and going on some fresh errand.

The phaeton rattled through the main thoroughfare, once Via Grande, and now rebaptized, after the manner of all Italian cities, in the name of Victor Emanuel. I noticed with the interest of a stranger groups of bronzed sailors; the untidy Leghorn woman with trailing gown, and flapping handkerchief tied over her frowzy head; the brilliant uniform of an occasional officer strolling languidly to his cafe.

Then the Sea Gate was reached, and beyond stretched the white road which threads its way beside the Mediterranean to the beautiful suburb of the Ardenza. The sea breeze wafted to me delicious coolness; the hedges of evergreens and oleanders in masses of rose bloom mingled rich odors; the stunted trees drooped their feathery foliage laden with gray dust. I gazed out over the sea, which sparkled like a sapphire, with the light houses so bright at night, now pallid in the morning which no longer had need of them, and the sails glistening with an exquisite silvery whiteness on the horizon. I glanced down the white road as it curved along the strand, bordered by its feathery trees and oleanders, its gardens, hotels and villas stretching to the Maremma, and the coast I might never explore.

"This is the most beautiful shore in the world, and the old Romans knew it," I soliloquized; and just then the phaeton paused.

My destination was the bath. Again the charm of novelty delighted me, for it was my first summer with Annie's household. Bathing at Livorno is made a pastime, a recreation, instead of a serious business. I walked out on a pier which terminated in a round space shielded by a tent from the sun's rays, and thence the smiling old bath woman, in a flapping straw hat, conducted me down a passage, bordered on either side by little tents with green doors, to my destination. Once consigned to the *baracca*, I was free to remain in the tiny house, with its roof of matting and walls of striped canvas, where the water rippled in of a transparently green hue, or to part the curtains and issue forth boldly as a swimmer. I decided to remain secluded in my crystal bath, as I was alone, like a mermaid in a cave.

I was startled by the curtains being separated from without, and the appearance of a man's head, with long sandy beard. The head advanced with such evident intention of a tall body's following that I uttered a faint scream of alarm, when the intruder retreated hastily with a muttered "Beg pardon."

I received the apology with such dignity as is possible to a very small lady in a flannel bathing suit, hanging to a rope to avoid drowning in deep water, and with her head done up in an oil-skin cap.

"Some stupid Englishman!" I said, pettishly.

The hour was too early for many occupants of the large tent, and when I emerged from my bath I drew a chair near the railing to again gaze out over the beautiful Mediterranean. An American man-of-war had entered the port the previous day. I endeavored to descry her, with the old pain at my heart. My brother Harry, young, brave, good, destined to become a great man, as I believed, had died of fever on board ship off Callao five years ago, smitten down without power to send me a message, although, thus stricken, I was left alone. Yes, all alone! I shivered in the bright Italian morning, while my eyes searched wistfully for the man-of-war. Since then every frigate had become to me Harry's ship, and every officer in uniform assuredly must be my dead brother's friend. Five years of winter and summer in the old house at home, wandering from room to room in a ghostly fashion, with the portraits of father and mother in the shadow of the best parlor, and Harry's dog following me with dumb intelligence to thrust his nose into my hand; five years of mourning, of silence, that left me a plain little old maid, my hair turned gray! Then Annie, happy wife and mother, school-mate and friend of many years, had written to me a long letter from her home at Leghorn, where her husband was engaged in business, urging me to come abroad. I saw my future clearly enough. In this genial household I should be companion, friend, old-maid aunt to the children. I sighed.

Just then the merchant whose wares were displayed in one corner of the tent—tortoise-shell, coral, and sienna-wood trinkets—begged me to take a chance in his lottery. I took the box, and turned out the dice on the board, having paid a franc. The merchant counted up the numbers, and found the corresponding one in his stock of prizes represented by a set of coral, resembling sticks of red sealing-wax. Somebody approached and watched the drawing. I recognized the long sandy beard of the intruder of my bath, but gave a little jump when I further discovered that he wore the uniform of an American naval officer. The merchant immediately pounced on him. Almost unconsciously the stranger of the sandy beard appealed to me in English for explanation, as he did not understand Italian. The next moment he held in his hand a very pretty shell comb for a lady's hair as a prize.

"Madam, do you think this would please—a woman?" he enquired scrutinizing it.

"Undoubtedly," I replied, camly. I had taken him under my protection as one of Harry's friends.

His face flushed, and a quizzical smile lighted up his keen eyes. "I mean a lady—home—in America. You are an American?"

"Yes," I said, at my ease; for he was not thinking of me at all. I was even half tempted to ask him if he had known my poor Harry.

"Thank you," he said, with sudden stiffness, and raising his cap, walked away.

Another hour passed swiftly while I gazed out over the sea from the tent; then the heat of the sun warned me to return. *En route* I remembered a trifling commission at the milliner's. Entering the shop, the first object presented to my notice was the tall officer with the sandy beard, beset by two clerks, and surrounded by piles of leghorn hats. The poor man's aspect was most bewildered and helpless in that sea of straw. I executed my commission quietly, and was about to leave, when he accosted me.

"Would you have the kindness to give me your advice?" he said. "I wish to make a present of a Leghorn hat to a lady in America, and it must be of the best quality."

Thus appealed to, I sifted out the finest straw for his inspection. "Leghorn hats are all made in the Florence manufactories, you know," I said.

He made no response; he was staring at my hands with a very peculiar expression. I blushed slightly, and hid them in the crown of the Leghorn hat. They were very small and well shaped; I had trouble with my gloves usually, wearing a child's size. Brother Harry used to admire their tiny proportions, and accuse me of vanity in the possession of such extremities. Here was this tall officer in a foreign city actually pausing in the midst of buying a gift for an unknown lady—probably his *fiancee*—to stare at my little hands in evident astonishment. I was more vexed than flattered. What right had he to gaze at me so fixedly, after having claimed my assistance? What would Annie think of my adventure?

I recalled him somewhat primly to a sense of duty, I suppose, for he proceeded to pay for the hat, after I had warned the shop people not to charge him more than double the usual price. He thanked me in subdued accents, and even hinted that as the ship was to be in port some weeks, he hoped any residents would come on board. I relented sufficiently to inquire how he proposed sending the Leghorn hat, and learned that it was to be entrusted to the captain of a brig, bound for New York.

"Perhaps I had best address the box here," he said, again consulting me with his eyes.

"Yes," I assented, gaining firmness and decision of tone from his very irresolution.

The clerk brought him an immense inkstand with a very rusty and gritty pen attached. My companion dipped the pen into the ink and stirred it thoughtfully, as if it had been soup.

"I hope she will like it," said the extraordinary man, consulting me again, with a most sheepish expression of countenance. "Perhaps she owns ever so many Leghorn hats already," in sudden alarm.

"No, no," I returned, soothingly.

I pictured to myself this lady whom he was so anxious to please. How proud she would be of the exquisite Etruscan straw which she would wear to church! How envious would be her neighbors!

"There, will that answer?" he held before me the written address.

I gasped as I read: "Miss Helen Westmore, Berryville, Vermont."

My own name was Helen Westmore, and Berryville had been my home! The Leghorn hat which I had selected with so much care was evidently intended for myself.

"You can not be Dr. Easton, who took care of my poor Harry, and wrote me the letters about him?" I cried, between sobbing and laughter. "I am his sister."

"He told me his sister had the smallest hands in the world," he replied with excitement.

After that there were dinners at Annie's, moonlight drives along the shore, entertainments on the man-of-war, with ample leisure for explanations and confidences. The surgeon who had taken care of Harry had been his intimate friend during long voyages, and had retained the image of the sister at home all these years. In retiring on half pay he had been tempted to seek her out.

Had I not assisted at the purchase of my own hat, he would never have found me when he returned to America. The little woman in gray was not to be the old-maid aunt in Annie's household, after all, but to return to her own country as a happy wife, even if in a sober, sedate fashion. Verily human destinies hang by a straw!

A box stands on the high shelf in the old home. It contains an untrimmed Leghorn hat.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Scrap-Book.

Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the leastdegree appreciates will often regret to see any one number which contains some interesting and important articles thrown aside for waste paper. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles can hardly realize the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a piece of poetry meets the eye, which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book; there is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, although it may be for the twentieth time; next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save much perplexity; there is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares. Indeed, you can hardly take up a single paper without reperusing. Then hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you will have accumulated.

An Extraordinary Tumor.

An inquest has been held at Consett, says an English paper, on a woman named Wake, whose death was caused by a tumor of extraordinary dimensions. It had been growing for four years, but the woman refused to have it removed. She was attended by a "herbalist," who foolishly by giving her medicine endeavored to burst it. Dr. Benton was called, and said that the tumor was three and a half feet high, and contained forty imperial quarts of semi-solid fluid. The coroner said that the herbalist had acted with gross ignorance, but he was not criminally responsible for the wo man's death.

The Russian Knout.

There is probably no more terrible instrument of punishment, or it may perhaps be more properly called torture, than the knout in the hands of a Russian executioner. To give our readers some idea of its form, the mode of administering it, and its horrible effects, we quote the following from a recently published work, entitled "The Knout and the Russians:" "Conceive, reader, a robust man, full of life and health. This man is condemned to receive fifty or a hundred blows of the knout. He is conducted, half naked, to the place chosen for this kind of execution. All that he has on is a pair of simple linen drawers round his extremities. His hands are bound together, with the palms laid flat against one another, and the cords are breaking his wrists; but no one pays the slightest attention to that. He is laid flat upon his stomach, on a frame inclined diagonally, and at the extremities of which are fixed iron rings; his hands are fastened to one end of the frame, and his feet to the other; he is then stretched in such a manner that he cannot make a single movement, just as an eel's skin is stretched in order to dry. This act of stretching the victim causes his bones to crack, and dislocates them—but does that matter? At the distance of five-and-twenty paces stands another man; it is the public executioner. He is dressed in black velvet trousers, stuffed into his boots, and a colored shirt buttoning at the side. His sleeves are tucked up, so that nothing may thwart or embarrass him in his movements. With both hands he grasps the instrument of punishment—a knout. This knout consists of a thong of thick leather, cut in a triangular form, from four to five yards long, and an inch wide, tapering off at one end, and broad at the other; the small end of which is fastened to a little wooden handle, about two feet long. The signal is given; no one ever takes the trouble to read the sentence. The executioner advances a few steps, with his body bent, holding the knout in both hands, while the long thong drags along the ground between his legs. On coming to about three or four paces from the prisoner, he raises, by a vigorous movement, the knout towards the top of his head, and then instantly draws it down with rapidity towards his knees. The thong flies and whistles through the air, and descending on the body of the victim, twines round it like a hoop of iron. In spite of his state of tension, the poor wretch bounds as if he were submitted to the powerful grasp of galvanism. The executioner retraces his steps, and repeats the same operation as many times as there are blows to be inflicted. Where the thongs envelopes the body with its edges, the flesh and muscles are literally cut into stripes, as if with a razor; but when it falls flat, then the bones crack. The flesh, in that case, is not cut, but crushed and ground, and the blood spurts out in all directions. The sufferer becomes green and blue, like a body in a state of decomposition. He is removed to the hospital, where every care is taken of him, and is afterward sent to Siberia, where he disappears for ever in the bowels of the earth."

Fires in America.

An English magazine says: The exceeding dryness of the atmosphere in the United States produces such an inflammability in buildings, that when a fire breaks out it proceeds with surprising velocity. Owing to this circumstance, Americans have organized the most perfect system in the world of extinguishing fires, though all their efforts are often in vain. A stranger in New York or Boston would be astonished at the immense uproar caused by an outbreak of fire. Bells are rung, gongs sounded, and steam-engines rush along the streets, regardless of everything. The unaccustomed stranger is apt to make a run of it when he sees the engines coming; the American simply steps to the "sidewalk" or into a "store" for a moment. It is provided by the city government that "the officers and men, with their teams and apparatus, shall have the right of way while going to a fire, through any street, lane, or alley," etc.; and most unreservedly do the said officers and men make use of this permission. If any old woman's stall is at the corner of a street round which the steamers must go, there is no help for it; over it goes. If a buggy is left standing at a corner, the owner must not be surprised if but three wheels are left on it when he returns. Accidents of this latter kind, however, are rare; people recognize and yield willingly the right of way; and the quicker the engines go to a fire, the better pleased everybody is. It is quite a point of rivalry among the firemen who shall get the first water on a fire, and it is mentioned always in the report of the engineer.

Only Practicing.

Two intimate friends met on the street the other day, after a short separation and the following curious conversation ensued:

"Ah, how d'ye do, old fellow?" cried the first one, heartily.

Second friend (shrugging his shoulders)—"O, tray bang."

First friend (looking a little startled)—"Nice day, is it not?"

"Second do.—"Ah we, say bang sure."

First do. (doubtfully)—"You are not ill, are you?"

Second do. (with indignation)—"Oh, nong!"

First do. becomes uneasy; thinking his friend is mad, he says—"Well, good day," and moves away.

The Second smiles from ear to ear, shrugs his shoulders and replies: "Ah, bung zure, mong amme."

All the day Number One feels extremely bad about his neighbor's unfortunate condition, and he does not discover the truth of the matter till the evening, when, as he is reading of the Paris Exhibition, he suddenly recollects that his friend is going to France and is studying the language. He was only practicing French in a preliminary sort of way.

Number One smiles as he thinks of the fate in store for the unfortunate natives of La Belle France.

Wait.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her best—and no woman can endure, that best, to be slighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness. Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night; he has wrestled, hand in hand, with care and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

THE SILVER KING.

How James Fair Became One of the Wealthiest Men in the World.

There is a man alive at this present moment who, if he were so minded, could give his daughter a marriage-portion of one hundred and fifty million dollars. He would then have about fifty millions left for himself. He lives half way up a mountain-side in Nevada, and his daughter lives with him. Seven years ago he was a poor man; to-day he is the silver king of America. He has dug two hundred million dollars' worth of silver out of the hill he is living on, and has about two hundred millions more yet to dig. If he lives three years longer he will be the richest man in the world. His name is James Fair, and he is the manager, superintendent, chief partner, and principal shareholder in the consolidated Virginia and California Silver Mines, known to men as the "big bonanzas." He has an army of men toiling for him day and night, down in the very depths of the earth, digging, picking, blasting and crushing a thousand tons of rock every twenty-four hours. He works as hard as any man of them. The man who, by his own unaided exertions, can rise to such marvellous wealth in so short a time is worth knowing something about. It is worth while to hear how such a fabulous fortune can be accumulated.

Seven years ago there were two little Irishmen in the city of San Francisco, keeping a drinking-bar of very modest pretensions, close to one of the principal business thoroughfares. Their customers were of all kinds, but chiefly commercial men and clerks. Among them was an unusually large proportion of stock and share-dealers, mining-brokers and the like, and there was no place in San Francisco where so much mining-talk went on as in the saloon of Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, which were the names of the two little Irishmen. Keeping their ears wide open, and sifting the mass of gossip that they listened to every day, these two men picked up a good many crumbs of information, beside getting now and then a direct confidential tip; and they turned some of them to such good account in a few quiet little speculations, that they shortly had a comfortable sum of money lying at their bankers'. Instead of throwing it away headlong in wild extravagant ventures, which was the joyous custom of the average Californian in those days, they let it lie where it was, waiting till they knew of something good to put it into. They soon heard of something good enough. On Fair's advice they bought shares in a mine called the Hale and Norcross, and were speedily taking out of it fifteen thousand pounds sterling a month in dividends. This mine was the property of a company, and though it had at one time paid large and continuous dividends, it was now supposed to be worked out and worthless. Mr. Fair, however, held a different opinion; and when he came to examine it carefully, he found just what he expected to find—a large deposit of silver-ore. Thereupon he and Flood and O'Brien together bought up all the shares they could lay their hands upon, and obtained complete control of the mine. It was immediately put under Fair's management, and it prospered, and the three partners waxed very rich.

Mr. Fair, being an experienced and clever practical miner, spent most of his time down in the mine, laying out and directing the work for his men. It was necessary that he should know all there was to be known, and see all there was to been, about the property; and he made such constant and thorough explorations of it, that he very soon got it by heart. In a little time there was not an inch with which he was not thoroughly acquainted, not a trace of mineral in shaft or tunnel of which he was not personally aware. By and by, being a reflective kind of man, who noticed everything and forgot nothing, he took to thinking over things, and putting odds and ends of observation together, and comparing notes, and rummaging in old out-of-the-way corners of the mine, and making all sorts of examinations in all sorts of abandoned places, and generally carrying on in a curious way, until he finally persuaded himself that somewhere, close by the Hale and Norcross, there ran a gigantic vein of silver-bearing ore, whose value he could only calculate in figures that frightened him to look at. Week after week he hunted for this vein without success, and under difficulties that would have disheartened an ordinary man; but he stuck to the search, and ultimately found a clue. He followed it up for ten days, and then struck the Bonanza, a huge sheet of glittering stephanite, one hundred feet wide, of unknown length and depth, and of the estimated value of six hundred millions of dollars—the mightiest fortune that ever dazzled the eyes of man. In a week he and his partners were the absolute owners of three-fourths of it, the prospective possessors of four hundred and fifty million dollars! Figures like these stun the imagination.

In the excitement caused by this astounding discovery it is scarcely more than the hard truth to say that San Francisco went raving mad. The vein in which the bonanza was found was known to run straight through the consolidated Virginia and California mines, dipping down as it went, and could not be traced any further. But that fact was nothing to people who were bent on having mining stock; and, vein or no vein, the stock they would have. Consequently they bought into every mine in the neighborhood, good and bad alike, sending prices up to unheard-of limits, and investing millions in worthless properties that have never yielded a shilling in dividends, and never will. When Flood had bought a large quantity of the bonanza stock, and had assured to himself and his partners the controlling interest in the mines, he recommended all his friends to buy a little, and O'Brien did the same. Those who took the advice are now drawing their proportionate shares of dividends, amounting to about two million five hundred thousand dollars a month. The majority of those who bought into other mines are, in California parlance, "busted." What these three men and their latest partner, Mackay, are going to do with their money is a curious problem, the solution of which will be watched with great interest in a year or two to come. The money they hold now is yielding them returns so enormous that their maddest extravagances could make no impression on the amount. Every year they are earning more, saving more, and investing more. They have organized a bank with a capital of ten millions of dollars; they control nearly all the mining interests of Nevada and California; they have a strong grip of the commercial, financial, and farming interests all along the Pacific slope; and by a single word they can at any moment raise a disastrous panic, and plunge thousands of men into hopeless ruin. It will be an interesting thing to wait and watch how this terrible power for good or evil is to be wielded. —*Home Journal.*

A teacher in Bangor, Maine, upbraided a little girl because she did not hold up her hand with the rest of the delinquents when, at the close of the day, all those who "had lost their places in their classes" were called upon to do so. But she, with ready wit, responded: "Please, mum, I didn't lose my place; an' how could I when I'm at the foot?"

Fencing in Japan.

A famous company of professional fencers were performing at Yokohama while I was there, and we went to see them along with several English residents, who had been many years in the country, but had never witnessed a similar exhibition. The gladiators were encased in armor, and were distinguished from each other by the color of their cuirasses. Their appearance was heralded by the blast of a conch shell, and all their proceedings were superintended by a handsome young man, attired and shaven in the most orthodox style. Wielding his fan like a marshal's truncheon, he set the combatants upon each other, and separated them with loud ejaculations. At each corner of the arena sat a judge, with all the dignity of a Roman Senator, motionless and silent, until referred to upon a doubtful point of order. Cuts are interchanged so rapidly that it is often hard to say who had dealt the successful stroke. The weapons are long bamboos held in both hands like quarter-staffs, and any sort of blow above the waist is permissible, but the favorite is a good crack on the top of the helmet. Occasionally the combatants get too near together for striking, and the struggle becomes literally hand to hand until they are separated; notwithstanding their savage yells and fierce blows, they preserve the perfect good humor characteristic of their race. By way of variety there was a fight between the sword and the "morning star," a sphere fastened by a cord to a spiked handle. Although the latter appeared to be the inferior weapon, its bearer did not come badly off, as he played the part of a retiarius with the ball and string, and when at close quarters brought his sharp hook into active operation. Then two girls, elaborately attired in the wide sleeves and trousers of Japanese knights, attended by female squires to arm and equip them, took their places on opposite sides of the lists, and went through the motions of a fight, one having a halberd and the other a couple of swords. Finally, another amazon had a duel with a male antagonist, and completely overthrew him; but this was a mere burlesque, as he evidently tumbled over on purpose, and behaved like the clown in a pantomime, whereas an air of stern reality pervaded the other mimic battles. It is remarkable that the Japanese are able to derive keen enjoyment from performances which involve no peril to life or limb, and if their public spectacles differ in this respect from those of the Roman amphitheatre, they may also compare favorably with many which find favor in the eyes of the British public. Various games of skill, including the "Go bang," are popular, but the passion for gambling and cock fighting, so strongly developed in most parts of Eastern Asia, is not conspicuous in Japan, where animals in general may be said to have a good time.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

Turkish Love of Water.

A Turk thinks he can do nothing so grateful to God and man as the setting up of a fountain by the roadside or in the streets of the city, where the wayfarer and his animals may appease their thirst and bless the name of him who provided for their wants. Often in my travels, says a correspondent, I have halted beneath the shade of a wide-spreading plane tree to slake my thirst at the limpid waters of a marble fountain, and to repose from the noonday heat. There is always some edifying distich from the Koran, that "Water is the gift of God, and blessed is he who distributes it," or that "Water is the source of health and life," etc. There is a practical piety in these monuments of charity that speaks well for the benevolent disposition of the Mussulman. The Turks are great consumers of water, and they are good judges of its quality and nice in what they use. The favorite water, that is sold at a para a glass in the streets, is from Asia; either from Tchamildja, on the mountain about Scutari, or from Karakoulak, some ten miles up the Bosphorus, several miles inward from Belcos. This is brought to the landing in barrels, on horses' backs, put in barges, and in this way carried to Constantinople before daylight. Notwithstanding the length of the journey, it is as clear as crystal. The venders cry it as, "Bowz guibi"—as good as ice. A pasha will drain two goblets at a swallow. As water is said to have fattening properties, the large draughts they take of it may be the cause, in part, of the obesity to which both sexes of the Turks are subject.

A Turkish Legend.

On a rock opposite Scutari, facing the entrance to the Bosphorus, stands a tower which is often, without reason, called "the Tower of Leander." The Turks call it "the Tower of the Virgin." In it, according to a Turkish legend, was confined the lovely daughter of Mohammed-Sultan, Mehar-Schegid by name, of whom it had been predicted by a mysterious gipsy that she would die by the bite of a serpent. Mehar-Schegid's reputation for beauty spread until it reached the ears of the Prince of Persia, who came to Constantinople determined by some means to gain admission to the tower. He contrived, by bribing her attendants, to get conveyed to her a bouquet of symbolical flowers expressing to her in a language she perfectly understood the passion with which she had inspired him. But, like Cleopatra's basket of fruit, Mehar-Schegid s bunch of flowers concealed an asp., Mehar-Schegid was stung. Her servants, remembering the gipsy's prophecy, uttered loud cries of distress, and, throwing open the doors of the tower, rushed out frantically, exclaiming that all was lost. Then the Prince of Persia rushed in, seized Mehar-Schegid in his arms, and sucked the wound in her shoulder until he had extracted from it all the venom left there by the asp. The Sultan, when he heard of the young man's noble and devoted conduct, declared that he should be his son-in-law; and the Prince of Persia made Mehar-Schegid his wife, and lived very happily with her for a great number of years, and had many children.

Words of Wisdom.

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

A man may have much of the world, and yet not be much of a man.

Without the virtue of humanity one can neither be honest in poverty nor contented in abundance.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

It was Thoreau who said that "We, who have not had a seed-time of character, cannot expect a harvest of thought."

Be always sure of doing good. This will make your life comfortable, your death happy, and your account glorious.

The darkest day in any man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it.

In each grain of sand there are marvels; in every drop of water a world. In the great spectacle called nature every being has its marked place and distinct role, and in the grand drama called life there presides a law harmonious as the one which rules the movements of the stars.

Magnificence of Ancient Rome.

The following vivid pen-picture is from "The Old Roman World," by John Ford: If anything more were wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralizing games and grand processions; we would forget the statues in brass and marble which outnumbered the living inhabitants, so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—to those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living and rich furniture. The art of working metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in crockery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, conches, banqueting tables, chariots, colored glass, gildins, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in recent great exhibitions. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase from the tomb of Alexander Severus was long considered a genine sardonyx. Brass could be hardened so as to cut stone. The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. His beds were of silver and his tables of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bedroom. A banquet dish of Drusillus weighted five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels, when she paid visits, valued at $800,000. Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were inlaid with tortoise shell and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythinia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or rare or curious in the most distant countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and painting, exhibiting an inexhaustible productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes, executed, in lively colors.

But these were not all. The most amazing wealth and the loftiest taste went hand in hand. There were "citizen nobles who owned whole provinces; even Paula could call a whole city her own. Rich senators, in some cases, were proprietors of 200,000 slaves. Their incomes were known to be $5,000 per day when gold and silver were worth four times as much as they are now.

Vampire Bats.

South America also has its large bats, of one of which everybody has heard—the vampire. Much nonsense has been written about it, but there was some foundation for the stories of its sucking the blood of men and animals until it killed them. In the interior of South America nearly everybody sleeps in a hammock either out-of-doors or with the windows open, and the weather is so warm that little covering is used. The vampire comes in on silent wings, and finding a toe exposed, gently pricks it with his sharp tooth, and draws the blood until he can swallow no more. The sleeper rarely is awakened, and does not know his loss until morning. He may then feel weak from the flow of blood, but we are not aware that a man was ever known to die from this cause. Horses are very greatly troubled by them also. Mr. Charles Watterton, an enthusiastic naturalist now dead, who spent several years in New Guiana, has told us much about this ugly bat, but could never induce one to taste of his toe, although he would have been very glad to be able to say that he had been operated upon. For eleven months he slept alone in the loft of a deserted woodcutter's hut in the deep forest. There the vampires came and went as they wished. He saw them come in the moonlight on stealthy wings, and pick the ripe bananas; lay in his hammock and watched them bring almost to his bedside the green wild fruit of the wild guava; floating down the river on other moonlight nights was struck by the falling blossoms of the lawarri-nut tree, which the vampires pulled from the branches to get at the tender seed-vessel, or the insects that lurk in the deep corolla. He lay night after night with his bare foot exposed, but could never get them to lance it, although his friends and companions were all bled by this nocturnal surgeon; and except that he once caught one fastened to the shoulder of one of his animals, he came away no wiser than when he went of how the vampire does his horrid work.

The vampires measure about twenty-six inches across the wings; frequent old houses and hollow trees, and repose in clusters, head downwards, from the branches of forest trees.

Strength of the Human Arm.

The powerful force of the human arm when propelled by a hale, hearty man, is almost incredible. The damage it may inflict is simply astounding, and we have recently had a sad but very striking demonstration of this kind. A few months since, when a man named Freize hit Andrew Weldner, it is said that the latter fell as suddenly as if he had been hit in a vital part with an axe. The bridge of the nose was broken, he ceased to breathe in less than ten minutes, and within a quarter of an hour was dead as though a bullet had penetrated his heart. It is stated that Freize told an officer that the force of the blow was so powerful that he came near falling from the rebound, and when he discovered that the man was dead, he could not realize the fact. We see it stated in a Virginia paper that one of the celebrated Randolph family, a near kinsman of Thomas Jefferson, when in his prime, could lift a thousand pounds. Our shows and circuses generally exhibit a man who displays wonderful feats of strength, but we have rarely or never known an instance where a single blow from the human arm so instantaneously produced death as that inflicted by Freize on Weidner. It should prove a sad warning to all possessed of such muscle, to be extremely guarded as to when and how they use

Two young farmers desired the exclusive privilege of dancing with the same girl at Mount Vernon, Ill. There was a quarrel, ending in an agreement to settle the question with a fight. The combatants and a few friends went to a barn; but before beginning the fight one demanded that the other be searched, to see if he had any weapon. The search was not thorough, for the searched man drew a knife, on finding that he was being whipped, and inflicted a mortal wound.

Clothes Moths.

This name includes several distinct but similar species of the minute moths belonging to the family *Tineidæ*, which in their larval state, are very destructive to woolen goods, fur, hair and similar substances. Among them may be mentioned the clothes moth (*Tinea vestianella*), the carpet moth (*Tinea tapetzella*), the fur moth (*T. pellionella*), and the hair moth (*Tinea crinella*). These tineans have slender bodies and lanceolate, freely fringed wings that expand six-tenths or eight-tenths of an inch. The antennæ and palpi are short and thread-like, and there is a thick orange or brown tuft on the forehead. The colers range from buff to drab and dark gray. The eggs are laid in May and June (the moth dying immediately afterward), and hatch out in fifteen days. The young worms at once proceed to work, gnawing the substances within their reach and covering themselves with the fragments, which they shape into hollow rolls and line with silk. These rolls are by some carried on their backs as they move along, and by others fastened to the substance they are feeding upon; and they are enlarged from time to time by additions to the open extremities and by portions let into the sides, which was split open for this purpose. In such ambush the worms carry on their work of destruction through the summer; rest, in seeming torpor, during the winter; and change to chrysalids early in the spring. They transform again in twenty days, and issue from their shelter as winged moths to fly about in the evening till they have paired and are ready to lay eggs. Then follows an invasion of dark closets, chests and drawers, edges of carpets, folds of curtains, and hanging garments, and the foundation of a new colony is swiftly laid.

The early days of June should herald vigorous and exterminating warfare against these subtle pests. Closets, wardrobes, all receptacles for clothing, should be emptied and laid open, their contents thoroughly exposed to light and air, and well brushed and shaken before being replaced. In old houses much infested with moths, all cracks in floors, wainscots, shelves or furniture should be brushed over with turpentine. Camphor or tobacco should be placed among all garments, furs, plumes, etc., when laid aside for the summer. To secure cloth-linings of carriages from the attacks of moths, sponge them on both sides with a solution of corrosive sublimate of mercury in alcohol, made just strong enough not to leave a white mark on a black feather. Moths may be killed by fumigating the article containing them with tobacco or sulphur, or by putting if practicable, into an oven heated to about 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

Volcano-Worship in Java.

An eye-witness describes volcano-worship in Java as follows: "The *Slamat*, or *Slamantan Bromok*, that is, the blessing or worshipping the volcano, is a ceremony which the Javanese hold every year. When we reached the place, everything bore an aspect not unlike that of an English fair. Eatables of all kinds were displayed upon portable stands, and gayly dressed groups were parading about. There were old men and women who had come for the last time to pay their respects to the shrine, and they watched with delight the gambols of their grandchildren, of whom there seemed to be no end, who were sporting around. Everybody seemed bent on having a good time. Near the shore of the sea were placed a score of mats, on each of which knelt a young priest, having before him a lot of myrrh, aloes and other spices, which are sold for offerings. At right angles with this row of mats was another row, with the same number of priests, all kneeling in Arab fashion, their bodies partly resting on the calves of their legs. They were older than the others, perhaps the patriarchs of their respective villages. Before each of them were small packets containing incense, chips of sandal-wood and the like; and wooden censers, from which arose clouds of aromatic perfume. Behind each priest knelt or squatted an umbrella bearer, sheltering his reverence from the sun. Crowds stood close by, waiting for the consecration of their offerings, which consisted mainly of fruits, baskets of rice, poultry, cakes, strips of cloth, small coins and the like. Service at length began. There were some moments of prayer, according to a prescribed ritual. Then the priests sprinkled consecrated water over the offerings. After another prayer by the priests, in which many of the auditors joined, the eldest priest rose up, followed by the others, and shouted *Ayo! Ayo! Bromok!*—'Forward! Forward! to Bromok!' whereupon the whole mass of people made a tremendous rush for the volcano, the first one who gained the ridge counting himself favored by fortune, and certain of future good luck. The manifold votive offerings were then handed to the priests, who mumbled a few indistinct words over them, and pitched them into the crater."

The Friendly Goat.

For several weeks past a goat belonging to a family on Fourth street has been on very intimate terms with a family on Cherry street. He has had the run of the yard, poked his nose into the house, and been very successful in dodging clubs and brick-bats. Yesterday forenoon, when the said goat had finished eating up a good share of the week's washing, the man of the house was heard to remark:

"I will now go into committee of the whole and fix that beast so that he will never bother man again!"

He ran to the grocery, purchased an old pack of firecrackers, and at the end of ten minutes "William" was fixed. He had firecrackers tied to his legs, tail and neck, and the plot was about to thicken. He went off with the first cracker, charging across the street. After cleaning out a grocery he upset a boy, went into a house by a front door and came out of the back window, reached the street and rushed a dog a half a block, and finally disappeared in the same cloud of smoke with a runaway horse. A policeman was pacing Third street with a slow and solemn step when a boy came thundering along and called out:

"Turn in a fire-alarm!"

"What's up? What's up?" inquired the officer.

"Conflagration down here—big goat all on fire from basement to fourth story—bo