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The Best of All.

I love my love because she is so fair:
Her eyes are like two stars, her flowing hair
Like braided sunshine, and her small fleet feet
Keep time with my true heart like music sweet.

I love my love because she is so wise:
Her soul sits calm and thoughtful in her eyes
No passion stirs her; she is still and calm
As in the tropic noon the quiet palm.

I love my love for that she is so good:
No human heart hath fully understood
Her gentle ways, her happy, hopeful face,
Bright with the light of some sweet holy place

I love my love, the fourth sang, glad and free—
I love my love because that she loves me:
This is enough to make me proud and blest,
I love my love because *she loves me best.*

A Word to the Wise.

Love hailed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he:
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
"By and by," she mocked reply,
"Love's not in season."

Years went—years come,
Light mixed with shadow;
Love met the maid again
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Not so coy," urged the boy,
"List in time to love and reason."
"By and by," she mused reply,
"Love's still in season."

Years went—years came,
Light changed to shadow;
Love saw the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more, my dream is o'er,
I can listen now to reason"—
"Keep thee coy," whispered the boy,
"*Love's quite out of season.*"

FENALLOSA.

"Will you to marry me?" Those were the words that, coming from the veranda in a deep rich voice and most tenderly impassioned tone, broke the capricious silence that had just then fallen for a moment on the singing and laughing of the lighted rooms within. "Will you to marry me?"

It was Ignacio Fenallosa's voice; and he was repeating a question that, under various disguises, he had asked of Chrystie perhaps a hundred times before.

Ours was the prettiest, if not the busiest, little village in the world, with all its embowering green close upon the sea, and its two great counting-houses to which belonged all the wharves and warehouses of the South American trade carried on there; and this was a young South American who had come there, with some others, in care of the consignees of the houses at home, for a mercantile and English education. He was probably progressing reasonably—that is, we did not know whether he was or not, for we saw little of him—when at length Chrystie came home, not as wild as a hawk, because she was, after all, more like a dove, but a shy, startled, swift-moving creature, with a cloud of hair just a shade more yellow than flaxen, with immense dark-lashed eyes that you took at first for black eyes, till you learned how dark the blue starlit midnight sky can be, and with a skin where the rich red came and went like a torch that the wind blows on, a tall, lithe, slender beauty, wayward as the weather, and born to have her will. Fenallosa was strolling by, one September day, as she sprang from the coach and ran up the crackling path, and threw her arms round John Allan, her brother-in-law, who came to meet her. The youth stopped deliberately and surveyed the scene, then lifted his stick and shook it at John, and strode on. We heard afterward that he that night assembled the other young Spaniards, as they were called in the village, and the rest of their comrades, and gave them to understand that if they chose to enter, the race was free and fair, but there was to be no foolishness, since for his part he meant to carry the girl with the corn-silk hair overseas with him and the priest's blessing; and he appeared next day with a tassel of corn silk from some late field in his button-hole, and as many days thereafter as there was any to be had.

He did not wait for an introduction, but climbed the fence one sunset, and accosted her in the garden with such an air of adoration and reverence that she could not be offended; but as he could then only speak Spanish, and she could only speak English, all she could do was to retire with great dignity; at which he was by no means abashed, for that, he knew, was her proper course, and he considered that he had now made her acquaintance, and he followed it up. A few weeks later he was heard to complain to young Juan that he had learned all the English he wished; he had learned "No" and "Nevare," and he was going home in the next brig.

Unnecessary to say that the brig sailed without him. She sailed many times without him, indeed, but never without the transaction of a little high tragedy on his part previously. He was leaning one spring day, over the rail of the veranda, the lazy roller creeping underneath—for our house was close upon the sea, built so by grandpa's whim, the summer parlors almost, and the veranda quite, overhanging deep water, the solid old stone foundations belonging once to a light-house that had been removed—when the brig rolled out again with all sail set. "Some day," said he to Chrystie, looking back at her, "you will be sailing out in her with me, and never back." If Chrystie had nodded, he would have been content, and have asked for no more just then, being strenuous that she should do nothing unbecoming; but she shook her head. He so took it all for granted that dissent on her part seemed absolute rebellion, and then he snatched his hat and stalked off without a word, and meeting Leon at the gate, pitched him clean over the fence and into the ditch. Of course a challenge was the result, and a duel was arranged, and I have no doubt would have come off but for notes that flew from the naughty Chrystie to the combatants, in consequence of which, and in total ignorance that each note had been a counterpart of the other, they both appeared before her and bound themselves over to keep the peace. But Leon was a fickle youth, and it did not much signify. As for Fenallosa, we rather wondered at Chrystie, for he was like nobody else in the world, and with an irresistible personal charm, it seemed to us—such eyes were never seen except under Spanish brows, the fine black hair lay in great locks on a forehead that had something infantile in shape and hue, but the rest of the face was an unbroken bronze tint, except for the thin curved lips, and the teeth which made his laugh, the whole face breaking into dimples, dazzling. If Chrystie were not in love with him, the rest of us barely escaped it, John Allan in the number. Of course as soon the danger of the duel was over, Chrystie took occasion to quarrel with Fenallosa's attentions, and to tell him to visit us no more if he could not cease annoying her. We expected him to take her at her word; but it was only the next day that he stopped on horseback under the window, having seen her face framed there, and having ridden up the garden path, as he told me on her disappearing, to ask her if "she have not changed her mind," for he never made the least secret of his suit, and seemed to feel that he had enlisted us all as his auxiliaries because he had rights, and success was but his desert. He really rode up that day, though to display himself and his horse, for he rode like a young centaur; but it seemed that that was no way to win Chrystie. She had quite a different ideal—some little middle-aged, grief-worn hero, with iron-gray hair, perhaps, who had struck her fancy in a novel, but would have been fearfully uncomfortable in housekeeping; and she consequently regarded Fenallosa as a boy, than which nothing could have been more maddening to him, for he regarded himself rather as a knight of old Spain. "I have the blue blood!" he cried to me, who happened on that day to be his confidante. "I ask her no beggar. It is the blue blood of Castile. See!" And I presume we should have seen, had I not snatched the penknife whose blade in another second would have pierced the white wrist.

"A knight of the Round Table," said John Allan. "For all his nonsense, there is something of the Sir Galahad about him."

When he came again I was crossing the lane myself, and at the gate we saw Chrystie, sitting on the roof of the veranda in the sun, and reeling some fine linen thread for her lace-work. With her fair hair and her color, her work, and the background of the sea behind her, she certainly did look uncanny and like some lovely witch; all the more as, just at that moment, her voice began carolling: "Hark! hark! the lark!" sweet and strong as the lark's itself, in all the ripples of melody running up and down between heaven's gate and the low nest in the corn field. Fenallosa stopped, and put his hands over his eyes. "Alas! alas!" he cried. "So young, so beautiful, so sweet, so wicked! *Quelastima!*"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Ah! you know—you know," he answered, in solemnity, turning and releasing the great eyes, "that of all things the good God do hate, it is the unthankful heart, and that girl she has no thank, she have no heart, she is the ingratitude itself. The great God can do but hate her—alas! hate Chrystie!"

Of course I could only laugh at him; and so did Chrystie when he repeated it to her. "I hope you will never grow up, you foolish boy, and never learn English!" she cried. "For you will never be half so amusing again."

"What is that—'amusing?'" he answered. "Is it to please you? Then I will not to grow." He glanced up and down his shapely outlines, and looked down on her with a gay, pleased laugh. "Indeed, I can not," he said. "Iam the six feet now. To be more, it would be absurd, and less— *Desdichado!*" he cried, striding away; "she do not care if I be six-and-twenty!" But the idea of a stature of six-and-twenty feet so tickled him that in a moment more he was laughing and beside her again. "Then I should not ask you, I should take you!" he said. "You learn the Spanish to-day?" he asked, changing his tone to one of most seducing sweetness; for, with all her coolness, Miss Chrystie was not neglecting so good an opportunity of increasing her vocabulary, and she took Spanish lessons from all the youths—Fenallosa, Juan, Leon, Garcia, the first that came to book; and then, the lace-work and reeling laid aside, the pretty sight was to be seen of that fair head and that dark one bending over the page, Fenallosa's great eyes rising, every now and then, to dwell on her, while, if he thought no one saw, he would furtively lift a long stray lock of the yellow hair and hold it to his lips. One day, long before the corn came again, he sauntered up the paths with what looked like a tassel of the corn silk in his button-hole again. "What have you there?" cried Chrystie, suddenly, as he appeared.

"I have my colors," he answered; "my scarf, my lady's favor."

"Give it to me!" she cried, in something like one of his own furies. "Give it to me, or I will never speak with you again! How did you come by it?"

"I—I took it," he answered humbly. "One day—as we read the Spanish." And he handed it to her, after he had taken it from the button-hole and kissed it. "*Ay de mi!*" he cried. "To worship, to adore, and not to can!"

"And I suppose," said the heartless girl, "that you have been parading this every where, making a fool of yourself and me—"

"Making fool!" he cried, clasping his hands.

"Yes, you ridiculous boy. Do you suppose it is my hair, that curl? Look at it. I bought it. It is some prison girl's, for all I know."

"*Dios!*" cried Fenallosa. "And you did wear it?"

The disgust on his face quite outshone the wrath on hers, and it was a fortnight before he came near her again. In that fortnight I fancied Miss Chrystie did a little thinking; and we all studied a little Spanish more vigorously with Juan, who, although of the same age, was comparatively the staid guardian of the others.

Chrystie had been singing a Spanish song with the guitar, Juan correcting her, and the rest of us were bending over the dictionary and grammars on the table, when, during a silence, a deep, grave voice sounded: "I should never to come again, but you do sing the song so badly;" and we looked up to see Fenallosa's head in the window, as he surveyed Juan and Chrystie with tremendous displeasure. Presently he came in.

"What are you going to do on the Fourth, Fenallosa?" asked John Allan, as he brought in a box of Roman candles from the express wagon.

"What is it that the custom of the country is to do?" asked Fenallosa, for he had arrived last year just after that day.

"Oh, burn powder."

"And blow toot-horns."

"And set towns ablaze with fire-crackers."

"And make every one wish there were no such thing as liberty."

"Powder! horns! It is sacrilege. Wish for no liberty! You deserve not the day. It should be in the church, processions, flowers, with prayers, with thanks. Powder, horns, fire-crackers—detestable!"

"But the fireworks are beautiful, Fenallosa," said Chrystie. "When John sends up the rockets after dark from the roof, and showers of colored stars fall into the sea that showers of colored stars rise out of the deeps to meet—oh! that is beautiful!"

"That is beautiful!" said Fenallosa, all at once in a radiant humor. "I shall to see it. And I will play your Yankee Tootle on the toot-horns; you will give the instruction." And so Chrystie played him the desired tune, he standing beside her and adding to her guitar strain according flourishes on the piano. "It is a quickstep, your national tune. Your fast people do keep the time. But it suits not the guitar. One night, Chrystie, you shall lean from the balcony with me, and to hear the band down in the plaza play the soft music—very different music!—and the seas rolling other music in the harbor, mountain tops and south stars over us—"

"I do wish, Fenallosa," murmured Chrystie, as he bent his ear to listen, "that if you will make love to me, you wouldn't make it before all the world."

"What care I for the world?" he cried. "The universe is nothing then if you but to listen!" And he turned about and caught my hand and kissed it in a passion of delight, since he dared not kiss Chrystie's, and he knew John Allan would not mind; for he saw here his first good omen.

It was on the afternoon of the Fourth itself that Fenallosa appeared before us in deep mourning, clad in the blackest habiliments of woe from top to toe. I confess I thought it was a part of his love-making, and he was only testifying to the condition of his emotions, or else that some revolution had turned up in South America that he was contrasting with our happy day of independence. But it was quite otherwise. The news had just come of the loss of a great-uncle, whom he had never seen, but who had left him a silver mine in the mountains, a troop of slaves, a coffee plantation, and a few other trifles. "I shall go back one day now to manœuvre, to manage, my estate" he said, grandiloquently. "But not alone I go. They are not mine; they are hers." And he felt more than ever assured that, after this, things must turn out as he wished, and he surveyed himself and the inky hue of his garments with ineffable satisfaction, while Chrystie brought him the iced lemonade with which he celebrated, and which he regarded with unfeigned contempt.

Garcia and Leon were playing a duo on the piano as he came in. It is true that the music they played had never been written, but they had a bound volume of the *Bazar* open on the rack before them, and appeared to be going through it Philharmonically, their eyes fixed on the page and running along the lines, turning the leaf religiously when they reached the foot, nodding their heads to the time, going back for a fresh start or to play over some bar more to their mind, and jabbering together now and then without looking off concerning the fingering or the phrasing, and getting out of it all a not unpleasant ringing and clanging. As Fenallosa came in in his dark array, with the shining new black hat in his hand, they glanced at each other quickly, but banged away, till, having made his compliments to the rest, he wheeled on them, and with one of his gestures, which even Leon and Garcia never thought of disobeying, brushed them from their seats, and adjusted himself in their place. "They profane," he said, looking up at me.

I used to think that nobody ever looked exactly like him, so nobody ever played exactly like Fenallosa. Playing seemed to be as natural to him as breathing, as natural as it is to any fish to wave his fins in the water, and the keys always sang under his hands. Even Chrystie listened when Fenallosa played. "They conquered the wild creatures with the music in the old day," said he to me, as I leaned on the instrument. "I shall yet conquest of her," indicating Chrystie with his head. And there was a conscious power about him as the great chords rolled out.

"Ah, Fenallosa," cried Chrystie once when he teased her, "why can't you always be the man that you are when you are playing, and not the boy that—"

"Chrystie," he said, quietly, "why can you not to be the woman of dignity that does to tell me my fault, and not the girl I see when I pass the window, dancing alone with her arms above her head and all her silver bangles ringing like the Almee's bells? Eh? But the beautiful arms! The fair head—"

"There you go again!" cried Chrystie.

To-day, as Fenallosa played, there was something very grand and solemn in his thoughts: one might fancy that he was up among the purple slopes and silver peaks of the hills at home with the work of death. By degrees, though, more and more sweetness stole into the measures, with all sorts of hesitating turns and melancholy cadences; he had forgotten himself and his boyishness in the music. But when at length he paused, it was to see Chrystie's eyes swimming in tears, and all the boy was uppermost again. "She is ice, but I melt her!" he cried; and immediately he began playing, with a total oblivion of dead uncles and living coffee estates, all sorts of gay dance tunes and the airs of sweet love songs, ending with a medley of national airs framed in a fanfaronade of trumpet calls, drum beats, and shrill cornet strains, for Fenallosa was a master of music. Then suddenly he arose, bowed to every body, and darted for the hall and his hat, found the hat gone, and in its place the light straw ruin that Garcia had left.

You should have seen the transport of rage into which Fenallosa fell, and have heard the anathemas on the luckless heads of his compatriots, the adjurations that they should want hats all their lives and have no heads to put them on, while the hat went spinning to the ceiling, came down, and was trampled under foot till there was nothing left of it. "A nice prospect for a wife!" said I, at his elbow. "A pretty husband, you!" He turned, laughing in an instant, his white teeth glistening and his face full of color.

"Why she not to pacify me?" he cried. And of course we all laughed with him, for the greater part of the time Fenallosa was as good as a play.

But there was no help for it; Fenallosa now would not stir out of the house till night. "It is indecorous," he said. "I am not to mock the memory of my uncle. Here I stay!" And he was as good as his word, taking tea with us, and conducting himself with the most charming dignity, evidently in a sense of the honor due the day. After dark, when we had sat for a while on the veranda overhanging the sea, watching the great stars rise from the water, brother John and John Allan went up to the roof with the fireworks, and Fenallosa followed; an increase of two or three other youths, Emily's lovers and Sue's, presently taking place, with the inevitable Spanish lads dying to play some fresh prank on Fenallosa. But Fenallosa shortly returned to us, and he and Chrystie leaned over the rail together to watch the colored lights in the wave breaking on the cliff below, and singing some refrain half under the breath together. Just as we were in the midst of our cries of admiration at the effect of the Bengal lights, I heard feet on the roof of the veranda overhead, a tittering and te-heeing, and directly down came a long pole with a huge bunch of fire-crackers on the end, spluttering and fizzing and flaring, and exploding straight in the face of Fenallosa and Chrystie, shedding sparks everywhere about us; and in another moment there was a blaze, a shriek, and Chrystie's muslins were all aflame.

There was one scream from every mouth: "Oh, she will burn to death!" for the summer parlors had neither rug nor curtain, and there was nothing to smother the blaze. But before the words were well uttered a sheet of fire went hurtling through the air. "Fear not!" cried Fenallosa, "I too die!" And we saw that he had caught her in his arms and had leaped into the sea.

"Hurry! hurry!" I shrieked. "He can't swim! he can't swim! Oh, you have killed them both!" But while I was exclaiming, a dozen long legs were scrambling down to the beach, the boats were out, and before long—for he had come to the top again, and although he could not swim he could keep afloat—Fenallosa and Chrystie were pulled in, safe and alive, but both of them badly scorched, and what was left of Chrystie's muslins one black and dripping rag. But we wrapped her in the cloak with which I had run down, and by the next evening her injuries were not apparent, except for the weakness from the shock she had sustained.

Fenallosa had been at the door at sunrise and at noon, and at twilight he came again, and now he sat beside Chrystie as she lay on the cool wicker sofa on the veranda, half covered with the flowers that the deeply repentant young scamps had heaped upon her. It was from there, as the evening darkened, that the words of which I told you came in on that tendealy impassioned tone: "Will you to marry me? *Ah, mi povrecita. amiguita Chrystita mia!*" At which I hastened to make a racket of any sort. When, by-and-by, I went out on the veranda, Chrystie looked up and said, shyly, "Laura, dear, I am engaged to Fenallosa; that is, I am engaged for a month—for just a month, you know."

"A month!" I cried, in amazement.

"A month. By that time, you know, he will be—"

"I shall be marry in just tree weeks!" cried Fenallosa. "Your Fourth was my day of the independence." And marry in three weeks he did.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Sunstroke.

The following report of the sanitary commissioners of the New York board of health, upon sunstroke, has been approved and published by the board:

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, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is 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—laundries, etc.—see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head, a wet cloth on 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, whenever 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, but be excused from work, especially after eleven o'clock in the morning on very hot days, 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, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician, 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 cold 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 in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

A Tin Clad Dog.

In these times of mad dogs, one which got his head into a tin jar a few nights ago at the residence of W. T. Chandler, Beaver Valley, Del., was the maddest of all, but happily he was not mad from an attack of hydrophobia. Spooking around Mr. Chandler's back yard, he found in an open summer kitchen a tall tin jar, with something in the bottom which made him thrust his head in a considerable distance to reach the palatable morsel at the bottom, which, we believe, was potato yeast. Probably not from the effects of the yeast, but from some cause, the dog's head from the nose to behind the ears grew so large that the can persisted upon remaining on his head. When the dog found that he was fairly caught and not being able to howl himself, he commenced a series of gymnastics that made more noise than half a dozen dogs. He tugged at the can with his feet, he snorted and sneezed and would have growled if he could; he rolled over on his back, stood upon his hind feet and shook himself, but that can was "thar" and he could not remove it. Taking a cruise around the yard he jabbed the big end of his tin elongation against the yard fence, jammed it through a bunch of dahlias, swept down a swath through the potato patch, and emerging to the onion bed he took a roll in it, and coming back to the open kitchen again he sent the breakfast table *hors de combat*, legs upwards. By this time Mr. Chandler had so far recovered from the fears engendered by the terrible racket below, that he ventured from his bed to see what was the matter. Opening the kitchen door, the dog hearing a noise made a bounce in that direction, almost ramming the bottom of his tin can that stuck to him "closer than a brother" into Mr. C.'s face. Frightened for the instant at such a queer kind of an animal, Mr. Chandler shut the tin, headed beast out, but after a moment's consideration, he grasped the situation and boldly went out and grasped that tin can, and with a dexterous effort he threw the fuzzy end of it over the fence, but held on to the tin end. The dog pulled and Mr. Chandler pulled, and at last the separation came, Mr. C. performing a somersault on one side of the fence and the dog at the other.

Remarkable Cures.

Among those who have been most remarkably affected by accidental surprises are the deaf and dumb, and tales of unknown antiquity relate how speech or hearing has been recovered or improved in this way. As a case in point, About 1750 a merchant of Cleves named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. This accident was a happy one, for Jorissen soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood placed against his teeth, the other end of which was placed against the speaker's teeth, not only to keep up a conversation, but to understand the least whisper. Other cures have been brought about less by skill than accidental circumstances. There is a story of a Frenchman who, through a sword wound received in a duel, suffered from internal abscesses, which forced him to walk in a stooping posture. Some time after, becoming engaged in another affair of honor, this time with pistols, the bullet of his adversary chanced to pass exactly through the abscesses caused by the former wound, which, making them discharge, not only relieved him from the stoop, but caused him to walk with rather a stiff carriage ever afterward.

The Migration of Flies.

A New York paper perpetrates the following: Early in November our flies gather in swarms upon the heads of our baldest men, or on the butter-plates of restaurants, and prepare themselves for fight. Choosing the night time in order to avoid remark, they wing their flight through the upper regions of the atmosphere, and passing far above the surface of the zone of Perpetual Flies, they descend in the southern zone of Migratory Flies, where they pass the warm months. In May, when the southern weather grows cool, they retrace their flight and reappear among us. Thus there is a semi-annual ebb and flow of flies between the two zones, a migration in comparison with which the migration of birds are trivial and scarcely worthy of notice.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A rat weighing fifteen pounds is exhibited in a Philadelphia beer shop. It is a foreigner, coming from South America.

The "British interest" which has the largest representation in the present House of Commons is that of the soldier and sailor. There are two hundred and thirty-nine men in the present House of Commons who are either active or retired members of the army or navy.

It is not generally known that in the oil region of Pennsylvania many of the engines which pump the oil wells are run with natural gas instead of steam. The gas is conveyed from the well to the engine through an iron pipe, being forced from the well through the pipe into the cylinder.

A strange manifestation of affection occurred recently on the farm of Aaron Sutton, in Coffin's Summit, N. Y. A kitten, several days old, had become separated from its companions, and was adopted by a hen. The kitten was found under the shelter of the hen's wings, and, when taken away, the hen flew at the person who took it and showed every sign of displeasure.

The cruelty of which a Wisconsin wife complains, in her suit for divorce, is that her husband tied her securely and shaved her head. The defence is that she bleached her black hair to lemon color by the use of acid, and that he, deeming such a thing highly scandalous, took the only means of undoing what she had done. He says that he bought a wig for her, imitating her natural hair, so that her bare head might be concealed while nature was remedying the disfiguration.

The attempted assassination of the emperor of Germany recalls the fact that the month of May has indeed been marked on several occasions by crimes or attempted crimes of the same nature. On the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Percival was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons. On the 30th day of May, 1842, Queen Victoria was fired at while driving down Constitution Hill in an open carriage by John Francis. The 14th of May was the date of the murder of Henry IV., of France, by Revaillac; and on the 4th of May, 1874, Queen Isabella, of Spain, was twice fired at by La Riva.

At Rochester, Mich., they have a unique way of advertising the men who stand on the church steps after meeting to stare at the ladies. The following card is kept standing in the *Era* of that place: "The Donkey club of this village would respectfully inform the young ladies especially, and the public generally, that they have made arrangements for an extensive demonstration on the steps in front of the Methodist chapel—the members locating themselves on either side of the main entrance—on Sunday evening next. Positions taken immediately after the close of the religious exercises within."

The difficulty of providing horses with forage in war has set the ingenious to work in endeavoring to compound a condensed horse buscuit, and Col. Ravelli, an Italian officer, seems to have been very successful in this respect. By direction of the Minister of War, very careful experiments have lately been made with cavalry horses, and a commission report that not only when the biscuit is administered with proper care is it consumed with appetite and easily digested, but that the horses fed upon it actually increased in vigor. There is really nothing new in this, for three centuries ago horses in England were often fed in the same way.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837, the estimate for her personal expenses was based on the charges of the household of William the Fourth. For her majesty's privy purse they set apart $300,000 yearly; for household salaries, $656,300; for ordinary household expenses, $862,500; for royal bounty, etc., $66,000; and for various other small items, $40,200. The total is about $1,925,000. Besides this she has $215,000, being the revenue of the Duchy of Lancaster. Thus, the sum which her majesty receives yearly, for her privy purse, is $515,000. This is entirely outside of her actual ordinary expenses. It is clear pocket money.

An umbrella trick has been introduced by London thieves. The operator enters a jeweler's store with an umbrella in his hand, having pulled down the silk covering without securely fastening it, so that its folds hang around the handle and form an open-mouthed net. Into the bag thus opened it is not difficult to jerk a ring or two, or even a larger article, which will fall into it without the slightest sound. If the shopman misses the treasure thus abstracted, he will run after his customer, and as a matter of course, the other will protest innocence. A search will ensue, at the end of which the owner of the umbrella will be struck by a bright thought, and will himself bring to light the desired object, apologizing in the blandest way, and making merry over a joke which has so nearly, as he says, assumed a serious character.

Statistics have lately been published in Germany of the rate of mortality in different European armies. From the tables given it appears that the average yearly deaths per 1,000 were in the Prussian army, in the years 1867-9, 6.4; in the Saxon, 1868-9, also 6.4; in the English, 1871-4, 8.4; in the French, 1872-4, 8.7; in the English, 1860-70, 9.5; in the French, 1862-9, 10.1; in the Belgian, 1870-4, 10.7; in the Italian, 1870-6, 11.6; in the Portuguese, 1861-7, 12.7; in the Belgian, 1867-9, 12.8; in the Russian, 1871-4, 14.7; in the Austrian, 1870-73, 15.3; in the Russian, 1862-71, 15.4; in the Italian, 1864-9, 16.3; and in the Belgian from 1862 to 1866, 20.3. The comparatively small mortality in the Prussian army is attributed not only to the favorable climate, but also to the care taken with regard to the food, clothing, and general well being of the soldier.

A Bearded Indian.

The Tuscarora (Nev.) *Times-Review* says: Possibly the oldest-looking savage in the State is a denizen of Tuscarora. The oddity consists in the savage being as heavily bearded as a Russian trooper. The Indian belongs to the Shoshone tribe, and is apparently sixty or seventy years of age, stands as erect as Pompey's pillar, and with his white flowing beard and distinguished mien, is really a venerable looking old party. There is a curious legend about this hoary pioneer of the valley. Although the Shoshones persistently assert that he is a true born member of their tribe, yet the story goes that the old man is really a native of Mexico, and that he was stolen while an infant and carried to the north by a raiding band of Shoshone warriors. The long beard, contour of features and general make-up of the old fellow gives plausibility to the legend. Whether the tale of captivity be true or false, our savage is an odd specimen of the American red man.

"THE CODE OF HONOR."

Some Prominent Americans Who Have Fought Duels.

A recent pamphlet issued in Charleston, S. C., on the "Code of Honor," gives the following list of well-known Americans who have fought duels:

Gen. Christopher Gadrden, a delegate to the first Centennial Congress, fought a duel. Colonel James Laurens, son of the president of the first general Congress, in 1777, and on the staff of General Washington, fought a duel with General Charles Lee. In 1778 General J. Cadwalader fought General L. Conway near Philadelphia. Members of the William Washington branch of that family have engaged in duels—for instance, that in which Gillon was killed. Robert Goodloe Harper, United States Senator from Maryland and leader of the Federal party, fought a duel with William Loughton Smith, an early representative from Charleston, S. C., and minister to Spain in 1800. Colonel John Rutledge, son of the revolutionary governor of South Carolina and a member of Congress, fought a duel. De Witt Clinton, United States Senator and illustrious governor of New York, in 1802, fought John Swartout. Aaron Burr, Senator from New York in 1787, and Vice-President of the United States in 1800, fought in 1804, Alexander Hamilton, who had been secretary to General Washington, a member of the body which framed the Constitution of the United States, first secretary of the treasury, and, after Washington, commander-in-chief of the army. Andrew Jackson, representative and in 1797 United States Senator, judge of the supreme court of Tennessee from 1798 to 1804, hero of the battle of New Orleans and eight years President of the United States, fought several duels—notably one in 1806 with Charles Dickinson, near Nashville. Commodore O. H. Perry, hero of the battle of Lake Erie, fought a duel. Commodore R. F. Stockton, of the United States navy, and afterwards Senator from New Jersey fought several duels with officers of the British navy near Gibraltar. Captain Frank Hampton, United States army, a son of Major General Wade Hampton, in 1815 fought Captain E. D. Dick. Captain William Sumter, United States army, about the same time fought the colonel of his regiment. Clement C. Clay, governor of Alabama, member of Congress and Senator, fought a duel in 1819, with W. Tate. Henry Clay, the renowned orator and party leader, member of Congress, speaker of the House, Senator from Kentucky and secretary of State, fought a duel in 1808 with Humphrey Marshall, and another in 1826 with John Randolph, member of Congress and Senator from Virginia and minister to Russia. William H. Crawford, Senator from Georgia, minister to France, secretary of war and secretary of the treasury, fought a duel. Thomas H. Benton, Senator from Missouri from 1826 to 1850, fought a duel near St. Louis with Mr. Lucas. J. Cumming, of Georgia, fought a duel, 1830-3, with George McDuffie, the Demesthenean orator, member of Congress, governor of South Carolina and United States Senator. Jonathan Citley, of Maine, member of Congress, fought a duel near Washington in 1838 with W. J. Graves, member of Congress from Kentucky. William L. Yancey, member of Congress from Alabama in 1844-5, fought a duel near Washington with Thomas L. Clingman, member of Congress and Senator from North Carolina. Francis Cutting, of New York, member of Congress in 1851, challenged John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, member of Congress, Senator and Vice-President of the United States; the challenge was accepted, but the difficulty was adjusted. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, in 1856, fought a duel with T. C. Reynolds, lieutenant-governor of Missouri. David C. Broderick, Senator from California, fought Judge — Terry in 1857-1858. Major General D. C. Buell, of Ohio, United States army, fought a duel. General E. V. Sumner, of Massachusetts, United States army, who was elected to escort Mr. Lincoln to Washington, March, 1861, challenged General W. S. Harney, of Tennessee, U. S. A., Major General Phil. Kearney, of New York, U. S. A., aid-de-camp of two successive commanders-in-chief of the United States army, Generals Macomb and Scott, fought a duel with — Chambers, at the time colonel of his regiment. General Sam. Houston, member of Congress, and in 1827 governor of Tennessee, commander-in-chief and president of Texas in 1836, United States Senator, fought a duel in 1837 with General Albert Sidney Johnson, U. S. A. Jefferson Davis, member of Congress and United States Senator from Mississippi, secretary of war from 1852 to 1856 and President of the Confederate States, fought a duel with Samuel Cobb. Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, U. S. A., hero of Lundy's Lane, conqueror of Mexico, commander-in-chief of the army, challenged De Witt Clinton, and fought another party in the District of Columbia. These are some of the men of note who have engaged as principals in duels. Numerous other Americans of the highest standing and most extensive influence have resorted to the Code of Honor.

Not a Case of Suicide.

There was a picnic in Eby's Grove, near Dayton, Ohio, one day recently. Some of the young men wandered down the river. In a secluded nook they discovered a pile of female clothing. They looked into the river for signs of life or death but saw nothing. A newspaper reporter of the party took down all the surroundings, rummaged among the clothes, and found there were several sets or suits of them, little and big. In one of the pockets a love letter was found, written by Hal to Julia. The clothing was tenderly bundled up and taken to the picnic camp, stuffed unde a buggy seat, and the party started home feeling very sad. It did not occur to them at once that it was a little strange a young woman and two or three little girls should commit suicide all at once. It was perhaps Julia and her little sisters who had thus plunged into eternity. It was a very sad case all agreed—disappointed love perhaps—and on the theory of suicide the love letter would be a good thing for the account. The clothes were taken to the police office. The reporter was satisfied that he had a good thing. The account was read evidently, for early in the morning an angry father came raging into police quarters demanding the clothes. His daughter had taken a walk on the river bank with two or three little neighbor girls, and the place being secluded and the temperature warm, and the water inviting, they concluded to take a bath. Soon they heard voices in the woods, and hid themselves in the bushes. They huddled together as quiet as mice until the intruding young men had come and gone—gone with their clothes. The only thing they could do was to remain quietly where they were until after dark and then steal to their homes in the kindly shadows of night.

It was a wish of Bryant, they say, that he might die in June. We never thought seriously enough on the subject to insist on a time, but so far as we have any preference, to be definite about it, we have always thought we should like to die on the 30th of February.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Germination of Seeds.

There are a few common principles connected with the germination of seeds which are familiar to many, but which are nevertheless worthy of being placed on record, and which may be interesting and instructive to those who have not given special attention to the subject.

The three great leading requisites for germination are warmth, moisture and air, but not light. Seeds deprived of these requisites will remain dormant. If the plants are very hardy, such as the chickweed, and the rye and wheat plant, they will start at a few degrees above the freezing point. Others less hardy, as Indian corn and beans, must have a higher temperature, and if the soil is too cold, they will rot instead of growing. Hot-house plants require a still greater heat, many of which will not germinate below eighty or ninety degrees of Fahrenheit.

Moisture is very essential, as every farmer knows who has sown wheat and grass seed in time of a severe drought. Flower seeds sown in a dry garden bed, vegetate rapidly if the sowing is followed by a warm shower, which furnishes the two elements for success, warmth and moisture. Many seeds are deprived of this essential requisite when they are allowed to become too dry by long exposure to the air.

Seeds must have air, or they will not grow. Buried deep in the soil, they remain dormant for a long time, although kept at a nearly uniform temperature with the soil, to retain their natural moisture. Nurserymen sometimes keep peach stones in a sound and dormant condition, buried two feet or more in compact earth. Many of the most troublesome annual weeds make their appearance in ground supposed to be clean. The careless farmer has allowed weeds to ripen seeds by the ten thousand in previous years, and turned them in deep by plowing. There they have remained dormant till another plowing has brought them to the surface, where they soon appear by myriads, to the surface of the owner, who, if he is ignorant of the nature of vegetable growth, ascribes their appearance to spontaneous vegetation.

Large seeds, like those of peas, corn, etc., will find their way to the surface if buried several inches below ground, although they grow more freely at less depth. Small seeds must be much nearer the surface. The seeds of most of our worst annual weeds, such as pigweed, green amaranth, fox tail, ragweed and mustard, are quite small, and will not grow if buried in compact soil over an inch in depth. This is the reason that when the ground once becomes infested, it takes so long a time to eradicate them. The plowing and the harrowing must be repeated many times, until every part of the soil, down as far as the plow reaches, is successively exposed to the action of the air. In this way crop after crop of weeds is destroyed, until the soil is purged of them. It is much easier and less expensive to prevent their growth, and never allow them to drop ripe seeds.

Garden seeds often fail to germinate because they are buried too deep. Some years ago an amateur planted his best seeds, taking great pains, and burying them three inches deep. They could not grow. A part remaining, were afterwards planted an inch deep, and they came up in profusion. The old rule, to cover seeds at a depth not exceeding five times their diameter, will apply, with some variation, to nearly all, and if generally observed, would often prevent failure.—*Country Gentleman.*

Poultry Notes.

When turkeys are two months old they can successfully withstand the severest weather, if dry. In wet weather they should be confined in a yard under cover.

Good setters among hens seldom or never leave their nests more than once a day, provided they are well fed when they come off; while they seldom remain away longer than from a quarter to half an hour, rarely exceeding the latter period, unless food has not been supplied and they have to forage for themselves.

"Dry feed for your chicks," says the *Poultry World*, and among other things it adds: "It is absolutely indispensable that the cooked mash given to any young chickens should be mixed dry. By this we mean to convey the suggestion that the meal mixture should be of a crumbly consistency rather than that of the swashy, soggy kind of muck that nine out of ten careless or inexperienced persons give to the young broods in their infancy."

The best of all soils on which to establish a poultry yard is gravel or sand resting on a substratum of gravel. If the soil is clayey, or from other causes retentive of wet, the whole should be well drained. This is essential to success, as a wet soil is more inducive than any other circumstance of cramp, roup and other diseases.

Chicken Cholera.

For a few years my chickens died so badly that I abandoned all care of them, thinking it labor lost. In 1872 I commenced feeding with air-slaked lime; I lost a very few that summer. In the summers of 1873 and 1874 I lost none at all by that disease. I put half a pint in a vessel and fill it with water or milk and put for them to drink. As they drink off the top I fill up again. Sometimes I mix half a pint with a peck of stirred up feed and give them. The lime helps to form the shell for laying hens. I give the lime two or three times per month, and always if I see any signs of the disease. I raised about twenty dozen last summer, and healthier, brighter looking chickens I never owned.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Tropical Tree Forms.

Some are almost cylindrical, rising up out of the ground as if their bases were concealed by accumulations of the soil; others get much thicker near the ground, like our spreading oaks; others again, and these are very characteristic, send out, toward the base, flat and wing-like projections. These projections are thin slabs radiating from the main trunk, from which they stand out like the buttresses of a Gothic cathedral. They rise to various heights on the tree from five or six to twenty or thirty feet; they often divide as they approach the ground, and sometimes twist and curve along the surface for a considerable distance, forming elevated and greatly compressed roots. These buttresses are sometimes so large that the spaces between them, if roofed over, would form huts capable of containing several persons.

There is another form of tree, hardly less curious, in which the trunk, though generally straight and cylindrical, is deeply furrowed and indented, appearing as if made up of a number of small trees grown together at the centre. Sometimes the junction of what seem to be the component parts is so imperfect, that gaps or holes are left by which you can see through the trunk in various places. At first one is disposed to think this is caused by accident or decay, but repeated examination shows it to be due to the natural growth of the tree.

Justice in the Old Times.

Says *Chambers's Journal*: To Tyburn doomed men from Newgate were carried in half-dozens as if for a public entertainment. We can hardly in the present day realize the brutality of these exhibitions, to which, however, ladies of quality regularly adjourned to see the show. Hanging formed a holiday amusement of the fashionable society of London. Such was the disregard of human feeling that officers of the law were not ashamed to practice cruel deceptions on convicts at the very scaffold. A person named David Lindsay, convicted of traitorous visits to France, was sentenced to die, and carted to Tyburn in spite of an amnesty. When his neck was in the noose the sheriff tested David's courage by telling him he might yet save his life on condition of revealing the names of alleged traitors. David, however, sorely tempted, declined to save his neck on such terms. Thereupon the sheriff ordered the cart to drive on; but even this move toward leaving Lindsay suspended did not shake his stout spirit. All this time the sheriff had a reprieve for the unnecessarily tortured fellow in his pocket. Before the cart was fairly from under Lindsay's feet it was stopped, or he would have been murdered. Taken back alive to Newgate, a very unusual spectacle, Lindsay, after being nearly starved in a loathsome dungeon, was sent into perpetual banishment; ultimately he died of huger and exposure in Holland. As the hanging of some thousands of rebels would have shocked ordinary decency, vast numbers were condemned to be banished, as an act of grace, to the plantations, or were "made over as presents to trading courtiers," who might pardon them for a "consideration." Think of lords and ladies at court being presented with groups of convicts on whom money could be made by selling pardons! The fact throws a new light on this period of English history. As regards transportation, some not uninteresting and little known particulars are given concerning Rob Roy. Twelve years after the rebellion of 1715, Rob was taken to London in connection with the disarmament act, and sentenced with many others to be transported to Barbadoes. Handcuffed to Lord Ogilvie, he was marched from Newgate through the streets of London to a barge at Blackfriars, and thence to Gravesend. "This," says Dr. Doran, "is an incident which has escaped the notice of Walter Scott and of all Rob's biographers." Before quitting England, the barge-load of convicts were pardoned and allowed to return home.

The Leaning Tower.

Dr. Prime gives, in the New York *Observer*, his opinion as to the cause of leaning of the celebrated tower of Pisa; in conversing with a guide, who had been there for fifty years, the man gives an opinion:

I asked him what was the commonly received opinion as to the cause of its leaning over. He said most people think it settled while it was building; and when the fact was ascertained that it could not settle any further, the building was continued and completed out of the perpendicular.

This opinion appears to be absurd. Here is a tower erected for the bells of the cathedral: the bell tower: the campanile; its height is two hundred feet; its diameter, for it is round, is about twenty, and it leans out of a perpendicular fifteen feet.

To suppose that a tower of exquisite architecture in stone, designed for such a purpose, and built at such vast expense, would be finished after it began to lean out of the perpendicular, would argue an amount of rashness on the part of the builders or the directors that has no parallel even in these modern times.

I presume it was finished, with its successive galleries, to the very summit, its bells were hung, and by and by the earth beneath became gradually compressed on the side where the ground below was less solid than on the other; that this settling proceeded so slowly as to be imperceptible for many long years, and was never mentioned in the chronicles of the cathedral, as it certainly would have been had it occurred while in the process of building.

It was begun in 1174, and has therefore stood more than 750 years. In that time the tendency to fall might easily have been so slow as not to be noticed.

Birmingham Buttons.

At one time Birmingham (Eng.) buckled and buttoned the three kingdoms, and half the world beside, requiring such adornment. It furnished every variety of both buckle and button, but its chief staple was the metal button. When shoe-buckles went out, the affrighted makers went about in shoestrings, petitioning Parliament to compel people to wear buckles. In like way the London perruquiers went up to George III., in their own plain hair, to solicit him to bring back the departing fashion of powder and wigs! When the metal button yielded to the mold of wood or horn, covered with silk or some other woven material, the metal buttonmakers so besieged Parliament by their shrieking entreaties to be saved from ruin that a law was passed which made it illegal for a tailor to sew on to a suit of clothes any button made of cloth, serge, camlet, or any other "stuff." Unless this law was swept away by the enactment which recently abolished all laws that had become practically obsolete, this button act is still in force, and we believe it to be so. About a half a dozen years ago a tailor named Shirley sued, in the Marylebone county court, a customer named King for £9 ($45), the price of a suit of clothes made for the latter. The defendant's counsel asked the tailor of what material the buttons were made, and on being told that they were of cloth or silk on horn molds, he remarked that by the law made for the protection of the Birmingham buttonmakers, not only could the tailor not recover, but if the defendant chose to sue for the penalties, the plaintiff would have to pay forty shillings for every dozen of such buttons sewed on by him. The judge agreed, and the tailor was non-suited.

Instinct in a Crab.

Mr. Darwin, in his "Naturalist's Voyage," thus describes a crab which makes its diet of cocoa nuts, and which he found on Kneeling Island, in the South Seas. "It is common on all parts of this dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. It has a front pair of legs, terminated by strong and heavy pincers, and the least pair by others which are narrow and weak. It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoa-nut covered with the husk; but Mr. Liesk assures me he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated. When this is completed the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of these eye-holes till an opening is made; then turning round its body by the aid of its narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a crab and a cocoa-nut."

Items of Interest.

Don't collect the "bits" of a woman's mind.

Bathing suits—especially at this season.—*Camden Post.*

A touching incident—A physician feeling a patient's pulse.

Mr. Ross says it has cost him $80,000 not to find his lost Charlie.

Advice to statesmen by the Chicago *Times:* Do right—don't write.

Colored embroidery on underclothing cannot last long, as nothing will ever be so pretty as white on such garments.

When the festive fly
Gets ready to die,
He buries himself
In an apple pie.

Printers' ink is the oil that moves the hinges of trade, and makes the great doors of commerce swing easily. Advertise!

A Chinaman in St. Louis boasts possession of a set of rice-sticks a thousand years old, which have descended as heirlooms from father to son.

There are more than 2,000 photograph galleries in Paris, employing upward of 18,000 persons, and doing a business of more than 30,000,000 francs a year.

It is said, remarks a New York paper, that Texas does not feel the hard times. She has more miles of railroad being constructed than all the rest of the Union.

There is a fortune in store for the genius who can invent a way of carrying home a mackerel so it will resemble a parcel containing twenty-six yards of silk for his dear wife.

A boy of five died in Manchester, Eng., from hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a cat. The wound healed, and he appeared to be cured, until a few days before his death, when he began to rave.

A vein search—That of the leech.—*Gowanda Enterprise.* A vane search—Looking for the one that the wind carried off.—*Hackensack Republican.* A vain search—Looking for business without advertising for it.

Spender, a well-known English journalist, and his two sons were drowned while bathing. All could swim, but a huge wave overwhelmed them, and in its retreat broke away the shifting sand, and drew them into an unsuspected current.

As an illustration of the present value of horses in England, strong farming and dray horses brought at the late Howden horse fair $250 to $350 each; harness horses, $250 to $300; handsome carriage horses, $350 to $500; and hunters from $250 to $750.

At a festival of lawyers and editors, a lawyer gave a toast: "The Editor—he always obeys the call of the devil." An editor responded: "The Editor and the Lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

A monkeyish letter—ape X.—*Keokuk Constitution.* A sharper letter—keen O.—*Cinc. Sat. Night.* A noisy letter—blue J. A working letter—busy B. A disfigured letter—black I. A game letter—billiard Q.—*Phil. Bul.* Observing letters, I. C. Assuring letters, O. K. Exacting letters, C. O. D.—*Breakfast Table.* Letters have peace.

It was not believed that the Paris Exposition of 1878 would be a financial success, yet the government commissioners already feel that they are out of financial difficulty. The cost of buildings and maintenance is estimated at about $9,000,000, and a revenue of nearly $7,000,000 is already assured. The attendance has exceeded expectations.

Novel Uses of the Telephone.

Various are the surprises which blossom out of that wonderful instrument, the telephone. In France they have applied it for marine purposes. The French war-steamer Desaix had to tow out from Toulon the old ship Argonaute. A conducting wire was rolled round one of the towing cables, with an end on board each vessel. The electric current was formed by the action of the sea on the copper-sheating of the ships. A telephone was introduced in the circuit on each, and communication established between them. During the whole time of the navigation conversation could be carried on as easily between the officers of the two vessels as if they had been seated in the same cabin. The next step was to apply the telephone to the work of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet is replaced by a copper plate, in which is inserted a telephone, so that the man has only a slight movement of the head to make in order to receive communications or report observations. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. Frequently at sea the necessity arises of examining the keel or bottom of a ship. The diver descends, and is able to give an account of all he sees and does, and receive instructions without having to be brought to the surface to give explanations, as has hitherto been the case. By the use of the telephone a man at the bottom of the sea can remain in constant verbal communication with those at the surface. But the most singular application of the telephone comes from New South Wales, where Mr. Severn, an enthusiastic experimenter, claims that he has made the deaf to hear with it. After describing a very simple telephone which he constructed out of a tin pot, the closed end of which he opened and tied over it a piece of parchment, passing a fine string through the center and making a knot inside, Mr. Severn says: "Make a loop in the string some three feet long, put this loop over the forehead of the listener (the deaf man), cause him to place the palms of his hands flat and hard against the ears, let the loop pass over the hands, and now this listener will hear the smallest whisper, let him be deaf or not. This fact may appear extraordinary; it is, nevertheless, true that a deaf man may thus be made to hear the voice, music," etc.

Fifty Dollar Gold Pieces.

The largest gold coin ever issued from the United States mint is the double eagle, or twenty dollar gold piece now in circulation; and yet the fifty dollar gold coin issued by private parties in California, was in a measure adopted by the government, though not included in the regular issue of United States coins. The laws of 1850 authorized the secretary of the treasury to contract with the proprietors of certain well-established assaying works then in successful operation in California, upon satisfactory security, and under supervision of the United States assayer, to perform such duties in assaying and fixing the gold value, and in forming the same into bars, as should be prescribed by the secretary of the treasury. The United States assayer was authorized to cause the stamp of the United States, indicating the degree of fineness and value, to be affixed to each bar or ingot of gold issued from these establishments. Under this authorization, Moffat & Co. issued the octagonal fifty dollar gold piece, which was sanctioned and stamped by the branch mint, but still not considered a United States coin. It is moderately circulated at the present time in California and is in the hands of coin collectors in other parts of the country.

A $7,500 Dress.

Seventy-five hundred dollars seems a good deal to pay for a wedding dress, but that was the actual sum paid by the Countess of Roseberry to the London dress-making establishment that made the marvelous costume. For the edification of the lady readers of the *Bazar* we give a technical description of it. The dress, then, was of antique pearl-white satin, with deep flounces of the very finest point d'Alencon and fringes of fleurs d'oranges, and guirlands of the latter beautifully arranged on the head, from which descended, to meet the flounces, a veil of the richest point a l'aiguille, artistically manufactured, of the point d'Alencon. The ensemble was perfect. The traveling costume was composed of a dress of blue sapphire velvet, trimmed with blue fox fur, with pardessus and muff and bonnet to match. The cost of the veil alone was $2,500.—*Harper's Bazar.*