BEYOND THE STARS—WHAT?

"Tis easy to trace the soul to the hour
That deprives the form of its breath;
But who shall follow the spirit's flight,
When it seeks the portal of death?
Who read the vail that hides from our view
The future, beyond the bright stars?
Who follow the spirit's upward flight,
When it breaks through our earthly bars?"

What—ah! what is that future state?
And where, oh where is the goal
Which Christians say is the resting place
And home of the deathless soul?
Is it beyond the dark blue sky—
Beyond where the stars now shine;
Where the angels sing their songs of praise
To the Spirit of God divine?

Can life be the end of all our hopes?
Is the struggle with death all over?
Or is there a life beyond the tomb,
Where the soul lives crowned?
Does the soul exist when life has flown,
Or sink, like the corse, into mould?
Let us rather believe the bright mind
Still continues its upward

Let us think that the soul never dies—
That its mission will never end;
That there is a land still meet friend;
Where friend the turmoil and ills of life,
From its troubles, wounds and scars,
The soul worship the God of Light,
In Heaven, mansions "beyond the skies."

ALMOST A CENTENNIAL ROMANCE.

It was Sunday, July 14, 1776—just ninety-nine years ago to-day—and the rudely constructed fort at Boones-borough lay in drowsy stillness on the bank of the Kentucky river. Daniel Boone and his friend and associate, Richard Callaway, had been absent since early in the morning; and the good wives, sharers in the toil of the early pioneer days, were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness. In the grateful shade of a tree in one corner of the inclosure sat three young girls, just blooming into womanhood, and giving an unwonted charm to the rough evidence of civilization which had but recently forced themselves upon the primitive harmony of the surrounding scenery.

The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway. The experiences of life rather than the observance of nature seem to have given turn to the thoughts and tastes of the early settlers, so, while the euphonious name of Bessie might have harmonized well with the murmuring river and the soft and languid aspect of nature in her summer garb, the hard, every-day life of the adventurous dwellers in the dark and bloody ground seemed to comport best with the harsher name of Betsy. So Elizabeth was known simply as Betsy Callaway—not a name suggestive of romance, yet she was withal a gentle and a loving girl, and had maiden fancies that gave the deep color of romance to one of the incidents of her life in the wilderness. She was just turned of sixteen, and as she sat under the tree that sultry summer afternoon, ninety-nine years ago this day, the sun that now and then stole through the foliage and played upon her rounding form and athwart her well-set head seemed to bring out more fully the ripeness of her young womanhood, the glossy blackness of her raven tresses, and the rich olive color of her dark complexion.

The other girls were younger by two years, and differed from her in appearance. Fanny Callaway was fairer than her sister Betsy, but not more pleasing in appearance. The third girl, Jemima Boone, was also naturally fair and, like Fanny, owed whatever of fairness she may have lost to constant exposure to the weather. Nor were these younger maidens without their fancies, too, for the wilderness matures its occupants rapidly, and though but fourteen years counted the lives of the two girls, each had a lover who was a handsome and bold pioneer and ready to encounter any danger for his ladylove.

Perhaps these young girls were silent and sat there communing with their own thoughts or thinking of their absent hegoes, who had gone out that day with Boone and Callaway; perhaps they were conversing about their matrimonial arrangements; perhaps they were idly chatting about anything, and everything, and nothing; for feminine nature a hundred years ago, and in the wildest wilderness, was not unlike it is now, and in the most civilized communities. But as evening drew near, the last lingering breath of air seemed to lull itself to rest, and the July heat seemed to become still more oppressive. The sound of the river as its subdued murmur floated up the river bank, and she proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, and drift out upon the bosom of the river to catch the rising coolness of the evening waters.

Hardly were they seated, and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustle in the brush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously-painted Indians leaped to the side of the canoe and pulled it close to the shore. What girl of sixteen could be equal to such an emergency? It was here that the true heroine displayed herself. It was here that the sentimental girl, who had just been dreaming of her absent lover, and wandering through the realms of maiden fancy with love-sick girls like herself, in an instant converted herself into the daring and hardy woman of the frontier; it was here that Betsy Calaway, without a moment's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle, and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of the foremost savage. The other Indians pressed on, but, still undaunted, the brave girl fought them with the ferocity of a mother protecting her young. Finally exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore, and hurried off to meet whatever fate might be in store for them.

We have honored the memories of the heroes of Bunker Hill; we have reverently celebrated the occasion when George Washington turned his back upon the delights of home and gave his sword to a cause in which failure would be ignominy and death; we are preparing to celebrate with impressive splendor the centennial anniversary of the memorable event that gave us independence, and illustrated the exalted courage of the statesmen of 1776; let us pause for a moment to do honor to this brave girl, who battled so heroically with a foe that even strong men hesitated to encounter; let us lift the romance of her rude life out of the common run of girlish sentiment and make her love one of the episodes of our history.

The consternation at the fort can well be imagined. The fathers of the girls soon returned, and, before the night passed in, Daniel Boone, at the head of men on foot, and Richard Callaway, head of a party on horseback, in pursuit. In Boone's party Henderson, John Holder Callaway. What gave determined looks and eagerly? What prompted the cap-

Boone's party soon found the trail, and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All Sunday night and all Monday the pursuit was kept up. On Tuesday morning in the distance, and the experienced eye of the hunter at once detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them? There was but little time for reflection, as the Indians must quickly discover their presence. The white men were sure shots, and so they picked their men, fired upon them, and then rushed into the camp to the rescue. At the moment of the attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree; Betsy with a red bandanna handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fanny and Jemima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture, for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle when a friendly hand intervened, and saved the girl from meeting her death just at the moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The fathers and gallants carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be complete without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed ninety-nine years ago this summer day were consequently all realized. Betsy Calaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder; and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss Jemima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and Callaways. It is a long time ago; nigh on to a hundred years, and all the actors in the romance have long since departed, but their memory is green with many of us, yet, and we can all well afford to give a few thoughts to the event that marked their characters and the times in which they lived and loved.—*Courier Journal.*

An Ice-Cream Epicure.

He slipped into the ice-cream saloon very softly, and when the girl asked him what he wanted, he replied:

"Corn beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mince pie."

"This is not a restaurant; this is an ice-cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted for? Why didn't you bring on your ice cream?"

She went after it, and as she returned he continued:

"You see, my dear girl, you must infer—you must reason. It isn't likely that I would come into an ice-cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You didn't think I came here to ask if you had any baled hay, did you?"

She looked at him in great surprise, and he went on:

"If I went to a hardware store and you came on, I would infer that you came for something in my line. I wouldn't step out and ask you if you wanted to buy a mule, would I?"

She went away highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a dish of cream at the next table, and the stranger after watching her a moment, called out:

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"Mercy! No!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it!" he continued. "If you find any just let me know."

She looked at him for half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then rose and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed:

"Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my ice-cream?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I did not; I merely requested her, in case she found any such ingredients, to inform me!"

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, ask the woman if she had found a crowbar or a sledge-hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for such articles to be hidden away in such small dishes!"

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders and as the stranger quietly supped away at his cream, two young ladies came in, sat down near him, and ordered cream and cakes. He waited until they had eaten a little, and then remarked:

"Beg pardon, ladies, but do you observe anything peculiar in the taste of this cream?"

They tasted, smacked their lips and were not certain.

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked.

"Ah! kah!" they exclaimed, dropping their spoons and trying to spit out what they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded. "What do you mean by plug tobacco in the freezer?"

"My kind friend, I asked the ladies if this cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste, and I don't believe you used a bit of tobacco in it!"

"Well, I don't want to talk that way around here," continued the proprietor. "My ice cream is pure, and the man who says it isn't tells a bold lie."

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and sad face sat down and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon ice.

It was brought, and she had taken about two mouthfuls, when the stranger inquired:

"Excuse me, madam; but do you know how this cream was made—have you an idea that they grated turnip and chalk with the cream?"

She didn't reply. She slowly rose up, wheeled around, and made for the door. The stranger followed after, and by great good luck his coat-tails cleared the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five pound box of figs, hurled with great force by the indignant proprietor. As he reached the curb-stone he halted, looked at the door of the parlor and soliloquized:

"There are times when people should infer, and there are times when they shouldn't. I suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they hashed up a saw-mill in the cream she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Ovation to Liberty.

The Irish World says: The warm welcome accorded to our American riflemen in Ireland recalls a suggestive incident which the late well-known actor, Mr. Hackett, used to narrate with great pleasure. During his professional tour in Europe many years ago he appeared in Dublin, assuming the role of Rip Winkle. "On the first night of entation," said Mr. Hackett, one where Rip finds himself village, after his long sleep, at the strange which every hand, a person ing inquiries men- hington. 'Wash- Who is he?' The opened to have 'What! did the immor apostle of country?' s, deliv- om pit he me, cheers cannot de- during this ust of national od—the tears gushed d I can assure you it effort that I restrained estroying all the illusions by breaking the fellers with ne age and character of Rip had ed me, and exclaiming in the full- of my heart, 'God bless old Ire- d!'"

FACTS FROM ALL SOURCES.

BAKING HAY.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes from Canada: As haying will soon be on, I will give you the method of harvesting which I noticed in some parts of the country last year, which I consider a great saving of labor. The hay, when cured, is raked into windrows, then a rope or chain, about thirty feet long, is laid with the centre on the end of the windrow; the horses are placed one on each side and hitched one to each end of the rope; the clocks are let out long, so that they will not trample over the hay. A boy can drive the horses up the windrow until they get a sufficient quantity, or as much as the horses can draw. Then, if it is stacked in the field, it is taken direct to the stack, or barn, if near by. One man and boy this way will draw as much as four men will stack or mow away. If the distance requires the hay to be loaded on a wagon, three heaps put together this way will make a load; or, in case of threatening rain, with a little topping up, will stand a great deal of rain without much injury. Hay put together this way will pitch easier than out of the windrow. The boy can ride also on the hay while drawing it together.

POTATOES ON RICH SOIL.

A correspondent of the New England Homestead does not believe in the theory of growing potatoes on poor, unfertile soil to prevent rot. He gives his last year's experience as follows, with a half bushel Breese's Prolific potatoes: "I cut them in pieces of one and two eyes each, prepared my land (a light chestnut loam, inclining to sand), by plowing a liberal dressing of compost manure and then putting a shovel of well-rotted compost, consisting of horse, cow and pig manure mixed, in the hill. The sets were planted two feet apart in rows three feet apart, were kept free from weeds, and hoed four times. From that half bushel of seed, I took up eleven barrels of potatoes for the table and two bushels of small potatoes for the pigs. There were no signs of rot or any other defect except a superabundance of very large tubers, too large for baking purposes. Better potatoes I have not had on my table at any time during the last ten years. The crop in 1872, on the same ground, was potatoes. From a five years' experience I am forced to the conviction that the potato should be as well fed and nursed as beets or cabbages. When I see fields of potatoes with Bonaparte, Rondwood, pigweed, cocklebur, and other foul stuff, I can't help feeling for them as one would for a family of small children with a dissipated father and a feeble, sickly mother—they need outside help and inside comforts."

ORIGIN OF FOWLS AND VEGETABLES.

To Asia, and probably India, where wild chickens yet abound under the designation of the jungle fowl, the English owe their domestic poultry. The distribution of this useful bird is strangely irregular. Throughout the negro kingdoms of west Africa, for instance, fowls are plentiful, while in more civilized Abyssinia and Arabia they are comparatively scarce. Persia abounds in poultry, while in Turkey few domestic birds, except the sacred pigeons, are to be seen. To Asia, too, belong the fallow deer and gorgeous peacock, while to her, also, we owe all our vegetables, with the brilliant exception of the potato. It is impossible to conceive the poverty, so far as vegetables were concerned, of the England that passed under the sway of Norman and Angevine kings, to which the varieties of the cabbage did exist, and were supplemented by long-forgotten herbs, which have since been deemed only suitable to the rabbit hutch. The peas and beans brought in by returning crusaders were presently eked out by carrots; but down to the rain of Elizabeth the garden yielded little tribute to the kitchen in Britain.

GRASSHOPPER LAW IN RUSSIA.

A correspondent of The Pacific Rural Press writes "every land owner is obliged to send into court yearly 100 grasshoppers (dead ones) to each acre of land owned by him; say, if John Smith owns ten acres of farming land, he is to bring on the 1st of August in the court 1,000 dead hoppers, and for every short one they are engaged in catching the hoppers, beginning in May, and sell them on the market where they average about two cents apiece, thus affording an opportunity for farmers to buy them who perhaps fail to fulfill their taxes on them. No farmer is allowed to catch hoppers not on his own land. The method of catching them is very easy. They boil water on the field, and supply themselves with tin cans made especially for the purpose and fill them with boiling water, and then they hunt along the place for the 'nests;' they pour the water in the hole, which kills them, and after they pick them out with a hook. This keeps the hoppers decreasing yearly, until some years they have to appeal to the government to reduce the percentage, as there are none to be found. This would be the best and cheapest remedy for the farmers in this country to adopt."

THE BEST LAND STRAWBERRY.

The editor of the Rural New-Yorker writes: Among the hundred or more varieties of potato which I have tested during the past ten years, none excel the "Snow-Flake" as a late keeper; in fact, I do not know as there is a better sort for any season. But I am reminded of its excellent keeping qualities at this time, as all the more common and older varieties, and especially the Early Rose and similar well known sorts, have gone wither and become worthless for use in spring, or as soon as warm weather sets in; but my Snow-Flakes are sound and firm, and of such excellent quality that we are in no haste for new potatoes, as we would be were it not for this very promising new sort. If it continues to be as good in the future as my one year's experience with it leads me to hope, then I shall place it very high on the list of excellent sorts.

THE MARKET GARDENS OF PARIS.

The Garden says that "the grounds cultivated by the market gardeners in and around Paris amounts to over 3 000 acres. It is stated that 360,000 glazed frames and more than 2,000,000 cloches are employed in the production of vegetables alone. The annual amount expended for manure is said to be £72,400, and the total receipts from the sale of vegetables, and other productions of the market gardens, to exceed half a million sterling—a sum probably much under the mark." The cloches referred to are merely the bell glasses and glazed frames used to protect plants in the field from the frost. Could we not use them with profit to a greater extent than we do in this country.

HORSES FOR FARM WORK.

A writer in the Mark Lane Express gives the following as the desirable points for consideration in the breeding of horses for farm work: "The head should be comely, but not so small as that of the running horse, as it enables the animal to throw more weight into the collar. He should be broad and flat in the forehead, have neat, well set-on ears, prominent placed eyes, thin eyelids, large nostrils, neat neck, and be deep toward the chest, not very high in the withers, with upright shoulders, broad forearm, broad, flat bone below the knee, rather short pasterns, good round feet not too flat or too upright, plenty of hoof, clean leg, straight back, with plenty of loins, and ribs well arched. He should be long on the back rib, and long in the quarter; the hamch should be strong, the hip well down, the hock joint broad; and for a breeder, no animal should be used that is not free from curb, bog or bone spavin, splint or side bones. Horses with well developed muscles and good constitution are easily kept, and can endure great fatigue."

GRAIN IN CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco Alta, of June 28, says "The grain harvest is still in progress, but it will close unusually early. The straw has never before been so short, not measuring a foot in length in many fields that will pay a respectable profit. The headers with which nine-tenths of our grain are cut, even when the straw makes the most abundant growth, are just adapted to such short stalks, whereas in the states on the Atlantic slope, where the header is a rarity, the farmers would be almost unable to harvest the crop. The average yield is very high, and is estimated to be not less than four nor more than seven centals to the acre sown. On much of the land the failure is complete; the grain did not get enough start to cover the soil with a green color, and when in the condition of a short, thin blade, before reaching the shape of straw, dried up. Those farmers who have horses, wagons, and headers, can harvest for a cental and a half an acre, while others, who must pay for everything, find it costs them in some cases as much as three and a half. All the fields coming up to the lowest estimated average of four centals per acre will be cut.

THE POTATO KING.

A roving correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Denver, Col., says: "The most profitable vegetable raised in Colorado is the potato. It grows abundantly if properly cultivated, and yields a large profit. In market they bring from two to four cents a pound at 60 pound to the bushel. Six miles from Denver is a potato farm which for years has been famous for leagues around. I drove there one hot day with a friend in the hope of seeing the owner, a queer old joker, who is known by the name of 'Potato Clark.' He had gone to town, however, with a load of potatoes. We looked over his farm, but nothing could be seen but a few tumble-down shanties, a good many potato heaps, and a good deal of black land lying close against the Platte. The only signs of life about the place were the cook and the grasshoppers. The cook said he had not been there long, that he did not know how many acres 'Potato Clark' planted, nor how many potatoes he had on hand now, nor what was the price. He was intelligent on only one subject: Potato Clark employed from 40 to 75 men during the season. This the cook knew, for he had to prepare the food for them. From Mr. Dodge and other sources, I subsequently learned that Mr. Clark last year raised 25,000 bushels of potatoes. Do not make any mistake in the figures—twenty-five thousand bushels of potatoes! Clark must be peculiarly adapted to the cultivatton of this vegetable, for where other's crops fail, his is always large, and of superior quality. The grasshoppers eat up the vines of his neighbors, but they are harmless on the vines of 'Potato Clark.' A wet season, a dry season—it is all the same with him. He goes right on raising potatoes."

The "Last Supper."

The destruction of this celebrated painting is a lasting regret to all art students. Leonardo, as the first misfortune was, that it should have been painted in oil instead of fresco, a kind of work ill suited to the slow retouching hand and most fastidious taste of the artist, Leonardo da Vinci, who was glad, on this account, to take advantage of the then recent invention of body colors. A miserable fresco at the other end of the refectory of the Dominicans, in Milan, in which this great work was produced, painted in the same age, still tantalizes the observer by the freshness of its tints, while the masterpiece of Leonardo, perhaps of the art, has been gone for ages. It is further said that he used oil too much refined, and of too thin a consistency.

It is certain, too, that the plaster on which he worked had some defect, which made it scale off in a few years. Then the convent is situated in a damp place, and the refectory is in the lowest part of the building; so that at all times when there is an inundation in the Milanese, the room is filled with water. From all these causes the work has retained its original beauties only for a few years. It was finished in 1498; in 1540 it was half effaced; and ten years later, the outlines only remained, the colors being entirely gone. A century after this, the venerable fathers whose lot it was to occupy the same room with it during a very interesting portion of the day, observing (with their wonted sagacity) that the straight line which joined their table and the kitchen passed through the centre of the picture, and by no means through the door, and aware, from instinctive sense, that between these two points was the shortest, thought proper to cut through the wall, and thus destroyed a part of the principal figure, and the two figures next it. With a tenderness for their soverign, almost equal to their zeal for their own clerical duties, they next pulled down the centre of the emperor upon the middle of the wall, so as to reach the heads of the group. But the tender mercies of those reverend personages have been still more fatal to this masterpiece, and have finished the destruction which the negligence begun. In1726 they employed an artist who pretended to have a secret for reviving lost colors, and allowed him to work upon the 'Supper.' Under an awning that concealed his operations. This danber, whose name was Belloti, painted the whole picture over again, with the exception of a portion of the sky, as seen through the window, the original color of which remained nearly entire. Finally, its destruction was completed in 1770, by one Mazza, who actually scraped out most of the few outlines which remained of the original, and had inserted heads of his own in all the figures but tres, when he was stopped by a change in the convent, and a new prior succeeding.

In 1796, Bonapare, out of respect for the place, rather tan that it signified much, ordered that it remain untouched, signed an order here, before he remounted his bore, prohibiting any military use being made of the apartment; but soon after, one of his generals broke down the doors, and made a stable of it. The dragoons, as might be expected, amuse themselves with throwing stones at its heads, being told they were meant to represent the apostles. The refectory was then used for some years as a magazine of forage; and when at lengti permission was given to wall up the door, in order to prevent further dlapidations, so little was it attended to, that in 1800, a flood having covered the floor to a foot deep with water, it was suffered to remain until it dried by evaportion.

Such is the history, and so complete the destruction of this celebrated picture; and thus entirely from tradition, and through the medium of copies and engravings, do we derive all the knowledge of its merit which we can now obtain. Happily hose copies are numerous, and some of them by contemporary artists of note, who studied the original in the days of its greatest preservation.

Queen Victoria's Gift to an American Lady.

Queen Victoria has presented to Mrs. Dr. Samuel Tredrell, of Mineola, L. I., a half length portrait of herself enclosed in a bronze frame, with bronze doors finely wought, bearing the words: "In recognition of the gift by Mrs Tredwell of an old family letter dated 1774, in which is a most interesting description of the children of George III., written by their governess, Miss Planta." Mrs. Tredwell, who is the widow of Dr. Tredwell, of Mineola, who died in 187, found among her husband's papers a letter written from Philadelphia in 774 by Mrs. Mary Campbell to her daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Frazer, in which Mrs. Campbell copied a letter from Miss Planta, who was then governess in the family of King George III., describing the royal children under her care. The letter begins, "My Dear Rebecca: I know you love the king." It contains a simple personal description of the six boys and three gils in King George's family, all of then being praised for beauty and princely gifts. Mrs Tredwell sent the letir to the queen last fall, and this spring received a reply, dated Buckingham Palace, returning thanks for the letter, and advising her of the present of the framed photograph, which was sent through the British legation at Washington.

QUIN, the actr, being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the other arrangements of nature—we always see more of heaven than of earth."

A CURIOUS REED.

Of all the wonderful plants of the tropics the bamboo is probably one of the most useful and most remarkable, for it not only enters into the manufacture of an incredible number and variety of articles, and is transformed into countless ingenious contrivances, but is even accounted as a dainty esculent in the countries where it grows, and especially among the Chinese. Indeed, we have it from good and reliable authority—from persons who have actually tasted of this peculiar edible in various forms of culinary preparation—that it really is a most excellent and wholesome vegetable, somewhat similar in flavor and general appearance, when served up on the table, to the common garden asparagus of our climes. Only the green shoots are used, when quite young and tender, and these, as already stated, are prepared in a variety of ways, more commonly boiled and eaten with sauce. Sometimes they are pickled, or else stewed with spice and sugar and put up as preserves, which command a ready sale at all seasons of the year, and, of a truth, are uncommonly palatable. The Buddhist priests, who are required to abstain from all kinds of meat, make a very extensive use of this article of food, as it is both nourishing and comparatively cheap.

It does, indeed, seem "rather queer" to class the bamboo among the esculent productions of the vegetable kingdom, when we consider the enormous size it attains; for this curious reed not unfrequently grows to the prodigious height of one hundred and fifty feet or more, and as it rises majestically far above the tallest trees its delicate green foliage gracefully waves and nods at every breath of wind, like a tuft of long plumes. Its stalk is cylindrical in shape, very smooth and glossy, of a light yellowish green, and intersected with large knots. The branches start from the very top of the stalk, and bear an abundance of leaves.

The bamboo is often planted and raised in thick hedge rows around gardens and large estates in China and the South Sea Islands; and when the wind sets all those gigantic reeds in motion they produce a strange, weird music which at once astonishes and in a measure terrifies those who have never heard the like of it before. The dry stalks, hard as steel without and hollow within, creaking and swaying to and fro and rubbing against each other, sigh and wail like so many plaintive Eolian harps, sometimes holding the listener spellbound with the peculiar charms of these incomprehensible melodies.

The rapidity with which the bamboo grows is something perfectly marvellous, and might well be questioned were it not well authenticated. It is at the rate of about four inches in twenty-four hours, and even more than this in certain regions.

On the Philippine Islands whole towns are built of bamboo—houses and furniture, and even kitchen utensils, all being fashioned out of it. To be sure, these houses are but one story high, and have none of the comforts and conveniences of our dwellings; they are little more than cabins, and the furniture, of course, of the most primitive description. Frail is the structure, and exposed to immediate destruction in the event of a storm or a conflagration, but it answers the Malay's purpose full well; it is at most but a temporary shelter. And then, again, he has not far to go for his lumber. Selecting a suitable spot on the banks of a river close to the outskirts of some forest, or even in its very depths, he at once proceeds to erect his house, cleverly matting together or braiding the bamboo stalks, or fastening them together with flexible reeds and pliant canes of lesser growth. In a few hours the edifice is ready for occupancy.

The bamboo is also converted into aqueducts for conduit pipes for supplying towns and villages with water from neighboring rivers and ponds. Strong and durable agricultural implements and farming tools are manufactured from it, as also water buckets, sea-chests, trunks, hods, and various description of poles and rods which are used by hucksters and porters and water-carriers.

In China and some portions of the East Indies a very common mode of transporting heavy burdens is to carry them along in a pair of huge scales, depending from a flexible bamboo rod, worn across the shoulders somewhat like a yoke.

The Chinaman's broad-brimmed hat is made of split and braided bamboo; the handles of his parasols and fans are quaintly carved out of bamboo; the split stalk is woven into baskets of every possible shape and size, and also furnishes the material for beds and bedding, chairs, brooms and lanterns, for sail-yards and scaffoldings, and cordage even. The Celestial's opium pipe, the very paper he writes on, and the pencil with which he traces the hieroglyphic signs and characters are all obtained from the seemingly inexhaustible plant, or tree, as it may well be called.

The roots of the bamboo are chiefly used for carving into those grotesque little figures and intricate knick-knacks upon which the patient Mongolian spends so much time and labor and ingenuity, and often for such slender remuneration.

There grows quite abundantly on the Moluccs Islands a species of bamboo which is so hard that it emits sparks of fire when the axe is applied to it. Its wood actually blunts the sharpest knives. The knots or joints are encased in rugose sheaths hard as steel, and rough and grained like shagreen. These are used to polish metals and ivory.

The natives of the aforesaid islands and also the Japanese make quite a variety of fancy articles with this cane, such as flutes and whistles and long stem pipes, known as *calumets*, as well as fishing rods and arrows and poisoned javelins and pikes and darts, the tips of which are sharpened to a fine point and hardened in the fire, so that they are armed as it is with unerring precision, seldom fails to run through and through the victim it is hurled at.

Bamboo canes and switches are too well known and too generally in use to need any description here. Suffice it to say that they have become an important article of commerce, and, being highly valued on account of their great flexibility and durability, they always command good prices.

The circumference of some shoots of bamboo has often been a matter of wonder, considering the remarkably short space of time required for such a prodigious development. The queen of France, Marie Antoinette, was presented by the emperor of China with a rare specimen of this abnormal growth of the bamboo—a pair of very handsome breakfast trays, each of them measuring about forty inches in diameter, and, what is more wonderful still, carved out of a single solid section of one of these gigantic canes.

But we never should conclude were we to enumerate all the uses to which this treasure-plant has been put. It would positively "bamboozle" us to think of them all. But perhaps one of the most singular is that of its having been turned to account in the construction of ramparts. And of this we have historical vouchers; for, in the year 1651, it is recorded that the king of the Macassars, being at war with the Dutch in order to intrench his army had two parallel rows of bamboo stakes planted a yard apart, and tied together with other pieces of bamboo, and covered over with a sort of lattice work, also of bamboo. The space between the two rows was filled with sand, gravel, stones and brush; the whole thus forming a compact mass, which opposed a very effective resistance to the artillery fire of the Europeans.

LEXINGTON.—If there is a place any where in the great Beyond where good horses go then there can be no doubt of the whereabouts of the great Lexington, who but a few days ago closed his eyes upon the beautiful green pastures he has trodden for twenty years past. He rests to-day in the Valhalla. He filled in his day the measure of his own ambition—he was great enough to be enough of a human to have ambition—and he filled besides the purses of his owners and of those who "bet their sestances upon his blood." There be many levels of the turf who worship a perfect horse as most men worship a woman; who will shed a tear at the news of his death and sigh at the thought that maybap his like will not be seen again. Grand as is the record of Kentucky on the turf, it will be many a day ere another Lexington adds luster to her turf annals, and the memory of Lexington will long live in the recollections of those open and generous men who love the turf for the pleasure and not for the profits it affords.—*Courier Journal.*

OLD ENGLAND.

Uncle Joe Elliott's Experiences of Mother Country.

The other day "Gath" interviewed Joe Elliott, the sporting editor of the New York Times, about his experiences in England. Appended is part of what followed:

I met Uncle Joe at the Branch. He had been in England for the first and only time of his life during the present spring and summer, and I thought the opportunity good to test his experience on American sporting matters by what he had seen of England. So I said:

"Well, Elliott, what do you think of England?"

"I think it's an infernal climate, inhabited by a race of heathen barbarians. I had a letter to Tattersall, and I delivered it just before I came away. I had been there many days, looking at the sales; but I didn't want to be coached, and I delayed presenting the letter. Said Tattersall: 'Mr. Elliott, how long do you stay in London?' Said I: 'If my watch is correct I shall be out of this town in about two hours.' 'How do you like the country?' 'Well, I haven't seen anything in it to like. It appears to me to be only partly civilized, and how, in the name of God, you are going to civilize such material as you have got here passes my comprehension.'

"Still you did not like England?"

"No. The spectators of the races there are the lowest *canaille* of the earth. Such an audience as you see at Jerome Park, or the Branch, or at Lexington, is unknown in England. At the new track near London there was a tariff for admission. "We won't have it, you know," cried the mob. And they cleared away that fence like so many pioneers, inundated the field, and laughed at authority. At the Durham races the colliers came in noisy, flighty fashion, and I saw one fellow who held the stakes for two others seized and they began to gnaw at his fist with their teeth to make him drop the money. At——the mob swept the field, knocked me down and ran over me, and lastly, a man on horseback galloped over me. At the heath of Newmarket I took my horse, afraid to venture nearer, and getting tolerably fat and matured I soon felt very sore; so I saw a number of press vans on the track with reporters inside, driving over the course and printing as they proceeded. I handed in my card to one of the gentry, 'Joseph Elliott, sporting editor of the New York Herald,' and said: 'Will you permit me to ride with your vans?' 'No, I'll be dammed if I do!' Why, sir, in the house of lords I saw a great placard: 'Beware of pickpockets. Sporting houses like Jim Shaw's are almost inaccessible from the thieves and ruffians around them. Women are unable to attend the greater part of the races with respect. I went to Epsom in a hack, and, as it happened to be free day, I was pelted with rotten bananas, which struck him in the back of the head, the juice running down his neck. He instantly screamed, 'My God, I'm shot, I'm shot,' and raising his hand he caught a handful of the rot, which he showed too man who ran to his aid as a specimen of his brains. The police, who heard the report and the cries, hurried to the scene, followed by a crowd of men and boys that increased at every step. A careful examination by a doctor satisfied our hero that he was still in the land of the living and that bananas was not brain.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

THE Salt Lake Tribune says the average Mormon usually signs himself "Yours in Krist," and yet has managed to steal from the government $8,000,000 worth of lumber.

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The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

It is announced by telegraph from Utah that John D. Lee has turned state's evidence, and will make a full exposure of the Mountain Meadow massacre. To the average reader this will not be a startling statement, but to those who remember the details of the massacre it will promise the most tragic sensation of this decade. In 1857 a company of nearly one hundred and fifty emigrants passed through Utah for California. In the Rocky range beyond they were assailed by an enemy, supposed to be Indians, who fired upon them from behind rocks and trees, and compelled the emigrants to barricade themselves and wagons and throw up a slight entrenchment. The assailants were, in fact, Mormons seeking for plunder, and after a long and fruitless attack they sought to effect by strategy what force failed to accomplish. The leader withdrew most of his men from their ambuscade, changed their disguise for citizens' clothes, made a detour, and approached the camp from the east, claiming to