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POETRY.

WHAT ELSE?

They walked together, in the dusk,
Along the garden's shrubbery edge;
The heavy roses' scattered musk
Blew faint across the cedar hedge;
A spotted snake came gliding through;—
To shield her from imagined harms,
What should he do—what *could* he do,
But take her safe into his arms!

While for one happy moment still
Her head was leaning on his breast,
He felt a little tremble thrill
The head against his shoulder prest;
The parted lips were trembling, too;
Some feeling for her fears to show,
What should he do—what *could* he do,
But kiss her ere he let her go?

Redder than in the garden bed
The roses blossomed in her cheek.
"You wicked, wicked cheat!" she said,
Soon as the injured lips could speak,
Lest he should prove her charge for true,
And seem the most depraved of men.
What should he do—what *could* he do,
But give her back the kiss again?

The Value of Newspaper Calumny.

John W. Forney writes in the Philadelphia *Press*: "An incident I have often related to my friends in private life will serve to illustrate the golden value of a good record, and the weakness of public men who allow themselves to be affected by newspaper calumny. One of the best characters I ever knew was president judge of a certain judicial district in the interior of Pennsylvania. He was gentle, susceptible, and delicate as a woman, and as honest a man as ever lived. But he could not bear criticism. No braver spirit ever sat on the bench, but he could not imagine such a thing as a newspaper complaint of his rulings. He was a strict temperance man withal, but did not believe in the prohibitory law, regarding it as illegal and unconstitutional. And he said as much in a case brought to his attention in a somewhat elaborate opinion. No notice was taken of it, because his judgment was right, and his law sound; no notice except by a little paper, not more than six by eight inches, in the interest of the ultra temperance men, called the *Bee*, and that enjoyed its own tempest in its own teapot. I was sitting with Mr. Buchanan, when the irate Judge——came in with the *Bee* in his hand. He was a warm friend of the Pennsylvania Senator, and when the latter said, 'Won't you take a glass of wine with us, sir?' the answer was, 'I thank you, sir; but I came to show you this terrible article against my opinion in the *Bee*.' 'The what? said old Buck, then a very handsome bachelor of fifty. 'The *Bee*, sir,' said the little Judge, in high anger. 'And where the devil is the *Bee* printed, Judge?' 'Why, Mr. Buchanan, it is printed in this very town, and has a very large circulation among the temperance people, and it has given me much pain by its censure of my judicial action; and, sir, I intend to take notice of it from the bench to-morrow!' These words were uttered with much feeling. The honest and sensitive jurist had been stung to the quick by the little *Bee* yet I never can forget Buchanan's words as he pushed a cold, bright glass of old 'Wanderer' Madeira to his judicial friend: 'Let me have the honor of a glass of wine with you, sir. I declare to you I never to this day heard of the paper you call the *Bee*, but you have made a good record as an impartial and honest judge, and you will be remembered for this long after the name of that paper is forgotten. The faithful public man, who feels that he is right, must expect criticism, but he will outlive it as sure as that both of us must die.' They are both gone; but story of the *Bee* lives likes a moral without a sting."

German Humor.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

If a certain gentleman of ancient Greece really died, as one account says he did, from the effects of violent laughter, caused by seeing a donkey eat figs, this excessive amusement could hardly have been caused by anything but the extreme novelty of the situation. And it is just such an element of complete unexpectedness that strikes us most in any ordinary development of German humor. The Teutonic mind has the effect of being so ponderous, and seems naturally so fitted for heavy and serious occupations, that we derive in such cases somewhat the same general impression we should receive on seeing an elephant disporting himself on the greensward after the fashion of those well-know characters described in English poetry as "the young lambs so brisk and gay."

There is, it is true, a great deal of difference in this respect between individuals. Heine, in particular, was possessed of a sort of humor that was always cold, cynical, and sardonic, and at the same time as keen and poignant as that of any trenchant wit of other lands, from Aristophanes to Thackeray. But Heine, though born at Dusseldorf, was of Jewish descent, and cannot be taken as a specimen of German intellect in general, while a vast majority of those who really may be received as such differ from him in almost every respect. They are as broad and plain as he is light and incisive, and their ideas of humor are on a scale that seems to a foreigner quite tremendous.

Another very noticeable characteristic of German humor is a certain wonderful species of simplicity that nearly always accompanies it. This suggests, somehow, the deep, hearty and thoroughly enviable enjoyment a child exhibits over some piece of fun in which older persons would find it very hard to discover any point at all. There are few more preposterous things in the world than the proceedings of a party of big, stout Germans congregated in a drinking saloon, and discussing over their beer some witticism whose staleness, flatness, and unprofitableness, from an un-Germanic point, are positively phenominal. The great, thunderous roars that come forth from their cavern-like jaws, the almost total disappearance of their eyes in masses of fleshy cheek, the resounding slaps in the face and violent punches in other tender portions of the physical conformation which they bestow upon each other in the excess of their delight—all these tell of sensations which we outside barbarians have little in common.

A correspondent in yesterday's issue suggested the use of electricity instead of hanging as a means of capital punishment, and gave figures of the comparative velocity of pain and electricity to show that such a death would be painless. The point is well taken. Professor Tyndall has proved, in one of his shorter essays, that death by lightning is too quick to be felt. If the plan were adopted, a doomed man might be executed in his own cell. Thus all the horrible publicity of the present practice would be done away with.—*Chicago Tribune.*

According to the Journal of Chemistry, a girdle of compressed cakes of guncotton tied around the trunk and ignited will instantly cut down the largest tree as cleanly as the keenest knife.

MISCELLANY.

AUNT LORA'S LONG AGO.

I was visiting Ireland and my great-aunt for the first time. Her lovely home, Glenbawn, nestled at the base of one of the Wicklow mountains—Sugarloaf. It was the winter of 1867-8, and all our neighbors of note had moved into Dublin, driven from the lonely hills by the terrors of the Fenian movement, which was the engrossing topic in every mouth and with every class.

I had come over to Christmas with auntie, as my father had been obliged to leave unexpectedly for the West Indies—a hurried journey, on which it was inexpedient for me to accompany him; so our London home was shut up and I was consigned to the care of his Irish aunt, of whom I had often heard, but whom I had never seen. She had welcomed me lovingly; we had held a consultation on my first arrival at Glenbawn, and had decided on biding at auntie's own cosey nest amid her home duties, rather than spend an idle winter in unhomelike lodgings in town; so I settled down as contentedly as might be to wear away the months which lay between me and my father's home-coming.

We had pleasant talks in the long evenings when the curtains were drawn, the turf fire heaped up with an oaken log in its ruby heart, its ruddy glare striving with the soft steady light of the wax candles which burned in old silver branched candlesticks on every table and bracket in the pretty quaint drawing room. Aunt Lraa's tiny but stately figure, with its rich black silk and delicate laces, the soft silver hair rolled back and almost covered by a cloud of lace fastened by large diamond pins and floating far below her waist. She was simply lovely, and I used to look up at her from my pet lounge on the soft white rug with the passionate admiration of a girl for the first realization of her ideal woman. To me—insignificant brown mouse that I was—with all her seventy years she seemed perfectly beautiful.

One night we had talked a long while of the foolish Fenians—of the sad, sad story of the of poor, lovely Ireland, with her desolate cabin-homes and exiled children; then it was that she told some bits of her long ago.

"I was born," auntie said, in the terrible '98, when the rage and hatred which had smouldered for years among the Irish peasantry burst into a flame which enveloped and scathed the whole country side. Centuries of misrule had laid the train; measures of repression—necessary, it may be, but certainly severe, nay, cruel—applied the spark.—The *habeas corpus* was suspended; government spies lurked on every side; the horses of the poor farmers were impressed for baggage transport; the concurrence of seven magistrates was sufficient warrant to consign to the Fleet, almost without the form of a trial, any number of persons found at unlawful assemblies; soldiers were billeted without the least pretence or regard had to right or justice, and the conduct of the yeomanry was in too many instances aggravating beyond measure. I have heard the story of those days from my mother—your great-grandmother, darling. My father lodged a whole regiment of yeomanry here in this old house, with its outbuildings. Looking back in quiet after-years it seemed to me like a dream too werid and dreary to have been more than a dream—the quiet homestead filled with armed men, the kindly country sounds silenced; in their stead the clash of arms, the angry voices of men ready and eager to meet death, so that with it they found revenge; the lurid glare of the rebel beacons lighting up the soft summer night landscape; the ceaseless tramp and tumult of a camp; the terrible rumors which floated, it seemed, on the very airs of heaven; the news brought in by disguised scouts of the burning, by the rebels, of Scullabogue Barn, crowded with three hundred prisoners, whom they flung back in the flames when they did manage to escape through the door or window; the capture of the mails in different parts of Ireland, the burning of the coaches when the bags were secured, the murder of the passengers and guards; the wild excess of Father Murphy in the south, whose house and chappel the soldiers had burned down; he had vowed a fearful vengance, which he had began on the dreadful 23d of May by setting fire to the house of every Protestant in the little town of Kilcormick and murdering the owners. May had its catalogue of horrors; they were to be surpassed by the massacres which took place in June in the rebel camp of Vinegar Hill, but the horror reached its climax with the murders on Wexford Bridge. I will not dwell on this, but will tell you that late one ovening towards the end of June a weary, blood stained, wounded fugitive crept in here with the news. The tale he told maddened the soldiers, even the tender heart of my father hardened against the tortures of some of the best and noblest men in Ireland, many of them his own loved friends. There was a hurried call to arms, a midnight march, from which there was to be no home-coming for him and for many beside. He was colonel of the regiment, and rode off with set face and gleaming eyes which never softened, even as he kissed good-by to wife and child—my sister Meg, your grandmother—I was not born then. Three days—a long, hot, breathless agony of suspense for poor mother—did not bring him back; with the dawn of the fourth came the heavy tramp of armed men; her weary eyes, which had not closed since she had looked her last on her husband, watched a band ot rebels march sullenly down the hill beside the house, looking neither to left nor right, speaking no word, leaving a broad pressed track as they went through the dew-hung corn, the rosy dawn-light glinting on their pikes stained with dull crimson, on the wide black banner, with its blood-red cross and motto, 'Murder Without Sin.' They passed down the valley and away, and still my mother watched. At last there came the well known uniform over the winding road, but without my father, he had left them three hours before to ride across a bog, a short cut home—it was not possible for the soldiers to cross it in a body. His brother officers tried to dissuade him; but laughing at the idea of risk and anxious to relieve my mother's fears, he rode off, never to be seen again in life but by his murderers. Weary as they were, a detachment was at once sent off to commence a search, which lasted till nightfall, when lying naked and disfigured in a deep bog-hole, they found a body. My mother's loving eyes alone recognized in one poor maimed hand that of her husband. That night I was born."

"But, auntie, knowing all this, how can you love these people, live amongst them, help them, as you do—the children of your father's murderer's?"

"Lora, the wrongs of centuries had maddened them. My mother lived six lonely years after that summer morning when her heart was broken. In life and death she taught us the lesson of forgivness. No, the terrible excess of '98 are more easily condoned than the horrible cold blooded murders of later years--cowardly, cruel!--the shooting of the defenceless from a hedge shelter.

"Shall I tell you another story? You have heard of your Aunt Mabel; from the time of your grandmother's death she had been my child and darling; your father was in Demerara, and we were alone in the world but for each other, and we were very happy together. She married at eighteen; her husband was an Englishman, a younger son, not rich; he had been in the army for a few years, but sold out on his marriage and bought a farm on the other side of the valley. My wedding gift to them was their new home, it was a mere farm house when Will bought it; but during their wedding tour, which lasteted for six months and which they finished by a round of visits amongst his people in England, I had the whole house remodeled and enlarged, made into a fitting home for my pet. How I enjoyed furnishing it, remembering all her pretty whims and fancies!

"It was a bright home-coming. With what pretty glee Mable ran from room to room, delighted with everything I had done for her! Then the pretty shy grace with which she took her place as mistress. One little happy week passed, to which I shall always look back as the last of real happiness in my life. You know, dear, I am happy now and content, as an old woman should be whose life is warmed by the loving kindness of every one around her, who has been given the abiding joy, which never grows insipid, of being able to brighten other lives with some of the brightness given to her own. And then there is the best and dearest joy of all; the knowledge that the loves of long ago are kept safely in God's own care; to be mine again one day: very soon now; when I too reach the world where the incompleteness of this will be rounded and perfected.

"But this little week was happy and warm with joy of another kind which I have missed ever since. It was Christmas eve. All day my darling had been busy with decorations and preparations for the next day, when all the tenants on the new estate were to be entertained in the servants' hall.

"Well, dear, I remember coming down that afternoon. I had been busy writing in my room; I found the whole house a bowery of greenery, the last touch given, and May and her husband resting before the fire in the hall, whose cedar wainscot sent out ruddy gleams and spicy fragrance in acknowledgement of the light and warmth. She smiled up at me from a nest of skins, among which she was cosily lounging, resting her bright head against Will's knee, and held up too pretty dusty hands to be exclaimed at.

"We were talking of last Christmas,' she said, when I had taken the chair Will drew forward for me. 'How long ago it seems, and how strange that then we did not know each other! Will scorching in India, you and I Christmasing at Glenbawn, auntie. Oh, I wish I could give you those eighteen years, Will! It is so dreary to think you were not in them."

"You will give me the next eighteen, and many a year beside; that will content me, little wife. I am sure you were a mischievious monkey, and I am thankful I did not discover you until Aunt Lora had tamed you.'

"You wicked, unsentimental boy!"

"And the dusty hands were twisted in a thick brown beard which was temptingly near; and so they laughed and chatted, children as they were, quite unchecked by my presence, until a servant came in with a message for me. It was news of the sudden illness of one of the servants here. My first impulse was to come home without delay; but they would not hear of my doing so. It was settled that Will should drive over, calling for the doctor as he passed through the village, and if he did not bring a good report he promised to take me back immediately on his return, if I would consent to wait patiently so long. I consented; would that I had not! All might have been; but no; there are no might have beens with God."

Aunt Lora covered her face for a minute, then she went on more steadily.

"I remember all; every word and incident of that evening. We watched Will drive away into the gray twilight, and then came back to the fireside until the dressing-bell rang, while my pet used every loving wile to keep me from dwelling too anxiously on McCarthy's illness. We grew anxious, as the evening went on, for my servant; Will's prolonged absence made me fear she was seriously ill. Now and then the young wife shivered a little as the fierce blast, which now at intervals swept up the valley, with one sudden gust rushed by to die away among the higher hills. It was the snow-wind, we knew it well, and longed that our traveler were safely home. Mabel had ordered dinner in her morning-room, from which there was a view of the road along which he would return; she thought, too, it would be easier to warm and brighten it than the large dining room. We stood for a long while at the window watching the heavy wooly clouds rolling and massing themselves in the livid sky; there had been a light fall of snow in the morning, enough to whiten the trees and grass, but we would distinguish the dark line of the road as it would round into the valley. Again and again the wind swept up with its wild angry moan, bending the trees in its course and hiding them in thick clouds of snow-powder swept from their tossing branches; then again the din would hush and a great stillness fall on the outside world. We watched till I saw my child was growing pale, and I drew her into the warm room, bright with fire and candle light, the pretty rose-clored room, where the shining silver and crystal of the dinner table looking brighter still in contrast to the outer gloom. I pretended to be hungry that she might be forced to give up the watch for a while. We sat down to dinner, leaving the warmest seat for Will, and each tried to eat for the sake of the other; but at every gust the sweet little face opposite me grew whiter, and a dark line began to show beneath the soft eyes; as yet the worst we feared for Will was a struggle with the storm, while we sat at home wrappred from cold and all discomfort.

"The evening wore on; dinner was removed; the supper table laid, covered with every dainty the little wife could suggest. She hunted up a fur lined dressing gown, which he had used when stationed in Canada, and hung it before the fire, then she went back to her post beside the window, having warmed the hearth and spread the table, all for Will—poor Will, who should never more enjoy food for warmth in this world.

"Lights were placed in every window to guide him through the snow, which was now falling blindingly, darkening sight and hushing sound. Servants were sent out with spades and lanterns; but unhappily the butler was old and feeble, and the only other man at our disposal was Will's soldier servant, an Englishman, quite ignorant of the neighborhood. They returned without having been able to get farther than where the road divided at the head of the valley.

"As the small hours crept by, the cold grew intense outside the circle warmed by the fire. I tried to wrap Mable in a mantle, but she put away my hand impatiently, and shook herself free from the soft folds.

"I will not be warm, Will is cold."

"And she turned to the window once more with a slight shudder, while her weary eyes gazed on into the whirling blinding snow fall.

"At two o'clock I again tried to induce her to lie down, telling her what I tried to believe myself, that her husband had stayed weather-bound at Glenbawn; that Brown Colleen, the mare he had taken, could find her way home to the stables the darkest night; that—in short, I used every means; coaxing, remonstrance, command, all in vain; words she did not seem to hear. When I tried to draw her away she pushed me gently from her, and the white lips moved, though no sound came from them.

"At three o'clock the wind lulled, the snow-whirl ceased. I was holding her burning hand in mine, longing intensely for morning, turning with a sick shudder from the pictures which would pass before my aching brain of Will sleeping his last sleep beneath the drift, when suddenly she snatched away her hand and started up.

"He is coming! I hear him!' 'She flew into the hall, where an immense fire was blazing on the hearth. 'Throw on the yule log!' she cried impatiently to the servants who were standing about. 'Don't I tell you he is coming—he is here!'

"I sighed to them to obey her, and the great pine trunk which had been carted home so merrily only a week ago, which she and Will had garlanded a few hours since, was flung on. I asked softly whether they heard anything; but the men shook their heads, and indeed the depths of the snow must have hushed any sound. They said if their master had waited in shelter at the mountain foot till the storm subsided, the horse might make his way beneath the shadow of the rocks which overhung the road, and which must have kept a comparatively clear track.

"Mabel had gone back to her window. Now she rushed in, her face quivering and flashing with excitement.

"Auntie, he is here! I see him!'

"She began tugging furiously at the fastenings at the great door. Stronger hands came to her aid, in an instant it was flung open, and before any one could interfere she had rushed out. We saw the white flying figure flit over the snow like a wraith—snow drift so desp and light that it seemed a bird must have sunk into it; we saw the dog cart creeping slowly under the cliff at a foot pace, Will's upright soldierly figure showing dark and clear against the livid back ground; we saw her reach him and spring up to him; then there was a silence. I do not know why we all looked on as at a scene in which we had no part, until a cry; low, anguished, exceeding bitter, laden with terror and heartbreak, cut through the dead heavy stillness. I felt hands holding me back; I saw dark figures struggling across the white lawn; then something was carried in and laid on the soft furs before the blaze—something, not Will, never Will any more. The kind strong hands gave back no answering pressure to the cold clasping fingers which clung to them, the loving eyes had lost their light; he lay beside her as he had lain not twelve hours ago, on the same spot, in his own hearth-glow; but it was Will no longer. He was dead.

Something crueller and fiercer than the storm had been abroad that bitter night. He had been tempted from home to his death; the murderer had reckoned on his loving heart answering to the call of sorrow and sickness; the false message as to McCarthy's illness had been but a lure to draw the victim to the toils. He had set out on his return journey, dropped the doctor at his own door with a merry good-night, and driven away to his death; his murderer only knew the rest.

"His wife's white dress was covered with crimsons stains when we raised her from her husband's body. She did not faint or cry; she even smiled, a faint weary smile.

"Will is so cold,' she said.

"When we brought her wine, she put it to his dead lips.

"Will first—poor Will!' and even while she spoke her head fell again on his breast.

"All that night she clung to him with a clasp which we could not loose without using force, which I could not endure to do. We sent for the doctor; he made his toilsome way through the snow only to tell us what we knew too well already.

"Will was dead, and all night long his wife lay motionless upon his breast; great fires burned, tables stood covered for the master, who was never to feel cold or hunger more. When the chill late winter morning broke, Mable too had entered into the great eternal sunshine of God."

The next day Aunt Lora took me to the grave where wife and husband slept together. The moss, "God's blessing on the grave," had crept softly, greenly above them; the scarlet letters at the base of the white cross, which told the story of William Forsythe Long and Mabel his wife, gleamed readily through the holly wreath which hung there, a message of love and remembrance from the living to the dead.

No trace of the murderer was ever discovered; it was supposed to be one of those all but motiveless crimes which have desolated so many Irish homes during the last forty years. Mr. Long was an Englishman; he had began his reign well—was full of schemes to benefit his tenantry. His crime was having taken the place of an Irish family, who had emigrated when a long career of extravagance had made it impossible for them to live at home any longer.—*Belgravia.*

The Smallest Babies in the World.

A correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean*, writting from Kalamazoo, Michigan, January 20th, says:

Last Friday evening the wife of Mr. J. B. McCrum, living at 58 Parsons street, gave birth to a pair of twins—a boy and girl. The surprise of the parents can be imagined when, on surveying the party, the nurse held up the tiny pair of infants in one of her hands. They were soon after weighed, and the aggregate avoirdupois of the twins was three pounds and four ounces, one of the pair weighing one pound and eight ounces, and the other weighing one pound and twelve ounces. They were less than eight inches long, and perfectly formed. A bed was made for them, which consisted of a minute basket filled with cotton-batting, and clothing had to be improvised for the strangers, that which in expectancy had been made up proving a world too wide for their little limbs. Some doubt was expressed by the physician who attended the mother as to whether they would live, but up to this morning they are not only alive, but are lively, bright and wide awake, and claim a place in this big sphere as well as their own immediate brothers and sisters, of whom there are several in the family, grown up.

There have been since Monday a great many visitors to see the little children, and the exclamations of surprise and the ejaculations of admiration would fill a large volume. Ladies and gentlemen, old and young, flock to the house where the children lay. Pink and blue ribbons have been tied about the little arms of the babes, so as to answer the question of which is boy and which is girl. The sensation is likely to last some time, though every precaution is taken to preserve the lives of the little ones. They nurse and seem to enjoy themselves as well as could be expected. They are perfectly formed, and we understand, are full-time children. Wrapped in their little beds they look like dolls suddenly vivified; their cries are like those of very young kittens. Mrs. McCrum has not been in the enjoyment of perfect health for several months past, but has not, however, been sick. The parents of the Lilliputians make no objections to people coming to see them.

A Relic.

On Saturday afternoon a miner named Martin Loughery, working in No. 10 mine of the Pennsylvania Coal Company's works at Pittston, while in the act of breaking a massive piece of coal which he had dislodged, discovered embedded in the center of it what appeared to be a small wooden box of an oblong shape. Upon touching the box it crumbled into dust like a fungus, and disclosed a copper whistle, having a flint mouthpiece, and in other respects shaped like our ordinary tin whistles. The miner brightened it up, applied it to his mouth, and made it sound doubtless for the first time in centuries. The spot where it lay is about one hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. How many seasons have been swept over the terrestrial sphere, by the never-ceasing tide of time, since this memento was laid carefully aside, by some hand of a former age, is a question to form food for the reflective mind. The voice that was wont to charm the single pipe into music must have been hushed in the age of long ago. Yet the copper whistle remains to attest in favor of the science of geology. It should be preserved in some of our museums, or by some historical society together with a specimen of the structure in which it has slept for ages. Who shall say in the face of such a fact, that our country has not known a civilization anterior to that imported here by Columbus, or that a race of enlightened human beings did not flourish and fade on this grand hemisphere ages and ages ago?—*Scranton Republican.*

A poet of Chicago was recently informed that Madame Nilsson had thoughtfully built a shelter for cows on her lands at Peoria. Mindful of the catastrophe which led to the destruction of his native city, he immediately burst into this wild and beautiful frenzy of verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do, the morn and the eve between, and not by the dim religious light of the fitful kerosene. For the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire fiend ride the gale, and shriek the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pail!"

During a tour, last fall, along the northern boundary line of the United States, Professor Osborn found distinct traces of magnetic iron sand, with occasional large deposits of titantic iron sand, along the entire line from New York and eastward of Ohio, nearly to the west end of Lake Superior, where a large deposit exists. The steel formed from this ore, properly tempered and shaped, readily scratches deep groves into glass. It forms the so-called titantic steel, which is not injured by a heat that destroys cemented steel, or steel formed only by addition of carbon.

A Distinguished German Working as a Farm Hand in Illinois.

Among the hundreds of foreigners who apply weekly at the office of the Mullanphy Board for relief or assistance in making their way for the West, the Secretary of the Board, Mr. Brey, now and then comes across characters of more than ordinary interest. The monotonous tale of poverty and destitution is occasionally relieved by life histories which smack of romance and adventure, as was the case a day or two ago. Among the applicants at the office early one morning was a young German, about twenty-one years of age, who gave the name of Franz Witke, and who stated that he had landed in New York with a little money which had been completely exhausted before his arrival in St. Louis, and was now in a destitute, starving condition. Accordingly he was sent to the Home, where clothing and food were provided him until a place could be found where he might earn a livelihood. In the meantime inquiry was made concerning Witke, caused largely by his erect, military bearing and air of culture and fine breeding that surrounded him. It was ascertained first that he was a son of a wealthy German Baron living near Danzig. At the opening of the Franco-Prussian war he held a commission in the cavalry service. It was his good fortune to be engaged in most of the battles which occurred within the borders of Alsace-Lorraine, and he rose rapidly in the profession of arms. With his connections, social position and fine qualities, it seemed if nothing stood in his way to attaining all the distinction of glory he burnened for. But an unfortunate event forfeited him his position and banished him from his native land. During the Prussian occupancy of Metz, he had a quarrel with an infantry officer over some trivial matter, and the result was a challenge. In the military regime that previled Franz Witke had no recourse but to fight, and in the duel that followed the infantry officer was killed. He was arrested, tried before a military tribunal and was convicted. The penalty affixed by the tribunal was seven years imprisonment in the festug, but, through the influence of his father with Kasier William, the sentence was commuted to three years banishment from Prussia. At present the son of the German baron, and the distinguished young dragoon officer of Kaiser William, is working as a farm hand in Illinois.

An Artificial Sea.

An idea, says *Galignani's Messenger*, was started not long ago on the practicability of forming an inland sea in French Algieria. There exists, south of the Atlas, a chain of salt lakes called "Chotts," that go from east to west, following a general depression, which lies at an average depth of from eighty to ninety feet below the level of the Mediterranean. According to all probability, there formerly was a sea there, of which the Chotts are mere remnants. It would be easy to restore this inland gulf by merely opening a short canal connecting the Gulf of Gabes with the nearest Chott, according to the description lately given to the Societe de Geographie, by Captain Roudaire, who has himself surveyed the Mel-Rhir. He states that the Chotts situated south of Biskra are a series of shallows, varying between twenty to sixty kilometres in length, and generally dry in Summer. They form a chain about 360 kilometres (225 miles) long from Chott-el-Faroun to Chott-Mel-Rhir, which lies in the meridian of Biskra. An insignificant chain of downs or sand hills separates the Gulf of Gabes from Chott-el-Faroun. The surface of these shallows, as smooth as the floor of a barn, is sprinkled with salts of magnesia, which gives them the aspect of being covered with hoar frost. The western back of Chott-Mel-Rhir, as the Wed-Cedra is twenty-seven metres (eighty-one feet) below the level of the sea, and its bed has a slope eastward of twenty-five centimetres per kilometre, or four tenths per cent. Should this inclination continue as far as Shott-Sellen, sixty kilometres further east, the latter would be forty-two metres (126 feet) below the level of the sea; without this being ascertained, the latter Chott lies certainly lower than the Mel-Rhir. From various cursory observations there appears to be no doubt that from the latter to the Chott-el-Faroum there exists an immense depression, which might be filled with the sea from the Gulf of Gabes. The advantages to be derived from this plan would be considerable. Seaports might be formed at eighty kilometres south of Biskra; the wandering tribes of those regions might thus be kept in obedience, and the numerous rich oases of the Sourf and Wed-Rhir, whose dependence from France is merely nominal, would be effectually held under rule. The presence of the sea, moreover, would render rains more frequent, and thus fertillize the country.

Cost of Crops.—A Delaware County (O.) correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* estimates the cost of growing the different crops on land worth sixty dollars per acre, to be—Corn, 80 bush. per acre, 20c. per bush; 60 bush. per acre, 25c.; 40 bush. per acre, 31c. to 33c.; 30 bush. per acre, 37c. to 40c., wheat, average cost, one dollar per bush.; oats, at least 30c. at 30 bush. per acre; potatoes, at 100 bush. per acre, 20c. These estimates include manure, plowing, harrowing, drilling planting, thorough good cultivation, and the stalks and straw of corn and grains to pay for husking or threshing, and five dollars per acre for interest and taxes on land.

Injurious Action of Salt on Trees.—Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, gives the following account of the injurious action of salt on trees: On the college grounds there formerly grew a fine, vigorous specimen of common sassafras, apparently in perfect health. A quantity of strong brine was inadvertently thrown beneath this tree, forming a stagnant pool in its immediate vicinity. In a very short time the tree began to manifest signs of decreased vitality. The salt was absorbed unchanged in such immense quantities that, entering the circulation, it effloresced upon the surface of the leaves of a white crystaline deposit, and the tree soon after died.

A bad egg is not the choice egg, but is hard to beat.

The Genius of the Roadside.

It is marvelous that a boy's fortune should turn upon a horseshoe, and yet, for many of us, some of the greatest events of our lives have turned upon as small a pivot. Even in the humblest lives, little opportunities lie concealed all along the way like fairy doors which, when the right spring is touched, will fly open, revealing a most glorious future.

One fair summer day a distinguished looking gentleman might have been seen in his carriage riding along a country road in Ulster county, New York. His name was Aaron Burr; not the despised and haunted Aaron Burr we read of now; he was then Senator Burr, one of the most talented and highly esteemed men in our country. He was not an evil looking man; on the contrary, his was a kindly, pleasant face, lit up with brilliant black eyes.

But, about the horse shoe. As he was driving rapidly along, one of the horses lost a shoe and he stopped at the next blacksmith shop to have it replaced. It was a lonely country place, and while the blacksmith was at work, Burr strolled through the woods and fields that lay around. Returning, he noticed upon the side of the stable, near the blacksmith's shop, a sketch in charcoal of his own horse and carriage. He was startled at first, as it was so wonderfully accurate and spirited. He knew, too, that it must have been executed in a very minutes, and he stood for some time gazing at in admiration. Turning around at length, he noticed a little boy a little way off dressed in coarse homespun.

"Who did that?" said Burr, pointing at the picture.

"I did," said the boy.

The Senator was astonished. Entering into conversation, he discovered that the boy, although ignorant, was intellectual. He also found that this young artist had never had any instruction in drawing, and that he was apprenticed to the blacksmith business for six months.

Burr wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, saying as he wrote:

"My boy, you are too smart to stay here all your life. If ever you should want to change your employment and see the world, just put a clean shirt in your pocket, come to New York, and go straight to that address," handing the boy the paper.

A child's intuitions are quick, and as the boy gazed into the kindly face bent down to his, he felt that he had won a friend that he could love and trust.

The traveler's horses now being ready he mounted his carriage and was out of sight in a few minutes, while the bewildered boy returned to his work in the blacksmith shop. He treasured the bit of paper though, and many a day as he worked the blacksmith's bellows that fanned the glowing embers, he built up golden dream castles, while brave, ambitious thought leaped up into his heart, as the flame leaped up from the livid coal.

Months passed away and these circum stances had nearly faded away from the busy Senator's mind. In his beautiful home at Richmond Hill, he was sitting at breakfast one morning, with his daughter Theodosia. It was upon this daughter, so lovely, so pure, that Aaron Burr lavished the wealth of a soul overflowing with secret tenderness. Long after his fall from power, she, it is said, was the solitary star, shining with beautiful lustre over the rough and darkened pathway of his life.

It was on this memorable morning that a servant entered the breakfast room, and placed in Col. Burr's hand a small paper parcel, saying it was brought by a boy who was waiting outside. Theodosia gazed on wonderingly as her father opened the parcel and found a coarse, country made clean shirt. Of course, they both laughed merrily over it, and Burr, supposing it to be some mistake, ordered the boy to be shown in.

Who should enter but our genius of the roadside, blushing in confusion. By the elegance of the room and the presence of the beautiful daughter, he was still more abashed, but the face of his friend reassured him. Very modestly he placed in his hand a piece of worn paper, the one had treasured for so many months. As Burr traced the almost illegible words he recognized his own handwriting, and a new light flashed over his face. Taking the child's trembling hands in his own, he gave him such a welcome as only warm, generous hearts know how to give. Then presenting the lad to his daughter, he told her his story. She gave him her hand at once, for she was as much pleased with him as her father.

From that hour the boy was loved and cared for as one of the family. He was educated and placed under one of the best of masters in the art he had shown such a talent for. Young Vanderlyn, for that was the boy's name, was afterwards sent to Europe by Burr, where he spent five years in the study of painting, until he became, it is said, an artist worthy of the name.

Years and years afterwards, when Burr was wandering in Europe, a poor lonely exile, Vanderlyn was exhibiting pictures at the Louvre, Paris. He had not only been presented with a gold medal by Napoleon, but was receiving compliments and congratulations from the Emperor's own lips. His cup of joy seemed almost full. It was then that he heard that his benefactor was in Paris, and he hastened to give him as warm a welcome as he himself had received one winter's morning so long ago. The poor old man, bowed down with disgrace, and the grateful, and now famous artist, whom he himself had uplifted from a blacksmith's drudge at the roadside. We only know that the meeting must have been most jeyous and most sorrowful. Vanderlyn rendered to his old friend all the assistance he could.

In after years the artist returned to America, and was commissioned by Congress to paint one of the panels of the Capitol at Washington, one of the highest honors his country could bestow upon him. He executed here one of his famous pieces, his well-known "Landing of Columbus." He also painted portraits of Aaron Burr and his daughter. He died a few years ago at Kingston, not far from the spot where he drew the charcoal sketch which decided his future.

As for Aaron Burr, the way of the transgressor is hard, but the Lord is more merciful than man. In his old age, Burr was hated by the country that once loved him, he was left homeless, almost friendless, but he was not left desolate. The bread cast upon the waters in his happier days all returned to him.—As he had once loved to care for and shelter the poor and homeless, so he himself, in his last days, was sheltered and cared for tenderly.

Arabian Administration of Justice.

In the land of Mocha coffee and Mohammedanism bills of exception are unknown, and red tape is not a merchantable commodity; hence the course of justice is exceedingly simple and primitive, and to those accustomed to our cumbersome forms of legal precision and etiquette would, perhaps, seem undignified.

A Bedouin's camel had been stolen from him by force, and he applied to Hamood, the Governor of Diowf, for redress. The Governor, a muscular, tawny, man, quite solemn-looking, was dressed in a long shirt, over which was thrown a black cloak richly embroidered with crimson silk, half sat, half reclined upon a cushing in the corner of distinction in the large reception hall. A few feet from him sat the Bedouin, cross-legged upon the ground, an implement resembling a large reaping hook or grass cutter in the hand. Attracting the governor's attention by flourishing the implement he cried out:

"You Hamood, do you hear? He has taken from me my camel! have you called God to mind? The camel is my camel; do you hear? He is mine by God's award and yours too; do you hear, child?"

All the time the Bedouin was speaking he made the most furious gestures with the grass cutter, now bending forward and bringing it with a rapid motion within an inch or two of Hamood's nose, as if intending to slice off that useful member; again apparently threatening to lop off his arm. But the Judge remained motionless and undisturbed. Finally one of the counselors quieted the complainant by saying: "Remember God, child; it is of no consequence; you shall not be wronged."

Witnesses were then called, and they confirming the complainant's story the governor ordered the thief to be brought before him, and turning to the Bedouin said: "All right, daddy, you shall have your own," and, motioning him away, quietly waited for another complaint to be preferred.

A Scene of Terrible Beauty.

A correspondent writing from the Hawaiian Island says: "I would like to give a description of the great lava-overflown regions, but must content myself with your imagining a sea of seething, foaming fire, miles in width, and from ten to thirty feet deep, rushing like a torrent over the earth, of a terrible molton lake of fire in the volcano of Kilauea, singing like the everlasting ocean. You would have to see to realize its sublime granduer. It was lovely—even enchanting as I rode along on horseback, to pass for miles through dense forests of hala trees, the tree from which they make their mattings, and also the groves of stately palm trees, bathing their feet in the billowy ocean, and stretching out their beautiful limbs in the golden, glorious sunlight. Then, the beautiful bread-fruit trees and the waving banana groves, and the pa payas, &c., fasciuate the eye. Nature revels in grandeur in the tropics; the great God of Nature is to be seen in all his splendor and magnificence."

An account of illegal gambling in Chicago should begin with faro. The game, while an old one, is, in its present simplified form, the product of American ingenuity and labor-saving invention. It and poker are the games on which the reputation of America in the card line can safely rest. Among all the various forms of gaming, faro predominates. There are now in operation in that city between twelve and fifteen houses where it is the chief attraction. The cost of fitting and furnishing the rooms varies from $1,000 to $14,000 in each case. Gamblers are luxurious in their tastes, and expensive in their habits. As their money comes easily, it goes quickly. Costly wearing apparel, valuable jewelery, and rich and elaborate surroundings are their weakness. The leading faro bank of that city was furnished at a cost of $14,000, and its running expenses, including rent ($3,600), probably exceed that amount in the coarse of a year. It is situated on Clark street, within a stone's throw of the Board of Trade, of which body one of its proprietors is a member, and from which it derives a large portion of its patronage. It is regarded as the best and "squarest" conducted gambling-house in the city, and by far the most valuable property.

A Bowl of Punch was as a Bowl.—A remarkable bowl of punch was made across the water in 1844. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, covered overhead with orange and lemon trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with refreshments. In the fountain were the following ingredients Four hogsheads of brandy, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of white sugar, thirty-one pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and one pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company. It is supposed more than six thousand men drank from the fountain.

The spirit photographs which pass current among credulous spiritualists for genuine ghosts of the departed are produced in various ways. The latest and most scientific method is as follows: The plain background screen, before which the sitter is placed in order to have his portrait taken, is to be painted beforehand with the form of the desired "spirit" the paint being composed of some fluorescent substance, such as a solution of sulphate of quinine. When this painting dries on the screen it is invisible to the eye; but it sends out rays that have power to impress the photo plate, and thus the image of the person together with the quinine ghost are simultaneously developed upon the negative.

VARIETIES.

What has a cat that nothing else has? Kittens.

Taking a hack is the first stage of consumption.

Robb & Steel is the suggestive name of a firm in Chicago

Felt slippers.—Those felt by children in their rude young days.

The Sunday Meeker is the lovely name of a Baltimore paper.

An English lecturer says there is no American Punch. Isn't there though?

No one will be surprised that a New York daily has A-shantee correspondent.

All the Nevada editors are going mad, There hasn't been a shooting affray for a month.

The feelings of Mr. Eng when Mr. Chang died, we should presume, were not to be envied.

"Feathers and Noise," is the head line over an article in a Buffalo paper about a poultry show.

The Government has ordered a Parrott from the East Indies. He is an admiral in the army.

Dakota has been doing sums and finds that she has only three-eighths of a white man to an acre of ground.

St. Louis's wickedest man has died and goes to Chicago. His successor will be selected by competitive examination.

There is a man in Kittery Navy Yard who had whistled continuously for nine years, and why some body has not killed him is a mystery.

"O, George, your sister is a nice girl but she does dress her head up so."—"Yes," said George; "but it is fashion; there is nothing in it, you know."

Past and Present.—To dance all night is "so nice!" the young ladies assure us. To dance all night is not "so nice," we judge from the looks next morning.

A California paper having obtained a new subscriber, records the startling fact in a half column article headed "Still another! Our course indorsed by the people."

A Chicago correspondent declares that all gentlemen of elegant leisure and aristocracy in Indianopolis, are colored.—He will have to "keep dark" in that city himself in the future.

A man left a bony steed on Main at last Saturday, and coming back a short time afterwards, discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs bearing the notice, "Oats wanted—inquire within."

An idle young man was complaining to a prosperous friend that, although he had tried his luck in alll sorts of fairs and lotteries, he had never been able to draw anything. 'Indeed,' said hisfriend. "Well, suppose you try a hand cart? You can draw that."

An Irishman, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Our Landed Possessions.—In a recent report made to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Public Lands, it is stated that there are yet 1,200,000,000 acres of public lands in the country that are unsurveyed. Out of the vast area of the public lands of the United Staes, however, after deducting swamp lands, deserts, mountains, and railway and other grants, it is estimated that the whole amount of arable lands available for settlement cannot now exceed 350 to 400 millions of acres. Last year nearly four millions of acres were taken up by homestead settlers, and the estimate of the Committee is that before a century elapses, all the arable lands of the country will be absorbed. When we consider what was the area of the past of the United States, inhabited by whites a century ago, this prediction not only seems probable, but there is also a likelihood of the entire arable surface of the country being absorbed by settlers long before 1974.

Said Professor Richard A. Proctor, the celebrated English astronomer, in one of his recent American lectures: "The sun seems to us to be perfectly still. When we consider what we have learned about him we know that all the forms of uproar on earth are as absolute quiet. Even the hideous groaning of the earthquake is surpassed a million-fold by the disturbances on every square mile of that inflamed sea. This is no idle dream. This great central machine of the solar sun, the central heart, pulsates with life and will continue to do so until the fuel is exhausted."

A Beaver county, Pennsylvania, man threatens to bring suit against a young man who persists in sitting up with his daughter Sunday nights till four o'clock in the morning. The stern parent claims, firstly, that the following day being wash day, his gal ain't of no account; secondly, that, if they would only use two chairs, the one they do use wouldn't cost so much for repairs.

A client called on Mr. Webster to employ him to argue a cause of importance. Mr. Webster asked who was engaged on the other side, and the client answered, "A sleepy-looking lawyer, named Wood." "Well," Mr. Webster replied, "if George Wood is employed against you and is asleep, be very careful not to wake him up."

Twenty seven Nashville ladies determined to practice economy; vowed not to wear anything more expensive than calico dress to church; and they stuck to it, as none of them have attended church since.

Amsterdam, N. Y., is justly proud of a lawyer, who returned a portion of his fee to a client, because he thought the latter had been overcharged.

A pious old lady being asked by her pastor what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity, replied she thought it a most excellent doctrine, and had no doubt it had been the means of saving many souls.

It is suggested that when a lady presides over a public meeting it would be more proper to address her as 'chairmadam' than 'chairman.'

There are 120 men residing in six counties in California, who own 3,140,000 acres of land.

They are going to cut off the carriages from the appropriation list, which will compel the average official to foot the magnificent distances of the city or foot his livery bills.