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Poetry.

SYMPATHY.

BY H. E. WARNER.

My little daughter on my knee,
Looks up and crows delightfully;
Her only language to express
Her perfect joy and happiness,
But well I know the look and tone—
Love has an ut'rance of its own.

My little daughter on my knee,
With wee, sad face looks up to me,
She has no word to speak her woe,
But never words could move me so;
I read the trouble in her eyes,
And with her griefs I sympathize.

Thus, though her often changing mood,
By me be little understood,
So trivial the thing appears,
That moves her easy smiles or tears—
In all her gladness I am glad,
In all her sadness I am sad.

And so despite my halting speech,
My meanings have not failed to reach
The all-wise heart of Him who knows
All human joys, all human woes,
And evermore so tenderly
My Father watches over me.

—*Christian Union.*

Miscellany.

THE POT OF GOLD.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

LIEUTENANT CALDERWOOD was at his sister's house on a visit, during his two weeks' furlough. He was sitting with her one evening in the parlor, while her two children were studying their lessons at the table in the back room.

"So Paul is a lazy scholar, eh?" said the Lieutenant, lowering his voice.

"No, not at all. He is diligent enough, provided his studies suit his fancy. But what are they? If you look over his shoulder now you'll find him poring over some 'Book of Dreams,' or the 'History of Captain Kidd and his Treasures' instead of his school books. The boy is deranged on the subject of growing rich suddenly at some bold master-stroke. I wish you would talk to him. You are supreme with him just now. It may be you could ridicule him out of his absurdity; I cannot."

"But ought he to be ridiculed?"

"James!"

"Well, call Clara in, and I'll go talk to him a while."

Mrs. Forbes beckoned her little girl to her, and the Lieutenant sauntered into the back room, and, I am sorry to say, lighted a cigar.

"Well, Paul, my boy, hard at it? What's the book—Latin or algebra?"

Paul colored a little. "Oh, I can run over my lessons in the morning. They're so horridly dull. I'm reading now."

"Head of your classes, I hope; aren't you?"

Paul laughed. "No, indeed; nearer the other end. Well, the truth is," throwing down his book and leaning over confidentially, "I've got it into my head to make money' Mother has hard work to get along with Clara and me."

"I know, Paul," said the Lieutenant, gravely.

"Now, what good does this scanning of dead languages and poring over cube roots do? How much meat will that put in the pot?"

"How do you intend to aid your mother?"

"Well, sir," whispered Paul, eagerly, for this was his first patient listener, "if I had a large sum of money that I could get all at once, without any delay—a large sum—then afterward I could make a scholar or what I pleased of myself."

The Lieutenant drew the book Paul had been reading toward him, "Revelations by Clairvoyance and Spiritualism regarding Hidden Treasures." Paul watched him keenly as he read the title over, but not the vestige of a smile flitted over the Lieutenant's face.

"I'll tell you, candidly; uncle, about it" (hitching his chair nearer). "Fred Parker came from Jersey, near where Kidd buried his treasure. You know the place?"

"Not precisely; do you?"

"Not the exact spot; but it is near Burlington. Kidd buried the chest, and then called on his men to know who would stand guard over it for a hundred years So one fellow stepped out and stood firm while Kidd shot him through the heart. So they buried him standing over the chest, with a drawn sword in his hand. You've heard the incident?"

"Yes, but—"

"How will I find the place? Well"—Paul began to fidget a little, turning over the leaves of the book.

"Perhaps you will laugh at me, uncle, but I don't see why you should. The ancients called in the aids of oracles and dreams. They knew how to read coming events in the flight of birds or by the entrails of beasts. If we cannot do so too it seems to me it is because we have lost the power, not because the signs are not there to read. The wisest men have not been ashamed to be superstitious. It is only fools who think there is nothing in the world but what they can see and handle."

"I quite agree with you with regard to the fools, Paul."

Paul, who had been defiant hitherto, blushed with pleasure. "I don't know," he continued, "what credit to give to spiritual mediums. Fact is, I've run after them till I'm about tired. They've got all my last two quarters' allowance, and so I've had to go without new clothes this winter. But if I could succeed! If I could only find the pot or chest! Just think! It would make mother easy for life!"

"Very true," said his uncle.

They were both silent for awhile, the Lieutenant smoking and Paul turning over the leaves of his book with a feverish haste, glancing up now and then, furtively, at his uncle.

"What first put this matter into your head, Paul?"

"I don't know. We really need money so often. And then Fred Parker told his stories of Kidd's treasures, and I see these clairvoyant advertisements in the paper every day——"

"As to these mediums," said Lieutenant Calderwood, thoughtfully, "my opinion is that they will take your money and you will get no information in return I never had any intercourse with them, for I have no belief in their ability to tell you anything you do not know already yourself. A friend of mine, Captain Johns, told me of a woman, a fortune teller, who made some remarkable predictions—very remarkable, indeed. She sketched out his whole career for him."

"Who was she? Where is she to be found?" cried Paul, forgetting to ask whether the prophesies proved true or not—and they were most ridiculously absurd and untrue.

"At No. 81 Poplar street," said his uncle, after several minutes' hesitation. "She was to be consulted only at night. But that was several years ago."

"I'll go and see her to-morrow night," said Paul. He was more nervous and unsettled than usual that evening, and sat looking in the fire for a long time.

"The boy is ruined," sighed his mother; nothing will ever restore him to common sense or usefulness."

"'It is a long day until sunset,'" said her brother, quoting his favorite proverb.

The next night Paul put on his overcoat just after supper, and his last dollar in his pocket. His uncle had not been at home during the afternoon. Paul kissed his mother good-by once or twice.

"Where are you going, my son?"

"To make our fortune," he said gayly, as he ran out.

No. 81 Poplar street was soon found. It was a narrow, dark entry, lighted by a red lamp, which gave a ghostly and murderous light. Paul went up the winding stairs, and found at the top a door with a placard, on which was printed with a common pen:

"MADAME D'AUBREY, SEERESS."

Paul tapped. No answer. He tapped again.

"Enter," said a hoarse voice.

He pushed the door open and went in. The room was bare of furniture, except another red lamp, which shed its bloody glare over the gray walls, and a black antique chair, in which sat a tall, gaunt woman. She was robed in a loose, falling habit of black from head to foot. Her face, of which Paul could see but little but the chin, was deathly pale. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a pair of keen eyes, which he thought were both fierce and threatening.

"I came to consult you," he stammered.

The black-covered head nodded. "It is unnecessary to explain yourself further. Your name is Paul Forbes. You desire to know by what means you may obtain a certain treasure."

Paul was terrified. The other mediums that he had consulted had never told him actual facts.

"When do you hold a seance?"

"Now!" in a hoarse grating voice. "I need no trumpery tables, nor cards, nor machinery. Do you ask whether I can see into futurity? You have a scar on your shoulder beneath your clothes, an unhealed wound below your knee. If I can tell you about these things that others' eyes cannot see, you can afford to trust me for the truth of whatever else I may say. Ask what you will and I will answer."

"How am I to obtain the treasure?" said Paul.

"How should I know what treasure you mean? But pause." The figure moved her hand slowly to her forehead, muttered for a few moments, then slowly took it down and looked piercingly at the terrified Paul.

"The pot of gold waits for you, enough to give you fortune and power. Here are the directions by which you are to obtain it." She then placed a small slip of paper in his hand.

"On these conditions," she said, in a hollow whisper, "that you solve the mystery of this paper alone. You are to receive no assistance in reading it; if you do, all is lost. Begone; you are answered."

Paul placed his money in her outstretched hand, and went stumbling down the stairs under the red lamp.

The next morning by daybreak he was knocking at the door of his uncle's chamber.

"What is this?" showing him a paper full of figures, lines and diagrams. "Don't read it to me. Only tell me what sort of a puzzle it is."

The Lieutenant raised himself on his elbow, smothering a yawn. "It seems to be a mathematical puzzle, Paul—the description of some locality, I think. I won't interpret it to you. It would need a good topographical engineer to do that. Where did you pick it up?"

Paul muttered out something and disappeared.

A week after the Lieutenant returned to his regiment. He noticed Paul busy every night with his mathematics and his slate and pencil. The dream-book was laid on the shelf.

Several months after, Mrs. Forbes, writing to her brother, said:

"I have something to tell you of Paul which I know will please you. Much to my surprise he took the first prize in mathematics at school last term. Finding prize-taking agreeable, I presume, he has devoted himself to all his studies with renewed assiduity. But mathematics appear to be a passion with the boy. He told me that he designed studying topographical engineering, the very profession I would have chosen for him. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for his sudden change."

The Lieutenant laughed, but made no other sign.

He heard from his sister, but at long intervals, as he was stationed on the frontier; but every letter brought accounts of Paul's incessant, steady labor in the one direction.

Whether the hope of the treasure still urged him on, or whether he found that mathematics were his proper work and that for which his talents and real tastes best fitted him, we cannot say. But it is certain that at the end of three years he was ready to enter the highest class in practical surveying of the Polytechnic College.

A year later, Lieutenant Calderwood was seated in the door of his tent, when two or three strangers dashed up, and a stout, bearded, bright-eyed young fellow jumped off his horse, caught him by the shoulders, shook him, laughed, and ended by kissing him like a girl.

"Paul Forbes! Bless you, boy! How did you come here?"

Paul jumped to his feet, turned red, and then burst into a shout of laughter.

"You were the seeress? I know you were!"

The Lieutenant nodded. "Do you begrudge the dollar for the prophecy?" he said. "As I look back now, I don't quite approve of my manner of teaching you your lesson, but you have shown yourself a better scholar than I feared."

"Been appointed Assistant Surveyor of this Territory, sir. Attached to the exploration party under General Hay. I can't tell you all now, only that I have the position for ten years, at a fine salary, and mother and Clara are snug and happy as they were before. What do you think of that, Uncle Jem?"

Uncle Jem wrung his hand. "Think? Why, that you must have worked hard to achieve so much, Paul"

"Yes, yes, it took hard work!" nodding. "It's queer, too, what trifles will drive a fellow on a road, eh?"

Several months after, the Lieutenant came upon Paul one day, who was looking at a bit of yellow paper, covered with figures and lines.

"Do you know," said he, looking up, "there's a puzzle that took me years to make out? I did it just before I left home, and I found the answer to it—nothing."

The Lieutenant smiled. "Hard, healthful study, a good profession and a good income will not serve for a pot of gold, then, Paul?" he said with a shrewd twinkling in his eye.

Bat Canon.---Inaccessible Cliff Houses and Deserted Pueblos.

WE were off at noon, after a light lunch, and soon came in sight of the first cliff house. It was a mere stone hut, some fifteen hundred feet below the summit; but one glance served to disprove many of the theories advanced about rope ladders and the like. It could not have been reached thus, for the cliff overhung considerably both above and below it. Indeed, a rope dropped from the brow of the cliff above would have swung over the cliff a hundred feet further out than the ledge on which the house stood. As near as I could judge at the distance the ledge was fifty feet wide, and the house some twenty feet square. Evidently the "Aztec" who boarded there did not go to bed by means of a rope ladder.

My guide was now all life and animation, shouting and calling my attention to everything of note on the cliffs as we walked our horses slowly down the sandy stream. He seemed to take as much interest in the *ette-hogans* ("cliff-houses") as I did. An hour more brought us to a regular hamlet; the ruins of a considerable village were on the bottom of the canon by the foot of the cliff, and about a hundred feet straight above them ten or a dozen houses in perfect preservation, standing all together on a ledge a hundred feet wide and completely inaccessible. Above the village the cliff was perpendicular for a hundred feet or more, then gradually swelled outwardly till it extended considerably over the houses, leaving them thus actually in a great crevice in the rock. Here was a wonder. My Navajoe ran about with the activity of a cat, and in several places managed to climb up twenty feet or so, then the smooth wall cut off further progress. Hunting along the rock he found and called my attention to some holes looking like steps cut into the stone, which seemed to lead up to a point where one of the peculiar stone slabs I have described leaned against the cliff. The opposite side of the canon was accessible, and not more than two hundred yards distant, so we went over there, and climbed to a point somewhat higher than the Pueblo. I then saw the ledge or groove in the rock, in which the Pueblo was built, ran along the cliff for a quarter of a mile, some distance beyond where we found the stone steps, and thought I saw signs similar to steps, leading down from it a little way toward the detached slab. Possibly, I thought, this slab may have been fast above when the village had inhabitants, and furnished them a winding stairway. I saw, also, that the houses were of most admirable construction, built of flat stones laid in mortar, and neatly whitewashed inside, and that the joists were of massive timber, round, nearly a foot thick, and dressed with some care. At the distance of seven or eight hundred feet there was much uncertainty, but I fancied I also saw fragments of iron or leather on the floor of one house the only one into which the sunshine fell directly. From the situation of the cliffs, I judge that about ten o'clock in the morning the sun would be shining directly in the front door.

A remarkable echo is observable here. A sentence of ten words shouted from the south side is returned clearly and distinctly. Not far below we found the ruins of another house not more than forty feet high, with shelving rock below. The Navajoe found steps to lead half way up. He then walked along a flat offset five or six feet below the house, and held his hands against my feet while I climbed a shelving rock and reached the house. It was in ruins, and most of the material lay in a heap in the canon below. Only the fire-place and chimney, built against the cliff remained whole; they were of the common Pueblo pattern, and showed dabs of white-wash. I sustained one serious disappointment. Through some blunder of my guide or the interpreter who instructed him at Defiance, I missed the greatest wonders. We ought to have turned up the Canon de Chelley from where we entered it, and a mile or two would have brought us to the largest Pueblo, one capable of containing five hundred people, and situated on a ledge fifteen hundred feet above the canon and three hundred below the cliff. I had been told of this at Defiance, but through ignorance of the locality missed seeing it and several others A lieutenant (name forgotten) visited it some weeks since with ropes and a powerful field glass. From the opposite side he saw the interior of most of the houses, all of the common Pueblo style. They were neatly whitewashed, and the fragments of acquarra showed that they had transparent windows. Broken pottery lay around in heaps, but there were no skeletons or indications of any, showing either that the inhabitants had ample time to escape or that time has destroyed all trace of them. This village, it is said, could be reached by ropes from above; and as I have only partly attempted what ought to be well and scientifically done, I venture a suggestion. A party of half a dozen should start from Defiance, with ropes, a ladder or two, and powerful field glasses; and thus several of the ruins could be reached. The country is perfectly safe, only two hundred and fifty miles from Santa Fe, and the Navajoes are the best of guides and servants.

Many and various are the theories among the few whites who have visited these places as to their inhabitants, and how they reached their houses. Besides that of the rope ladders previously mentioned, it is often suggested that the bed of the canon was at that height when the houses were built, and has since washed down. But this will not do, for the plainest indications show that it would require, at the very least, a hundred thousand years for such a wearing down, or washing out, to take place. Besides, the best evidence shows that the cannon is filling, instead of deepening, on account of the sand drifting down. In my opinion, these slabs of stone help to explain it. But this is only a venture, and whether there were once projections from the cliff sufficient to furnish a road, since fallen away, it will take more evidence to settle. I can only sum up as do other visitors: The houses are there, and I have seen them, but how they got there is a mystery.

Who were the inhabitants? Pueblos unquestionably, I think; of the same general stock as the Moquis, Zunis and Teguas. The houses are an exact reproduction of those formerly described at the Pueblo de Laguna, including stone, mortar, towers, acquarra windows and whitewashed interior. The country, once, no doubt, contained five times as many as to-day, since swept off by the increasing drought, Utes and Apaches. Their whole existence was a continual war They seem to have retreated from the lower valleys to the most hidden or defensible canons, and then to these cliffs, where their horse-riding enemies could not follow them. There they pastured their goats in rugged gorges, and cultivated a few little patches where they could find water. They must often have suffered seasons of famine, and probably never had an abundance; and by the kind law of nature forbidding increase with no promise but want and misery, the nation slowly dwindled away. The Zunis, Moquis, Colimas, New Mexican Pueblos and the Teguas, perhaps also the Pimoles and Maricopas, are their fragmentary survivors. Their ruins, and broken pieces of their pottery, still attest their former extent. The agency party discovered on the San Juan the ruins of one Pueblo which might have contained two thousand inhabitants. Nor was it abandoned on account of drought; their *acecquias* still remain, and the San Juan is ample to fill them.—*Arizona Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

How One Law Case Was Settled.

A CASE recently tried before the Clonmel (Ireland) Assizes was brought to a singular and novel termination by the presiding Judge. The parties in the case were a young man and a young woman, both of whom claimed possession to a rural property, one by virtue of an ancient lease and the other under a will. They were in court for the purpose of giving their testimony, when a bright idea occurred to the magistrate, a Mr. Clarke, who interrupted the case to say:

"It just strikes me that there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this law suit. The plaintiff appears to be a respectable young man, and this is a very nice young woman. [Laughter.] They can both get married and live happy on this farm. If they go on with law proceedings it will be frittered away between the lawyers, who, I am sure, are not ungallant enough to wish the marriage not to come off."

The young lady, on being interrogated, blushed, and said she was quite willing to marry the plaintiff. The latter, on being asked if he would wed the young woman, gallantly responded, "Most undoubtedly." Mr. Clark remarked that the suggestion occurred to him by instinct on seeing the young couple. A verdict was subsequently entered for plaintiff on condition of his promise to marry defendant within two months, a stay of execution being put on the verdict till the marriage ceremony is completed. The counsel gave the young lady such an unmerciful "chaffing" on her consent, which many in court thought should have been first obtained from plaintiff, that she left the court in tears.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A RINGDOVE—A bride.

THE first sunshade was an eclipse.

THE population of Russia is 81,500,000 souls.

A "RING" that is popular with the ladies—The "dress" circle.

AN artist painted a cannon so naturally that it went off at a very good price.

IN Scotland a young woman has succeeded her father as Inspector of the Poor.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know the best way to dry ice before packing it. Spread it in the sun.

A DOG is counted mad when he won't take something to drink, and a man when he takes too much.

THE cash value of farms in Massachusetts has decreased $7,000,000 in the last ten years.

THE Russian telegraph lines are supported across the steppes on brick pillars, no wood being available.

A CANAL lock keeper in England has been instrumental in saving seventeen persons from drowning.

SAN FRANCISCO lawyers charge a fee of $800 in perjury cases, $600 for manslaughter, and $400 for a plain burglary.

NEW HAMPSHIRE was first called "Laconia." An attempt was once made to change the name of Massachusetts to "Oceana."

THE Baltimore papers complain that their streets are lighted so poorly that even the policemen get lost on their beats.

THE business of manufacturing safes has grown up in the United States from a matter of a few thousands in 1849, to $9,000,000 in 1870

THE other day a Boston youth applied at the Registrar's office for a "recipe" to get married. He received a certificate, and departed rejoicing.

THE British Government has applied for particular information in regard to the American system of educating the deaf and dumb.

A VOLUNTEER at Wimbledon, shooting for the Queen's prize the other day, made the remarkable score of five consecutive bull's eyes in five shots at two hundred yards.

INCLUDING Sundays Russia has 163 holidays, leaving only 202 working days in the year. The average compensation of workingmen is sixty-five cents for the working days.

JOHN BIDWELL, ex-Congressman from California, has 75,000 grape vines, and proposes to keep on planting until he has a vineyard of 2,000 acres, of a variety for the production of raisins.

A YOUTHFUL Connecticut lover who sang and played before his young lady's house for two mortal hours the other night, was electrified after a short pause by a cordial "Thank you" gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow," who appeared at the window.

TYING a line, on the end of which is a fish-hook, to a large rocket, hitching the hook to a man's hat and then getting him to fire off the rocket, is the latest form of practical joking in Troy, N. Y. It works to the intense astonishment of the victim, and the intense amusement of the jokers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune* has noticed lately that the cabbage butterfly (*Pieris rapæ*) has an inveterate enemy in a bird that closely resembles the king bird. They perch on the garden fence, and the moment a butterfly is seen, a rush is made, and it is soon disposed of.

THE London *Milk Journal* says: "In England, the system of associated dairies steadily gains ground, and butter factories on this principle are being opened. The quality also of the butter is steadily improving, and bids fair to rival that produced in Holstein and Mechlenburg, which now stands first in that market."

FROM an abstract of the census returns of 1870, we have some interesting facts concerning sun-strokes. The number of fatal cases that year was 397. Geographically the belt of central States was the most fatal region. From this it will be seen that cases of sun-stroke are comparatively rare in the Western and Southern sections of the country.

A STEAM street car has been running successfully in New Orleans for three months. The engine is double cylinder, five inches in diameter and seven-inch stroke. The attached tank contains 300 gallons of water. The car travels nine miles, and a simple valve proves as effective as the ordinary street car brake. There is no escape of steam and no noise. The inventor's name is E. Lamm.

IN the great contest on the Saratoga race-course between Longfellow and Harry Bassett it appears that the race was won by one of the most singular accidents that ever occurred on a race-course. In the midst of the course Longfellow was seen to falter somewhat, yet reached the goal but a little behind the successful horse in the fastest known race. Examination showed that the shoe-plate of Longfellow had broken in half, and curving up during the race, had buried itself in his foot.

"HAY FEVER," so called, has not generally been recognized by physicians as a separate disease, but a recent writer on the subject seems to have established its individual identity. "Autumnal catarrh" is the scientific term given to the disease No cure has been found for it; but it has been observed that there are many places where the disease is not contracted, and where it disappears from those suffering with it in a few days. Most of the White Mountain and the Adirondack regions are free from it, nor is it known in Germany and France.

ONCE on a time, at the funeral of a wife, the undertaker arranged for the husband and mother-in-law to ride in the same carriage. "Must I," said the broken-hearted man—"must I ride with that awful woman?" "I think you will have to," answered the undertaker. "Oh, Mr. Undertaker, how can I ride with that dreadful woman?" "It will disturb every carriage of the procession to make a change," said the man of business, "and you must ride here." "Well, if I must, I must," said the stricken man, "but to ride with her destroys all my pleasure on this occasion."

THERE seems to be no idea of cessation in the rebuilding of Chicago. In the month of June 137 permits were issued, and during the month of July this number was increased to 142. Already there have been 10 permits issued in August, which is a pretty good starter. The total number of permits issued by the Board since February 21, the time when the ordinance went into effect, is as follows: In February, 44; March, 129; April, 206; May, 120; June 137; July 142; August 1, 10. Total 779. Of this number nearly 200 are either stone or marble fronts, while the others, with but few exceptions, are built of brick—*Chicago Times, August 3.*

PROF. TYNDALL argues against the commonly-taught notion that man requires absolutely pure air and water. Chemically pure air—air that is without a trace of ammonia, carbonic acid, or water—is, he says, not to be found, and the one thing certain about it is, that if it were no one could live in it. Neither is pure water ever found in nature; and observation of the habits of the whole animal creation, including man himself, tends to show that pure water is not necessary, nor even demonstrably desirable. Every sunbeam which enters a darkened room shows how thick with solid impurities is the air which man breathes—yet no one on that account fears to breathe it; the same thing holds true in regard to water, but this need not necessarily make any one afraid to drink it. Not all foreign matters, nor even all foreign organic matters, are of necessity unwholesome; and the votaries of strict science too often represent man as a being who must submit the world to a series of severe chemical operation before it is fit for him to live in.

NOMENCLATURE.

OUR names are part of ourselves. They were settled on us long before recollection, and have always belonged to us. They come through our parents from long lines of ancestry, and seem, through the vista of descent, to belong to the eternal fitness of things. And yet, in many instances, they have their origin in the occupation or other accident of him who first bore the patronymic. Names are the keys of family history, unlocking for us the secrets of ancestral lineage. Bestowed in the early dawn of society, they were taken either from trade and occupation, or from localities; from characteristics of mind or body; from hero-worship; from the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdom; from war or peace, or from some one of the many thousand causes which attach themselves to the personality of the human race. Trades and occupations have given a name to more of the inhabitants of the earth than any other cause; perhaps more than all other causes put together—as, for example, the innumerable Smith family.

An honorable calling is that of the smith; he was the leading workman of his tribe, when early genius first suggested the sharpening of a flint arrow-head, or tried to construct a weapon out of metal. That Smith founded more families than any other man that ever lived. It was trade, too, that first gave name to our Taylors, our Carpenters, our Bakers and Masons, our Brewers, Sawyers, and Coopers, our Wrights, Barbers, Chandlers, Butlers, Carriers, Boardmans, Slaters, Chapmans, Poundstones, Braziers, Brewsters, Bankers, Clothiers, Couriers, Binders, Cutlers, Arkwrights, Bootmans, Sawins, Cutters, Carters, Cartwrights, Colliers, Curriers, etc.

Rightly to understand the individuality of names, we should study their record in the Directory. The New York Directory of last year contains the names of two thousand and fifty-nine Smiths, five hundred and thirty Scmidts, and over one hundred Smyths, Smythes, etc., all connected by relationship somewhere this side of Adam—probably, indeed, this side of Noah. One hundred and fifty nine of these residents of our cosmopolitan city are John Smiths; and we hardly envy the letter-carrier who has to distinguish John Smith the seventeenth from John Smith the one hundredth and fifty-eighth. What is he to do with a letter directed to "Mr. John Smith, New York, N. Y.?" Is he to run the gamut of the whole hundred and fifty-nine till the right man is found? And what tales and secrets those miscarried letters must tell! To be sure, they are all about the Smith family, and therefore every Smith reader is interested in hushing them up. We all remember the case of the gentleman who came too late to the Broadway Theatre to find a vacant seat. Looking round for an instant upon the crowded house before him, he quietly exclaimed: "Mr. Smith's house is on fire!" There was a great rush from that pit, and the gentleman had a large number of vacant seats to choose from.

But "Smitheries" abound elsewhere than in America. It is but a few years since that a bet was laid in London that no Old Bailey session had passed two years without the trial and condemnation of John Smith. And, alas for the family name! the records of the court were searched, and the bet was won. In England, every seventy-third person one meets is a Smith; and it is estimated that two hundred and fifty-three thousand persons in the mother-country are so called. And should some humble Debrett trace back their lineage to its hidden source, that name would be found in every instance to be struck out from the sparks of a smithy.

Next to the Smith family come the Joneses. St John has given more Christian names to Christian babes than all the other Evangelists. And John's son naturally takes the patronymic of either Johnson, or Jones, or Johns. Over two hundred and forty thousand persons in England bear the name of Jones, besides the numerous families of their first cousins, the Johns and the Johnsons. A host of surnames are derived from Christian names, such as the Wiliamses, the Wilsons, the Williamsons, the Thomases, and the Thompsons, the Jameses, and the Jamesons. Generally the patronymic bears the father's name; but sometimes the mother transmits the name of Nel's son.

Time and habit have great influence in softening the harsh ideas under which our ancestry first assumed their titles; and a foreign language often elevates democratic origin into most aristocratic society. The Male-branches of England would decidedly object to being known as the Badarms. Many a fair reader of "Ivanhoe" would find her cultured taste shocked by the conversion of Front-de-Bœuf into Bullock's-head. The celebrated engineer Todleben would thus be anglicised into Mr. Death-in-life; a pertinent name, by-the-way, for one who sent such slaughter into French and English ranks. Notwithstanding what Shakspeare says, a rose often does smell sweeter to its possessor than if its name had vulgar associations. Thus the aristocratic Foljambes would decidedly object into having their young ladies Saxonized into the Miss Badlegs.

All history tells us that the early dwellers upon earth erected their tenements on the shores of lakes, along the banks of rivers, or close by the sea, whence so much of their food was drawn. A fortunate piscator would naturally bear the name of his finny prey. And so we have the numerous Fish families, at the head of whom may be put the father of our Secretary of State, Preserved Fish, Fisher, Hook, Bate, Bateman, Sholes, Dolphin, Thrasher, Eels, Conger, Salmon, Hake, Bass, Codman, Pike, Roach, Rotch, Place, Whiting, Herring, Mullet, Ray, Lamprey, Pollock. Haddock, Trout, Roe, Spratt, Chubb, Turtle, Finney, Cockle, and Crabb, all of them good old English names.

There are fashions in names as in all earthly things. In Cromwell's time, Puritanism weighed very heavily on the tender babes brought to the baptismal font. Hume gives us the names of a jury in the following age, among whom we find Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Kill-sin Pimple, Fly-debate Roberts, Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, More fruit Fowler, Sleep-not Billings, and many other such biblical worthies. These names indicate the wishes of the parents rather than the piety of the children. And we are not aware that the Parsons, the Priests, the Christians, Deacons, Creeds, Churches, or Devotions, have any better children than have the Hoggs, the Hams, the Bawns, the Clays, the Mudds, or the Nettles. A member of Congress rejoices in the name of Godlove, but is scarcely more pious than his Congressional fellow-sinners. Isaiah, Daniel, Jeremiah, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, are often bad boys, but their sisters Divine, Faith, Hope, Charity and Love, are not much better.

Till they reach their majority, poor mortals have no responsibility for their names; that matter is settled by the fond mother at baptism. But when able to reach twenty-one and the Legislature, it is their own fault if they retain the name of infancy. In his amusing account of Suffolk surnames, Bowditch tells us that, in 1810, Pepper Mixer, Esq., was permitted to change his mixed address. Soon after Mr. Whitefoot dropped his foot In 1848, a whole family of Vests divested themselves of their old name. In 1850, Thomas Jest decided to jest no longer. A distinguished lawyer of Middlesex County, in Massachusetts, named Burnside, disliking his Christian name, applied for leave to change it. Unfortunately, he wrote a bad hand, and so the clerk of the Great and General Court thought he also petitioned to change his last name into Bumside. The Legislature granted the petition as the clerk read it, and, when the law passed, the gentleman woke up to the fact that he was Mr. Bumside. For one year, and until the Legislature met anew, did that name cling to him; and then, by dint of writing a plain hand, he was legislated into his old patronymic.

Great names sometimes come to an ignoble destiny. George Washington has lately been sent to the Georgia State Prison, where Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster were already confined. In December, 1869, Henry Wilson was arrested for selling liquor without a license. Napoleon Bonaparte has but lately received his just sentence of imprisonment for life in an American jail. And surely among great names may be included the late Mrs. Knox, of Boston, whose first name was Aldiborontiphoskiphorbia. But this lady always signed herself "A. Knox."

In the Yale College catalogue, of thirty years ago, we were amused with a student's name of Spear, to whom a poetical father had given the Christian name of William Shake. And Dickens tells us that his well-known epithet of Boz originated in a playful application to his younger brother of the name of Moses, from the Moses of "The Vicar of Wakefield." First, it was Moses, then Boses, and finally and forever Boz.

As we turn from the name of the individual to that of the locality, we find the same general rule that early circumstances always embody themselves in the designation. The name of the town will generally unlock to us its early history. We might be sure, even if the New England historian did not inform us of the fact, that our Massachusetts Boston was settled by those who once lived in St. Botolph's town, in England; that the earliest citizens of bewitched Salem were those Puritanic forefathers of ours who came hither saying, "Let us have peace;" that our oldest seat of learning received its name from Cambridge in England; and that that place in its turn lifts its scholarly towers where a bridge spans the Cam. But as this country expands and grows older, we find a great paucity of original names; first settlers are not usually persons of much mental culture.

The number of immortality-seeking real-estate owners, who would project themselves on to posterity by weighing down whole communities with their baptismal ugliness, is unfortunately very great. Over sixteen hundred post office villages in the United States wilfully terminate their names with ville, from Abbeville, of which there are five, as well as one Abbeyville, through Grubville in Missouri, to Gillville in Alabama, and Zionsville in Indiana. And, in the year of grace 1869, Strong Pepper, Esq., decreed that the village around his residence should bear the name of Pepperville.

Five towns rejoice in the name of Napoleon. Our Catholic proclivities are shown by the fact that one hundred and seventy-four villages commence their names with the title of Saint; three hundred and thirty-seven begin with Mount. We have spoken of that early home of our Puritan fathers in Massachusetts, the town of Salem; thirty-one other towns or villages bare the same peaceful designation, including three Salem Centres, a Salem Chapel, Salem Church, and Salem X Roads. Since the Mexican War, twelve Buena Vistas have sprung into existence; since the rebellion, one Greenback, in Arkansas. There are two Greeleys, to ten Enterprises. One hundred and ninety-two towns verdantly begin with Green, of which twenty-five are Greenvilles; thirteen, Greenfields; eight, Greenlands; a Greenup and a Greentree. North Carolina has its Lone Lady; New Jersey, its Long-a-coming, and Illinois, its Endor, without a witch. Adam is represented among his American posterity by twenty-nine towns; while the more popular John Smith has sixty-three villages that bear his name in some shape. The paternity of the nomenclature of the towns and villages in the United States is a fruitful and suggestive study; but, unfortunately, endless.—*Wm. R. Hooper, in Appleton's Journal.*

The First Carpet.

I WAS once very much amused at an anecdote an old preacher told of himself. It occurred some sixty or seventy years ago. He had been raised in the backwoods and knew but little of the ways of the world. Having been admitted into Conference he was sent to a circuit, and upon a certain occasion was invited to dine with a wealthy man.

Carpets were not near so common then as they are now. Most people had their floors scoured very clean, and nice, white sand sprinkled over them. Sometimes an extra touch was given the floor by sprinkling black sand about in streaks and figures over the white.

This wealthy man with whom the young preacher was to dine, however, had a carpet, but it was not large enough to cover the floor, so there was a naked place all round the room about the width of a chair.

It was the first carpet the preacher had ever seen, and he thought it would not do to step on it, so he took a seat near the wall and drew his feet around on each side of his chair so as not to touch it.

After a while a servant came in, and spreading down a piece of linen in the middle of the room, placed the dining table on it and began to set it.

The preacher was greatly troubled; he did not know how he was to get from the naked place where he sat to the piece of linen on which the table stood. He knew he could easily jump it if he had a fair chance; but how was he to manage with the chair between his feet he did not know. But then the thing must be done some way; so when dinner was announced he arose from his chair, and summoning all his energies he made a desperate leap, and to his great joy made the trip in safety.—*Pacific Methodist.*

A NEW YORK dispatch says: "The health officers are making most vigorous preparations to provide for the arrival of any ships with cholera on board, the scourge having reached the Baltic Sea, between which and this country there is a heavy passenger trade, and a large Polish immigration. Thirteen steam vessels ply between New York and the Baltic. It is assumed to be a well established fact now that cholera spreads by personal contact and follows lines of travel, so the health authorities here will resist the disease by every possible means. At the quarantine plans have been so matured that if a ship should arrive to-morrow with 500 cases of cholera on board, the hospital operations would be prompt and ample. The health officer expects cholera cases among immigrants, but is confident the disease can be arrested in the Lower Bay."

SOMEBODY has figured up the progeny of a common house-fly for a single season at 2,080,320.

Youths' Department.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—*The Independent.*

TROT'S AQUARIUM.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Trot seems more like the name of a dog than of a bright rosy boy, yet Mrs. Tinker's little son's name was Trot. It was quite a good name for any one who ran about as much as he did, and this was the way he obtained it:

When he was a baby-boy, his mother used to ride him on her knee and sing this little verse:

"The ladies they ride, so pretty, so pretty, so pretty,
The gentlemen ride faster, faster, faster;
The little boys ride trot, trot, trot, trot, trot."

Suiting the motion to the song, the baby-boy would listen, and then cry:

"I'm Trot, I'm a little boy."

And so he began to be called Trot, and as he grew older his father and mother kept it up.

Trot had no brothers or sisters, and wanting something to play with, was fond of pets, and always had a bird, or cat, or dog. A cousin who lived in the country remembered this trait of Trot's, and sent him for a Christmas present a little eel, about half as long as a shoe-string, and a dace, a tiny brown fish with a lighter stripe down each side of his body like regimentals. These little fellows came from a fresh stream in the field, and were lively and graceful, swimming about in the clear water.

Mrs. Tinker found a large glass globe on the top shelf of the closet, and putting bright shells and red and white coral in the bottom, she filled it with water, and placed the fish in it. Trot was perfectly delighted, and when she bought a gold fish and put it with the others, he was the happiest boy one could see in many a day. His mother helped him to take care of them, the only thing which was necessary being to change the water once in a day or two, and feed them very small bits of raw meat, like pin points, once a week.

Trot named the dace Brownie, the gold fish Goldy, and the eel Snaks, and spent his leisure time looking at them. Goldy would flash through the water swiftly like a beam of light, even disturbing the level surface with his tail. Hither and thither, up and down, lowering and raising the broad fin on his back, and moving the small side ones like oars.

Brownie was much quieter, often hiding under a spray of coral, and when he swam, gliding quickly in zig zags from the top to the bottom of the globe. You could hardly see him open his mouth, while Goldy kept his in motion as if he was sucking in all he could find from the water. When they were fed it was pretty to see them pounce on the meat, and when they had enough they would spit out a piece, and then Mrs. Tinker would say:

"There, Trot, don't give them any more for fear it makes them sick."

Snaks hardly ever came out where he could be seen, but lived mostly in the piece of red coral. That had holes in it, and Snaks would lie through it with his head out one of the doors, as Trot called the holes, as if he lived in a cave under the water. If he saw any one looking at him he would draw in and hide, and very seldom came out to swim on the top of the water, though when he did, his swiftness was wonderful, curving about like a brown snake. Trot's fish were a great pleasure to others as well as to himself, and they were as well and as happy as possible.

When he had them for some time, his cousin Dick came to spend a few days with Mrs. Tinker. Trot was delighted at the prospect of having some one to play with him, and at first he and Dick had the pleasantest times in the world. After a day or two they had used up all the plays they both like, a and little disputes rose as to what "to do next." The fish had been shown to Dick at first, and he had admired them very much, and wished they were his, which Trot said could not be, because:

"I want them myself."

On one occasion, when they had desided to play the Battle of Bunker Hill with their tin soldiers, and the engagement was indefinitely postponed by both parties refusing to take command of the British forces, Dick suddenly jumped up, exclaiming:

"Oh, Snak's out!" and he ran to the globe.

There was Snaks sure enough, threading around on top of the water, his head a little raised, and his beady eyes as bright as could be.

"Oh, splendid! Is't he jolly!" cried Trot.

"I wish I could take him in my hand," said Dick.

"You couldn't hold him," said Trot. "I like Brownie best; see how tame he is!" and Trot put his finger in the water, and Brownie came to see if he could get anything to eat.

"There, you've frightened Snaks!" said Dick, pushing Trot.

"I don't care; they're mine," replied Trot, pushing up again.

"I think you might let me have a share in them," said Dick.

"I don't want to," replied Trot.

"Just let me feed them to-morrow," said Dick.

"No," replied Trot, pushing Dick roughly, for the boys were now elbowing each other "It's only once a week, and I want to do it myself."

"You always do it, and I'm going away pretty soon," said Dick, looking into Trot's face for a relenting. Seeing none, he put both his arms about the globe, saying, "Then you shan't see them"

"I will," said Trot, putting his arm over too; and they began to struggle for the globe.

It stood on a small table, and in the contest the boys pushed against the table so hard as to throw it over, and they, the table, globe, fish and water fell to the floor together.

"Oh! screamed Trot, jumping up, while Dick stood aghast at the disaster.

Mrs. Tinker had heard the fall and ran to see what was the matter. Trot had cut his finger on a piece of glass, and both of the boys were wet through. The globe was broken in many pieces, and the fish lay gasping on the floor.

Mrs. Tinker repaired the damages and cleared away the ruins as well as she could, and having heard how the accident happened, separated the boys for the afternoon. When they came in to supper, Trot ran to the basin where the fish had been placed to see how they fared. Brownie was floating on the top of the water with his back downward, quite dead. Trot went to bed in tears, but rose in the morning comforted with the thought that Goldie still remained. When he and Dick, now friends, went to see him, he also was on the top of the water, on his side, still and lustreless.

The boys were inconsolable all day. There was nothing left now but Snaks, and he was so thoroughly frightened, that he always stayed in the bottom among the coral.

"I wish I had shared them with you, Dick," said Trot. "Then we would have had them all; now Snaks is not good for anything."—*Christian Standard.*

Manners.

Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many a good boy and girl feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful and self-distrustful, the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling and acquire easy and graceful manners; that is to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching, so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous and agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly, at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere.

A coarse rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, when among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that were perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially good manners.

A Picture and a Picture-Dealer Sold.

THE Paris correspondent of the Boston *Globe* tells this story:

"Speaking of pictures, one of the neatest tricks I ever heard of was played off the other day on a dealer in objects of art. A gentleman examined his collection, bought a little ivory statuette and paid for it.

Then he said:

"'Please put it aside, and I will call for it; also be kind enough to take charge of this picture, handing him a canvas.

"Some time after he left a second gentleman made his appearance, examined a variety of articles, and at last uttered an exclamation of delight as his eye fell on the picture left in the dealer's charge by his cusomer.

"'And how much for that?' he asked.

"The dealer informed him that it was not for sale, and did not belong to him.

"'What a pity,' said the gentleman, 'I've fallen in love with it, and would give 5,000 francs for it, and 500 to you if you could procure it for me.' At the same time he slipped 500 francs into the dealer's hand and took his departure.

"The owner of the picture came back an hour afterward, and was asked if he would sell it.

"'I have no thought of doing so, he replied. 'And then, you would not pay its value. If I did sell it I should ask 4,000 francs for it; it's a perfect gem'

"After a little debating however, he did sell it, and departed carrying off 4 000 francs in his pocket, and the little statuette he had paid for.

"It is useless to add that the amateur never called for the picture, that it is still hanging in the dealer's shop, and that that unfortunate gentleman is out 3,500 francs."

The Deformities of Children.

NO CHILD is more tenderly loved than the unfortunate one, if the misfortune be blindness, or deafness, or physical malformation. The mother who could come to hate a child on account of his natural misfortunes would be a brute indeed. But few mothers reflect that the child's ill-temper, irreverence, or even graver faults are also the result of natural deformity, and that the child who is always under censure for bad qualities is in reality an object of pity. Not until the parent can be brought to see the matter in this light, can there be a right relation between parent and child. Temper is an inherited quality, and cannot be broken all at once. The child whose blood is poisoned by some ancestral taint, which may have lain dormant in the generation immediately preceding, needs the comfort and sympathy of father and mother, and gets the rebuffs only.

We knew a family in which the father, in spite of every restraining influence, died of intemperance, two sons perished from delirium tremens, and a third was an inebriate. There was one sober son; and a sister, a refined lady, confessed to her physician that she dared not take any prescription having alcohol in it, her appetite for it was so ungovernable Here was a clear case of hereditary dipsomania—the sufferers were objects for pity and care more than for reprehension. But unruly tempers and other unpleasant qualities are likewise inherited. We would not relieve any person from a sense of accountability for their failure to govern their passions; we are only reminding parents that the child with the most violent disposition deserves less reproach for a rebellious temper than one naturally more tractable. If you were blamed for not curing the child's fault, your excuse would be that you had done your best. How do you know that the child has not?

Ingrained traits can only be combatted with any success where they are combatted with infinite patience and kindness. That "grievous words stir up anger" is as true now as in Solomon's time, and as true when the grievous words are spoken by a parent as by a stranger. "But I cannot wink at the child's badness." Certainly not. That would be indolence. But you can show the child that you have a full appreciation of his misfortune, that you have a sympathy with his struggles and his difficulties. When you have done this, you have taken a grand step toward helping him out of his trouble

Nothing is of more importance, in dealing with a difficult child, than prompt praise of his earliest endeavor to overcome his fault Do not measure your commendation by his success but by his endeavor.

The selfish or indolent parent pities himself. "That child will kill me." "I have got to endure his temper year in and year out" Ah! yes; but what has he got to endure! If he live until he is a hundred there will be something left of the old battle yet. If you work for no higher motive than to relieve yourself of annoyance, you cannot succeed. But if you so develop the self-control of your child that he will have a permanent advantage in the lifelong warfare with his besetment, you have delivered him from a lifelong bondage.

Consider the patience of teachers in institutions for imbecile children. In some cases, weeks are spent in persuading a child to make one awkward mark with a piece of chalk. Reflect on the time spent in taking the successive steps that bring the drooling idiot up to the level of a man able to care for himself. And is not the victory worth the battle? Is not your patient endeavor to cure a moral defect rewarded by any measure of success, however small? Wherefore cheerfully take your share of the heavy burden of your child, and by bearing it bravely, help him to bear his lifelong load.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE Auburn (N. Y.) *Advertiser* gives an account of a big lift made for liberty by a convict at the State Prison. He was confined in an upper cell, next to the roof, which is composed of slabs of heavy stone, covered by solid grouting and masonry two feet thick. Having resolved to raise this roof, he extemporized two jack-screws of great power. Being employed in the axle shop he procured such tools as would answer his purpose. The large nuts used on the ends of the axles of express wagons served his purpose admirably. All things being ready on a recent Sunday morning he commenced the work of raising the roof. He had raised a slab of stone and the superincumbent mass of grouting about six inches, when he was discovered and an end put to further operations.

THE Germans are talking of celebrating the 2d of September, the anniversary of the capture of Sedan, as a day of national rejoicing.