THE TRIBUNE.

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A Persian Love Song.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray
They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

THE MUTINEERS.

"Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitudes of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose [illegible] it was to take the first look-outs [illegible] the morning. But the youngster [illegible] was in the fore to'gallant cross-trees passed in the foretop, and threw a rapid glance round the horizon.

"Sail on the weather bow!" he reported. "A boat with sail set, coming [illegible]."

[illegible] announcement caused a stir at [illegible] deck, and brought not only the [illegible] the watch below up. [illegible] important morning duty of [illegible] decks was suspended for [illegible] to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of a whale-boat alone [illegible] ocean, coming to board us [illegible] like the veritable [illegible] of equatorial neptune.

[illegible] more than a couple [illegible] when first discovered, [illegible] swiftly under the combined [illegible] and oars. The captain's [illegible]scope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had at least a full crew. We backed the main-topsail, and hove to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

"They've lowered for whales, and got lost from their ship," suggested one.

"Likely enough," returned another.

"The captain makes out *eight* men in her," said a coxswain, coming from aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.

"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea and some of her boats lost with her."

But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it and leaped on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the bark Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned and carried into execution, while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the bark down among the Marshall Islands and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bent.

"I have steered west-northwest, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should [illegible]e, about eighty miles. The New[illegible] when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due [illegible]st from us."

"[illegible]e below, and let's lay off your course [illegible] the chart. I don't know as I can do [illegible]thing for you, even if I should fall in [illegible] your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to [illegible] all sail on a wind. Nothing was [illegible] during the day, and at night we [illegible] back again. And the first gray [illegible]ning showed up the bark [illegible] once by Captain Watson [illegible] their own vessel—[illegible] course.

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tain. "That must be McGregor's object. There's isn't much tobacco on board and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces, when they came on deck and took the mates into their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The bark's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating.

"What bark is that?" asked Captain Ben, innocently, after he had given his own name.

"The Newcastle, of Sidney."

"Who commands her!"

"Watson," was the reply.

"One of our men had his leg broken yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I would like to get the service of your surgeon."

"Certainly. I'll come aboard, and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you to trade with you." And with a farewell wave of a trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under our lee, and then lowered his boat.

Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been sent adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would, of course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men from her crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.

The boat was veered astern by the warp, and the maintopsail filled on a wind, just as if we had made arrangements for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usages of whale-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.

McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the run for safe-keeping. After dark we hove to and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew; while a short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the bark, calling himself mate of her, was amused by the first comers with a story that his captain had made a bargain for a quantity of gunpowder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing, he invited his visitor below, to drink and enjoy himself awhile. Our men managed adroitly to engage the attention of those on deck, and the second boat was silently alongside in the darkness, before her approach had been observed by them.

The alarm was given by the cry "Boat ahoy!" but too late. As she touched the side, her crew sprang up to assist ours, forming a superior force, with all the advantages of surprise. McGregor's lieutenant was knocked down by our mate in the cabin; the few men who really had any heart in the mutiny were quickly disposed of; and in less than two minutes from the time the boat was hailed, the quarter-deck of the Newcastle was in possession of her former officers.

McGregor and the other principals in the revolt, still ironed, were carried to Sydney for trial. As our season was up, we kept company with Captain Watson, and made our port there, where we were liberally rewarded by the owners of the recaptured vessel for our share in the business.

A Lady's Chances of Being Married.

The statistician, and likewise the average woman all the way from fifteen years of age to the point when birthday anniversaries cease to be a time of cheer and gratulation, may take at least a passing interest in a table recently printed in England, to show the relations between matrimony and age. Every woman has some chance of being married; it may be one chance to fifty against it, or it may be ten to one that she will marry. But whatever that is, representing her entire chance at one hundred, her particular chance at certain defined points of her progress in time is found to be in the following ratios: When between fifteen and twenty years she has fourteen and a half per cent. of her whole probability; when between twenty and twenty-five [illegible] has fifty-two per cent.; between [illegible]ty-five and thirty, eighteen per [illegible] After this years she has lost [illegible] four and a half per cent. of her [illegible] but until thirty-five she has [illegible] and a half per cent. Between [illegible]ve and forty it is three and [illegible] per cent., and for each [illegible] five years respectively [illegible] half, one-eighth and one-[illegible] cent. [illegible] after sixty [illegible]th of one per cent. or one-[illegible] of her chances of [illegible]nce—[illegible]der figure, [illegible] is often [illegible] that age.

HAY-FEVER AND ITS CURE.

A Paper Read by Dr. Beard before the Public Health Association of Philadelphia.

Dr. Beard read a paper before the American Public Health Association of Philadelphia, on the subject of "Hay-Fever and its Cure." The doctor began his investigations on this subject by preparing a "circular of inquiry," which he sent all over the country—to persons suffering from the disease, to physicians, to scientific persons, and in fact to all who could aid him in his researches upon this subject. From the information thus obtained he arrived at the conclusions embodied in his paper, of which the following is a synopsis:

Hay fever is a complex and not a simple disease, as has been generally understood. The first element of the disease is a nervo-bilious temperament, or, at least, a temperament in which the nervous element predominates. Hay-fever patients are the class of patients subject to other nervous diseases. The second factor in this disease is heat following cold. The heat of hot climates does not seem to act as a cause, but the heat of temperate climates following the cold weather. The disease is found only in that belt where there are extremes of temperature. Third—Various exciting causes, over twenty or more in number, such as perfume of flowers, dust, in-door and out-door, fresh hay, old hay, bright sunlight, gaslight, close confined air, smoke, cinders, hulling of corn, Roman wormwood, sneeze-weed, over-exertion, etc. In order to get up a case of hay-fever two of these three factors, certainly the first two, are necessary. The exciting causes are named under the third head. and have been regarded as the disease, hence the name hay-fever, peach-cold, rose-cold, etc. One might as well call a sick-headache a sausage-headache, because it may be at times caused by eating sausages. The majority of the patients afflicted with hay-fever who are reported to me are of American birth. Dr. Jacobi, of New York, whose experience and practice among the better class of Germans are very large, tells me that he has never known a case of hay-fever among Germans in this country. I suspect that among the foreign population not born in this country hay-fever is comparatively rare; just as among the same classes nervous disease of all kinds are comparatively rare.

After a person has once been attacked he seems to be for all his life liable to be again attacked. Now and then one may go over a year without the disease, but this is rare. Sometimes the disease increases in severity with years, and sometimes diminishes. A majority of my patients have tried the local application of the solution of quinine, as recommended by Helmholtz, and they report that it is little or no good. Among the regions which hay-fever patients visit with benefit, I may mention the White Mountains and the ocean everywhere, at least in cold climes; for those who take sea voyages almost never suffer while at sea, but may be attacked as soon as they land. A trip to Europe, the Adirondack region and the island of Mackinaw are very highly recommended by some. Dr. Dennison, of Denver, Colorado, sends me a pamphlet which reports that some cases of hay-fever have been cured by a residence in that locality. Like other nervous diseases, it is powerfully under the influence of the mind. The striking periodicity of the disease coming on as it does, in a certain case, at precisely the same day or hour, is probably the result in part of expectation of the patient that it will come then. The plan of treatment that I would suggest for hay-fever is as follows: First, to prevent the disease. As early as March or April the patient should begin to take a course of nerve tonic treatment. I would recommend it to be arsenic, phosphorus in its various forms, cod liver oil, iodoform and electricity, especially the methods of general galvanization and general faridization. When the disease appears the great dependence must be on local treatment, combined with general tonic treatment. Mr. friend, Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, of Providence, had a case this year, which he broke up by central galvanization. I relieved decidedly one case and somewhat relieved another by local galvanization externally. The remedies should be used thoroughly. The great trouble with those who galvanize themselves is that they do not completely and thoroughly bring the remedies to act upon all the sinuous and tortuous lining membrane of the nasal passages.

Plants.

It is well known that plants sleep at night; but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be woke up and crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. De Candolle subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours; exposing it to a bright light all night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed at first; it opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes waking up from force of habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But, after an obvious struggle the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night without any apparent ill effects.

The President and the Horse Dealer.

Among the enterprising citizens who contributed to the St. Louis State fair was Mr. Dillon, who is a dealer in Norman horses. Mr. Dillon has recently imported a number of these animals from Europe, and had a "six-in-hand" attached to a ponderous vehicle on the fair grounds. Driving around the course, the horse fancier met old Sam Buckmaster, of Illinois, and induced him to accept a seat in the caravan. They drove several times around the track, and were the observed of all observers, but finally Mr. Buckmaster, seeing two gentlemen approaching, said: "There comes the President; I must get out and meet him."

"The President!" exclaimed Dillon; "why, that is just the man I want to see. I wanted to get hold of a man that is a good judge of horseflesh. Which is the President?"

"The gentleman in dark clothes carrying the umbrella," replied Sam.

"Hallo!" cried Dillon to the stranger; "come here; I want to see you."

The gentleman with the umbrella approached smilingly and shook Dillon by the hand, supposing that he was some acquaintance of other times.

"What do you think of my team?" said Dillon.

"They do very well," said the man in dark clothes.

"Jump in and let me show you their pace. Bring your friends along," shouted Dillon, heartily.

"You must excuse me. I don't want to be conspicuous," said the stranger.

"Conspicuous?" remarked Dillon. "Get in here and let me give you a ride behind these horses."

"No—no," cried he of the umbrella; "I must be going."

"Why don't you get in? I won't eat you!" said the horse fancier.

At this the stranger and the friend turned abruptly away, and were lost in the crowd.

"Well," exclaimed Dillon to Buckmaster, who stood by dumbfounded, "Just to think that the president of a one-horse Missouri fair refused to ride behind my team. What a sop he must be."

"President of the fair!" Buckmaster shouted in amaze; "don't you know who that was?"

"No," replied Dillon; "you told me he was the President."

"So he is the President," rejoined Buckmaster, "but not of the fair. Why, surely you knew him?"

"I'll be hanged if I did," Dillon said. "I was sure he was president of this fair."

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Sam. "Why, that was the President of the United States!"

Dillon grew very red in the face, and slowly gasped forth: "Was—that—Grant?"

"Certainly, it was Gen. Grant."

Dillon caught up his reins, dropped his whip and exclaimed, "Oh?"

A Clean Apron.

A lady wanted a trusty little maid to come and help her to take charge of a baby. Nobody could recommend one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of a girl. One day she was passing through a by-lane and saw a little girl with a clean apron holding a baby in the doorway of a small house. "That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked for her mother. "Mother has gone out to work," answered the girl. "Father is dead, and now mother has to do everything." "Should you not like to come and live with me?" asked the lady. "I should like to help mother somehow," said the little maid. The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the little girl, went to see her mother after she came home, and the end of it was that the lady took the maid to live with her, and she found—what, indeed, she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits, she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps her mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron;" and who will say that it was not a good one?

A Curious Character.

A singular trial has just been concluded in New Haven, Conn. The suit was brought by a farmer against his hired man, who claimed an offset to more than the amount of the plaintiff's claim. The plaintiff, some time ago, having lost his record books, made notes of his business transactions on separate sheets of paper, which he deposited as fancy inclined him. Sometimes they would be placed beneath the carpet, sometimes behind desks and doors, and wherever their secrecy was supposed to be unquestioned. Nearly all these papers the plaintiff brought into court to sustain his claim. There were such queer items as this: The hired man did something in opposition to the wish of his employer, the plaintiff, or pushed him hard against a door, injuring his feelings thereby. For some of these episodes the hired man was charged forty cents. For being "liquory" another charge was entered, and for falling down stairs, and thereby shocking the [illegible] his amount was asked. [illegible] hired man did not pay these [illegible] and thought he ought to be paid [illegible] certain amount for labor he performed, the suit was brought.

Clothing for Cold Weather.

The usual dress is sufficient quantity, and often good in quality, but it is very badly distributed. There is too much about the trunk, and too little about the lower extremities. If one quarter of the heavy woolen overcoat or shawl were taken from the trunk, and wrapped about the legs, it would prove a great gain. When we men ride in the cars, or in the sleighs, where do we suffer? About the legs and feet! When women suffer from the cold, where is it? About the legs and feet!

The legs and feet are down near the floor, where the cold currents of air move. The air is so cold near the floor that all prudent mothers say, "Don't lie there. Peter; get up, Jerusha Ann; play; play on the sofa; you will take your death cold lying there on the floor." And they are quite right.

During the damp and cold season, the legs should be encased in *very thick* knit woolen drawers, the feet in thick woolen stockings (which must be changed every day,) and the shoe soles must be as broad as the feet when fully spread, so that the blood shall have free passage. If the feet are squeezed in the least, the circulation is checked, and coldness is inevitable. This free circulation cannot be secured by a loose upper with a narrow sole. If when the foot stands naked on a sheet of paper it measures three and a half inches, the sole must measure three and a half.

I will suppose, says Dio Lewis, you have done all this faithfully, and yet your feet and legs are cold. Now add more woolen, or if you are to travel much in the cars, or in a sleigh, procure a pair of chamois-skin or wash-leather drawers, which I have found to be most satisfactory.

I have known a number of ladies afflicted with hot and aching head, and other evidence of congestion about the upper parts, who were completely relieved by a pair of chamois-skin drawers and broad-soled shoes. Three ladies in every four suffer from some congestion in the upper part of the body. It is felt in a fullness of the head, in sore throat, in palpitation of the heart, torpid liver, and in many other ways. It is well known that a hot foot-bath will relieve for the time being any and all of these difficulties. This bath draws the blood into the legs and feet, relieving the congestion above. What the hot foot-bath does for an hour, the broad soled shoes with thick woolen stockings, and a pair of flannel drawers, with a pair of wash-leather drawers added, will do permanently; of course I am speaking of cold weather. No one hesitates to multiply the clothing about the trunk. Why hesitate to increase the clothing about the legs? As a preventive of many common affections about the chest, throat and head, including nasal catarrh, I know nothing so effective as the dress of the lower extremities which I am advocating.

The bath is a good thing, exercise is a good thing, friction is a good thing, but, after all, our main dependence in this climate must ever be, during the cold reason, *warm clothing*. Already we overdo this about our trunks, but not one person in ten wears clothing enough about the legs and feet.

The Exact Truth.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

"His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"O," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and I have no intention of doing so."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

Tell, act and live the exact truth always.

ENGLISH ARMY.—Last year 743 soldiers were sentenced for desertion from the British army. Some of the reasons given for desertion by the men are curious. Forty-seven were annoyed by comrades or harshly treated by non-commissioned officers and others; forty-four married without leave, or had love affairs; eighty-seven were led astray by drink, or deserted from dislike to the army; eighty-one were persuaded by comrades or bad company; sixty-four alleged refusal of absence as the cause; [illegible] twenty-nine deserted [illegible] better [illegible] thirty went on [illegible] sprees [illegible] forty-three were free of the army, eighteen [illegible] eighteen [illegible] twenty-two have no [illegible]

Items of Interest.

At Salisbury, N. H., Master Cushon, aged fifteen, killed Master Couch, aged fifteen, with a club.

A society for the introduction of temperance literature in the public schools has been formed in Chicago.

The sale of onions has largely increased in Maine, those who would like alcohol if they could get it being, according to one theory, the purchasers.

In October the affectionate husband weeps to see his wife skip about the house flourishing a duster, and to hear her shriek in accents wild, "Kill him! There's another moth miller!"

A good meal, it is said, is served in a restaurant in the Rue de Trinite, Paris, for nine cents. The *menu* comprises a plate of meat, a plate of vegetables, dessert, and half a bottle of wine.

A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whisky got into the gutter. After floundering for some time one of them said, "Let's go to another house; this hotel leaks."

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

Thirty Chinese boys have just arrived in Springfield, Mass, to be thence sent to various schools in that State and Connecticut for education. They brought their wardrobes and trinkets in great bamboo chests.

The lifting power of plants is well illustrated by an oak tree in South Hadley, Mass. A rock had a seam in it, and a fibrous root from the oak crept into the seam, grew and lifted the rock, weighing over a ton, to a height of one foot.

A Western man set fire to the prairie for fun, but after he ran seven miles and climbed a tree, with his pants about all burned off, he concluded the sport was a little too violent exercise to be indulged in oftener than once in a lifetime.

Good advice. When you use a postal card, always write the address the first thing. Tons of postal cards without any address are destroyed in the Dead Letter Office, because people write their message first and then forget to address the card.

A bashful young man mortally offended the bride of his most intimate friend by stammering, when taken aback by a request for a toast at the wedding supper: "Tom, my f-fr-friend, may you have a wedding once a year as long as you live."

A pistol to be used by Marietta Ravel in a play at a Troy theatre was loaded with a decidedly realistic bullet. A boy had been rat hunting with the fire-arm, and had left in a deadly charge. The discovery was made just in time, probably, to save the life of an actor.

Nineteen years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his young daughter go to a candy-pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the wagon, and entered the house and took charge of things as coolly as if she hadn't been gone over a day.

Excellent paper pillows may be made of old letters—the stiffer the paper the better. Newspapers will not do. The paper should be cut into strips and rolled round an ivory knitting needle; it is then almost like a spring, and makes a much better cushion than the torn paper, being more elastic.

The Slave Trade.

It is not alone piety which prompts thousands of Mohammedan merchants annually to join the pilgrims marching to Mecca. The charm of a profitable bargain is not unknown to these apparently righteous wanderers, and they are by no means overscrupulous as to the manner in which they gain their money. While the more devout shed their tears and say their prayers at the shrine of the Prophet, those who have an eye to business capture slaves wherever they can, in the regions of Africa through which they pass, and sell them within the Dominions of the Sultan of Morocco, who takes one slave in twenty as his tribute. This trade, which is carried on within a few leagues of the French settlements in Algeria, is said to be by far the most lucrative indulged in by the caravans. Three thousand slaves are annually brought down from the Soudan, and not even the powdered gold, the incense, the precious stones, the indigo, or the rhinoceros horns, which the caravans sometimes get in Central Africa, are sought for with half the eagerness displayed in slave-hunting.

A Rich Church.

The salaries of twenty-eight prelates of the Established Church of England amount to £152,900 a year, or nearly eight hundred thousand dollars; but to this you must add £38,000 for as many deans. The annual patronage attached to these twenty-eight dioceses is valued at £901,165. This patronage includes canons re ident, archdeacons, and other clerical snuggeries. The value of the real estate of the Established Church of England may be estimated from its revenue, which at its lowest [illegible] £7,000,000, or thirty-five million dollars annually. The Established Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) owns 1,250 churches, educates 130,000 scholars, and raises £140,000 annually for home [illegible] purposes. [illegible]