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Godinette's Lesson.

Godinette, the sly young beauty,
Used to hear her grandam state
That it was the Christian duty
Never to retaliate.
"Though," she'd say, "the world should spite thee,
Be of meekness not bereft:
If one on the right cheek smite thee,
Straightway turn to him the left,"
In such wise the pious lesson
She'd impress on
Godinette,
And the beauty promised never to forget.

Godinette ran home one morning,
Rosy-cheek'd her grandam sought,
Saying "I recall'd your warning,
And have acted as you taught.
Jaquot kiss'd me by the gateway,
But I ne'er avenged the theft,
As it was the right cheek straightway
I into him turn'd the left."
'Twas well done: no man could stop her
In this proper
Sort of deed,
And she found her grandam's counsel well succeed.

Life and Time.

Life is so cheap and yet so dear
We prize it, but we scorn it too,
And plod our round from year to year
With little or to hope or do;
Each day brings fretful cares and coil,
And sorrows come and joys depart,
And we grow old with weary toil,
Or else from listlessness of heart.—
What matters which? what matters how?
Time heedeth not our fitful moods,
But stamps its signet on our brow
In city life or solitudes;
And we grow old; yet scarcely feel
The incessant whirling of the wheel,
Nor heed the traces that declare
We are not new what once we were;
The world has worn us to its ways:
"Do this," it says, and we obey;
There is no freedom in our praise
And little courage left to pray.

At moments with a sudden pain
We gasp and cry for youth again,
And wonder where the joy has gone,
Which we were wont to feel upon;
When Love with Life walked hand in hand,
When 'twas a boundless bliss to dare
The mighty peaks that guard the land
Where wisdom dwells serenely fair,—
Dear Heaven! how strong and rich we were,—
For joy breeds strength, and hope gives power,
And knowledge is the young man's dower,
And youthful dreams are fair domains,
And happy thoughts are golden gains.

The dreams are gone, the rapture past,
Each year moves calmly like the last,
The sea that foamed with deafning roar
Creeps laggard-like along the shore,—
We tread the footsteps of our sires
With petty aims and mean desires,
And idly act our little part
Like puppets fashioned for a show;—
Teach us, O Lord! how great Thou art,
That we our greatness, too, may know.

THE MATCHLIGHTER OF ADRIAN.

The sun had not yet attained its meridian height above the bare and rugged mountains of Zacatecas, when a man in the garb of a Mexican miner descended slowly down a narrow and tortuous path which wound along the side of a steep declivity.

Presently a wide covered basket became visible in this direction, with a small hand grasping it on one side. Then a pretty face, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, and two small ruddy lips, parted in a smile of pleasure and surprise, came into view. Then followed the erect and shapely figure to which the pretty face belonged, gayly attired, as became a miner's wife.

"*Buhoruhuena*—in good time, Margarita," said the miner, showing his white teeth. "I am here before you."

"Yes, in good truth," replied the young woman, laughing; "and I was afraid all the time that I might be too early, and the tortillas and frijoles would get cold. But now they will be a dinner fit for a governor."

"How is it that you are so early to-day, Manuelito?" asked the female, who watched him with an affectionate smile, while he was thus satisfactorily engaged.

"Because, my little heart," replied the young man, "there is to be another blast to-day; and the *administrador* wishes to have it fired while the men are at dinner."

The smile instantly disappeared from Margarita's face.

"Santa Maria!" she exclaimed, "another blast! Oh, Manuel, how long do you mean to continue in this dreadful duty?"

"Until I can find a better, my life," replied the miner gayly. "Would you have me go back to my old employment of *barretero*—of simple miner—at six dollars a week, when here as *pegador*, as the sole and trusted matchlighter, I am earning sixteen?"

"Alas!" returned Margarita, "of what use will the money be, if it happen to you as to Pedro Bravo, only three months ago? Ah, I think I see the mangled body, as it was carried by our cottage, with poor Inesita crying over it. And then, there is Juan Valdez stone-blind now for five years. And old Anton, a cripple from his youth. Of what advantage was their high wages to them?"

"None, sweetheart," replied Manuel, because what they won by boldness and skill they lost by carelessness. If a man will persist in firing matches when his brain is muddled with *aguardiente*, he must expect to suffer for it. However, I shall not be a *pegador* always. In good time, if it please San Francisco, I shall be captain of a mine. And who knows but that one of these days I may be an *administrador*—an overseer—and a rich man, as well as others?"

"To be sure," replied Margarita, eagerly. "Why not you as well as Miguel Gomez—Don Miguel, forsooth, as he must be called now! And yet I remember him when he was only a poor *buscon*—a common mine hunter, and always in debt to my father for *aguardiente* and tobacco. Yet because he happened to light on a good vein, and sold it to the English company for ten thousand dollars, and was made overseer, he thinks himself now a great gentleman, and that everybody must give way to him."

"Poor Don Miguel!" said the miner laughing. "You are too hard upon our *administrador*, Margarita. First, you refuse his hand and heart, not to speak of his dollars; and then you abuse him behind his back." However, I think his time is up. The English director, Don Jayme, came this morning from Mexico and seems very much dissatisfied with the working of the mine. It is whispered among the men that the overseer is certain to lose his place."

"Ah, that is good news, indeed!" said Margarita, clapping her hands.

The young couple separated with many affectionate injunctions on the part of the wife, to which the miner laughingly promised a punctual attention.

In the great shed surrounding the pit, Manuel found the English director, Don Jayme, the overseer, Miguel Gomez, and several clerks, miners, porters, and mule-drivers. Don Jayme seemed to be in a bad humor, and the overseer looked black and sullen.

"*Buhozabuena*—in good time, my man," said the director. "We are all ready for you; and now let every one here be attentive to his duties. There has been too much carelessness heretofore, particularly in the blasting. Many complaints have been made among the townspeople and proprietors of the accidents which occur here. You, I am told, are a very quick-witted workman," he continued, addressing Manuel. "It is well that we have some on whom we can rely."

Gomez listened to this significant speech without venturing reply, but his swarthy face grew livid, and his eyes flashed with a baleful fire. Two horses, especially trained to the duty, were now attached to the machine by which the buckets were raised and lowered in the shaft. Manuel then placed upon his head a conical hat, having a socket on the top, which held a lighted candle. He took in one hand a small rope, of which the other end was held by the overseer, and by shaking which the matchlighter was to give the signal when he was ready to ascend. On the promptitude with which his ascent took place depended, of course, his safety from the effects of the explosion. Manuel now stepped into the bucket, which was slowly lowered down the shaft a distance of about a hundered yards. Two drivers, held the horses' heads, and waited in anxious silence for the signal from Gomez. All was still as death in the *galera*.

"Let go!" shouted the overseer.

The drivers loosened the heads of the horses, and the well-trained animals dashed off at once. In a minute the bucket rose to view—empty!

"Ba...! Down with it! For life! for life! exclaimed the director, stamping with impatience.

The men hastened to obey his orders, but before the bucket had descended a dozen yards the roar of the explosion smote upon their ears, and a cloud of smoke and dust was driven violently up the shaft. When it cleared away the faces of all present were seen to be pale with horror.

"You villian!" cried the director to Gomez; "what is the meaning of this?"

"Upon my life—as I am a Christian—the rope shook in my hands," replied Gomez, whose teeth chattered, and whose whole frame seemed to tremble with nervous agitation, while his eyes carefully avoided those of the director.

The latter did not waste another word upon him, but, seizing a shovel, he sprang into the bucket, along with two of the miners, and was quickly lowered down the shaft. Here they set about removing, as rapidly and carefully as possible, the pile of earth and stones with which the explosion had filled the botton of the shaft, not doubting that they should find the mangled remains of the poor matchlighter beneath them.

While they are thus engaged in a fruitless search, let us follow the actual course of Manuel's proceedings. He had just lighted the matches, and was on the point of stepping into the bucket, when it was suddenly drawn up. A conviction of the overseer's perfidy instantly flashed upon him, and with it a sense of the horror of his position. But Manuel was, as the director had said, a quick-witted fellow. He knew that the workmen employed in the shaft had, a few days before, come upon a small side-cut, or passage barely large enough to admit the body of a man, and that, on tracing it to its termination, it was found to lead to an immense chamber in the old mine of San Adrian. This famous mine, as is well known, was worked shortly after the conquest of Mexico, and, having yielded immense wealth to its proprietors, was abandoned, about the end of the sixteenth century, on account of the difficulty experienced in its drainage. The workmen who had explored the passage had reported that the chamber was nearly full of water, and was so large that the light of their candles did not penetrate to the further extremity. The recollection of this discovery now occurred to Manuel's mind, and seemed to offer him a chance of escape. Looking eagerly around, he observed the opening about three feet above his head; and gaining it by a desperate spring, he drew himself up by the hands, and plunged into the passage. Urged by the dread of the coming explosion, he rushed eagerly onward, and just as the roar of the blast filled his ears he fell headlong forward into a sheet of water, which spread about three feet below the extremity of the passage. He sank beneath the surface, and when he rose, confused and breathless, it was to find himself floating in utter darkness, without the slightest idea of the point by which he had entered and with hardly a chance of discovering the opening, which lay so high above the water. A more horrible situation can hardly be conceived. Still, even in this extremity, hope did not desert him. After some reflection, he fixed upon the direction in which he judged the passage to lie, and swam carefully towards it. He was soon convinced, by the space passed over, that he was mistaken in his judgment; but considering it better to keep on until he found the wall than to waste his strength in swimming about at random, he proceeded steadily forward for a distance, as he judged, of nearly two hundred yards. At length he encountered the wall which rose perpendicularly far above his head, as he found by the splash of the water which he threw against it. Coasting along it, and occasionally touching it with one hand, he advanced for about a hundred yards further, by which time his limbs were becoming stiff and benumbed in the ice-cold water, and his heart had almost failed him. But he was not destined to perish thus. He suddenly came upon a passage, the opening of which was a little lower than the surface of the water. It was evident from this fact, as well as from the size of the passage, that it could not be that by which he had entered. However, it offered him at least a respite from death, and he promptly availed himself of it. After sitting motionless for a time to recover from the exhaustion of his recent efforts, he rose and proceeded to explore the passage. It proved to be a sort of vaulted chamber, of about his own height, and just wide enough for him to touch its sides with his outstretched hands. A soul-cheering idea suddenly flashed upon his mind. There was a tradition of an ancient *socabon*, or adit, which had been driven at vast expense through the mountain, to effect the drainage of the old mine of San Adrian. When the mine was abandoned, the adit, of course, was no longer attended to; its external opening became closed up, and, in the space of more than two hundred years which had passed, its precise locality—indeed, everything but the mere fact of its existence—was forgotten. Manuel well remembered to have one day heard Don Jayme say to a Mexican gentleman, who accompanied him on a former visit to the mine, that he should consider the discovery of the old *socabon* an inestimable service, as it would, probably, save the company an immense expense for drainage in their new works.

The further the miner advanced the more assured he became of the truth of his supposition. The adit was—as from its situation it must necessarily be—of great length; and Manuel walked, as he supposed, nearly five hundred yards before reaching the extremity. The water all the way was just up to his ankles, and he thought he could perceive at times that it had a slight current in the direction in which he was going. The passage was closed, as he had anticipated, by a solid mass of earth and stones, which he at once set about removing. Making good use of his long knife, he worked indefatigably for more than an hour. At last he struck the roots of a tree, a circumstance which assured him that he was approaching the surface. The conviction gave him renewed strength. He cut with his knife, and dug with his torn and bleeding hands, until at length a lucky push loosened a large stone which was enclosed between two of the roots of the tree. It fell forward, and the bright rays of heaven poured in upon his dazzled and enchanted vision. He felt a thrill of delight, such as one entombed before his time might experience when the doors of his sepulchre flew outward, and gave him back once more to warmth and light. With a little additional labor he enlarged the aperture, until he was able to force himself through it. But what was his astonishment, when at length he stood under the open sky, to find that he was in the exact spot in which he had taken his noontide meal only a few hours before!

A moment's consideration cleared up the mystery. The fountain was no natural spring, but simply the place of exit for the waters which accummulated in the mine, and percolated through the mass of rocks, earth, and vegetation that closed the entrance of the adit. So exact, however, was its resemblance to an ordinary mountain spring, that this was, no doubt, the main cause of the locality of the old *socabon* having fallen into oblivion; since nobody, of course, dreamed of looking for it in the vicinity of a fountain. It was clear to the young miner that he had made a discovery of great importance to the company. With this thought in his mind, and eager to inform his friends of his wonderful escape he set out at once up the mountain.

Don Jayme, after laboring for nearly an hour in his useless search, and being excessively puzzled by the complete disappearance of the body, which he could in no plausible way account for, had left the task for further examination to the miners, and ascended the shaft in great perplexity. Presently a new cause of distress and anxiety came to disturb him. The news of the dreadful accident, as it was considered, had spread to the village of San Adrian, and reached at last poor Margarita. Hurrying in a frenzy of agonized excitement up the mountain, she suddenly presented herself before the director, as he was walking up and down the *galera*, with his hands behind him, in the true English style of moody meditation.

"Where is my husband—my Manuel?" she exclaimed, in a peremptory tone. Tell me, senor, for charity, where is my husband?"

"Dead! dead!" she exclaimed, as the director was silent, "and how did he die? Who killed him? It never was his own fault. No, Manuel was not a drunkard. My Manuel was not reckless. If he died, it was not by his own hand. Show me the murderer."

"My poor child," replied the director, "there is no murderer. There was carelessness, but no crime.

"Never tell me that, Don Jayme." "My Manuel was no sot, no madman, to throw away his life like Pedro Bravo. If he is dead, I accuse Miguel Gomez of his murder. There stands the villain—look in his face and judge. It was only a year ago, a little while before Manuel and I were married, that he offered the *cargador* Pedraza the post of captain of the gallery if he would come behind Manuel and push him off the Rinconada. Answer me, Juan Pedraza, before the great God who sees and hears us, is it not true?"

Juan Pedraza, a miserable looking man, with a face haggard from the effects of habitual intoxication, hung down his head, and made no reply. A gloomy silence ensued, which was at length broken by Don Jayme, who said:

"Gomez, this affair begins to look serious for you. I am not your judge, but it is my duty to see that the matter undergoes strict investigation. Perez—and you Francisco—I give the accused into your charge. See that he does not escape, and bring him before the alcade to-morrow morning, when all now present will attend the examination."

The nervous anxiety which had been depicted on the countenance of the overseer ever since the explosion now suddenly gave way to an expression of ferocious determination.

"Stand off!" he exclaimed, drawing his knife, "back, for your lives! I am innocents of Manuel's death; but I will not stay to have my life sworn away by heretic Jews, spiteful women, and drunken villains. Out of the way, Perez! Follow me at your peril!"

With these words he darted out of the *galera* and fled down the mountain at a pace which defied pursuit.

At this moment, Manuel, whose strength had been nearly exhausted by his labors in the mine, was painfully ascending the difficult path. He had nearly reached the Rinconada, and had paused for an instant to take breath, when a man suddenly turned the corner at full speed. It was Miguel Gomez. He held in one hand a drawn knife, and looked backward over his shoulder, as if expecting to be pursued. But when, on turning his head, he beheld directly before him the figure of his victim, standing motionless, with pallid face and bloody hands, and eyes steadily fixed upon him, he recoiled with a cry of horror and affright. Whether it was a mere accident from the dizziness of the sudden shock, or whether it was an access of suicidal frenzy, can never be known; but the unhappy wretch disappeared from the sight of the horror-stricken beholder, one last scream of despair ascending as the criminal shot downward to his frightful and inevitable doom.

Manuel overcome by a sickening weakness, leaned against the steep side of the mountain, and wiped away the cold perspiration which gathered on his brow; then, summoning all his strength, he hurried forward and managed to reach the *galera*. His entrance, as may be supposed, was the cause of great agitation. Most of those present recoiled and crossed themselves in terror, though not so excessively as that of the miserable Gomez. One person, however, sprang forward with a laugh of hysteric delight, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Manuelito, you are alive! I knew it was all a joke upon your poor little wife!" And with these words the overjoyed Margarita fell upon her husband's neck, and fainted away in his arms.

I need only add to the foregoing narrative that Don Manuel Campos, the present resident manager of the new mine of San Adrian, will receive with great hospitality, at his home in Zacatecas, any English traveler who may pass through that city, and will, if desired, relate all the particulars of the remarkable accident to which he was mainly indebted for his rise in the world. Dona Margarita, his very lady-like wife, will confirm the account by her own testimony, and by the additional token of a long-haired, black-eyed urchin, some five or six years old, bearing the identical name of Adriano, in commemoration of the event which happened shortly before his birth; so that the essential truth of the story may be considered as established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

A Mess of Fish.

A select squad of us went from an inland village to the Ohio river on a fishing excursion. No sooner had we pitched our tent and rigged our tackle than we were honored with a visit from Jake Henthorn. Jake is a man of too independent a spirit to be tyrannized over by despotic fashion or arbitrary conventionalities. Accordingly he goes barefoot twelve months in the year; and in consequence of the expanded valley which his "footsy-tootsies" make in the mud (frequently in the vicinity of hen-roosts) he is best known as "Barefooted Jake." However, it is not with Jake's "bug-mashers" that we have to do, but with the "elastic receptivity" of his maw. One morning Bill Lynch and I were running the fishing business, while Bill Read prepared breakfast. Jake's instincts prompted him to "shassay" around the fire, and feast his nostrils on the odor of a ten pound perch which was then baking. In due time Lynch and I returned to camp for breakfast, and found Read coming in with an armful of wood.

"Well, how about grub?" was our greeting.

"Oh, all right; I'll set it out for you in a minute, boys. But just come this way, and see the nicest baked perch you ever laid eyes on."

We went and we looked; but saw only a rick of bones, from which every fibre of meat had been picked! Jake had been there before us. I don't distinctly remember whether we swore or not. It don't seem to me as if we did. Anyhow, we ate breakfast without fish.

During the afternoon, while we were all lounging on the bank, Jake yawned and drawled out:

"I'd like to have as many fish as I could eat, jist onst. I hain't had a mess since Tom Whitten ketched the big fish."

"Jake," said I, in a tone meant to be scornfully sarcastic, "I thought you had a pretty fair mess this morning. You ate at least fifteen pounds."

"Oh yes," replied Jake, "I ate that; but what I mean is a *reel reg'lar mess*."

WATER IN THE DESERT.—Water has been found in the Mojave desert. A hersman observed a place where the vegetation indicated unusual moisture in the ground, and digging a few feet through a hard crust, he came to a stratum of damp earth, which soon became soft enough to admit of probing with a rake-handle, which, on being withdrawn was followed by a stream of water that drove him from the pit. The water rose to the surface and has continued flowing ever since. The first flow was as red as blood, says the account; but the water soon became remarkably pure and cool.

A Young Wife's Experience.

I was hurrying around the house this morning, doing up my extra Saturday work as quickly as possible, that I might sit down with Henry, who was kept home by the violent storm; when suddenly I heard Henry call me from the sitting-room, I found him looking as I had never seen him before, and Aunt Minerva rather *abashed*. Henry drew me down on the lounge by his side, and putting his arm around me, said, "Now Aunt Minerva, please repeat what you have just said to me." She tried to speak, but the words refused to come. She was such a picture of confusion that I felt really sorry for her. At length, finding that she could not or would not speak Henry turned to me, and said, "Annie, Aunt Minerva has been telling me that you are so extravagant in your cooking, and some other ways, that you will soon exhaust my means. And this is not the first time that she has complained of you in this underhanded way. I have never replied, thinking, that she would perceive from my manner that I would not attend to such talk; but the last time it occurred, I resolved that the next time I would call you in directly." And then, turning to Aunt Minerva, he went on: "Whatever fault you have to find with Annie hereafter must be done in her presence. She and I are both young, and make no professions of perfection. We are faulty, and are together striving against our defects. But I have confidence in Annie's judgment, and do not think she will go far astray in housekeeping matters. She may feel that I have the most entire trust in her in every respect, and that I will never allow any one to even attempt to prejudice me against her." At this stage of our first domestic storm, Aunt Minerva summoned courage to say: "Well, I must say you are making a great fuss about a little matter of advice." Henry replied, "It is not a little matter of advice; the saddest case I ever knew of estrangement between husband and wife was brought about by just such interference as yours. I knew of it when quite a boy, and the circumstances made a very deep impression upon my mind. The husband and wife were good people, and truly attached to each other; but the husband had a sister of whom he was very fond, and he, at length gave heed to her jealous whisperings in regard to his wife. For many years they were unhappy. A time of reconciliation and better understanding came, and the wife had some years of comparative rest and happiness before her death, dimmed to a great extent, however, by the recollection of the undeserved misery which she had endured for so many years. Annie cannot, of course, expect to spend a life free from trials, but, God helping me, she shall never suffer from want of confidence and love in me." This scene has drawn Henry and myself very near to each other; and it has made me very sorry for poor, discontented, short-sighted Aunt Minerva.—*Herald of Health.*

A Very Uncomfortable Place.

According to a letter dated at the Camp of the Sixth United States Cavalry, near Fort Hays, the Kansas town called Hays City is an unattractive spot. The writer says:

Hays City is a place inhabited by thieves, murderers, adventurers and adventuresses. Why they named the place Hays City I cannot imagine, unless it was on account of it being so near Fort Hays (only half a mile), evidently for the purpose of giving it character abroad, for at home they seemed to be living in the Scriptural injunction, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die," for they do eat, and they do drink, and if it can be called being merry (not marry, for they don't do that) for a man to crawl out of bed very late in the morning with a flushed face and eyes blood-shot and protruding from their sockets, I say that if that can be called being merry, they are very merry.

A casual observer passing through the town, seeing a sign over nearly every door, would think there was a variety of business carried on at the place, but if he should stop and read a few of the signs he would find that they were nearly all engaged in the same line of business, or "entertainment,"—that's it, entertainment; that's what they call it. There's a peculiarity about the signs that leads a person to think that ladies and gentlemen do not live together, for it is written on some, "This is Jake's house," "Joe's house," &c., while on others are "Ladies' Parlors," "Ladies' Department," &c. And to take a glimpse inside of one of these you would think that you had at last found the real place, where it is every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, for the walls glitter with guns, pistols and knives, where frequently a poor devil dies today instead of to-morrow.

Bats in Confinement.

Bats dislike captivity so much that they die under it. Five were turned into a roughly-made cage, in which they were fed with flies, for which their appetite was something wonderful—in their eagerness, they would snap and bite at one another like so many ravenous curs. Cooked meat they could not appreciate, but raw beef was more to their taste; a circumstance affording their proprietor great relief, since, by attaching a piece of beef to the inside of their box, he was saved the trouble of catching flies for them, and was able to watch them cater for themselves. The meat proved a source of attraction to divers blue-bottle flies, to the intense gratification of the captives, who displayed great quickness in disposing of these visitors. No sooner did an unwitting blue-bottle come within range than he was struck down by a pair of bat's wings, the fortunate bat falling instantaneously with all its membranes expanded, cowering over its victim, and securing him by thrusting its head under. When the head came forth again, the membranes immediately closed, and the poor fly was immediately swallowed, wings and all—an operation affording several minutes' enjoyment to the performer. They seemed pretty comfortable in their prison, getting quite lively of an evening, and regaling the ears of their owner with a harsh music of their own—more curious than pleasing. But in nineteen days every one of them was dead—nor did a second party prove longer-lived.

HOW TO DO IT.—A correspondent writes to inquire "what is the best treatment to prevent the development of hydrophobia in dogs?" Don't know about the best, but if you will give your dog water enough, it is pretty certain he can't have the disease. The safest way to insure him an abundance of this indispensable fluid is to anchor him in about seven feet of water, so that his head will be from eighteen to twenty-five inches below the surface. In that way he can drink as much as he wants. Any surpus he may chance to swallow will do more good than harm.

UGLY.—The Lucknow *Times* tells a story of an elephant which lately drowned a man because he leaped down in front of him while he was making his ablutions in a river in India. Being provoked by this impertinent interruption of his toilet, the gigantic brute seized the man and held him under water till he was drowned.

Is there any difference between a hen stealing and cock robbin'?

A Child Mangled by Dogs.

In the tanyard of Ernest Blersch, 13 dogs, some grown and some half-grown, have been harbored for some time past. Fed upon the offal, which is plentiful and foul in such a place, these animals had become fiercer than their breed—a cross between the powerful Newfoundland and the brutal "bull"—would have made them, red-mouthed, gaunt, and horrible, it is a wonder that such a pack could have existed in the midst of a civilized community so long as they did and not have been sooner heard. Willie Blersch, a bright seven-year-old son of the well-to-do owner of the tanyard, and criminally careless master of the hounds, left his grandfather's and started homeward, intending to call for his father en route. He entered the tanyard unmindful or unaware that the employees had left it to the care of its night guardians, 13 dog-harpies. He had nearly reached the center of the place, and had called for his father, when long, keen fangs were thrust into him from behind, and he was dragged by a large dog literally into the loft of one of the sheds, other dogs coming to the assistance of their fellow. At the taste of blood the fierceness of the huge mongrels caught fire. The boy was dragged again down the steps, and rolled in the filth of the yard until all semblance of humanity had left him. Black, bleeding, and dying, he still clung with his face downward to the earth with the energy of despair. It was at this moment that the neighbor became aware of what was transpiring. A bold man sprang over the fence to the rescue, but was immediately driven out by the now maddened and terrible dogs. They went in with pitch-forks, and people driving on the avenue stopped and went to the rescue with knives and pistols. It was a brief and bloody work. The dogs were slain to the last puppy, but not before a strong man had carried what was left of Willie to his grandfather's. Here he was received by his grandmother, who washed him to the likeness of a boy. The flesh had been chawn from his scalp; there were great, ugly gashes in his forehead, cheeks, and lips. Great pieces of skin and flesh hung from the back of his head. Ghastly holes, their edges lacerated with tooth-marks, were under his arms; legs and other tender parts of his body bore wounds beyond description. And yet he lived. No vital part had been reached. He could even tell brokenly how the attack had begun.

Duped by Gypsies.

An old gentleman in Polk county, Missouri, of considerable wealth, was some time since made the dupe of misplaced confidence in the following manner as related by the Bolivar *Free Press*: "A band of Gypsies appeared in the neighborhood, remaining several weeks. A woman belonging to the party made the acquaintance of the old gentleman, and communicated to him the startling intelligence that a large amount of treasure was concealed on his place, and that by obeying her instructions he could secure it. This he agreed to do. She then informed him that he must deposit all his money in a certain place. After the lapse of a few days the whereabouts of the treasure would be revealed to him. He accordingly deposited the sum of three thousand two hundred dollars in a hiding-place known only to himself and the Gypsy. When several days had passed, she again appeared unto him, stating that her incantations would not work, and assigning as a reason that he failed to deposit all of his money in the hiding-place, as stipulated. He then added seventy-seven dollars more to the amount, but still the spell which was to lay bare the hidden wealth proved unsuccessful. He then agreed to let the Gypsy take the package of money into her keeping in order to facilitate her conjurations. She kept it several days, then returned with the entire amount, and they counted it over together. The Gypsy then informed him he must, to complete the charm, secrete the package once more, for a period of ten days; that he must not, in the meantime, look at or go near it. This was assented to, and the package once more carefully sealed up and committed to his care. When ten days had expired he proceeded to go to the place of deposit, found the package as he had placed it, but upon opening it was amazed to discover that it contained nothing but scraps of old newspapers. He sought the Gypsy woman at her usual haunts, but the entire party had "folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away."

HOW THEY MAKE UP.—Somewhere near Louisville there lives a husband who was a soldier. Both man and wife have fiery tempers which break out about once a month in a war of words. Then, failing to reduce his wife to subjection in the unequal strife, the soldier shoulders his tent, takes a frying-pan and provisions, goes to the woods and camps out. Not many days pass before loneliness compels the woman to go in search of her lord, who, although he may have been in the doleful dumps before he saw her coming, whistles and sings at her approach, and pretends that the green wood is the place for him, and in it he could live for ever. Then the wife bursts into tears and prays him to return. He remains obdurate for a while, but finally succumbs; the two then rush into each other's arms, then disentangle themselves and rush back home again, he bearing the tent and she the frying-pan.

WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA.—The Labor Exchange of San Francisco has been compelled, by erroneous reports circulated in the East, to make a statement of its powers and intentions, from which we quote these sentences: "California wants 5,000 girls to do general housework—girls who will work in country towns. Thousands of Chinamen are doing the work of women in hotels and private houses, simply because white help cannot be procured. The women and girls who apply to the Labor Exchange for work refuse to accept situations in the interior of the country. The romantic notions about marriages will not hold water. Occasionally bachelors are captured, but these instances are becoming rare. California is not a wilderness. In some of the mining camps men predominate, but to quote an apropos expression, while "there are as good fish in the sea as ever swam, they don't bite as well as they used to."

THE PERSIAN FAMINE.—Accounts received in Bombay, from the agent of the society for assisting the sufferers by the famine in Persia, fully confirm the reports previously received. Thousands of people have already died of starvation, and in places where every other vestige of food has been consumed men have been driven to eat their own offspring. Such scenes of misery have never been witnessed elsewhere in modern times, and to add to the accumulated horrors, this year's crop is exceedingly scanty, being insufficient for the supply.

SUN STROKE.—According to a late writer, sun-stroke is due to the action of light upon the brain exerted through the eye, and not, as generally believed, to an elevation of temperature; and it is asserted that, if the eye be properly shaded from the glare of the sun, any unusual precaution in the way of protecting the head and back of the neck may be dispensed with.

Coal Miners in Europe.

The German coal miner, whether belonging to Prussia proper, Saxony or Austria preserves the distinctive traits of the German race. Less impulsive and more phlegmatic even than the Anglo-Saxon miner, he has faithfully carried into coal mining the habits and discipline of the metallic mines, which in Germany, date from many centuries, and have been everywhere preserved with a religious and jealous care. The earliest miners of Central Europe came from these mines, where they are regimented in the strict and figurative sense of the term, and form a distinct class of the population. They constitute something more than a mere guild or corporation, and are a sort of caste, with peculiar costume, dress, and manners, as well as free-masonry, tradition, and even superstitions. Certain and particular forms are handed down from one generation to another, and when on the road or in the country you are saluted with *glick auf*, (meaning happy going out, good journey to the mine and back again,) you may be sure that you are addressed by miners.

The Italian coal miner, especially the the migratory miner of the Tuscan Maremma, (a district once flourishing and populous, but now at certain seasons of the year a prey to fever and miasma,) is another type full of character. Old Niccolini, the mine agent, goes to hire them beforehand, and has to pay them their "earnest money." The exodus begins soon after the middle of October; some going on foot, while others ride, seeking places in the stage coaches. The opening operations are impeded at the outset by the last rains of autumn, the dilapidations which have happened during the stoppage of the works are made good; timbering has broken, the goaf has given way, the water has made numerous devastations at the surface as well as underground; but all is promptly set on foot and the works reopened and carried on with vigor. The coal raised is sent to Leghorn, for the use of the local factories and the steamboats. It has also been taken to Rome, and the Vatican is lighted with gas made from this coal.

Pierre L'hote, the bold man of Epinac, must not be forgotten; he was at the siege of Constantine, and helped to take the city under Lamoriciere, and brings into his service all the steadiness of the soldier, and he doubtless became a collier that he still might burn powder. If the Engineer goes to visit a working-place, he says to his men, "come, my lads, fall in; here is Monsieur the Engineer going by." He is very near putting them in line at present arms; the pick raised in his right hand, the left resting on the handle of the shovel. One day the miners at the bottom of the workings threatened to strike, a dispute having arisen about the prices paid for work. "Wait for me here, my lads," said Pierre L'hote, "while I go and speak with the Engineer." On his return he says, "listen, my lads, to Monsieur the Engineer's answer: Pierre L'hote, go and tell your men the day shift begins at six o'clock in the morning, with an hour's rest at noon for dinner, and ends at four in the afternoon. There, my lads, that's what Monsieur told me. He is our chief; I obey him; you obey me; come, my lads, to work!" There was no more talk after that about striking.—*From Underground Life, by Jules Simonin.*

Accumulation.

To become fonder of accumulation than of expenditure, is the first step towards wealth. An agriculturist will receive a few grains of an improved species of corn, which he will not eat, but will plant them and replant the product from year to year, till his few grains become hundreds of bushels. Money is increasable by analagous processes, and success is within the power of every man who shall attain to ordinary longevity. If a man at the age of twenty years can save a shilling every working day, and annually invest the aggregate at compound legal seven per cent interest, he will, at the age of seventy, possess $15,000. Many men who resort to life insurance can save several times a shilling daily, and thus accumulate several times the above sum long before the age of seventy. Nearly all large fortunes are the result of such accumulations. Hence the men who amass great fortunes are usually those only who live long. To be in haste to become rich by a few great operations is a direct road to eventual poverty. We cannot, however, command long life, but we can approximate thereto by commencing early the process of accumulation—an elongation by extending backward being as efficacious as an elongation forward. Every hundred expended by a man at the age of twenty years, is an expenditure of what, at interest, would by compounding it annually, become $15,000, should he live to the age of seventy. This lesson is taught practically by saving banks, and well counteracts the fatal notions of the young, that old age is the period of accumulation, and youth the period for expenditure.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out, at the top of his shrill voice: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go!" John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that. "Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables. "Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front, and have no fear of those you meet. You won't have to cross the street to avoid a dun, or look intently in a shop window, in order not to see a creditor. "Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one, and not like the laugh of the poor debtor, who looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." "Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearth-stone. John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

THE CARAT.—The carat is nominal weight, that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus a given weight or quality of gold is divided into 24 parts or carats, and gold of 22 carats fine consists of 22 parts of pure gold and 2 parts of silver, copper, or other metal. The carat weight is usually considered to be the 24th parts, of the pound troy, or 240 grains troy, but it is not necessary to give it any fixed or absolute weight, as it is only used to determine the proportions of pure metal and alloy. The weight of 4 grains used by jewellers for weighing diamonds and precious stones is called diamond weight, and is equal to 1 1-5 grains troy; 5 diamond grains being only equal to 4 grains troy, since the ounce troy contains 150 diamond carats. The term *carat* derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree called *kuara*. This bean, from the time of its being gathered, varies very little in weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India also the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

The Persian Famine.

The *Bombay Gazette* of the 4th ult. contained a long letter, dated May 16 last, Mr. Monockjee Limjee Attaria, agent of the Managing Committee of the society for ameliorating the condition of poor Zoroastrians in Persia, in which he gives a dreadful account of the sufferings of the population from want of food. Among the statements he makes are the following: In Ispahan public shops are opened for selling camel's, ass's, dog's, and cat's flesh, and yet from 70 to 80 persons die daily. People go about selling their children. The Armenian population only live free from privation, they being supported by their wealthy brethren in Calcutta and Batavia. In Kassan and Kome, cities where corn formerly abounded, people have been caught "cutting down children for good." In Khorassan 18,000 men had been swept off through hunger and disease, and those who survived did not hesitate "to use rake-up corpses for food." In Yezd 12 Zoroastrians were dying daily for want of food yet but one benevolent Parsee gentleman Mr. Nusserwanjee Maneckjee Petit, had, up to the date of the letter, sent 300 rupees in 1866, and 1,700 rupees on the 10th of January, 1870 through the managing committee, and again 200 rupees by telegraph on the 14th of March, 1871. No other contribution, the Parsee agent adds, had been received, and corn distribution among the Zoroastrians at Yezd had been taken from them by the Mohammedans. It will be recollected that similar accounts of the sufferings of the Persian population had reached England by telegraph from Teheran, and that they were stated to be gross exaggerations in a letter from the Persian Minister in England, Sir R. Macdonald Stephenson, to put an end to doubt on the subject, has sent a telegram to Mr. Allison, our Charge, d'Affaires at Teheran, to ask if the accounts published are true, and, if the population are still suffering, what would be the quickest means of affording relief. Mr. Allison's reply, which so far confirms the statement of the Persian Minister, is as follows: "Teheran, July 31. The famine is over, but provisions are very dear."

The House-Fly.

The eggs of the house-fly are laid in decaying vegetable matter, such as dead leaves, and especially in the manure of stables; about seventy or eighty being the usual number. These soon hatch, and the larva grows rapidly, feeding upon the substance found near it. After a short time the outer skin hardens, and becomes brown and tough, forming a case shaped like a little barrel divided into rings. The transformation of the larva is quickly made, and the animal is soon ready to emerge as a perfect insect.

The common blow-fly is another species of this order, which lays its eggs in decaying flesh, and which sometimes hatch before leaving the body of the parent, and in any event very soon become developed into the larva. These form the well-known maggots, which are the annoyance of housekeepers in hot weather.

A fly very similar to the house-fly in general appearance, but with the wings diverging more widely when in a state of rest, is provided with a very powerful lancet, by means of which blood may be drawn in an instant after settling upon the body of an animal. It is a curious fact that this species, like the mosquito, in alighting upon an upright surface, uniformly rests with its head upward, the true house-fly occupying a precisely opposite direction, or with the head downward, thus affording a ready means of distinguishing them.

The house-fly, both as grub and perfect insect, furnishes food to a great variety of other animals; but the destruction of the adult is largely due to the growth of a parasitic fungus which attacks it, and, developing rapidly in its interior, soon exhausts its vitality.—*