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THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

BY TENNYSON.

The voice and the peak
Far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar,
Green rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn.

All night have I heard the voice
Rave over the rocky bar;
But thou wert silent in heaven—
Above thee glided the star.

Hast thou no voice, oh, peak,
That standest high above all?
"I am the voice of the peak,
I roar and rave for I fall."

A thousand voices go
To north, south, east and west;
They leave the heights and are troubled,
And moan and sink to their rest.

The fields are fair beside them,
The chestnut towers in his bloom;
But they—they feel the desire of the deep;
Fall—and follow their doom.

The deep has power on the height,
And the height has power on the deep;
They are raised for ever and ever,
And sink again into sleep.

Not raised for ever and ever,
But when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak, the star
Pass, and are found no more.

The peak is high, and flush'd
At his highest with sunrise fire;
The peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher.

A voice below the voice,
And a height beyond the height;
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.

The voice and the peak,
Far into heaven withdrawn;
The lone glow and long roar,
Green rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn.

ACTING A PART.

The postman rang at the door of No. 78 Huntington place, and our only servant, a slow-paced creature working on half wages, took her own time to answer his summons. And no wonder! It was one of the sultriest mornings in midsummer, and everybody who is anybody had long been out of town. We ourselves would have liked to be in the country, too; but, oh, what hard work it was to live anywhere on poor mamma's small income! The effort kept us continually in bad temper, and it was by no means surprising that when the letter brought by the aforesaid postman was duly considered, we all floated into a stormy discussion respecting its contents.

"You ought to be willing to do most anything," said my sister Henrietta, "to get away at all. Aunt Buckley's invitation is only for mother and I, for a few weeks; but why can't you write and say you haven't been strong lately, and the doctor urges a change of air? You'd be perfectly sure of an invitation by return of mail. Then we could shut up the house, and 'twould be such a saving!"

I sprang up at this keen proposition, and, looking in the glass, beheld the rounded, womanly form of a girl of nineteen, a pair of clear and healthy hazel eyes, soft, waving hair, and not the first indication of feeble health.

"It won't succeed, Henrietta," said I, gravely; "but, if it's necessary for somebody to personate the invalid, take the role yourself, and your affectionate little sister will go along to take care of you."

"Dora, your insolence is just unbearable, I do say. Mamma, would it do for me to personate the invalid?" said Henrietta, in a rage.

"Decidedly not," replied mamma; "and you ought to know, Dora, that when a young man seconds an invitation to a young lady so cordially as Harry Buckley has this one, he feels more than a cousinly interest merely. I fancy Harry means—well, something."

Complacent, fat, sandy-haired, sandy-browed, and sandy-colored generally, Henrietta sat before me; and, as I looked at her graceless attitude, her inexpressive face, and physique in general, my thoughts flew to Harry Buckley—tall, brown-bearded, and aged twenty-seven. Henrietta was thirty-three if she was a day—but, feeling my hot blood rising, I left the room to avoid further snarling.

How intensely I did hate the never-ending and petty deceits to which mamma and Henrietta were always resorting in order to keep up appearances. Now, if I had my own way, I should have concluded that merest thoughtlessness, or a fancy, perhaps, that I would not enjoy six weeks at a rambling old farm house, had caused my aunt to exclude me from the invitation sent to mamma and Henrietta. And I should have frankly written to my father's dear and only sister, and said I should so like to visit her at the same time with my mother and sister. But to go by any other than fair and open means was absolutely distasteful in thought alone. Mamma and Henrietta, however, could not appreciate my feeling, and in the conversation from which I had broken away they charged me with abominable and monstrous selfishness.

As I sat looking out of my window upon parched back yards, struggling foliage, and bleaching, blanching kitchen shutters in the rear of "home," I thought perhaps I was too considerate; that even while my soul revolted from so many mean subterfuges and pettinesses, they were possibly inevitable, and I ought to be resigned to my share. Perhaps on this very occasion I ought really to make a compromise, and do as I was desired. I went at once to the looking-glass, wet my brush, and took the curl out of my hair as far as possible: then putting on my last year's faded gray alpaca dress, I wrapped a little shawl about my shoulders, and returned to mamma's room to personate the invalid.

"Henrietta," exclaimed I, opening the door, "here is my offering on the altar of sisterly affection."

"Is it possible?" returned my appreciative sister; "for once unselfish! Well, if you'll only act your part correctly for a fortnight, the country air will have worked sufficient good for you to resume your usual appearance."

Something in the expression of my face, actually hot with disgust and shame, induced mamma to say, "Dora, dear, people in our circumstances have to do such things—"

Which remark I interrupted rather indecorously by saying, "Please tell me what's to be the matter—gout, consumption, or softening of the brain? I positively object to being rheumatic, but softening of the brain might account for all my inconsistencies."

Henrietta was provoked again, but finally it was decided that I should have no disease, being merely "not at all strong." A week after we were at Chartersville station, and I, languidly lying back among the shawls and satchels of our luggage, waited while mamma and Henrietta attended to our transfer to aunt Buckley's residence. Some one crossed the station-room floor, and lo! my cousin Harry was standing by my side.

"Why, Harry!"

"Why, Dora!" he exclaimed, excitedly; "I've just seen aunt Henrietta, and they tell me you are ill. You don't look so, though."

"But I am—worse far than you dream," I replied.

"Well, well," said the good fellow, softening down, "we must get you well again, if you really are sick; but I declare, I will say I never saw you looking better. I'm off for a few days, not being aware that you were coming to Chartersville, and—hello! there's my train."

Harry was gone; and Henrietta, rushing in, exclaimed, "Dear me Dora! what in the world did you say to Harry?"

"I said all I could; I made myself a liar, and I feel just as contemptible as you might suppose."

"Dora Langdon!" exclaimed my fretted sister, "you're nothing but a selfish thing, and you behave precisely as I supposed you would under the circumstances. A broken reed you are to trust to." Henrietta raised her sandy eyebrows, with a martyred air, and I crept invalid-like into aunt Buckley's carriage.

The grand old farm house, made of cobble-stones, with old-fashioned gables, peaks, and windows, stood upon a sloping hillside at the entrance to a lovely Berkshire valley. Handsome barns, granaries, and a picturesque gray dairy with Swiss-like eaves, added to the landscape, while exquisite walks, flower lawns, and nestled shrubberies made the place most lovely. The excellent and hospitable relative to whom we were indebted for our exceeding comfort left nothing untried to secure our happiness and improve my health. Weeks passed by, and, Harry having returned from his southern trip, we were comparatively a most contented group; and had it not been for certain pointed thrusts of his, all bearing upon my appearance, health, etc., I should have been right happy. But I could not stifle conscience, and always averting my eyes and flushing painfully when Harry spoke about my health, I became actually ill from mere and sheer nervousness. Henrietta, too, dressed in girlish fineries, laces, flowers, jewels, and floating ribbons, always made a foil of me with the close-throated wrappers, heavy somber dresses, and practical, unbecoming shawls appropriate to an invalid; until, weary of deceit, and actually suffering from restraint, I became as unstrung as any *bona fide* sufferer.

"Dora," said Henrietta, one day, as she was arraying herself in a girlish blue grenadine, "don't you really think Harry is marked in his attentions to me before strangers, and everywhere, indeed, for that matter? Didn't you think him devoted yesterday at dinner?"

"How should I know?" I crossly answered; "I, at least, was devoted to my dinner."

"Yes, and to your companion—a widower—a good match—a wealthy farmer, Dora!"

I rushed from the room disgusted, weary of myself, tired of life, and full of contempt for a woman's miserable managings. I went down to the dining-room, and stood looking out of the window at the glorious summer morning, with which my poor heart had so very little sympathy. Some one, and that some one Harry, sauntered into the room behind me, and presently said:

"So you're all going picnicking to-day, I hear?"

"Yes," I replied; "are you not going, too?"

"Not I," said Harry; "I take no interest in such doubtful pleasures, and I never pretend interest, or anything else, for that matter!"

Though my face burned hotly, I responded:

"One has often to do many things for the sake of politeness—a little pretense, then, is necessary."

"What a creed!" ejaculated Harry, by this time become my *vis-a vis* at the window; "I consider acting deceitfully to be more than contemptible; and I would avoid the person who did that thing as I would a victim of the plague."

My brain turned giddy, and I could not reply. Suddenly Harry caught my hand, and exclaimed:

"Dora! Dora! what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said I, feebly; "let me go."

Harry released me immediately, and I dropped into a chair, while he, bending over my head and smoothing my hair tenderly, said in a compassionate voice, "Poor little one, you are not strong; this being pulled about the country to visit is too much for you."

Bursting forth with the tears I could no longer repress, I rushed up to my mother's room, sobbing bitterly. When I had explained my misery, Henrietta said, "Always think of yourself; if you will, you will, though, and we must all be content, and try to bear it."

"I'm sure I don't know from whom you inherit your strange disposition," said mother—"not from me, certainly. Do go and bathe your face, and come down stairs like a rational being." But I could not, and, still sobbing, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and Aunt Buckley entered. Her fair, sweet face was full of sympathy when, coming to me, she gently kissed my forehead, and said, "Dora, dear, you are really ill; Harry is right; you are not strong enough for all this excitement of going over the country, visiting and riding continually." Turning to mamma and Henrietta, Aunt Buckley continued, "This girl ought not to go to the picnic to-day; she is utterly unfit for any more excitement."

"I quite agree with you," chimed in Henrietta, to which mamma added, "Yes; but it's nothing now but nervousness; nevertheless, quiet will do Dora more good than anything else, and by all means I shall have her stay at home."

It was late in the afternoon, and I had tried to read, but as often as I turned the page every character danced before my eyes. At last I sauntered down stairs, thinking to find a favorite German poem; but the house, empty and delightfully cool and quiet, suggested music; so I sat at the piano lazily fingering some waltzes, until finally I wandered to Scotch ballads. Singing the old Border song softly under my breath, I came to

"Will ye come back to me, Douglas?
Will ye come back to me noo?"—

and suddenly stopped, hearing a foot step close beside me. It was Harry.

"Who's the Douglas you are making vows to, Dora?" he inquired.

"No one in particular," said I, turning away my face.

"I'll tell you, Dora," said he; "I came from the picnic quite offending every one; but I was restless and unhappy. I had something to say to you that has already been too long delayed. I hope you can imagine what it is?"

I could not answer; an awful weight of pain, apprehension and humiliation took away my voice.

"Not one word, dear Dora?"

And still I could not speak, conscious though I was that my silence under the circumstances was derogatory to myself.

"Dora," said Harry, rather severely, "if you love me, and will be my wife, why refuse to say so?"

"Because," I exclaimed, springing up before him suddenly, "because I am a hypocrite, and I am a *liar!* I have been acting a falsehood ever since I came here, Harry," and gaining strength as I emerged from my dreadfull cloud of duplicity, I told my lover all. When I had finished, Harry stood looking in my face intently.

"Dora," said he, "were you acting a part this morning in the dining-room, and afterwards, when mother went to your room?"

"No, indeed, Harry," I answered; "there was no 'acting' then; I was utterly overcome by what you said about deceit and 'acting lies,' and I thought I should have died!"

Harry still stood by the piano with his hands folded. At last he said very gravely:

"You have acted badly, Dora; you know right from wrong; but here, my darling! I promise you that the subject shall never again be mentioned between us." And seating me on the sofa, and folding his great, strong arms around me, Harry added, tenderly, "When we are married, Dora, we shall be one; you will be me, and I shall be you, as the children say, and there will be no occasion for either to reproach the other or duplicity or petty selfishness. My mother loves you, but we must begin our record right, and tell her all. Afterwards, my darling—why, *afterwards* means a new world and a new life—with us it will be a true one."

And so we were betrothed; and thus far in our brief new life the subject of keeping up appearances has never been a topic, nor has the painful experience of my summer as an invalid ever been referred to.

—A great many of the stores in Paris are dedicated to some one or to something real or imaginary. One sees such signs as "To the Good Devil," "To the Poor Devil," "To the Infant Jesus," "To the Gray Overcoat," "To the Madonna," "To the Americans," "To the Universe," "To the Poor James," etc. The stores for the sale of miscellaneous merchandise are now more generally closed on Sundays than they were four years ago.

JOSH BILLINGS.

What He Knows About Hotels and Hotel Keepers.

Hotels are houses ov refuge, homes for the vagrants, the married man's retreat, and the bachelor's fireside.

They are kept in all sorts ov ways; some on the European plan, and menny ov them on no plan at all.

A good landlord iz like a good stepmother—he knows his bizzeness, and means to do his duty.

He knows how to rub his hands with joy when the traveler draws nigh; he knows how to smile; he knew yure wife's father when he waz living, and yure wife's fust husband, but he don't speak about him.

He kan tell whether it will rain tomorrow or not; he hears yure komplaints with a tear in his eye; he blows up the servants at yure suggestion, and stands around reddy, with a shirt-collar az stiff az broken china.

A man may be a good supream court judge, and at the same time be a miser able landlord.

Most everybody thinks they kan keep a hotel—and they kan; but this ackounts for the grate number of hotels that are kept on the same principle that a justiss ov the peace offiss iz kept in the country during a six days' jury trial for killing somebody's yello dorg.

A hotel won't keep itself, and keep the landlord too, and ever kure a traveler from the habit ov profane swearing.

I hav had this experiment tried on me several times, and it alwus makes the swares wuss.

It iz too often the kase that landlords go into the bizzness ov hash as ministers go into the professhun—with the very best of motives, but the poorest kind ov prospecks.

I don't know ov enny bizzness more flattersum than the tavern bizzness. There don't seem tew be ennything tew do but tew stand in front ov the register with a pen behind the ear, and see that the guests enter themselfs az soon az they enter the house; then yank a bell-rope six or seven times; and then tell John tew sho the gentleman tew 976; and then take four dollars and fifty cents next morning from the poor devil ov a traveler and let him went.

This seems tew be the whole thing—and it is the whole thing in most cases.

Yu will diskover the following deskripshun a mild one ov 9 hotels out ov 10 between the Atlantik and Pacifick Oshuns, akrost the United States in a straight line:

Yure room iz 13 foot 6 inches, by 9 foot 7 inches, paralielogramly.

It being court week (az usual), all the good rooms are employed bi the lawyers and judges.

Yure room iz on the uppermost floor.

The carpet iz ingrain—ingrained with the dust, kerosene ile, and ink-spots ov four generashuns.

Thare is two pegs in the room tew hitch coats onto, one ov them broke oph, and the other pulled out, and missing.

The buro haz three legs and one brick.

The glass tew the buro swings on two pivots, which hav lost their grip.

Thare is one towel on the rack, thin, but wet. The rain-water in the pitcher cum out of the well.

The soap iz az tuff tew wear az a whetstone.

The soap iz scented with cinnamon ile, and variagated with spots.

Thare iz three chairs, kane setters; one iz a rocker, and all three are busted.

Thare is a match-box, empty.

Thare iz no kurtin tew the windo, and thare don't want to be enny; yu kan't see out, and who kan see in?

The bell rope iz cum oph about 6 inches this side ov the ceiling.

The bed iz a modern slat-bottom, with two mattresses, one cotton and one husk, and both harder and about az thick az a sea-biscuit.

Yu enter the bed sideways, and kan feel every slat at once az eazy az yu could the ribs of a grid-iron.

The bed iz inhabited.

Yu sleep some, but roll over a good deal.

For breakfast yu hav a gong and rhy koffee tew kold tew melt butter, fried potatoze which resemble the chips a two-inch auger makes in its journey thru an oak log.

Bread solid; beef-stake about az thick az a blister-plaster, and az tuff az a hound's ear.

Table covered with plates, a few scared-to-death pickles on one ov them, and 6 fly-endorsed crackers on another.

A pewterinktom castor with three bottles in it, one without enny mustard, and one with two inches ov drowned flies and vinegar in it.

Servant gal, with hoops on, hangs round you earnestly, and wants tew know if yu will take another cup of koffee.

Yu say, "No, mom, i thank yu," and push back yure chair.

Yu havn't eat enuff tew pay for picking yure teeth.

I am about az self-konsaited as it will do for a man tew be and not crack open, but never yet konsaited that I could keep a hotel. I had rather be a highwayman than tew be sum landlords I have visited with.

Thare are hotels that are a joy upon earth; whare a man pays hiz bill az cheerfully as he did the parson who married him; whare you kan't find the landlord unless yu hunt in the kitchen; whare servants glide around like angels ov mercy; whare the beds fit a man's back like the feathers on a goose; and whare the vittles taste just az tho yure wife or yure mother had fried 'em.

Theze kind ov hotels ought to be built on wheels, and travel around the kuntry. They are az phull of real comfort az a thanksgiving pudding; but, alas! they are as unplenty as double-yelked eggs.

Iconoclasm.

Don Quixote took a tilt at the windmills, but the editor of the Courier-Journal charges church steeples. He asks: Why not abolish the church steeples? Is there any part of a building so useless as a steeple? It can neither be constructed nor kept in repair without great danger to human life, and it dosen't look well after the best can be done for it has been done. As if heaven itself were protesting against the folly of this unsightly heap, scarcely a thunder-storm passes over the country which does not hurl its bolts against some church steeple. During a storm this summer in New Jersey, a steeple was struck three times in succession. The other day lightning struck the steeple of a church in Ohio, and nine women in the church were prostrated, five of whom may never recover. Why should we set up targets for the lightning? Even if the road to heaven really lies through the atmosphere, we have surer guides to it than church spires. We would be gainers by building our churches on modest plans. The story of the tower of Babel is quite enough to show that heaven is brought no nearer by building high in the air.

Lord Mayor of London.

That absurd person, the lord mayor of London, wears a peculiar collar. Col. Forney writes of it: "The collar is of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S; a united York and Lancaster or Henry VII. rose, and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by a portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains twenty-eight Ss, fourteen roses and thirteen knots, and measures sixty-four inches. The jewel contains in the center the city arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue, on an olive ground. Surrounding this, a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the city motto, '*Domine dirige nos*,' in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold Ss, alternating with rosettes of diamonds set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis; but when worn without the collar, is suspended by a broad, blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain; and when the lord mayor is re-elected, by two chains."

Educated Oysters.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says: "Before the railroad days our oyster-growers used early in the fall to canvass the villages on the Hudson river for orders to be filled just before the river should be closed with ice. The meaning of this is that these men committed themselves to supply oysters in the shell, with the guarantee that the bivalves thus supplied should not die before their time came. The oysters were actually kept alive during the great part of the long winter. The fat bivalves were handled with some care, and were spread on the cellar floor, the round or lower side down, so as not to allow the liquor to escape. That such a life required a great change of capacity or habit in the bivalve is evident; and it needed a training, yes, an education, ere the oyster attained to such ability. And this was the way it was done: Beginning early in the fall, the cultivator of the oyster took up the fat bivalves from their bed where he had planted them, and laid them a little higher up on the shore, so that for a short time each day they were exposed out of the water. After a few days of this exposure by the retreating tide they were moved a little higher still on the shore line, which gave them a little longer exposure to the air at each low tide. And this process was continued, each remove resulting in a longer exposure. And with what results? Two very curious ones—inurement to exposure and the inculcation of a provident habit of making preparation for the same. What! providence in an oyster? Yes, when he's educated. When accustomed to this treatment, ere the tide retires the oyster takes a good full drink and retains the same until the tide returns. Once, while waiting for the stage at a country hostelry, we overheard the following between two rustic practitioners at the bar: 'Come, Swill, let's take a drink!' 'Well, I don't know. Ain't dry myself. Hows'ever, guess I will take a drink, for fear I might get dry!' With better philosophy on their side, these educated oysters, twice in every twenty-four hours, took their precautionary drink. The French method of oyster-training is much more laborious. The adult bivalves are carfully spread out in the water, and periodical lessons are given to each one individually. Each oyster on this occasion receives a tap, not with a ferule, but with a small iron instrument. This causes the bivalve to close tightly. Finally the last day comes with its last premonitory tap. Its education thus finished, it takes passage with its fellow-graduates for Paris. As a result of its education, it knows how to keep its mouth shut when it enters society."

A Strange People Discovered in England.

Robert Owen's dream has become reality in the New Forest, where an elderly "lady of wealth and position" has assembled about 130 men and women to have them live as communists. They occupy thirty-one acres, donated for the most part by the lady, and, as may readily be supposed, the large majority of them are from the poorer classes, as I were very willing to accept an offer which assured to them easy times and full stomachs. The principle on which the community is based is that rich and poor alike shall give up all they possess for the common behoof; yet one or two persons of means, surprising as that may seem, have joined the community and complied with this condition. No money is used except as means of buying from the oster world what the farm will not supply, and, as the farm is not sufficiently productive to feed the community, it seems evident that the communists are using up their capital. While the great principles of liberty, equality and fraternity are in force in this earthly paradise, yet "they are subordinate to another principle, that of obedience." The "mother," as the patroness of the institution is called, is supreme, and her bidding must be done in all things. She assigns the tasks and labors of the day, and at her magic word the whilom tailor must become a cobbler, and the cobbler the purveyor of meat. It will be readily seen that this government will occasion a precious deal of trouble when the lady grows old and childish. The flowers, the sewing, the washing, the housekeeping and cooking are assigned to different departments of the sisters, and everything at present goes like clock-work. All the women, young and old, are dressed in plain bodice, short skirt and trousers, which generally are becoming to them. The hair floats at will down the back. The men dress with the greatest plainness and neatness, and music is the chief art and recreation of the community, which, it should be said, holds no new or "advanced" notions on the marriage question, and, therefore, is not regarded by the neighbors as immoral and objectionable.

Detroit Court Proceedings.

"You are a sailor, arn't you?" inquired his honor, as the prisoner hung to the railing and stood on one leg. "Yes, I sail," he answered. "How about this getting drunk?" "Is that the charge?" "Yes sir." "I thought it was stealing chickens," said the prisoner, heaving a sigh of relief. They found him lying on the wharf, the cool breezes of an autumn evening toying with his raven locks, and his legs hanging gracefully over a lump of Brier Hill coal. He didn't want to "come along," and tried to kick the officer below the belt and do murder. He said he wanted to go and be an angel; that the soft breeze was whispering to him to cast off this shell called life and fly to the stars, and the officer had to trundle him down here in a hand-cart. "What did the soft breezes seem to say?" inquired his honor. "I don't remember much about it," replied the prisoner, glancing around in an uneasy manner. "Did they seem to say 'five dollars or thirty days?'" asked the court. The prisoner was undecided, and Bijah put the fatal chalk-mark on his back and led him away.—*Free Press.*

Railway Accidents in England.

There is an impression that English railway traveling is safer than our own. The British companies are required, under a penalty of £20 for each omission, to report every case of accident. The official returns thus arrived at gives 773 as killed last year, and 1,171 as injured. Private inquiries made by Mr. Bass, M. P., show that on certain sections of certain railways the ascertained number of accidents is far in excess of the official report. On the assumption that these sections are fair samples of the rest of the lines, striking an average, the whole number of deaths appears as 1,200 and of injuries 27,000. The officials of the board of trade are called upon to ascertain the truth.

—A commission of Icelanders is about to visit Alaska, to inquire into the prospects for the settlement of a colony of their countrymen in that territory.

A German Opinion on American Science.

This is the title of an interesting article by Gends Weiss, in a recent number of the Waage, from which the following is an extract: "In the masterly statement which Prof. Virchow recently gave of the present status of the doctrine of infectious diseases he spoke of the progress of medical science in the United States. Since we Germans are accustomed to speak highly only of the practical talent of the Americans, but to shrug our shoulders in a very contemptuous manner about their scientific acquirements, it will not be uninteresting to hear the judgment of a certainly not over-indulgent critic. Virchow says: 'Truly it is fearful to think of the school of suffering which the armies had to pass through before the truth was finally acknowledged. In the Crimean war the French army lost one man out of three of the whole army, and it is estimated that of the 95,615 lives lost, only 10,240 fell before the foe. About as many died of wounds in the hospital, and the rest (more than 75,000 men) were victims to epidemic diseases. It is calculated that in the American war of secession 97,000 men fell in battle and 184,000 died of diseases and epidemics. What an excess of pain and sorrow, what an ocean of blood and tears are contained in these figures! And what a mass of false regulations and prejudices, and misunderstanding too. It is not necessary to recount here the long lists of sins and mistakes. These are known too well, and serve as a terrible warning to others. But it must here be acknowledged that it was not the necessity alone that revealed the evil and brought the help. That the French in the Crimea learned from their experience little or nothing, and the Americans in their civil war so much; that from this time dates a new era in military medical science—these results were brought about not by the magnitude of the need which the Americans had to suffer—for this was not greater than that experienced by the French in the Crimea—but rather by the critical and truly scientific spirit, the open mind, the healthy and practical understanding which in America gradually permeated all departments of the army organization, and which, under the wonderful co-operation of an entire people, reached the highest point in human efforts ever attained in a great war. Whoever takes up and reads the extensive publications of the American medical staff will be constantly astonished at the wealth of experience therein found. The great exactness in detail, careful statistics even about the smallest matters, and a scholarly statement embracing all sides of medical experience, are here united in order to preserve and to transmit to cotemporaries and posterity, in the greatest possible completeness, the knowldge purchased at so vast an expense."

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

Figures won't lie, and, as they won't, figures make a very startling exhibit with reference to the working of temperance legislation. Maine, for instance, has a law forbiding the sale and manufacture of liquor. This law has been in force twenty-three years. In that time Portland has increased in population less than 50 per cent., while the number of places where drunkards are made has increased over 200 per cent. Bangor, with 15,000 inhabitants, has 300 saloons, so that every fifty of the inhabitants have a saloon to themselves. Massachusetts has a prohibitory liquor law. In 1856 the number of persons arrested in Boston for drunkenness was 6,780, and in 1870 the number was 18,670. In his official report for 1871 the chief of police shows the number of men made drunk during the year, as follows:

Number of hotels, 76; drunken men....	57
Groceries, 1,425; drunken men..........	1,425
Bar-rooms, 1,125; drunken men..........	6,425
Jug-rooms, 327; drunken men..........	3,511
Total....................................	11,418

As compared with other cities, the New York Sun says of Boston, that while it has an average of one arrest for drunkenness in every 16 of her inhabitants, Providence has one in 22; New York has one in 27; San Francisco has ene in 29; Louisville has one in 29; Rochester has one in 31; Washington has one in 32; Detroit has one in 34; St. Louis has one in 42; Cleveland has one in 42; Brooklyn has one in 64; Cincinnati has one in 83. If it were the habit of temperance-reformers to stop and think at all, such facts and figures as these ought to convince them of the folly of any prohibitory legislation in the matter of what a man shall drink; and that, instead of advancing the cause of temperance, they are really advancing the cause of intemperance.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Facial Asymmetry.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says: "There are many other facial anomalies, which fail to attract attention because we have grown accustomed to them. We should expect the convex cast of one side of the face to fit, line for line, into the concave cast of the other; but it is doubtful if there is to be anywhere found one single head of this ideal perfection. Neither the conteur of the cheeks nor the lines of the countenance are the same on both sides, and they are all the less so because every one unconsciously tends to perform many unilaterial facial movements, which in time cause a divergence between the two sides of the face. Besides, the head, projecting as it does freely into air, is more dependent than we imagine on wind and weather. Suppose a person were to sit constantly at a window, turning one side to the cooler atmosphere out-of-doors, and the other towards a hot stove—the result would be a two-fold growth of the facial muscles. One side of the face might become rounded, and the other flat or concave; and, though such faces are not unfrequent, we do not notice the anomaly simply because we are accustomed to it. In the Lapp we have a good illustration of this unequal development. Just as the trees of his native land are stunted, so too his features become monstrous, irregular, and one-sided; the frontal bones are forced, as though by spasm, down on the maxillaries, producing the most singular combinations and contortions of the features. A not uncommon form of asymmetry, in more favored lands, is the presence of a dimple on one cheek, while the other has no such indentation, or but a very faint one. In such cases the face has, as it were, a summer and a winter side, just like the apple, which is round and ruddy on the summer side, but on the shade-side flattened and wan."

The Salmon Catch.

Salmon fishing on the Lower Columbia river, Oregon, has been unusually successful this season. The best part of the season is from April to August; this year the largest number of salmon was taken in July. The thirteen canning establishments on the river did not take less than an average of 15,000 every night in the month. During the season about 1,000,000 salmon were caught, each averaging, when dressed, sixteen pounds. About 750,000 of these were canned, the remainder salted and barreled. Every one who has eaten salmon, properly canned, knows that it is nice, but probably few know the fact that from the time the salmon is caught until it is ready for market it passes through twenty-seven hands; the can in which the salmon was put employs ten men in the process of making; the case in which the cans are packed employs in the manufacture five men, making in all forty-two persons necessary in a regular establishment to prepare a can of salmon, from the catching the fish until it is ready for shipment. It is no unusual matter for one of the large canneries to prepare for market 25,000 one-pound cans in a day.

"The Camel."

The London Globe says: "For the last few years the milliner's idea has been to dress her customers as like men as possible, to give them stand up collars and leather belts, to arm them with umbrellas hanging from the waist as if they were swords, to supply them with gentlemen's watch pockets, and gentlemen's watch-chains. Even in fashion the world must advance, and the move for the coming winter is decidedly a move forward. Fashionable ladies, who have been dressed like men, must now dress like wild animals. All the tissues are to resemble furs, and as a few years ago young ladies were said to wear Dolly Vardens, so now they will put on their 'camels.' That is the generic name by which the Parisian *modistes* have called the year's fabrics, though of course there is a variety allowed, and a young lady may appear as a reindeer, as a bear, as a northern elk—in fact, as any rough-skinned animal she may select. But it is necessary that the skins should consist of as few pieces as possible. The 'camel' and a collar which will be known in the fashionable world as a dog's collar will complete the costume. But this new invention of the French dressmakers has not so much originality after all. The idea is merely a development of the Ulster great coat, which was borrowed a couple of years ago from the Irish peasantry. This desire for the roughest materials and the rudest make has produced already strange results. In Switzerland Englishmen are dressed so like guides that it is difficult to distinguish them. Even at Brighton the taste for walking-sticks has declared that a perfectly plain bit of ash cut out of the wood and innocent of scraping and varnishing is the most fashionable cane. A silver ornament is allowed near the handle as a sort of trade-mark to show that it belongs to a gentleman. Even if the winter of 1874 should be as inclement as that of 1870, there may yet be days when the 'camel' would be too warm, and so less heavy garments have to be prepared. Still, the relations with the animal world will be kept up. Ladies, when they cannot go out like beasts, will go out like birds. All trimmings are to be made of feathers—cocks' feathers, pheasants' feathers. This plumage is to cover the dresses, but a whole bird will be in the hat. A very fashionable lady may, therefore, assume a parrot's head and a peacock's tail."

The American Girl in Europe.

A writer in the Arcadian speaks of "the American girl abroad" as follows: "We have discovered that she can dance and speak French. Let us inquire whether she can talk. Certainly, we have just heard her at the table. She can tell you who was the favorite tenor in New York last season, and who will probably be so next, and compare the principal opera-houses of Europe with the academy of music at home. She can relate to you the private history of Count Walewski and Baron Rosengarten, can tell you why the former was not received in London society, and what induced Mrs. Bricabrac to refuse her patronage to the latter in New York. She is on intimate terms with the lady who 'brought out' the Polish exile that made such a sensation among the old Knickerbocker families, and can give you scrappy genealogical information as to the unquestionable possessors of blue blood. She will criticise with frankness 'Les Idees de Mme. Aubray,' and is half a convert to the convictions of the author of 'Monsieur Alphonse.' She will tell you, with as near an approach to effusion as she ever makes, that she has eighteen bosom friends and correspondents 'at home,' and read you portions of their letters, if you have purchased for her a sufficient number of bouquets and advanced far enough into her good graces. She does not always speak grammatically, having an odd way of confusing the nominative and objective cases, and 'you was' in preference to the plural form of the verb. But she always has plenty to say, and is indifferent as to where she says it. One of the chief charms of her conversation is the patience and publicity with which she corrects her mother's pronunciation. That unfortunate lady, far from being able to master a solitary word in the French language, has not been capable of coping successfully with the difficulties in her own. But she is never ashamed of her ignorance, and accepts the correction of her more gifted daughter with a meekness that is not without a certain grace. Words of five syllables are her special bugbear, and her alert daughter is never so engrossed in the delights of gossip as not to detect the false quantity, trip the delinquent up, and set the fraudulency right before the surrounding group."

An Interesting Event.

We all remember that a thrill of anguish ran up and down the spinal column of the American people when a certain announcement was made soon after the marriage of Edinburg to the czarina. We all know how the daughters of Columbia arose as one man and indignantly cast back the foul allegation into the teeth of the allegator, whoever he or she might be. Now, however, we have the pleasure to announce that it is all right. England is not absolutely starving for lack of royal family, but will probably be inclined to welcome this Anglo-Cossack little stranger, as Mrs. Edinburg's papa is rich and careless, and will be very likely to come down with something handsome on the occasion. It is interesting to know also that the cherub has been born, if not with a silver spoon in its mouth, at least with half a dozen in the cupboard, and will not be absolutely destitute of a mug. This is from reliable authority. Edinburg from this time will have to give up his lodge-meetings and private smokes in the club sunggery and conduct himself as becometh the father of a family and the sire of a second-hand Romanoff. The czarina is reported to be a great stickler for the proprieties of life, like Victoria, and between them both the outlook for Edinburg is not so festive as it might be. However, there is one comfort, his mother-in-law can't stay with him forever, which will at least take from him the temptation to follow the Romanoff example and put a little cold pizen in his old lady's teapot.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Thirty-five Ton Steam Hammer.

The great steam hammer lately built for the royal gun factories, at Woolwich, has been successfully erected and set to work. Being much the largest piece of mechanism of its kind in the world, considerable interest attaches to its performance. The weight of the falling portion is nearly forty tons, and its force of impact is greatly increased by the use of steam to drive it down from the top, the augumentation being estimated to equal the force represented by allowing the hammer to fall of its own weight, from a height of eighty feet. It has been allowed a striking fall of fifteen feet three inches. The hammer is forty-five feet high, and covers, with its supports, a base of about 120 square feet. Its weight is about 500 tons above the ground, and the iron used in the foundation below will weigh 665 tons.

The Home of Jefferson.

A correspondent of the Washington Chronicle who has lately made a pilgrimage to Monticello, once the home of Thomas Jefferson, thus describes the mansion in which the great statesman dwelt:

It is a two-story main building and wings, the former projecting front and rear in immense porticoes of solid stone, the center of the building being capped with a plain but ill-lighted dome. On the ceiling of the front portico is a large compass dial, and immediately over the main door there is set in the wall a large clock, with dials showing inside and out, and there is now exhibited a ladder made by Jefferson himself, and with which he wound up the timekeeper at stated periods by the weights suspended from pulleys on the walls of either side. The main entrance really consists of three double glass doors, all of which can be removed, and you enter a vestibule, octagonal in shape, and pass immediately into a parlor of the same shape. The two apartments have inlaid floors of walnut, mahogany and cherry, which have yet to be surpassed by any work of the kind in this country. Although they were in constant use in Jefferson's days, as he always had lots of company, and have been used since, and are still, by picnic and dancing parties, they are not warped nor injured in the least, and need, apparently, only soap and water to restore them to their original glossy appearance. There are two small dining rooms, one in each wing, the rest of the building being cut up into small and badly-lighted bedrooms. Ventilation seems to have been buried beneath every other consideration, as there is no room in the house through which there could be gained a direct air current. The beds, even, are set in recesses of alcoves in the walls, to form which space and rooms are sacrificed, and the stairways, one in each wing, are so constructed, and of such scant bend that their descent would be perilous in the daytime without a lantern. A covered way, which is in rather a dilapidated condition, leads from either wing to his library and office respectively, and an underground passage, through which he made his escape from Col. Carleton and the British cavalry, is shown to visitors. There is suspended in the vestibule a four-light lantern, but beyond the old gig-body, in which it is said he used to ride to Charlottesville, there is not an article of furniture or curiosity in the house. The janitor or keeper of the premises is a white man named Thomas Wheeler, who lives in the east wing. He was the overseer for Commodore Levy, the last tenant of the entire mansion, and as the property is now in litigation he remains in charge by sufferance, sustaining himself by what he can make off the farm and the collections (twenty five cents each) which he demands from visitors.

A Journalistic Murderer.

The other day a compositor in the Detroit Free Press office got hold of a part of a page of chirography of G. M D. Bloss, of the Cincinnati Enquirer. It isn't writing at all, but Bloss seems to kick the ink-bottle at a sheet of paper and then send the paper down to the compositors as editorial. This part of a page was used as the foundation of a plot to deliberately destroy a human life. A line or two was written above it, Bloss' page marked "solid," and it was handed to a "jour" who had just struck the office. He claimed to be "lightning" on the "set" and on reading manuscript, and he set up the introductory line like a whirlwind. When he came down to Bloss he grabbed for a cap "A," held it a second, and then dove into the "Y" box. Then he threw that back and picked out a dollar mark. No sentence can commence with a dollar mark, and the typo paused, spat on his hands, and rested one foot on the cross-bar of his rack. After a moment he grabbed an "ffi," but slowly replaced it, and toyed with an italic "Z." Then he spit on his hands some more, corrugated his brow, and hauled the manuscript under his eyes. It was no go. He held the page further off, close to his nose, slanting to the right, and square before the window, but he couldn't start it, and he knew in his soul that no other compositor outside the Enquirer could do it. As afternoon faded into twilight he laid the page aside, set up two or three lines out of his head, and then slipped into his coat, said he'd got to go to the depot to see a friend, and he was gone. In his stick he had set up the words: "Tell my mother that I will meet her on the other shore." He probably will. He was seen at the foot of Griswold street, heard to ask if death by drowning wasn't easier than hanging, and it is probable that his marble form lies in the bottom of the cold, green river, while Bloss is a murderer.

A Little Game Explained.

Mr. Devoy is a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle who is ranging around among the blacklegs on the line of the Central Pacific railroad and telling anecdotes about them in the paper. Devoy lately told a little story of a three-card monte robbery at Elko, Nevada. Some fellow jumped off the train to get a cup of coffee, but changed his mind when he saw a drunken miner in the eating-house tossing about some big nuggets of gold after the manner of a juggler. The fellow did not win the gold from the drunken miner, but, on the contrary, lost $200, a pair of lady's bracelets and his cup of coffee upon the turn of the card. The drunken miner was not drunk, and was not a miner, but is Johnny Roach, a noted gambler, who is working the road, prosperously plying his profession. The correspondent insinuates that the employes of the road are in partnership with the gamblers, and run the trains and scalp the passengers in the interest of the human vultures of the wild region through which they pass. At this Johnny Roach, the supposed drunken miner, rises to explain, and defends the employes of the road from the base insinuations of the correspondent. He says, moreover, that the newspaper story of the "overland robbers" is an infernal lie, and promise to convince Mr. Devoy of it at some future time. Roach only wants truth and justice in relation to his little game, and writes like an honest, upright and influential citizen of Nevada. Probably Mr. Devoy will get out of that region before he allows himself to be convinced that he has slandered Johnny Roach and the railroad employes.

Plain Diet.

This is what children ought on every account to be accustomed to from the first; it is vastly more for their present health and comfort than little nice things with which fond parents are so often apt to vitiate their appetites and it will save them a great deal of mortification in after life. If you make it a point to give them the best of everything; to pamper them with rich cakes, sweetmeats and sugar plums; if you allow them to say with a scowl, "I don't like this or that," "I can't eat that," and then go away and make them a little toast, or kill a chicken for their dainty palates—depend upon it you are doing a great injury, not only on the score of denying a full muscle and rosy cheek, but of forming one of the most inconvenient habits that they can carry along with them in after life. When they come to leave you they will not half the time find anything they can eat—and thus you will prepare them to a chafing and grumbling through life, the veriest slaves almost in the world.

Mothers, listen and be warned in time, for the time will come when you will repent; seeing your sons and daughters make their homes miserable by complaint, and raising their children up in the same way—*Rural New Yorker.*

At Vesuvius.

Charles Warren Stoddard, writing to the San Francisco Chronicle of the crater of Vesuvius, says: "We all stuffed our handkerchiefs into our mouths, held our noses, and stepped up on the very rim of the cone. On one side was a yawning chasm, so filled with vapors that I saw nothing; on the other was the precipitous slope of the mountain, down which it was easy to cast one's self and slide for two or three hundred feet without much effort. In a few moments we had passed the fiery or smoky ordeal, and, coming around the windward side of the cone, we breathed once more the delicious air of the morning. We could now approach the crater with ease and look far down into its hideous—nay, its beautiful depths. It is very beautiful. The inner walls are thickly coated with sulphur, and a Pompeiian fresco is not more brilliant or harmonious than the rich and splendid greens and reds and yellows that there combine to decorate this temple of the furies. Sudden puffs of wind sometimes wafted the great clouds that were continually ascending from the pit high over our heads, and the sun charging the sulphurous steams with light, a ghastly gloom was thrown for a moment over everything. We heard the commotion of the elements beneath us; it was as though the pit were half filled with fat, frying and sizzling; the air was heavily charged with sulphurous gases; we felt the heat of the very ground we stood on through the soles of our boots; in many places we could not touch our hand to the rocks without blistering it. Close by was a hole in the side, a jutting point of lava, into which one of the guides introduced, without the aid of his staff, a large roll of paper, which no sooner touched the spot that it burst into flame; the end of his stick ignited in a few seconds, yet no flames issued from the fiery furnace. The boy brought me a small bit of of lava, at which I lighted my cigar."

The Survey of the Forty-ninth Parallel.

The work of locating the boundary line between the United States and the British North American Possessions has been completed, and the American surveying party has arrived at St. Paul. Major Twining and his men were accompanied to Fort Buford by two companies of infantry, acting as escort. He reports that the British commission started for Pembina overland on their way to Canada. The joint work between the United States and England of marking the boundary line between the United States and British America on the 49th paralled of north latitude was commenced late in the season of 1874. But ninety-one miles were run that season. Last year the work was resumed, and 408 miles were run, when the survey was suspended again. The party resumed their labors once more last summer, leaving St. Paul in June. Since they have run 360 miles of survey, and on September 1st they reached the monument which marked the western terminus of the old survey on the summit of the Rocky mountains, thus completing the entire boundary line from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky mountains, a distance of 859 miles. Along this entire distance at average intervals of three miles the line is marked by stone pyramids, ten feet at the base and six feet high. There are no points in contention between the British and American governments, but a year will be required for the engineers to work up their notes before making their report. Maj. Twining will remain in St. Paul a week or two, when he will proceed to Washington, where he will establish his office and finish his report. He will probably return to St. Paul next season to superintend planting iron monuments at intervals of a mile along that portion of the line between Minnesota and Manitoba.

Microscopic Examination of Adulterated Milk.

It is stated by Profs. Zoller and Rissmuller that while large, medium-sized, and small round butter globules appear, under the microscope, to fill normal milk, they seem much less crowded, although present of different size, in milk diluted with water, according to the degree of dilution. The presence of only medium-sized and small globules indicates that the milk has been skimmed after standing a short time, while milk skimmed after twenty-four hours exhibits separate groups of the small globules only. By standing four hours, under favorable conditions, at a temperature of 64 to 68 deg., milk parts with 40 per cent. of its fatty matter, and as much as eighty-eight per cent. by standing twenty-four hours. The cream in the first place consists chiefly of the larger globules, and is poor in fatty matter; that in the latter case contains also the mass of the medium and small globules, and double the fatty matter. A plate with microscopic illustrations of normal milk and that skimmed after four and twenty-four hours is given by the authors.

Where Figs are Raised in this Country.

There are some twenty-five varieties of the fig known to the southern states, of different sizes, and in color white, green, purple, brown and black; all of which doubtless originated from the seeds and cuttings of foreign varieties from France, Spain or Italy. They have gradually become acclimated in the state of Tennessee, Northern Alabama, and the hardier kinds have been grown successfully as far north as St. Louis, Missouri, and Chillicothe, Ohio,—a Mr. Worthington, of the latter town, having been very successful in growing and marketing them in that place.

Indeed, in that northern latitude it is necessary to provide a winter protection for them, which is generally done by cutting the roots entirely off on one side and bending the tree over and covering with earth. When all danger of freezing is past, the tree is righted to its original position and firmly secured to a stout stake.

In Louisiana and the neighboring states all the hardier varieties will succeed without any protection.

The Writer of St. Elmo.

A Mobile letter in the Inter-Ocean says of the author of "St. Elmo:" "She is Mrs. Wilson, now, and lives in a beautiful little chateau in the suburbs. Her husband is a banker of wealth and influence, and she is a plain, unassuming lady, about thirty-five years old, I should think. From her appearance one would not imagine she had wrestled with Confucius, the Sanskrit philosophers and the ancient Greeks. Imagine a tall, slender lady, of dark complexion, black hair, and eyes of an indifferent color, features plain but full of animation and intelligence, and manners that are at once unobstrusive and attractive, and you have this De Stael of the south. She is seen but little in society, and seldom entertains any but intimate friends; but the poor know her well, and the hospitals and institutions for the homeless and friendless find in her a local Florence Nightingale."

—An Indiana woman says if they have to wash and iron in heaven, she hopes they'll let her remain in Indiana for all time to come.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—The naturally sluggish man never gets thoroughly aroused until the time comes to write his mother-in-law's epitaph.

—No man can read about all these burglaries without a determination to have his wife sleep on the front side of the bed.

—If life insurance companies had been in business in Palestine at the time, wouldn't Methuselah have been a healthy risk—life policy, for instance, annual premium from his twentieth to his 900th year!

—An excited railway man who shouts into the cars the name of the station, and who hears a great deal of complaint because the names are called indistinctly, wants to know if the public expects tenors at forty dollars a month.

—An excited railway man, who shouts into the cars the names of the station, and who hears a great deal of complaint because the names are called indistinctly, wants to know if the public expects tenors at forty dollars a month.

—A young man has been arrested in New York for sleeping in a standing position. He would stand on the street for hours at a stretch, with his eyes closed, and not move a muscle. It is hereditary. His father was a policeman.

—In view of the prevalence of birds on ladies' hats, this season, wouldn't some milliner make a fortune by putting on the brim of a hat a whole poultry yard, with a horse, looking at it through a stable window? We charge nothing for the suggestion.

—A keen-witted servant girl told the milkman the other day that he gave his cows too much salt. "How do you know that?" said the lactealist. "Sure I kin tell by the milk that they drink too much water entirely!" said the girl. The milkman drove off in a hurry.

—The British museum recently became possessed of a jacinth, a precious stone of exceeding rarity. The specimen is no larger than a pea, and, says the London Times, "flashes and glows with a lustre which seem to denote the presence of fire and flame." It cost $3,500.

—A new toy, lately patented, consists of a figure of a dandy with a cigar-holder in his mouth. In the pedestal there is a small bellows, operated by clock-work and spring. A small cigar is lighted and placed in the holder, and when the spring is set in motion the dandy puffs away as natural as life until the cigar is consumed.

—Seeds and fruit-cuttings in packages as large as four pounds now pass through the mails and post-offices at a comparatively low rate of postage. A bushel of orchard grass-seed weighs fourteen pounds, which may be mailed in four packages for thirty-two cents to any part of the United States.

—A religious body having resolved to build a new church, the pastor went around begging very zealously, accepting not only the widow's but the child's mite. In the school, one Sabbath, while instructing them, he compared himself to a shepherd, and then inquired what he did with his flock. One bright-eyed little fellow promptly replied, "He shears them!"

—A strange man, who wanted to go on the train, but missed it, walked up and down the depot in a high state of excitement, berating himself and every-one else. "I know just what my wife will say!" he exclaimed, as he walked up and down. "When that train gits thar and she won't see me, she'll git right up and jump over chairs and smash crockery and swear I'm off on another drunk!"

—A Chicago description of Fred Grant: "Among the throng, after having exchanged salutations with his parental relations, mingled a stolid-looking, sullen-faced young man, with a faint attempt at a mustache, and cold, lifeless eyes, an ungainly figure, and no redeeming feature, upon whom eyes were occasionally cast, and persons frequently addressed as Col. Fred Grant, 'the happy man.'"

—"Six things," says Hamilton, "the requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness are upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

—At a teachers' institute in Scottville, Ky., the question arose, "Why is it that a pig may drink a bucket full of slop and then be placed in the same bucket and not fill it?" The teachers having all failed to give any satisfactory solution, the question was referred to Capt. Gib Mulligan, who at once rendered his decision that there must have been a leak about the pig. There was no further discussion.

—How comfortable for a young wife to feel that her husband is a bountiful provider, and that she will never want for the necessaries of life. A newly married man was recently directed by his wife to order some yeast, and not having a very well defined idea of the article, he told the baker to send up three dollars' worth. At nine o'clock next morning three men might have been seen tugging a cask of yeast up the front steps of that man's house.

THERE is a good deal of wisdom to be found in the by-ways. A recent English book mentions some lines, known as the "Seven Conditions," which appear beneath a series of old designs to be found in almost every house on both banks of the Rhine. The first is the emperor, who says: "I levy tribute." Next comes the nobleman, who says: "I take tithes." The Jew (mediæval type of the trader) says: "I live on my profits." The soldier says: "I pay for nothing." The beggar says: "I have nothing." The peasant says: "God help me, for these six other men have all to be supported by me."

The Grain Market.

There seems to be little doubt now but that England will need double the amount of grain that she has raised. Usually Russia can furnish it cheaper than we can, but it does not seem to be the case this year. The probability is that there will be a heavy call on us. This seems so certain to be the case that in Philadelphia, which has now become the leading port for the export of grain, extensive arrangements are being made to accommodate the trade.

It is to be hoped that this idea will be realized. It is just what is needed to revive our drooping western agriculture; and with it, of course, a revival of general trade. It is to be regretted that so many vital interests should be made to rest on the mere chance of an European failure, and not upon a steady, regular and certain demand. It is chiefly on the uncertainty of the European market that our agriculture suffers so much. This uncertainty will always exist until we have our chief market near at home. Some think it is the reliance on this uncertainty which makes our continual panics. However this may be, it will not make any difference this year or now. We want an immediate market in order to advance prices, and if Europe gives us the one now promised, it will be a good thing for us.—*Forney's Weekly Press.*

Jackson's Opinion of Newspapers.

Gen. Jackson, when president, said to one of his fiercest newspaper opponents: "Send me your newspaper. I know that you are opposed to me, but then I should like to see your paper every day. I want to see how many lies you can tell of me." "General," said the editor, "I think I do right in opposing you, and I shall continue to do so with all the ability of which I am master." Here was a man after Jackson's own heart, and he replied with an oath: "Sir, send me your paper, for aside from your abuse of me your paper is a good one. Besides, I never saw a newspaper in which I could not find something worth reading." Just so. No man can pick up a newspaper without finding something of interest. You may take the paper and tear it into fragments, and in each fragment you will see something to amuse or instruct you.