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HEARTSEASE.

Of all the bonny buds that blew
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
This little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses;
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches;
Because he brought me royally
His biggest plums and peaches;
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my books and slate.

"They could not see"—with pout and fling—
"The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls!"

And this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly
Why, more than Marian or May,
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him, why was this?
He only answered with a kiss,

Until I teased him—"Tell me why;
I want to know the reason."
When from the garden-bed close by
(The pansies were in season)
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lilies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor;
But over and above the rest,
This little heartsease suits me best."

"Am I your little heartsease, then?"
I asked with blushing pleasure.
He answered Yes and Yes again—
Heartsease and dearest treasure.
And the round world and all the sea
Held nothing half so sweet to me!

I listened with a proud delight
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight
Would come to chill my rapture.
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I've had other lessons since
I lost my little lover:
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

SPONGE-CAKE.

LOTTIE HANSCOM sat on the back porch of her mother's house. A basket of pease half shelled was beside her, and she was abstractedly tossing empty pods at the heavy-headed poppies in the garden border. When the time for summer boarders came Lottie had to be "second girl;" and a very piquant little house-maid she looked, with her black curls pushed into a net, and her bright calico skirt fastened back. She was humming in a low tone, and listening between times to the gay laughter of the group on the front piazza, where three young ladies were embroidering with Berlin wools and two gentlemen lounged on the steps smoking.

The air she was humming was a sad one, but she felt merry enough. It is true that she was a little tired with her morning's work, and a little indolent because of the heat of the day. It is true too that she was conscious of a faint twinge of envy when Mr. Davenport's barouche was drawn up to the house by a pair of panting horses, and its owner, leaping to the ground, assisted a lady companion to alight.

Lottie would have liked to go riding in a barouche with—well, with some one who was not Mr. Davenport. It is a pity the "some one" in question could not have seen the crimson deepen in her cheeks as she pulled the basket of pease toward her and commenced the song over again:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

A step and voice behind her arrested the next words on her lips. Turning, she saw Mr. Davenport, who had come through the hall, and stood looking down on her, with his hat in one hand and a half-finished cigar in the other.

"All the birds seem to be singing on this side the house, Miss Lottie."

"Yes," was the demure reply. "Silas says there are two oriole nests in those elms. They're very pretty singers."

Mr. Davenport did not see the mischief in Lottie's downcast eyes. He was more amused than vexed by her literal response.

"Will you allow me to sit down here awhile? Perhaps they may go on singing."

Lottie made no objection, only shelled pease very vigorously. When Mr. Davenport had seated himself, thus bringing his hair, which was already beginning to be streaked with gray, on a level with the top of the basket, she did cast a sly glance of admiration at the heavy gold chain at his side and the rings that adorned the hand with which he was wiping his heated face.

"It's excessively warm. Can't I help you with those pease, Miss Lottie? It is a pity to stain such pretty fingers as yours."

Lottie blushed, more at his glance than his words, and replied, hastily,

"Oh no, certainly not; I'm used to it."

"But you don't like house-work, do you? You'd as lief somebody else would shell the pease, and so forth? Eh?"

"Why, yes. That's of course."

"Ah! I'm glad you're frank with me. Do you know I've been curious about you often, when we've all been enjoying ourselves, and you've been working away hard like a good little Cinderella? Do you know I've actually worn a path under the kitchen windows trying to get a peep at you?"

"No," said Lottie, with a frank look of surprise; but something in Mr. Davenport's answering gaze suddenly caused her to bend over the basket, to hide the vexed color that burned on her cheeks.

"Miss Lottie?"

The voice was almost a whisper, and a hand softly tried to draw away the basket of pease.

"Well, sir?"

"Put these away awhile, and let me talk to you."

"Why, I'm listening! I shan't have the pease ready for dinner!"

Nevertheless, she let him put the basket one side, only saying, with a nervous attempt at a laugh,

"There! now are you satisfied?"

Mr. Davenport deliberately took the basket's place at her side, and, bending his dark, bearded face very near her own, answered,

"No, not yet. How can I be satisfied, Miss Lottie, when you show so plainly that you don't like me?"

His hearer confusedly disclaimed this conclusion.

"Why, Mr. Davenport, I—I— Of course I do!"

"Well, I don't want you to like me. I don't like you."

Her puzzled and somewhat resentful glance made him smile. He continued, bending so near that a fringe of hair brushed Lottie's curls:

"I believe you know already what I mean. You little coy, black-eyed sprite, I love you. Didn't you guess it before I told you?"

The garden, the over-hanging vines, and the sky whirled before Lottie's eyes. Love her?—the rich Mr. Davenport, who had more money than he knew what to do with! Love her? She was too much amazed to resist when he took her hands in his, or to comprehend the disconnected sentence which confirmed his declaration. The first words she heard distinctly were uttered by lips that almost touched her cheek:

"Will you marry me?"

"I—I—Somebody will see us," she said, struggling in vain to free herself.

"That isn't answering my question. Poor, little stained fingers! they shall never do any more hard work. How would you like to be a rich lady, Lottie?"

He saw the quick sparkle in her eyes. Ah, how beautiful! To dress, to drive, to dance, to see a thousand things she had heard of! She let the clasping arm draw her closer and closer, and the bearded lips touch hers once. The clump of marigolds gleamed in the garden like a prophecy of the wealth she might possess if she would. No more calicoes and kitchen-work, but, instead—

"Are you never going to tell me yes?"

Some answer that Lottie managed to utter earned her so many kisses that she struggled again to rise.

"Let me go, please!" she entreated, scarlet with shame.

"Well, I want to put this ring on your finger. There! and now—"

An approaching footstep startled them. Mr. Davenport rose hastily, and Lottie too sprang to her feet. Susan, the house-maid, appeared in the doorway, and Mr. Davenport turned abruptly down the garden path.

"Be them pease shelled, Miss Lottie?"

"No, but almost. What time is it?"

"Eleven and a quarter."

Lottie went to work in serious earnest, despite her excitement; but she was fated to have another interruption, in the shape of a tall, blue-eyed youth, who came up the garden path with several fish dangling from a rod.

"There!" he said, dropping these on the piazza, and throwing himself down in the place Mr. Davenport had just vacated, "those are for Susan if she wants them. I've had good luck this morning. I suppose the fishes wanted to celebrate my last holiday. Don't you think so, Miss Lottie?"

"Your last holiday!" was the blank rejoinder. "What do you mean?"

"I've got to go back to the city to-morrow. Two of the clerks are sick. Ho for cashmeres and muslins again!"

He looked up at Lottie rather expectantly, hoping for some expression of regret; but not a word did she say. A sudden pallor had replaced the flush on her face, however. The heavy seal-ring that Mr. Davenport had placed on her finger most inopportunely slipped off just here, fell from her lap, and rolled along the step slowly. The new-comer picked it up, changed color as his eyes fell upon it, but merely said, as he handed it back,

"You have a new ring, haven't you?"

"Ye-yes."

He watched her as she hastily pushed it on again; then said, rather indignantly,

"You haven't told me whether you're sorry I'm going or not."

"Of course I'm sorry, Mr. Willard," was the reply, in stifled tones; for Lottie was bending for another handful of pods.

"'Of course!' Is that all? Well, that's the way with women. A man believes a woman will perhaps think kindly of him when he is gone, will perhaps regret his departure from her, as he regrets it himself; and she tells him calmly, why 'of course,' of course, she is sorry!"

Lottie was making sad work with the pease. Spite of all she could do a little quiver of the lips betrayed her agitation as she responded hurriedly, "Why, I mean it. What—what can I say but just that—that I'm sorry?"

"And you call me Mr. Willard."

"Harry, then!" with an apprehensive glance down the garden path.

"Lottie, I believe you have made a vow not to look at me. Do put these con—I mean those pease—out of the way!"

"I can't—you mustn't! There, now! see what you've done!" cried Lottie, in real distress, as an unguarded movement sent the basket and its contents rolling down the steps.

"I'll pick up every pea it you'll sit still five minutes and talk to me. Lottie, now tell me truly, are you sorry I'm going? Shall you ever want to see me when I'm miles away from this little town, back in New York?"

"Oh, don't, don't! How can you bother me so? Indeed, I must pick up the pease this minute!"

The tears rolling down the round cheeks were sufficient answer, but, man-like, Harry persisted.

"I don't see how I bother you. It's only a simple question; but I know what the real answer is—you don't care a straw! I'm only a poor clerk, and there are plenty of rich widowers in the world."

"Oh, Harry!"

This time Lottie sobbed outright, and so piteously that Harry was conquered.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know I had! Don't cry; please don't cry, dear. If you knew half how sorry I am myself—how it seems to me I never can go away from you—you wouldn't blame me; you'd forgive me, if I *am* a brute! You do care about me, don't you, Lottie?"

No answer, but unrestrained sobs and mute resistance as he tried to take her hand.

"Lottie!" There was a whole volume of reproach in the one word.

"Oh, don't, don't! You mustn't talk to me any longer."

"And you won't answer me?

No reply.

"And you don't love me?"

Silence still.

Suddenly an arm stole around Lottie's waist, and the hidden face was lifted and scanned by a pair of blue eyes.

"Lottie, do you love me or not?"

"I—I don't know! I mean I don't—I can't. You mustn't talk to me so."

"Why not?"

"Because I—I must shell the pease."

"What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Lottie, freeing herself desperately, as the odor of a cigar was wafted toward them, and the top of a beaver hat became visible at the extreme end of the garden walk. "Go away—oh, do go away!"

"I'll go when you've answered. It is a little thing enough to ask. Just say yes or no. I tell you I love you; you know I do. I'm a poor man, but I can make my wife comfortable, and I'm certain I can make her happy. Lottie, I was sure you cared for me this morning; if you say you don't, I never shall be happy again. Say yes or no."

What Lottie meant to answer is hard to tell. Mr. Davenport came into view suddenly, and her mother's voice sounded from the kitchen.

"Lottie! Lottie! where are those pease?"

She tore her hands away, and sprang down the steps, saying, hastily and contradictorily,

"No, no; certainly. Yes, in a minute."

Without a word more Harry picked up the pease for her—the work of full five minutes—set the basket on the porch, and walked away. Ten minutes later the pease were finally shelled and put on the kitchen table, but Lottie was nowhere to be found. She was locked in her chamber. The seal ring had been tossed indignantly on the floor, and its new owner was crying as if her heart would break.

Half that long summer afternoon she staid shut up, too miserable to face any comment, too hopeless to see any way out of the trouble she had brought upon herself; for if she had said "no" to Mr. Davenport and "yes" to Harry Willard, she would have been a happy girl. What was there to do but face the consequences? She might unsay the yes, but never the no; and yet if she were to write to Harry—if she were to tell him she never meant it! There was still a little of his holiday left—if, indeed, he did not let his anger hurry him away.

The sunshine of mid-afternoon was slanting in on the faded carpet and yellow wash-stand as Lottie hastily bathed her eyes and pulled a writing-desk toward her. It slanted more and more from the west as she sat considering, perplexedly biting the end of her pen, writing and rewriting and tossing aside tiny cream-tinted sheets of paper, until the table was covered with beginnings, and only one sheet was left in the box. This she finally took up despairingly, and wrote the date and the commencement:

MY DEAR HARRY—I don't know how to write this to you, and I am very much ashamed to take back what I said, but I never meant to say it. I had to, because Mr. Davenport was coming, and that was his ring I had on my finger, and he had just asked me to marry him, and I had said yes, because, you know, he is so rich, and I thought it would be nice to be a lady. I don't know what made me say yes, for I don't love him, and I do love you. I am so sorry I said what I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, now you know that I really don't care for anybody but you? Please! LOTTIE.

As she sat looking at this rather crude production of hers a difficulty occurred to her. How should she send it? Carry it to the post-office, and let the postmistress, who had known her from a baby, discover that she had written to Harry Willard? Never. Drop it into the post-box? No, for the handwriting would betray her, and the whole town would hear of it. Could she give it to Harry herself? No, not that! Or give it to Susan to give him? Worse yet. Thoroughly perplexed and disheartened, Lottie fell a prey to her own fears. If Harry had the letter, he might be disgusted by her forwardness, or else too much displeased to forgive her at all. Perhaps it was unlady-like to think of sending the letter, and yet, if she did not send it, Harry would go away.

A miserable half hour of indecision followed, at the end of which she tossed all the scattered sheets in a heap into her writing-desk, locked it, and then cried with renewed abandon. A series of sharp raps on the door and a voice by no means gentle roused her.

"Lottie! I say, Lottie! For goodness' sake, what are you about? Here it's after four, and no cake for supper, and Mr. Willard going in the six train! Come right down stairs, and don't let us have any more dawdling! Come! there's no time to spare."

How Lottie ever got into the kitchen, and in what manner she contrived to begin her cake-making she never knew. Harry going at six! She was such a child that his going away seemed to her to end everything finally between them. She should never see him again! Over and over she said to herself as she mechanically weighed the flour and the sugar for sponge-cake, beat her eggs, and commenced to mix the ingredients. A great many tears fell into that cake, and they so blinded her that she did not see her mother at her elbow, as she was dropping it into the pans, until a sharp voice startled her:

"Lottie, what has come over you? You haven't put a bit of paper in the bottom of those pans! It would have burned for certain, and here it is almost five. Hurry! go and get some paper, quick!"

Lottie still mechanically, searched the drawers of the dresser in vain; and, spurred to action by the sharp voice and by the sound of the clock striking five, she rushed up stairs to her own room, tore off two half sheets of paper from the pile she had thrust into her desk, ran down again, and had the cake into the oven in such a miraculously short time that even her mother was astonished.

"There, now, pick over these berries, and set the table. Susan hasn't finished ironing. And fetch up the butter, and—"

The voice buzzed in Lottie's ears, as she hurried from one thing to another. At last everything was done and on the table but the cake, and the shrill ringing of the supper-bell admonished Lottie to hurry with that. Never was cake so unceremoniously tipped out of the pans and so roughly cut up. The papers had burned on, and there was no time to stop to pull the fragments off. So Lottie made the best of it, and left them on, dumping the cake-basket down on the side-board, with a long sigh of relief.

She did not dare to go in to supper on account of her swollen eyes, and on account of Mr. Davenport, whom she was afraid to meet. And if Harry was going, what was the use? She could not let him go unwatched, however; so, running up stairs, she hastily donned a walking-dress and hurried out of the back door toward the village. From the post-office she would be sure to see him pass, and it "would be some comfort just to do that," thought poor Lottie, trying to swallow the lump in her throat as she hastened along.

Once in the post-office, she dawdled aimlessly about the counters, asking for this and that, and keeping her broad hat pulled low over her face, lest the marks of tears should be seen. She waited a long time, watching the street, but Harry did not pass. The clock pointed to five minutes of six—perhaps he would be late for the train. At any rate, he had not passed, and there was no other road to the station.

One minute of six. Surely the clock must be wrong. No; for the whistle of the train sounded with its first stroke, and Harry had not gone by. He had been late, then. Lottie turned toward home in a hurry. If she should see him—

She did not finish the sentence, for she had no idea how seeing him would help the matter; still she felt more cheerful as she hastened along the sunny road. She had almost reached home when she saw the object of her thoughts coming toward her at a round pace. There was no valise in his hand, and he still wore his fisher's coat. Lottie's heart gave a great bound, half of relief, half of apprehension. The first feeling quickly predominated, for Harry's strides soon brought him to her side, and he looked down on her from his altitude of six feet with a smile that betokened anything but displeasure.

"Where have you been running to, you naughty child? And where—why, where is your seal ring?"

"At home," responded the puzzled Lottie, faintly.

"Why didn't you come to supper and bid me good-by?"

"You haven't gone."

"I'm going, though. Will you give me some sponge-cake for luncheon?"

More and more amazed, Lottie made no reply at all.

"Did you make the sponge-cake we had for supper?"

"Yes."

"Made it in a hurry, didn't you?"

"Why?"

"You didn't get all the paper off, that's all. See what has stuck on my piece, you small deceiver! Why didn't you use the post-office instead of sponge-cake? Eh?"

A small strip of greasy paper was laid in Lottie's outstretched hand. Upon it she read the beginning of her last epistolary production of the afternoon:

MY DEAR HARRY: I don't know how to write this to you, and I am very much ashamed to take back what I said, but I never meant to say it. I had to, because Mr. Davenport—

Here the paper was torn off, and, besides, was taken forcibly out of Lottie's hand, which was clasped in two others.

"You wrote that to me? You mean it? Say yes!"

For some time after Lottie's reply nothing connected or sensible was said on either side; but when they had reached the garden gate, and were philandering under the elms, Lottie said,

"But I don't see how you got so much paper on your cake. I thought it was all in little fragments."

Harry laughed.

"I couldn't break it easily, because it was so tough—no offense to the cook—so I took a whole bar. I couldn't eat it, for I'd no appetite, so I turned it over and looked at it, and, singularly enough, I began to get hungry immediately. Let's have sponge-cake for our wedding-cake, Lottie!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Suppressing the Violets.

In a recent letter from Paris to the Philadelphia *Press*, Mrs. Hooper says: "I forgot in my account of the fete of the 15th of August to mention an odd circumstance, which proves the vigilance of the authorities here. A large number of violets had been grown for sale on that day, the gardeners knowing that as it was the day sacred to the Napoleons and to imperialism, there would be a considerable demand for the imperial flowers. But the police were on the alert, and early on the morning of the 15th they made a raid on the flower markets, and captured every violet exposed there for sale, besides which orders were given to confiscate at the barriers all the violets which might be brought into Paris from the country. So the Bonapartists were minus their symbolical flower on the consecrated 15th of August."

IT is asserted that 300 pounds of frogs are daily consumed in New York. They are chiefly caught in Canada, and are sent there in salt sacks laid flat on the floor of the freight car, and containing each about one hundred frogs. An average of five per cent. die in the train. Each female frog is said to spawn over a thousand at a time, but not more than fifty of that number live to attain full growth. They are often eaten by their own species or by birds and snakes. They are usually taken with the hook, but bite at it only when their heads are above water. A bait is often unnecessary. A frog-catcher frequently brings his hook under the jaw of the frog without creating alarm, and jerks its point into the flesh. He is then easily lifted into the boat.

LIFE IN NEW MEXICO.

Advent into a Mexican Town—Adobe Domiciles—Astride of a "Burro"—The Pueblo Indians, etc., etc.

From a letter in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* from its correspondent with Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition, we make the following interesting extracts:

ADVENT INTO A MEXICAN TOWN.

As I have said, like Culebra, like Abiqui, and every other Mexican town ever fathered by a padre, in the outskirts of Culebra a lariated hog attracted general attention. Then there were numerous representatives of the species billy-goat, an animal which has always seemed to me to be first cousin to the devil himself. An old woman, the town fool, garrulous and cackling, brandished a crushed oyster-can high in the air as she whistled and danced the way into the middle of the road to inquire how many tons burden the odometer vehicle was. Two damsels were washing clothes by the stream. A trough was their tub, and was heaped with a mass of foamy suds, the product of the soap-root, a plant indigenous here. Young and skittish, and fearing advances from Tweed, they fled to shelter on our approach. Through the population of loafers, we rode as through a gauntlet. The men were slouchy; the children were stark and absolutely naked, and the women were smeared with red paint, not with that decent regard for tone and finish which our civilized ladies practice, but recklessly, in daubs, streaks, and patches. The cruciform church is the center of the town. It is surmounted by a steeple, each of the four standards of which seems to hold different views concerning the direction of Heaven. In it is a bell with no sign of a rope attached. How do they ring it? The mystery is solved by that rickety ladder which leans against the outer wall, by which route the bellman climbs to oscillate the clapper by hand. However, this cathedral is gorgeous and like a New Jerusalem to the simple minds of those who worship there, because of its possession of glass windows, the only ones in town. True, I have seen private and pretentious mansions with an empty sash as a medium of illumination, and an obstruction and perplexity to the invading rain-drops, but never a vitreous slab has been there. The streets are narrow as Edinburgh streets, and where they might as well wind in flowing curves, are broken with abrupt elbows and angles, in the turning of which a fleet rider would be dismounted. They are tangled, and when one traverses their labyrinth in patient search of the postoffice and the sound of the roll of an English-speaking tongue, he may find himself at the bottom of a *cul de sac*, where lean three women against the house interesting as mummies, or just as likely he will be scraping the two walls of a goat-path which leads to the back door of some human habitation.

ADOBE DOMICILES.

The house of the non-progressive Mexican is not a whit better than that of his fathers. In external appearance it is a square pile of brown bricks, and I have ridden a mile through the suburbs of a town thinking what a flourishing place must be my destination in order to support so many brick yards. Not one of them ever aspires beyond one story. Whenever you find a people too lazy to go up stairs you will find on the tip of the tongue the earthquake theory against high houses, and so it is here. Some of the towns, as, for instance, Tierra Amarilla, are situated in groves of magnificent timber, but dirt is still plentier and cheaper, and hence they build themselves homes of it. The floors are of dirt, hard and well packed; the walls are of dirt and about ten feet high, and the roof is of dirt, rolling in furrows, like a potato field. In truth I have seen a good growth of corn thriving on the ranche-roofs up North, but not here, where the omnipresent goat would crop it in its youth; nothing more edible than a cactus has long promise of life here. Now, in passing, let me prick another delusion, all concerning this building called a ranche, which is too often seen from the East through the optimistic glass of the imagination, its utter absence of comfort and convenience being kindly filled in with romance. Having participated once in the uprearing of one of these shams, I presume to know whereof I speak. Take the lowliest Irishman's shanty or the poorest peasant's hut, and they are more like dwelling-houses than the ranche of a man who counts his cattle by the thousand, and a well-ordered stable is palatial in comparison. A ranche is built in a day and furnished in an hour. First, there is piled a structure of logs like a child's cob-house, and a rectangular aperture cut through and called a door. The roof has but slight inclination, and, in place of rafters, pine poles are laid snugly side by side, upon which is spread a layer of gunny-sacks or hay to restrain from leakage the load or two of earth which forms a top-dressing to the whole. That is all; the ranche is done. Of course, if the proprietor is aristocratic and uppish in his tastes, he may, in some leisure hour, take ax, saw and auger and pin together a few puncheons for a door and a table; or, if the weather promise to be cold, he may chink up the cracks between the logs and plaster up a fire-place in one corner, but the man who would think of desiring a floor other than nature's bosom would be hooted and mobbed as a pampered tender-foot, or respected as an exiled prince. In rare cases I have seen the walls papered, the *Day's Doings* being thus utilized, but such instances of leanings toward luxury are rare. Before the door the viscera of game and the heads of fish are profusely and carelessly scattered, serving as attraction to draw hither all the flies between here and the next ranche, which is like unto this. Yet the occurrence of one of these rude cabins in an unsettled country is of geographical importance, and often of vital importance to the traveler, and recent maps of New Mexico give their location with all the space and precision allotted to villages.

ASTRIDE OF A "BURRO."

When a Mexican wants to go anywhere, he rides, and like Mazeppa, he rides without saddle, stirrup, or bridle; but, unlike Mazeppa and Jehu, he does not ride furiously. His charger is a gentle and dispassionate little donkey, a *burro*, a diminutive creature which a righteous man would not think of consigning to a harder lot than to be a plaything for his baby and a companion for his kittens. Great men will ride these objects of oppression and much abuse, and I have seen two men comfortably jogging along on a little pigmy of a donkey which I am confident I could easily lift, and across which my mercy toward the brute creation would have checked me from stepping, fearing lest I might sit heavily on my steed and crush him. Of the animal in question nothing but the hoofs and ears were visible, and with the four legs of the men and the four legs of the beast touching the ground in alternation, the combination looked like a very peculiar and unheard-of centipede. This passion for equestrianism is universal in the South, as was proved to me by a recent meeting which I had with a wayside miss of about the age of Wordsworth's piece of simplicity. This rural girl was riding, equally divided, a billy goat with the beard of a philosopher and the smirk of a Mephistopheles. I thought at the time that if I were a Wordsworth I could concoct a rare poem out of this encounter. Well do I remember the convulsion of astonishment which swept over me at my first sight of a burro, with his master, a superannuated and altogether-lost-in-sin Mexican. No bridle was there to make the patient animal proud; but a thong of sheepskin went once around his neck as a halter, more as a reminder of his subjugation than as a preventive against any such miraculous event as a fugacious attempt. The old man guided him with a club, insinuating it suddenly in the range of his right eye when he wanted a deflection to the left, and vice versa. A fragment of a sheep-pelt was a saddle, on which the old man sat, not as erect and proud, but as cheeky and impudent as a monarch. Dean Swift was of the opinion that a man of moderate means might, perchance, be the possessor of one dog; a poor man, by some inscrutable law, was always owner of two dogs; but a—using a bad word—poor man was never content with less than three dogs. Well, this Mexican's standing in the scale of riches was indicated by five dogs, any one of which, fat and voracious, would require more maintenance than his long-suffering and starved little donkey.

DINING WITH AN APACHE.

On the whole, though, our relations with the Indian have been most pleasant and amicable, and I am glad of it. Many a prejudice resulting from contact with the Pawnees and Sioux, rascally and dirty, is vanishing before the influence of the Pueblos, clean and orderly, and even the Apaches are not a bad sort of fellows when they behave themselves, as many of them do. The Doctor imported one of these into camp one day in order to learn his language, using the Spanish tongue as a medium. It was a most picturesque sight when these two ends of the earth met. A soap box was their table, over which they cronied and hobnobbed with the greatest of sociability. The Indian forgot his reserve and the Doctor forgot his dignity, and I doubt if so much nasal twang and confusion of tongues ever before took place outside of a Boston conference of philology. After an hour of linguistic study the Doctor invited his subject to tea. As his opposite I had an excellent opportunity to study him, and I have copious notes in pickle for a treatise on the manners and customs of the Apache. There were two items in his costume, a shirt and about a quart of tin earrings; the latter is a necessity to your true warrior, the former is assumed in deference to certain squeamish notions of the people who sell him his whisky. His posture was an imitation of the Turkish, and his table etiquette was not Chesterfieldian, for he had a bad habit of inserting his fingers for his portion into the soup bowls or tureens, or, to be more accurate, into the tin platters and basins, and then, when there was too great an accumulation of moisture and grease thereon, he had another very bad habit of using his bare feet as a napkin. After some hesitation our guest was beguiled into the consumption of a sharp cucumber pickle, the like of which he had never seen before. Ere it had passed his palate he felt himself deeply aggrieved, yet the noble man seemed to entertain no feelings of revenge toward those practical jokers, his hosts, but simply begged a couple more of the same acidified vegetable, that he might take them to his home and fool his squaw and papoose with them.

PUEBLO LIFE AND SCENES.

In the suburbs of San Juan, an Indian town, or *pueblo*, we saw the women at work, patient and sad, like bond-servants, grinding corn in the mills, threshing grain on the ground, weaving blankets at the loom. Favorably as I am impressed by this ancient clan, I shall never people my Utopia with them until the men become more chivalric and cousign less of life's drudgery to their wives, who are more sorrowful than nature made them. Throughout the valley were little dot-like huts, which were perfect cubes about ten feet along the edge, with a ladder leading to the roof, which was shaded by a swing of pine boughs. Before the door the branches of the trees were lopped off, and on the prongs were hung melons at dry in preparation for the winter. Everywhere in field and town was cleanliness, everywhere industry, and I cannot but esteem the Indian of the South superior to the Mexican in every respect, not excepting their intonation of their adopted, the Spanish language, to which they gave a mellifluous and musical accent less foreign to its nature than the snarl of this degenerate stock of Castile known as greasers.

Through Ojo Caliente and San Juan to San Lorenzo our route lay once more through an inhabited country—that is, there was a narrow ribbon of corn and melon vines along the river, a sheep or two on the knoll, a jackass or two in the gulch, a goat or two on the roof, and two or three women leaning against the shady side of the house, statuesque in position, statuesque in apparel. When camp was located in the evening there was a scrub-race of the people of the surrounding region, each laden with whatever of truck his or her garden-patch afforded, musk and watermelons, green corn, red peppers, apples, and plums, with here a sheep and there an apron of eggs, all of the proprietors of which were anxious to run their stuff in while the market was brisk. "What do you want for that string of beans?" "How much will you give?" "What will you take?" "Two dollars." "I'll give you fifty cents." "It's a bargain." So we had bacon and beans for supper.

At the break of every morning, with all the regularity of a Mussulman at prayers, they came again, headed by the alcalde, who was to receive a share of the profits, and escorted by a gang of perjured witnesses, ready to swear that our sedate mules had been on a rampage in the shades of the night; had devasted their fields; had eaten their peppers, broken their corn, and squashed their melons. Frequently, presuming on our chivalry and putting faith in woman's power of parley, they would send forth some brawling female to recover damages. But Barbara, the double-tongued wife of Ojo Caliente, presumed just a hair's breadth too far on the courtesy of the little but plucky Doctor, as any pilgrim of our band can tell you. Not content with souring the digestion of our early breakfast, they would come when the hours were small and our slumbers were sweet, and our ears yet ring with the screams of the grandam Barbara, with which she drove the midnight echoes mad, shouting: "*Oigan! Oiganse! Las mulas estan en mi milpa! Hacon mucho dano! Mucho dano!*" Then every roll of blankets became vocal with the murmurs of those who were awakened at an untimely hour, and the old witch Barbara who came clamorous for damages, returned sorely rebuked for thus mentioning business outside of office hours.

Therefore it was, that when we again halted in the peaceful solitudes at the grassy source of the Rio del Oso, our abiding place was named Camp Sin Dano (the Camp Without Damages), and to this day it stands, and to all coming time it will stand, thus recorded on the archives of the expedition. With thirty days' rations, and Santa Fe for a destination, we are off now in the wild woods, going through chasm and canon, over mesa and mountain, monarchs of all we survey.

Aboriginal Surgery.

In a paper read before the Canadian Medical Association lately, Dr. Hingston argued that the aborigines of America had their surgery—simple but effective—and to which even the usurpers were sometimes forced to resort. Contused wounds and bruises were treated by cold douches from springs and running streams; and suppurating wounds with the bark of the mucilaginous slippery elm and basswood, and the resinous bark of the tamarack—all valuable emollient and stimulant cataplasms; and ulcers were stimulated to granulation by the inner wood and berry of the juniper. They reduced dislocations by main force, and also, it would appear, by a certain rotary method. Fractures, which rarely occurred among them, were carefully set, and splints of cedar or broom, ingeniously padded by the squaws with leaves of grass, were bound upon the limb with withes of young birch. Amputations were performed at the joints with knives of flint or jasper, and in some instances of copper polished and keen as steel.

BRET HARTE is said to be constantly hard up. Such, however is genius.—*Exchange.* If being hard up constitutes genius, we have some spells of remarkable brilliancy.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Business in Farming.

Eternal vigilance is the price of success in any vocation, and this is especially true with regard to farming. In no vocation is there required more skill and business tact than in carrying on a farm successfully. It is the prevailing opinion that when a man has failed in everything else he can succeed as a farmer; that it requires no study to conduct the operations of the farm, and that an inexperienced man can succeed as well as an experienced one. Such an opinion is altogether erroneous. To be a successful farmer a man must have a knowledge of Nature's laws as applied to vegetation, of stock breeding and the care of stock, of fertilizers, of insects, of the general character of the different soils, and of the relation of the atmosphere to the soils and vegetation. Besides this, he must be skilled in business sufficiently to market to the best advantage and at the right time, his crops; he must understand farm machinery that he may buy the best; he must know when to hire help, and how to manage his hired men. In a word, it requires great capacity. Men may be brought up on a farm and still know but little of what is required to be a successful farmer. Sometimes we see business men from the cities that have no practical knowledge of agriculture, buy farms and manage them profitably. These men know that it requires exact business principles to gain success, and that these must be adopted in farming to make it a success. One great drawback that some farmers meet is that they do not understand the purchase of stock and tools. Some suppose that the lowest priced articles are the cheapest, and accordingly buy them. Whenever an improvement is brought out many will not adopt it because their fathers knew nothing of it and did not therefore hand it down to posterity. So also, some suppose that to starve their live stock and the soil is economy whereas it is the worst possible extravagance. It is a lamentable fact that a great number of our farmers have the most narrow views, that they will not learn from the experience of others more intelligent and less superstitious than they. Most failures in this vocation arise from a lack of business habits and capacity. The men that do succeed have skill and tact, and adopt improvements in modes and machinery, and new combinations. Routine is followed so far as it is profitable and no further, irrespective of the ways of forefathers. Transportation monopolies may depress agriculture, but poor farming depresses it more. It is the easiest thing in the world to lay our failures on others, when in reality we are to blame for them.

The present depression in farming will work good results. It will teach farmers that they cannot single-handed cope with monopolies, and hence lead to combination. This will break the old routine in agriculture, and farmers will learn that to succeed they must study and apply skill in the various transactions which they perform. This depression has come none too soon to wake farmers up to the demands of the times. The time will soon come when a farmer of narrow, contemptible views will be looked down upon with commiseration. —*St. Louis Midland Farmer.*

A Japanese Home.

A recent traveler thus describes the interior of a Japanese house: A shopkeeper who has curious things for sale invites us to enter his shop. The room on the street is his shop. The whole front part is open, door and window all one, without sash or panes of glass; wide open by day, closed with wooden shutters at night. We step in and look at his work-boxes of fancy wood, his tea-trays and lacquered ware, glove-boxes, fans, and great variety of nick-nacks, and then pass from the shop into the house. The parlor is a platform raised about two feet from the ground, covered with matting. There are a few low stools, pictures by Japanese artists on the walls; pots and pans in one corner; tea-cups, saucers, bowls, and plates of nice porcelain-ware on a shelf, a roll of mats in another corner, which will be spread upon the floor at night for bedding. We are in the presence of the shopkeeper's wife and daughter—the daughter a young lady perhaps 20 years old. Both of the ladies are dressed in extreme lowness of fashion—no waist, no underclothing—nothing but a skirt. The shopkeeper's wife bustles about, sets the stools aside, disappears behind a screen, and reappears with a mahogany stuffed chair, with many a smile, and nod, and wink, motions us to the seat, then herself crouches upon the floor at our feet, shows us photographs of Nagasaki and other works of art. We have an opportunity to study her features. She is small of stature, has long black hair nicely combed, smooth, braided, done up neatly, and tastefully adorned with artificial flowers. She has a pug nose, high and prominent cheek bones, a broad forehead, and small black eyes, a tawny complexion, with a tinge of peach bloom on her cheeks, a homely mouth and a red lip. Not many artists would give such features to their idea of pefect beauty, but for all that there is a pleasing expression of countenance when animated, or when she smiles, but when the smile becomes a laugh, and the lips part, we see two rows of showy teeth, black as jet. We think of a coal-hod, or of looking into a knot-hole opened into a dark room! More than this, the lady has pulled out every hair of her eyebrows. Thereby hangs a story. The legend is that, years ago, a beautiful Princess of Japan, in order to show her devotion to her husband, blackened her teeth and pulled out her eyebrows—making herself hideous in the sight of gallants—and so all loving wives follow her example. There is but little to see in a Japanese house. The partition, between rooms are movable paper screens, and, in most houses of the lower and middling classes there is but one room, and the entire furniture might be packed on a hand-car.

California Honey.

Among the other numerous products for which California seems destined to become famous, honey ranks as by no means the least valuable item. It has already found its way into the Eastern markets, though so far in limited supply, and is much admired for its purity and delicacy of flavor. Its production is not limited to any part of the State, but at present it is chiefly made a specialty in San Diego county, near the Mexican border. The honey crop of that county for 1873 was 119,000 pounds, and it is expected it will this year equal 200,000 pounds.

The bees commence working in that county about the first of February, and the season for storing honey lasts from June to September. The finest honey is made from the flowers of the sage plant, which grows there in such abundance. This is the true sage, and must not be confounded with the "sage brush" of Nevada and the northern counties. The flat top or "buckwheat greasewood" also affords excellent honey. The bloom of this plant closely resembles that of buckwheat, hence the name. The flower of the sumac is another source, and the ice plant which covers so much of the country is likewise sought by the bees. This latter plant makes a very white honey, but it is liable to the objection that it turns very quickly to sugar, or "candies," as the honey men term it. The bee keepers therefore try to avoid it.

The bulk of the honey finds a market in the East. Several car loads were shipped from San Diego East last year and found a paying and appreciative market, and much more will be shipped this year. The honey made in San Diego is exceedingly white and handsome, and of fine flavor, and commands a good price and ready market wherever offered. Little or no strained honey can be sold during the prevalence of the green fruit season, and it will not be until next fall that any great amount can be moved. The total crop in California this year is variously estimated at from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds.

The Public School.

The duty of the parent to visit the school where his children spend five or six hours every day has often been urged in this column. The responsibility which rests upon the parent with respect to the education of his child cannot be wholly delegated to another. The teacher is but the parent's assistant in the great work of educating—calling forth the powers of the child—and to insure the highest results, co-operation between the two agents concerned is absolutely indispensable. If the father cannot spare time from his business, the mother should see to it that she knows from her own observation what air her children breathe in school, what companions surround them, what influences, secret and open, are acting upon them. Any woman who can organize and carry on her household industries in a normal and systematic manner can form a very good idea as to the abilities and power of the teacher under whose tuition her child is placed. She can tell whether order, cleanliness, quiet, and system pervade the school-room, though she may have forgotten every rule of grammar, all the complexities of fractions, and be unable to bound correctly any State in the Union. The mere knowing enough to take scholars through the ordinary English branches is a very small part of the qualifications of any teacher. As to his power to organize, to marshal and to exercise leadership over his pupils, any woman who is mistress of her household in reality as well as in name is a pretty good judge. So long as the schools in our rural districts are given over to trustees, school committees and teachers, they will fail of a large part of the good they might accomplish if parents would but take a constant and active interest in promoting their usefulness. When a teacher feels that he has the hearty co-operation of intelligent parents, he enjoys at the same time both stimulus and reward. The scholars, too, take pride in showing to visitors the progress they are making and the excellence with which they can deport themselves and recite their lessons. This showing is best when made two or three times every week instead of in one grand exhibition at the close of the term.

Cheap school teachers, like cheap clothes, cheap flour, cheap medicine, are very expensive. Better far employ a good teacher for three months at $50 a month than a poor one for six months at $25 a month. You may put the most expensive broadcloths into the hands of an inexperienced tailor, and he will make a far less attractive garment of it than cloth of half the price made up with the art of a master tailor. We want no bunglers to work at the minds of our children. The country is full of normal schools, and he or she who aspires to the high office of teacher should first learn how to teach.

Not long ago, passing a day in a quiet rural neighborhood, we visited for an hour or two the public school. There were about 30 scholars in the room, 25 of whom could read only in words of from two to five letters. The grammar class was called up, and the questions were asked and answered in the most uninteresting and mechanical way. Meantime the rest of the pupils were studying out loud or gazing round listlessly, whispering, moving about, and tossing up their books. When that class was through, the teacher called up, one at a time, the little "primaries," and heard each read and spell separately in a tone we could not catch, the hubbub of the children continuing unabated. About every three minutes some one pupil asked permission to leave the room, and it was granted. Thus passed an hour and a half, when school was dismissed, and we had a little talk with the teacher. Of the three trustees, he told us only one ever visits the school; no parent deigns to come in; all the scholars hain't come in, so he had not been able to organize it. When cold weather comes there will be about 30 more, and an assistant. Meantime the school routine will move on as it did while we were there. No comments are necessary. We commend to every parent the picture we have drawn, and suggest that he or she ought to know by personal inspection that it does not portray the school in his neighborhood.—*New York Tribune.*

Living Thirty Years in a Cave.

In the wilderness eight miles northwest of Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Pa., underneath a huge rock in a small cave, six by eight feet, has lived for upward of thirty years a human being named Austin Sheldon. He was born in Wales, and emigrated to this country about the year 1840. When he landed in New York he had a small sum of money, with which he came afoot to Pike county and purchased a single acre of wild, uncultivated, scrub-oak land, situated in Lehman township, amid a dense and dismal forest, several miles from any habitation.

At the western end of this small strip of land is a small cave only about six by eight feet. In this cave, without any alterations or improvements, this hermit has for more than thirty years made his home.

The hermit is nearly seventy years of age. His face has not been shaven for forty years. The sides of his face, and chin, and neck are covered with coarse gray hair, while his beard is several feet in length, and white as snow. He wears the same suit of clothes he wore twenty years ago, which are so badly rent as to render it necessary to fasten them together by means of twisted hickory withes. He never works, and unless obliged to go to the nearest store for ammunition, never leaves sight of his cave.

His mode of living is peculiar. His diet consists principally of berries and fruit during their season, while in the winter he subsists on various kinds of wild game. His education was not neglected during his boyhood, for he is well read and remarkably intelligent. He is a firm believer in religion, and devotes most of his time reading the Bible and other sacred works. He is deaf, and has been so for several years, rendering it necessary to communicate with him by means of writing. He has the faculty of charming birds, many of which he has secured in this way and reared.

He has never used a lamp nor candle in his cave. His bed is composed of straw scattered upon a solid rock. Sheldon enjoys his peculiar mode of living, and says he expects to make this cave his final resting place.—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN the terrible collision which took place at Thorpe, near Norwich, on the Great Eastern Railway, in England the other day, out of 220 passengers on both trains 22 were killed and 60 injured. Just before the accident occurred a young lady who was coming from Yarmouth asked a Mr. Womack to change places with her as she did not like riding with her back to the engine; he complied and was killed on the spot.

VULGARITY means the exhibition of those peculiarities of speech and manner which offend refinement. It makes a naked display of coarse and uneducated human impulses. It mostly lies in the absence of consideration for the feelings of others, in narrow minded self-assertion, and in a selfish want of control over anti-social propensities.

THE State of Maine sold a large lot of its timber lands at auction the other day. About 140,000 acres were disposed of at prices ranging from 35 cents to $1.30 per acre, and the right to cut timber and grass upon about 300,000 acres more was sold at from 27½ cents to $1.75 per acre. The total amount realized was about $150,000.

A LONG BRANCH beauty was recently weighed in her promenade costume, and turned the scales at 165 pounds. In her bathing dress she weighed 105 pounds.

REAL brain work—parting one's hair in the middle.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

MR. DAMMIT is the awfully profane name of a Minnesota divine.

AN observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar factory, as both refine what is already sweet.

THE Quakers of New York number eighty less than two years ago, and they've got to throw away their single bedsteads or become an extinct sect.—*Detroit Press.*

NOW, after a lapse of ninety odd years, it has been discovered that spitting on the bait doesn't help in the least to catch the fish. Is there any one in America who isn't as mad as blazes?

THE proper way for a lady to direct a letter this fall is to run the direction from corner to corner, scatter three one-cent stamps over the envelope, and write, "important" on any vacant space left.

THAT was a beautiful thought of the poet that "Woman clings to man like the ivy." But is it always true? How many bald-headed men can testify that no woman ever clung to them like the ivy but what she let go like a grappling-iron.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

"OF course," says a returned summer tourist, "one in the country sees, among other things, 'bare-footed maidens tripping o'er the dewy grass;' but then most of 'em have sore heels, and the romance fades away like washing left out over night."

THE Rev. J. H. Todd, of Sioux City, played a rather neat little joke on his wife the other day. While she was unsuspectingly engaged in half-soling his winter trousers, he quietly slipped out at the back gate and eloped with a milliner. Brother Todd, no doubt enjoyed the joke; but, looking at the matter from a purely Christian standpoint, we are a little inclined to think that he ought to have left such frivolous amusements to the unanointed and non-elect.—*Courier-Journal.*

HERE is a specimen extract from the proceedings of the "Dress Reformers" who met in convention last week at Painesville, Ohio. Mrs. Dr. Chase said: "I used to wear a corset. I took it off and felt as if I would fall to pieces. Then I got a short dress and some trousers. Oh, how delicious to climb a fence! You could put one foot upon the fence and then put your leg over the top rail, and then jump. That was emancipation. I say that pantaloons are the badge of independence, they are the salvation. These skirts are the badge of dependence, dragging us down to ruin and misery."

Food and Work.

In a recent number the *Journal of Chemistry* explained how "a day's work" is measured in foot-tons, and its average amount, including both the "external" work, or that performed in labor or walking, and the "internal" work, or that done by the organs of circulation, respiration, digestion and other vital processes. The former averages from 300 to 500 foot-tons, the higher figure representing an exceedingly hard day's work. The latter may be reckoned taking the average of the best estimates, at 260 foot-tons. As might be expected, it is difficult to measure this internal work with precision, and the estimates of different physiologists vary widely, those for the heart alone ranging from 122 to 277 foot-tons. The former is the amount calculated by Haughton, who puts the respiratory movements at about 11 foot-tons for the 24 hours, while others have set them as high as 44 foot-tons. The exact value is of no importance for our present purpose. Taking the lowest estimate, the internal work is no insignificant addition to the other labor performed by the wonderful mechanism of this body of ours.

Where does all this force come from? What keeps the machine going? The idea of "perpetual motion," or a self-moving machine, is as absurd here as in any other department of mechanics. A steam-engine may as well be expected to run without its boiler and furnace, as the body without its equivalent for boiler and furnace; and both alike must have fuel to keep up their fires. We need not dwell on this point, for the fact that the *food* we eat maintains the heat of the body, builds up and renews its muscular tissues, and nourishes all its varied energies, has been familiarly explained. It has been shown, moreover, that the food is literally *burned* to produce this heat and force, and that the air we breathe supports this combustion, which is a process of oxidation, and dependent on a constant supply of oxygen, precisely like the fire under the boiler of the steam-engine.

Now, we know that it is impossible to calculate just how much work a pound o coal burned in the furnace of an engine is capable of doing. The heat generated in the combustion is equivalent to something more than 11,000,000 foot pounds, and if none of it were wasted it would actually do that amount of work. In the steam-engine, however, only about a tenth part of the energy stored up in the fuel is realized as work.

May we not calculate in the same way what work the food we eat, considered as fuel, is capable of doing, and compare this result with the actual amount accomplished by it in the body? The problem is somewhat more complicated than in the case of the the steam-engine, but several physiologists have tried their hand at it, and have attained reasonably consistent results.

Dr. Frankland has determined the "mechanical energy" of various kinds of food, both when burnt in oxygen and when consumed in the body. The amount is sometimes smaller in the latter case than in the former, because the combustion is not so complete. For example, an ounce of albumen generates a certain amount of heat when burnt in oxygen; but in the body some of its constituents are only partially oxidized, being excreted in the form of urea. An ounce of sugar, on the other hand, is generally all burnt up into carbonic acid and water, and its actual energy in the body, under whatever form it appears, is equivalent to its theoretical energy.

The Coal Question.

The great coal question is certain to become again unpleasantly prominent before winter sets in, and therefore any information bearing on the world's supplies is to be welcomed. The chief fact standing out prominently, amid the tedious and constantly recurring squabbles between capital and labor in our English coal districts, is that the high price of fuel for the last three years has more and more thrown other nations on their own resources, and rendered them comparatively independent of our fields. India, for instance, is gradually raising enough coal from the Nerbudda and other regions to supply its railway companies and lines of steamers, a fact lately brought into prominence by a published abstract of the reports of the leading railways. In the Indian Ocean and China attempts are also made with some success to utilize the vast deposits existing there. Of Europe we need not speak, unless to point out that coal mines in operation are not now confined to France, Belgium and Germany; Russia, too, is developing them at a rate which promises soon to make her independent of English help. But America presents the most instructive example of all. A New York journal states that recent reports made to the United States Land Office give the estimated coal area at 513,000 square miles, of which exactly one-half are beyond the Mississippi. Of the latter little is worked, owing to the cost of developing the deposits, but as population increases and machinery comes into use, the beds will doubtless be opened out for local use. The bearing which such a fact has upon our economical arrangements is intimate. Thanks for the high prices current here for the last two years, we are fast losing America as a market for our iron, and the native manufacturers are cutting us out, not only in the States, but in Canada even. Now, what is essential to the prosperity of the American ironmasters is abundant fuel; give them that, and they can set English competition at defiance, unless our prices are very much lowered. We, however, have maintained high prices just long enough to give the requisite stimulus, and when we reduce them—of which there is yet little sign—it may be too late to recover the lost ground. The situation may be commended to the notice of the disputants in South Wales, Durham, Lanarkshire and elsewhere; if they lose much more time they will have made up their minds just when the opportunity is gone, and there is nothing left to fight about. Without foreign markets, Merthyr and Gartsherrie have scarcely any *raison d'être*.—*London Daily Telegraph.*