

THE WEEK PAST.

It is becoming more and more evident, the New York World tells us, that whoever carries the presidential election in November must carry the state of New York. It is this which gives Tilden his great prominence as a candidate in the democratic party, and which will probably give him the nomination.

A firm of bell-founders in Baltimore is going to exhibit in Philadelphia this summer a chime of thirteen bells, which will be placed in the northeastern tower of machinery hall, seventy-eight feet from the ground. The bells are fashioned to represent the original thirteen states: the largest weighs 3,600 pounds and the smallest 350 pounds, and the thirteen together 21,000 pounds. Professor Widdows, a musician of Baltimore, has been engaged to ring the chimes at Philadelphia daily at sunrise, noon and sunset, as long as the exhibition continues open.

One of the finest churches in the world is that which they are not going to build in Cuba. A lady of that ever-faithful isle made a will not long ago in which she directed that \$30,000 of her money should be invested in lottery tickets, and that a magnificent church should be built with the proceeds. The money was invested accordingly, but, as she might have known, if building materials for churches had been selling at fifteen cents per church the prizes drawn wouldn't have bought the shadow of a pine single. There are immense fortunes in lottery tickets—for the men who sell them.

Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE has been heard from on the subject of vivisection. He says that ever since he was a boy, when he read the accounts of Majendie's atrocities, he has never thought of the practice of vivisection animals but with horror. He believes the report about the good results said to be obtained from the practice of vivisection to be immensely exaggerated. Even supposing the good results to be much greater than Mr. Carlyle believes they are, and apart too from the shocking pain inflicted on helpless animals, he would still think the practice so brutalizing to the operator that he would earnestly wish the law on the subject to be altered so as to make vivisection, when practiced by private individuals, an indictable offense. Bergh believes substantially the same.

THAT mysterious relation which is said to exist between an amputated limb and its parent body receives a fresh illustration in the case of young Palmer, of Connecticut, who suffered the loss of a leg recently. After the operation the removed member was deposited in a box and buried by direction of the family. The patient complained severely of pain and a sense of cramping in the lost foot, and suffered so acutely that at the suggestion of some one the box was taken up and examined. It was found that the box was too short for the limb, and that the foot and toes were twisted into a strained and unnatural position. A larger case was prepared and the member placed in it in an easy position and reburied, since which time the patient has rested quiet.

THE number of plans for completing the Washington monument has been increased by a plan suggested by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, president of the monument association. The design is to abandon that part of the original plan which calls for a temple or pantheon, and to erect a simple shaft three hundred feet high. The purpose of surrendering the charter or allowing the monument to remain unfinished or to be taken down, is to be abandoned, and subscriptions are to be solicited from time to time until the monument is completed. The association has approved the plan, and the centennial grounds will probably be ornamented with boxes similar to those which greet the visitor to the patent office and other public buildings in Washington.

Nor long ago a little son of J. G. Philpot, who resides four miles west of Lebanon, Tenn., went to the barn to feed one of his mules. When he entered the stable the usually docile animal rushed at him and seized him, crushing his arm between his iron jaws. With great difficulty the terrified youth made his escape from the infernal brute. When the mule found that his intended victim had escaped, he became frantic, and began breaking down the stalls next his own, using mouth and heels until

he succeeded in making his way out of the stable. When he found himself at liberty he trotted off about twenty yards when suddenly wheeling he dashed full tilt at the barn, striking it with tremendous force. He then commenced tearing the flesh from his body, and did not desist until he became so weak that he could no longer stand. He suffered for hours, and finally died in great agony. This is perhaps the first mule suicide upon record.

THE BRAZIL DIAMOND-KING HOAX.

Some months ago an account of a brilliant wedding in Brazil was printed in a journal in this country and widely copied. It was apparently a veracious report and represented "De Souza Cabral, of Diamantina, Brazil," as one of the richest and most extravagant men in the world. In a short time begging letters addressed to this mythical character began to accumulate in the New York post-office, when this was announced in the newspapers the author of the hoax asked the post-office department to order their delivery to him. This request Postmaster Gen. Jewell has refused in a letter in which he says: "The letters have all been opened in the dead-letter office and returned to the writers. These letters average twenty a week from the New York office alone, and probably as many more from the other exchange offices. The writers represented every condition in life; but while all parts of the Union were well represented, the south furnished the largest contingent. With characteristic directness, the gifts of loans asked were usually large, while in one instance the writer of the letter would have been grateful for a sufficient amount to purchase a sewing machine. This was the smallest sum asked for. Sons of aged and infirm parents, clergymen, invalids, men who had failed in business, all with the same child-like faith, looked to the diamond king for relief, and seemed confident that the trifle they asked would be surely forthcoming. Many enclosed postage stamps for return postage; others enclosed photographs, only to have the clerks who returned the letters wonder at the credulity of the writers and wish they could tell them to place more reliance upon their own efforts than upon the liberality of others."

THE REAL WASHINGTON.

The Richmond (Virginia) Whig says: This centennial year is likely to be introduced to the true George Washington. Through combined misinformation and deliberate art and artifice the moon-faced old granny painted by Stuart has come to be accepted by the whole civilized world, America included, as the only faithful likeness of the "Father of his country." Everybody is familiar with that venerable counterfeit, and it will be hard for many to turn its face to the wall and put another, although a truer portrait, above it. But the truth must prevail, and to this end Col. Sherman McRae will, at an early day, publish a paper to show that Stuart himself admitted that the Houdon statue, now in the capitol of Virginia, is the only true representation of Washington as he lived. Much stress has been laid on a paragraph in one of Gouverneur Morris' letters from Paris, which has been construed into meaning that Morris stood to Houdon as his model for the statue; but Col. McRae will show that Houdon not only had taken molds or casts of Washington's face, if not of his whole person, but had actually completed the statue before Morris arrived in Paris. The paper will not only be interesting, but important, and will be anxiously awaited by all who desire to know the great American as he appeared to his contemporaries.

Ms. SPURGEON has struck a new idea in respect to dispensing the gospel. Once in each quarter he proposes to have a service for those who are not in the habit of attending at the "tabernacle," and he has notified the regular seat holders that they will not be entitled to seats on those evenings. They can go elsewhere if they like, and if they derive any benefit from doing so he advises them to continue going.

The great price of \$70,000 was recently paid by Mr. Stewart for a picture by Meissonier, but a painting by Millais has just commanded even more than this, fetching \$75,000. Millais owes his popularity to Mr. Ruskin, whom he repaid for his good offices by marrying his wife. If the valuable old critic should fall into want his friends may now be able to keep him from starving.

A Jersey man married five widows, and they were all red-headed. The same man was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train, when he picked himself up, looked around for his hat and remarked: "Well, if I don't find that hat I'll make the company pay for it."

SO WE GROW OLD.

A broken toy; a task that held away
A yearning child-heart from an hour of play;
A Christmas that no Christmas idols brought;
A tangled lesson, full of tangled thought;
A homewick by a senior woman and wife;
A glimpse of life, when lo! the curtains rise
Fold over it,
And hangs the picture, like a boundless sea—
The world, all action and reality—
So we grow old.

A wedding and a tender wife's carous;
A prattling babe the parents' life to bless;
A home of joys and cares, in equal part;
A dreary watchman with a heavy heart;
And Death's dread angel knocking at the gate,
And Hope and Courage bidding Sorrow wait,
Or loose her hold;
A new-made grave, and then a brave return
To where the fires of life triumphant burn—
So we grow old.

A fortune and a gen'rous mood of fame,
Or direful ruin and a tarnished name;
A slipping off of week, and month, and year,
Faster and faster, as the clock draws near;
A grief to-day, and, with to-morrow's light,
A pleasure that transforms the sullen night
From lead to gold;
A chilling winter of unchanging storm;
A spring reprieve with dawns and sunsets warm—
So we grow old.

Old to ourselves, but children yet to be
In the strange circles of eternity.

HUNTING THE TIGER.

Thrilling Experience of a Famous Hunter
With a Man-Eater.

In the year 1862 Captain— spent nearly a week in the destruction of a man-eater, which had completely closed several roads and was supposed to have devoured over one hundred beings. He occupied a large triangle of country between the rivers Moran and Ganjal, stopping the work of the sleeper-contractors on the railway in their course of construction in the Narbada Valley, and striking terror into a breadth of not less than thirty or forty miles. Having pitched his camp in this pleasant country under a splendid mango grove, the captain was laid up for a few days by a sprained tendon, during which time sensational news was brought in of whole families of tigers waiting in the river beds to be killed, and at length that the man-eater had struck down a man and a boy on the high road about ten miles away. He now resorted to severe remedies, which after a few more days permitted him once more to resume his quest; but in the meantime numberless stories were told to him of the fearful size and appearance of the man-eater, of its belly pendant to the ground, and the white moon it bore in the center of its forehead—of the pork-butcher-like mode in which it would detain a party of travelers while it rolled in the sand, and at length, having inspected them all around, select the fattest—of his power of transforming himself into an innocent-looking woodcutter, and calling or whistling victim approached; and how the spirits of all his victims rode with him on his head, warning him of every danger and guiding him to the suitable ambush by which a passenger would pass. It is worth while noticing the despairing terror of the people which such superstitious and imaginary details evince.

No clearer proof could be laid before the reader of the paralyzing effect which a man-eater's ravages appeared to produce, when no man's life is safe for a moment, and the whirr of every quail or peacock which springs up near him seems the bound of the fell animal which will strike him down. All the best shikarries of the country together with the land-owners and many of the ryots besieged the camp daily. Many villages were utterly deserted; men lived in barricaded houses, and only left them when compelled by necessity, and then in large companies, shouting and beating drums as they passed along the road. This had gone on for a year, and the country was slowly being depopulated. Through this desert, then, the sportsmen rode on his trained elephant, preceded and followed by baggage elephants and protected by a guard of police with their muskets, and shikarries with their matchlocks. Traces of the brute were seen here and there, but no recent ones, while heaps of stone showed where a traveler had been struck down. At length he reached a spot where one of the party of pilgrims had been carried off the day before, and discovered the sad relics and blood-stained grass which yet told of the tragedy and pointed out where the man-eater had dragged the corpse in a water-course in which its remains were left. It was of no use waiting for the tiger to return to its horrid feast, as this one had learned caution, and never ventured back to its "killed." All the rest of that day, in extreme heat, the party beat the jungles of the Moran river, the trackers working in fear and trembling under the sahib's elephant and covered by his rifle at full cock.

Returning to camp at night one of the men spied the great square footprint of the creature they were searching. Early the next morning the captain carefully beat the neighboring water-course, but without avail. As he was sitting down to breakfast, however, some men brought in word that about a mile and a half from camp the tiger had that very night taken away one of them out of the midst

of their drove of bullocks as they were starting from their night's encampment. Instantly recurring some food and a bottle of claret, the captain mounted the elephant and pursued. Soon he started the monster from the lair where he was devouring the unfortunate victim, but the grass was so thick he could not obtain a shot. All that day he held after him, carefully tracking the footprints through a difficult country, and allowing him no rest. At night the captain slept in a tent he had ordered on to the other river, the Ganjal. Next morning the trail was renewed, until at length the tiger was fairly ringed in a dense cover of tamarisk and jamon, surrounded by the river. After a brief rest this cover was beaten out and the indefatigable captain obtained two shots, which told on the tiger. Immediately the brute turned, and, with loud roars, charged him, being again dropped into the water-course by a shot fired within twenty yards. Once more, but more slowly, he picked himself up, when the sportsman's elephant being badly handled, spun round, and, with a loud, whirling noise, the tiger sprang on to its back and began clawing its quarters. At length, the elephant stopped its frantic career for a moment, the captain turned round in the nowdah and, seizing the opportunity, put the muzzle of his rifle to the skull of the tiger and blew it into fifty pieces.

GRASSHOPPER PROBABILITIES.

"Will the grasshopper come again this year?" is the important question asked again and again this spring, by the farmers of the great west and northwest. An examination of the fields devastated by these pests last season and the season before, will enable the investigator to answer the question with tolerable accuracy.

It appears that in Minnesota and adjoining regions there were some eggs laid by the passing locusts last year. If the winter has not killed them—and it probably has not—these must hatch out with the coming of warm weather, and the insects from them may be expected to fly away with the assumption of their wings, and alight to fill their greedy maws almost anywhere in the west.

In Nebraska and Kansas there were no locust eggs laid last season, so far as can be ascertained. This is an important discovery, and would indicate the probability of a year of comparative immunity from the plague in that hitherto devastated region.

In Colorado, however, the prospect is not as flattering. The Colorado Farmer publishes a letter from a leading grain-raiser at Boulder, in that territory, which says: "The eggs are in the ground, and we can rest content that in due time we will have a struggle on our hands that will require all the energy of both brain and muscle we may possess."

Such is the fear of these embryo destroyers out there that the Coloradans are preparing to put in practice all methods used for annihilating the pests as soon as they shall begin to wiggle into life. Water, coal oil, tar, fire ditches and fire-machines will be employed to this end, experience having proved that the plague can be averted, or at least greatly abated, if fought persistently by these means.

Viewed generally, there is reason to be hopeful, as regards the grasshoppers, that the western husbandman will receive no serious damage this year. But the advent of summer and autumn alone will prove just how wisely these "probabilities" have been arrived at.

A country curate, in a letter to Blackwood's Magazine, says that on one occasion he baptized a child named "Acta." Afterward in the vestry he asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer was this: "Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got four on 'em already, and they be caal'd Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, so my husband thought he'd compliment the apostles a bit." He has no doubt she will go on to Revelation, they being particularly religious people.

A disgusted Frenchman writes to a Scotch journal: "A person angry says today that he was from the theater gallery spit upon. Very fine. I also was spit upon. Not on the dress, but into the eye straight it came with strong force, while I look up angry to the gallery. Before I came to your country I worship the Scotland of my books, my Waverley novel, you know; but now I dwell here, since six months, in all parts the picture change. Oh, to be spit in the eye in one-half million peoples town!"

Now—hem—in the old country, sir, a shilling is a shilling, and a guinea is a guinea, and I supposed a dollar in this country was a dollar. But—aw—hem—as you say this is not a dollar may I ask you, sir, what is the dollar of this blasted country?—Englishman in California.

GRAVE AND GAY.

Young men who are getting a dollar and a half a week should remember what Jean Paul Richter said: "I would not, for any money, have had money in my youth."

Our little kitten came out of the shadow the other day, and finding the only spot on the floor that was sunny, immediately lay down there and began to purr. Go thou and do likewise.

An Irishman recently soloquized: "What a waste of money to be buying mate when you know the half of it is bone, while you can spend it for whisky that hasn't a bone in it!"

"Where's the bar?" asked a dirty and rather boozy-looking stranger of the bell-boy of a hotel the other day. "What kind of bar?" asked the latter. "Why a saloon bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean?" "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

Sin is about the only employer who hasn't reduced the wages of his employees. Tight times never embarrass him in the least. He is a little slow about settling up sometimes, but he can be depended upon. His works are running on full time now, and his hands are being paid up, one by one, with all his old-time liberality.—Rev. Harding.

When the emperor was a little boy his mother used to flourish her slipper out of the nursery window of the royal palace, and shout to him: "Pedro de Alcantara-Juan-Carlos-Leopold-Salvadoro-Bibiano-Francisca-Xaviero-de-Paulo-Leocadio-Michello-Gaerlielo-Rapaelo-Gonzagu, come in or you'll catch it. O! Humpo yourselfa!"

Thus Dom Whitman to Dom Pedro: There is something I must yawn about; bully Emperor, it is you!

There is something I must celebrate; Alcantara, you are my clam!

Historical old Top Knot, it shall be you!

O, I am wonderful!

Divine I am from the crown of my battered tile to my heel taps.

Divine the best juice that swashes through my arterial system.

Aorta, spleen, vena cava, proboscis, jugular, red shirts and suspenders,

All severally divine.

For me the nebule married;

For me the earth, air, sky, universe were conceived and parturated;

For me the plesiosaurus and the ichthiosaurus, and the ornithoryncus disported themselves in the early dawn of the silurian ages;

For me lived the long line of bully good fellows

From Adam and Cain down to the days of Andrew Jackson,

I am the outcome of all these things. I swathed in glorious red flannel,

My feet tread on continents; my head often inconveniences the angels.

I, Walt of Camden, New Jersey, am a rather big thing!

Say you the song is of Walt and not of Pedro? Bully Emperor, you have hit it precisely!

You are toothless, inert, hillous, yellow as saffron, Camerado.

Why sing of you, you infectious old potentate,

When there is Walt to celebrate in verses? Walt, the remarkable Kosmos.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unflinching.

KEEP THE BOYS AT HOME.

Mothers, do you know where your boys are after supper? Do you ever hear your neighbor complain of annoyances from the boys and wonder if your boy was among them? If you do not know where he was after supper that night with sufficient certainty to swear to it in a court room, he was probably one of them. A boy has no business away from home at night. It never does a boy any good to be away from home after night unless his parents are with him, and only rarely then. You have no right to let your boy run the streets at night, on one pretext or another. You don't think that your boy would lie, do you? Well, unless you can tell where that boy is every night after seven o'clock, we will solemnly and sincerely assure you that he lies like a quarter-horse, and swears like a trooper, and smokes cigar-stumps from the gutter, whether you will believe us or not, and if you will make it an object we will undertake to prove it, too. Now keep your boy at home. That is where he belongs. Then you can see what he does, and hear what he says, and know that he does not frighten the life out of your neighbors and injure the property of citizens. Then you will know that he doesn't miss the calaboose every other night of his life by a hair's breadth. Keep your boy at home and put him to bed. His body needs the rest and strength, and you can be certain that his morals are none the worse for a quiet lone hour of wakefulness in a dark upper room.

A HANDSOME time-piece, with a check for £15,000, is to be presented to Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Congregational minister of Edinburgh.