

The Rapides Gazette.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

ALEXANDRIA, PARISH OF RAPIDES, LA.

Miscellaneous Selections.

IN AN APPLE-ORCHARD.

How apples, on the apple-tree,
How you look! how thick you be!
Some red, some yellow, and some gray,
You ripen slowly day by day.
The sun has touched you, and the rain,
The calm, and then the hurricane,
The drenching dew, and the dew
Has drenched; and still you grew and grew
Oh, apples on the orchard-tree,
Speak to this heart, ye teachers be!
Where'er I find a settled place,
There I should grow with patient face,
Let bud yield room to blossom's suit,
And that in turn to forming fruit.
Below the surface of the mind
A secret sweetening would find,
And in the heart's deep core enough
The mystic seeds of strong love-thought,
And by my neighbors I would stand,
And touch them with a gentle hand
And I would not have over-care
If I be high, or low, or wise,
But I desire a time shall pass,
A gathering coming through the grass,
With keen, quick eye and ready touch
To pick all fruit, ere ripe too much;
With a broad basket on his arm
To save me from old Winter's harm;
The sun at the orchard's foot,
An offering to the orchard's Lord.
—Chambers' Journal.

A GRAVEN IMAGE.

The doctor had finished reading the chapter, and, folding his gown around him, sank back into his seat, casting at the choir a rapid glance, which seemed to say, "Now do your worst." The tenor had just begun to praise and acknowledge the Lord, in the style of Sir Leoline's madrigal, with "sixteen short howls;" Mrs. Hassan braced herself in her pew to endure that long disconnected noise to which the choir was wont to wed the noble words of the "Te Deum," when her attention was diverted from her weekly agony by an apparition which had at least the good effect of closing her ears to the howls, roars and shrieks which the four musicians above thought proper to attribute to the prophets, apostles and martyrs.

This apparition was a pretty woman in half-mourning, coming up the aisle with Mrs. Vale and her daughters, who came in late, as was their custom.

A chill, and then a glow of anger, ran over Mrs. Hassan, and her husband wondered what it was that brought such a sudden flash into his wife's eyes. I am afraid that Mrs. Hassan's mind during the prayer and sermon of that morning was not in a Christian frame. Every one in Menango was in the habit of exchanging greetings going out of church; but, to-day, Mrs. Hassan slipped away from her friends, and went to her Bible-class in the Sunday-school room.

The girls wondered why she spoke so emphatically about the duty and difficulty of forgiving those who, having injured us, never think of needing or asking forgiveness; but girls are creatures given to curiosity and conjecture, and I fear their minds were rather occupied with guessing at Mrs. Hassan's personal experience than in making a practical application of the text.

"What's the matter, Cassy?" said her husband as they walked home together. Mrs. Hassan's hand trembled on her husband's arm, as she said in a low voice: "I've seen a ghost!"

"That is nothing. Ghosts, as you know, run in the family; but they do no harm."

"But it's not that sort, James. I'd rather have seen every spirit that ever walked in a churchyard, or even a wehrwolf, than that woman who came into church this morning with the Vales."

"She was a pretty woman enough," said Mr. Hassan. "What is the matter with her?"

"She is Mrs. Armer. She is a widow now; she was Anna Clayton."

Mr. Hassan looked as if he were going to whistle. But, being in the street, he refrained, and only said:

"The deuce she is!" which was perhaps no improvement on first intentions.

"I suppose, of course, she knew Sydney was here," said Mrs. Hassan, bitterly. "She might be satisfied with the mischief she has done, and let him alone."

"Do you think he cares for her yet?" "He cares for her so much that he cannot care for anything else. She ruined his life. I can't understand it; I can't, I can't," said Mrs. Hassan, quite passionately.

"As to that, can you understand what makes any one care for any one else? What made you care for me?" said Mr. Hassan, trying to comfort his wife.

"You! you!" returned Mrs. Hassan. In a most unwonted state of excitement, "James! As if there were any comparison!" She is cold hearted and coarse minded, and utterly selfish."

And Sydney being the exact reverse of all this, devoted himself to her, and loved her with all his heart and soul!" "He didn't love her. He loved the image in his mind which he somehow managed to pin upon her personality; and now I shouldn't wonder if he married her after all, and was wretchedly miserable; and there is no war for him to go away to now."

nel. He was conspicuous for recklessness in the field, and did his duty like a man. He was in sixteen pitched battles, and never received a scratch; and fever and disease passed him by unharmed.

"So many are taken who have everything to live for," he said once; "but nothing happens to me." It was the only allusion he ever made to the past.

When peace came he went to Menango, where his sister had married, and resumed his profession, but in a very unambitious way, occupying himself chiefly with the business arising from his brother-in-law's large property. He had talents, and had once been devoted to his work; but now he seemed to care for nothing but to make for himself the modest income which sufficed for his wants.

There was a pleasant little society in the university town of Menango, but Mr. Devine went nowhere but to his sister's house, and seldom there if there was another company. He busied himself with books in his leisure moments, and tried to forget himself and the ghost of the past in study; but, after all, life was for him a very heavy and uninteresting business, and he would not have been sorry to lay down the burden once for all. At thirty-five, much to his sister's vexation, he spoke and thought of himself as one to whom all the chances, ambitions, and enjoyments of life were closed.

If the idol to which he had sacrificed himself had possessed even a heart of gold, Mrs. Hassan could have borne it with more resignation; but when she knew that the costly sacrifice had been laid on the shrine of a wooden image, no better than that fish-bodded doll which the Ephesians adored as the virgin huntress, Mrs. Hassan's patience was sorely tried.

And now the woman had come here to throw herself in Sydney's way, and his sister could foresee nothing but trouble. "If he once marries her," she said to herself, "he will find out what a fool she is, and having and having is far worse than losing and loving."

The next evening there happened to be a little party at President Lyon's. Mrs. Hassan and her mother-in-law had meant to go; but, at the last minute, arrived an old friend of Mrs. Hassan's, and that lady preferred staying to talk over old times. Mr. Hassan had gone out of town on business; Cassy did not like to go alone; and, rather to her surprise, her brother, who was in the house, offered to accompany her.

"She was coming down stairs, to get into the carriage, did it occur to her that Mrs. Armer would probably be at Mr. Lyon's."

"But she would contrive to meet him somewhere," thought this uncharitable woman, "and it may better be there than, accidentally on purpose, by the river, or in the woods."

As Mrs. Hassan came down the stairs of Dr. Lyon's house, she heard from the parlor a certain hard metallic laugh with which she was familiar, and she saw her brother look about him with a startled glance, as if some old association had been unpleasantly jarred.

The brother and sister paid their compliments to Mrs. Lyon and the President, and then Mrs. Hassan looked about her. Sydney, who felt lonely and out of place, attached himself to Professor Beaucour, and made conversation about the college library, to the extreme disgust of Miss Maude Clay, who had been making herself agreeable by asking a series of disconnected questions varying from astronomy and chemistry to the professor's own paper on the "Catacombs," in the last *North American*.

The Professor was a shy man, and, like most authors, he could not bear to talk of his writings. Perhaps he felt grateful to Mr. Devine, for he entered with ardor into the subject of English classic literature. In the meantime, Mr. Devine was conscious of a curious feeling—not hope, not expectancy, not terror—an influence in the air, for which he could not account, only as it connected itself with a rather loud treble voice, and a frequent sound, half-laugh, half-giggle, that came from amid a group of students. The voice, the laugh, were oddly familiar. They were like, yet unlike, sounds which had rung in his memory for many a day.

Mrs. Hassan, listening to the conversation of that very elegant, young gentleman, Master Dick Monroe, was at no loss to recognize the voice, for the memory of aversion in this case was truer than that of love. She sat where she could see Mrs. Armer's figure in the center of a group of young men. Mr. Armer had not been dead more than eighteen months, but Mrs. Armer had chosen, since Sunday, to leave off her mourning, or only to retain such as might be discernible rather by faith than by sight.

She wore a pale lavender silk, made very low and trimmed in every conceivable place. She had violets and white roses in her hair, and a black velvet ribbon with a pearl cross on her white neck, and pearl and jet bracelets on her arms. She had not grown old, and at twenty-nine looked hardly less fresh than at nineteen. Her color had not faded, and she had the same way of rocking to and fro, twisting her neck and rolling her eyes in a manner which some people called graceful, and which had of old disgusted Cassy Devine and charmed her brother.

Would it charm him again? Mrs. Hassan glanced at him across the room, and saw that he had seen his old love, and was watching her, quite oblivious to the professor's remarks about a fine historical collection which he desired to see added to the library. The look on Mr. Devine's face was not of admiration, or grief, or any very intense emotion, except that of shocked surprise and wonder.

Presently, as Professor Beaucour turned to speak to some one else, Mr. Devine made his way to the group of which Mrs. Armer was the center, and reached it just in time to hear these words:

"Oh, people in America make such frights of themselves, wearing mourning forever, and going about like so many walking palls. And if you put on black you can't go to parties. Why, when Cad Martin's brother died, and she was perfectly devoted to him, she wouldn't put on black at all, because then, she said, she couldn't go into society, and her mind was so distracted she needed diversion more than ever. I told Mr. Armer to make a guy needn't expect I was going, if he died."

And here came the inevitable laugh, and a murmur of the surrounding gentlemen. "I think most men have a certain pleasure in hearing a woman talk like a fool, as it justifies their preconceived theories."

"Can this be the woman I have had in mind all these years?" thought Mr. Devine, bewildered, and yet with a dim sense of relief, as if some heavy cloud were gradually dispersing from before his eyes.

He stood and watched her every motion; fascinated, but with a fascination how different from his old passion. There was the same turn of the head; the same up-lifting of the eyes he had been wont to think so graceful and sweet; the same sidelong motions of the body, which he had once compared to the movement of a lily on its stem. Why did all these airs and graces now strike him as so disagreeable; and the manner, which had once seemed charming artlessness, seem self-conscious affectation? Had he been a blind fool, or had she been different; and from what creature had been modeled that fair, sweet image that had so long been enshrined in his heart?

"Oh, I don't feel as if I could sustain life in such a place as this," continued Mrs. Armer. "How do you manage when you are at home?" she asked, throwing back her head, and favoring Major Monroe, U. S. A., with a roll of her eyes not unlike that popularly ascribed to a duck in a thimble-storm.

"I have sustained myself with a prophetic hope of your arrival," said the major, with a bow, and then he slipped out of the circle, and left a place vacant for Mr. Devine. Mrs. Armer's eyes fell upon Sydney, and her color deepened and her eyes brightened.

"Oh, Mr. Devine! oh, Sydney!" she said, putting out a very pretty hand as she rose, dropping fan, flowers, and handkerchief for the students to pick up. "Is this really you?"

"I believe it is," said Mr. Devine, smiling with perfect outward composure, though his whole self was in a sort of whirl, with a rushing wreck of old associations and memories going down into chaos; and, amidst them all, reason, awake after a sleep of years, seemed to stand wondering at the destruction of her prison-house—confused, and yet with a sense of relief and rising life that was delightful.

"It is such a lovely evening, I should so like to go out on the piazza," said Mrs. Armer, with a rustle and sway of all her silken draperies.

She hung on his arm; she looked up appealingly into his face as she crossed the room; she "mimed" as she went, in the manner that of old moved the ire of the prophet.

Dr. Lyon looked after her as if he wondered what sort of beast this might be that had come into his ark. Menango, as represented then and there, drew itself together a little, exchanged glances, and was inclined to think Mrs. Armer not a cousin, but a stately, old-fashioned lady, inwardly resolved that her conduct was short.

Mrs. Armer had the effrontery to stop and speak to Mrs. Hassan, and expressed a desire that they should meet where they could talk over "old times." Mrs. Hassan was intensely polite, but very cool, and she did not even look at her brother.

Mr. Devine and Mrs. Armer did not stay more than ten minutes on the piazza, and during that time she did all the talking, dwelling on the subject of her "poor, dear husband," and intimating, firstly, that he had never understood her nature, and, secondly, that he had left her "very well off," but to neither intimation did Mr. Devine respond with sympathy or interest. In his sudden revulsion of feeling, he hardly knew whether to be most disgusted with himself or with his companion.

The worshiper who came to the temple in the morning and found that only the fishy part of Dagon was left to him, could hardly have been more startled than Sydney Devine in the presence of his once admiring Anna. He took her in to supper, and shortly after found out his sister, and asked her if she were ready to go home.

Mrs. Hassan was more than ready. Her whole soul was stirred within her, and she longed to utter her whole opinion of the fair widow, but refrained, fearing to do more harm than good.

Neither brother nor sister spoke till they were half way home, and then Mr. Devine roused himself from his silence, and said:

"It did not seem as if this appeal to a heathen deity was dictated either by devotion or by renewed passion, and Mrs. Hassan ventured to ask him what he wanted of Jupiter."

"Look here, Cassy," said Sydney, with sudden earnestness. "Do tell me; was she always like this?"

Mrs. Hassan drew a subdued long breath of intense relief, and answered, with studied quietness:

"I do not see much change in her. She is as pretty as ever, and her manner is much the same as when I used to see her."

"Cassy," said Mr. Devine, after another silence, "I have been a tremendous fool."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hassan. "We are all that, more or less, I suppose. Doesn't Mrs. Armer strike you as unchanged?"

"As the same; and yet there is the wonder, Cassy; if you saw her as I do now, why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried to, Sydney, but you said I was jealous of her beauty," said Mrs. Hassan, betraying a little thorn that had pricked her in intervals for years.

"Well, well, I can not see what I was thinking of. And then came another sigh, as if of mingled relief and regret, and then he discovered that his sister was crying a little."

"Why, Cassy, what is that for?" he said, gently.

"I am so glad. I was so afraid you would fancy her again."

"Cassy," said Mr. Devine, speaking with great deliberation, as the carriage drove up to the door, "I shouldn't fancy her if there wasn't another woman in the world."

How pretty his sister looked in her blue silk. Cassy was an uncommonly elegant woman; he wondered he had never noticed it before. What an excellent fellow was his brother-in-law; what a charming old lady was Mrs. Hassan the elder. What a delightful, well-ordered, homelike place was the house! There had his wife been all this while! All these things had never seemed to claim from him more than a listless, half-way interest? He had not talked so much before in years, and he made a good supper, and then fed bits off his fork to the cat, which she, much condescending, took daintily.

He felt like a man who has dreamed of wandering long, heavily burdened, through waste places, and who wakes to find himself safe in the familiar room, with the visionary road left behind in the land of visions.

Before he went away, he had promised to think about an oft-repeated proposal to make his home with his brother-in-law. He thought to such good purpose, that before the week had come to an end he was established under his sister's roof, to that lady's great contentment.

He saw Mrs. Armer two or three times before she ended her visit; indeed, she came to him to consult him about a lawsuit in which she was engaged with her husband's relatives, but Mr. Devine informed her that the matter was out of his line of practice. Once and again he encountered his old love, but with no more dangerous emotions than ever-increasing distaste. The once sweet, unconventional artlessness was vulgarity; the grace, affectation; the silvery laugh, sounding brass.

With delight, he felt himself a free man, and he threw himself into his profession with renewed ardor, and each new day seemed a revelation of life.

Mrs. Armer did not prolong her visit, and in a few days flitted away, to the undisputed relief of Mrs. Vale.

As for Mr. Devine's long-cherished love, the angel of resurrection might have called for it in vain. The graven image, after reigning for years in a temple meant for a holier worship, crumbled into dust at the first sunbeam of reality that shone into the shrine.—*Aldine for August.*

A Novel Lottery.

The directors of the Dublin (Ireland) Railway Company have become suspicious of their conductors, and have been trying to circumvent them. At first each conductor was given a strip of tickets, and he was to give one ticket to each passenger, who was then to tear it up. The conductor's receipts were to correspond with his ticket strips. But people hated the company worse than the conductor, and would not tear up the tickets; and thus his income was kept up. But now the remedy is reached. Every ticket is numbered, but the number is printed on it, and at the end of each month the company has a grand lottery with three hundred prizes, ranging from ten pounds to one shilling. Each ticket has a chance in the drawing. Nobody throws away his ticket now; every passenger is too busy looking after his own interests. Persons of nobility travel incognito in the cars for the sake of a chance in the lottery, and the affairs of the company are unprecedentedly prosperous. The plan is soon to be imitated in England.

Dough-balls on 'Change.

Did the reader ever notice in the Produce Exchange of New York, or the Corn Exchange of any city in the Union, a set of men who look as if they ought to be better employed, engaged in the apparently trifling occupation of making dough-balls? It is serious business, though. They do it to test the quality of flour. The first operation in testing flour is to take a small handful in the palm and run a smooth trough through it. This is a pretty little silver-plated instrument, such as a shoemaker gives his customer to help a tight shoe on. That shows the grain and the fineness of the particles. It is a good time, too, for a preliminary test of color, or a comparison of samples. It frequently occurs that a poorer flour looks best in color in comparison with another and better when dry, but experts know very nearly the difference. To make the test sure, however, the buyer takes a silver-plated coffee-pot and from it pours water into the flour that rests in his hand. Then he takes a handful of his neighbor's flour into his own, and compares the two. If there is any taint of unsoundness in the flour it is more easily detected after the incorporation with water. If it has a smutty smell, or if the grain is damaged before grinding, or if the flour is turned from exposure, age, damp place of storage, or from any other cause, the doughing process will show it. Flour may be kept without souring two or three years, but the removal of a lot from the place of storage has been known to sour it, or give it a peculiar smell by simple displacement of the particles.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

A City of Decay.

M. de Beauvoir, a French traveler to whom we owe the best and most picturesque description of Peking yet given to the Western world, says that city is but "an epitome of decay." "Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, Rome, are ruins which tell of violent vicissitudes; Peking is a skeleton dropping into dust. The ravine-like streets are knee-deep in every kind of rubbish; the moats, the canals, and the rivers are all and always dry; the parks, the once marvelous ponds, are turned to desert places. Triumphant arches stand side by side with wretched tumbled-down booths, surrounded by a forest of little poles, whence paper signs dangle in the air, and uniformly smell to all by the thick layer of ever-slinging dust which lies upon them, the same dust that is always whirling and, hurting the eyes and offending the nostrils." This great city, in which nothing is repaired, and where it is penal to pull down anything, is slowly dropping to pieces; and it is the opinion of M. de Beauvoir that before a century has passed it will have been abandoned and ceased to exist.

The latest case of undeviating impudence is told of a pair of robins who built their nest and were raising their young under the hat of an elaborate scarecrow, set up by a farmer of Connecticut in his strawberry patch.

A Horrible Case of Depravity.

Last winter a Gratiot street saloon-keeper went to Cincinnati on a visit, and while seeing the town he came across a saloon sporting the wickedest old parrot which ever learned to speak the English language. Gratiot street stood by and heard the bird "rip and tear" for a straight host Friday for \$30, and his owner kept him about an hour and then sent him as a present to a minister's wife who had been attentive to his family during sickness. She was very grateful, having often thought how nice it would be to have a talking parrot around the house.

"Jack" seemed put out by the change of owners, and he sat on his perch all Friday night and refused to say a word. Saturday morning the minister's wife started for Pontiac, and she carried "Jack's" cage into her husband's study that neither might be homesome. She had been gone an hour, and the good man scribbling away, when all at once the parrot shouted:

"Hearts is trump!" The good man gave a jump and looked out of the window, thinking that a couple of bad boys were playing euchre under his shade trees. He could see no one, and supposing that he was mistaken he seated himself and began to write again, when the parrot shouted:

"Not any gin, thank ye!" Horrified, the clergyman looked around and he saw "Jack" trying to wink at him. Half-doubting if it was the bird which had spoken, yet determined to find out, he inquired: "What?"

"Shut up, or I'll put a head on ye!" replied Jack, hanging to the cage by one claw and shaking his feathers.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the good man, drawing nearer to the cage.

"Champagne Charley was his name," said the parrot, swinging furiously on the perch.

"Vile bird, you shall go out of here!" said the minister in an excited voice. "I would as soon harbor a highwayman."

"Rouse mt him!" cried Jack, and then he chuckled and cackled as if he was laughing heartily.

"It is a sin and a shame that men have taught an innocent bird to use such language," continued the good man as he picked up the cage.

"Hit him with a bear tumbler," replied the parrot, trying to fasten his claws into the ministerial leg.

"Little did my wife dream what a viper she was bringing into the house," mused the man. "I shall hire some boy to carry you away."

"Send for the Black Maria," replied the bird, and while he was being carried out he continued, "Who stole that wheelbarrow?"

The minister reached the stoop and called to a boy who was playing mumble-peg on the grass.

"Here, bub," he said, as the boy came up. "Take this bird off somewhere and give him away, and I'll give you two shillings."

"Oh, dry up now!" growled "Jack," seeming to know that he was to change places again.

"Give him to any one who will take him," continued the minister. "I have received a shock which fairly makes me tremble."

"Shuck him under the table!" called the bird, as he went through the gate, and when he was nearly a block away he continued to sing:

"Who'll go home all morning—Till daylight doth appear."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Anecdote of Joseph Bonaparte.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Northern New York, gives some interesting incidents connected with Joseph Bonaparte's residence in America. He owned a large tract of territory on the borders of the Wilderness, which he used to repair during the summers between 1820 and 1830 for sport, and the people in that vicinity still entertain visitors with reminiscences of his hunting excursions. Here is an anecdote which the correspondent vouches for as authentic: On one of his journeys from tide-water to his northern retreat, the Count (the ex-king was known as the Count de Surville) and his retinue stopped for breakfast at a wayside inn on the Mohawk, kept by a thrifty Dutchman. The landlord knew who his guests were, and he stirred himself to furnish good entertainment. The meal over, as the party was about to proceed, the Count's secretary brought him the report that the extravagant charge of one hundred and twenty-five dollars was made. The items were demanded, and, after putting down a round price for everything provided both for men and horses, the items footed only fifty dollars. The Dutchman was in a quandary. Like some other and later landlords, he intended to graduate his charges by the abilities of his guest to pay; and, knowing that the guest could pay, he was not the host to abate anything. While he puzzled over the bill, the Count again called impatiently from his carriage for the items. The landlord desperately scoured down a few words, and sent the bill back by the secretary. The Count glanced at it, and found that under the charges, amounting to fifty dollars, the following had been added, "A dam fuss, seventy-five dollars." His sides shook with laughter as he read it; and he said to his secretary, in French, "The fellow deserves that, and more, for his wit and impudence. Give him five hundred dollars."

An ingenious Yankee has bent the scratching power of hens to the aid of agriculture. He places a hen with chickens in a long narrow cage, just wide enough to fit in between two rows of potatoes, wherein she scratches to her heart's content. The cage is moved along the space between the two rows until the ground has been thoroughly scratched, the potatoes nicely hoed, and all the bugs eaten.

Venice by Night.

We stopped at an hotel at the Grand Canal, opposite the Church Santa Maria della Salute, where we purposed remaining, very near the square of St. Mark. At this point the breadth of the canal is that of an arm of the sea. Its waters are as clear as the sun-illuminated daylight, and the phosphorescence left by the oars and keel leave around broad, white, ribbon-like bands of moonlight. On coming out of the narrow canal into that broad expanse, many gondolas were being directed toward the Rialto, lighted by Venetian lanterns, to be compared only to garlands of luminous flowers. This magical illumination showed vividly in the obscurity of the night, and was repeated in the transparency of the waters. From the gondolas came a solemn and most harmonious choir, accompanied by excellent instrumental music—a mysterious melody, increased and softened by the sound-reducing properties of the air and of the lagunes. After having made that strange journey; after having threaded that strange series of winding canals, in which Venice seemed one of those mystic towns painted by the artists of the middle ages on the walls of cemeteries, to represent Inferno; seeing myself in the Grand Canal, among that great crowd of monuments rising from the limpid waters under the transparent heavens, showing the white-marble churches, illumined by the starlight, and looking like mountains of snow, as a companion at her side, Grossé, the land of poets. But the serenade died away in the distance, the lights were lost in the windings of the canal, the lagune sunk again into profound silence, and the turrets of the neighboring churches rung out the hour of nightfall with delicate melancholy.—*Emilio Castelar, in Appleton's Journal.*

Ant Instinct.

The philosopher Bacon, discoursing on the qualities and nature of instinct, detestably asks of the doubter, "Who taught the parrot his 'welcome' who taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles into a hollow tree where she could water, that it might rise so she might come to it? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she buries in the hill, lest it should take root and grow?"

With the question of authorship we have nothing to do, but it is with satisfaction that we have lately read that which gives additional proof of one of the facts here alluded to. Mr. Moggridge, in pursuing his investigations into the habits of insects, gives an interesting account of a species of ants which he had observed carrying into their nests, during the winter months, certain late-fruiting plants. Outside the channels there was generally a heap of the husks of the various seeds, and sometimes one of those heaps would fill a quart-measure. These husks and had their farm-rooms contents extracted through a hole on one side. Having purposely strewn near these nests quantities of millet and hemp seeds, they were rapidly removed to the burrows and deposited in the spherical chambers which served as storehouses. After a lapse of a fortnight, however, he discovered that many of these seeds had been brought out again, they having evidently commenced to germinate, and he then noticed that this return was made in order that the radicle might be gnawed off, and each seed; this being effected, they were carried back again.

Information About Noah's Ark.

A writer in the *Nautical Gazette* discusses the subject of the Ark, taking both the Bible account and that recently discovered in Assyria for a basis. He says that, reckoning the cubit at eight inches, the ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 45 feet high, and would register about 15,000 tons if measured as a sailing ship, or about 12,000 tons if measured as a steamer by British rules. It was thus smaller than the Great Eastern. It had three decks, and was divided into numerous compartments by longitudinal and transverse bulkheads for the safety and order of its occupants. It was built of gopher wood, a species of evergreen timber resembling the pine in length and strength of trunk and the white cedar in lightness. In model, says the writer, it was all that a great carrier could be, chest-like, with the lines straight and angles square, but the bottom and top were elliptical in outline, presenting convexity to the earth and sky. After giving the dimensions and the mode of construction of the several parts, this authority tells us, as if he were equally certain on this point, that the ark "is now in a good state of preservation, but lying under an eternal mantle of snow, hundreds of feet deep, at an altitude of 17,500 feet above the level of the sea. Ever since the flood dried up the climate of Armenia has been colder, and snow always covers the top of Ararat, rendering it impossible for any of Noah's descendants to go up and find the ark."

A COLORADO correspondent writes: "Our butcher is a graduate of Yale; one of the gentlemen working in the printing office is a graduate of Cambridge and a winner of the Bishop's medal for proficiency in the classics; a ranchman near here is the son of a General in the British army, and a near relative of George Stephenson of railroad fame. Four other ranchmen are the four sons of a former Governor of Bengal, who is still very wealthy. Two are the sons of an eminent London banker. A graduate of one of the universities manages a dairy, and attends to most of the milking personally."

—The Boston Transcript avers that the man is yet to be born who can furnish a local fire for a paper and be perfectly sure nobody will take offense at it. It is an even chance if he can do it when he is born, at least for a few days. Indeed, his being born at all furnishes a local item, which will probably put somebody's nose out of joint. Let him remain unborn.