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sep 4-6m

Selected Miscellany.

THE POLICE SERGEANT'S STORY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"You see that corner there," pointing to the angle of two prominent downtown streets. "Well, all along here was my beat, an that place I was compelled to pass a good many times a day. On that corner an old woman kept an apple-stand. At first I only remarked her as a very pleasant-faced, exceedingly ruddy and chubby person, engaged in a not very pleasant or profitable business. Her stand was nicely kept, and her apples, pea-nuts, oranges, and cakes, of the best quality. I invariably bought my fruit of her, and after a little would exchange a few words as I made my purchases.—What first interested me in her was her wonderful cheerfulness, and evident human interest in everything about her. If I marched a drunken man past her stand, she never failed to step up to my side and say softly: 'Be keerful of him, Cap.' Once upon returning from the station-house, after having had an unusually hard time with a man in delirum tremens, I had the curiosity to ask her the cause of her interest in this class of unfortunates.

"'Aunty,' said I, 'what difference does it make to you what becomes of these drunken loafers? You are always asking me to be tender of them. What in the world do you mean by it?'

"'Have ye any brother?' she asked, dusting off an apple and handing it to me.

"'Yes, I have brothers,' I answered; but what has that got to do with it?'

"'And are they all upright?' she inquired. 'Is there nobody that's dear to ye who sometimes gets into bad company, and takes a drop too much?'

"'Well?' I answered. Aunty touched me there, I did have a brother who was always in bad co[illegible] and more than one friend as d[illegible]ers.

"'All I ask of ye[illegible]e,' she answered, very [illegible]nto others as ye would [illegible]to them that you l[illegible]ain, darlint, it's a har[illegible]any a heart that's break[illegible]

"'And [illegible]y, aunty who is—[illegible]

"She did not [illegible] 'It's that I have,' s[illegible] a quarter of her [illegible]y own flesh and blood,' [illegible]

"I found afterward that she was the mother of one son, a reckless, dissipated fellow, who had been the means of bringing her into this condition of poverty and comparative helplessness. Sometimes I would miss her from her stand for a day or two; but when she next appeared she was the same ruddy-faced, healthy looking old woman.

"'Where were you yesterday?' I once asked, after one of these occasions.

"'Well, Captain dear,' she answered, with a bright smile, 'yesterday I thought was to be me lucky day, but I was mistaken you see.'

"'Your lucky day,' I replied.

"'Yes, that,' she answered slowly. 'I thought of ye, Captain, and I was glad that I have niver seen ye use your club like someof them M. P.'s, and I prayed to the Lord that if my poor boy ever found his way back to this great bad city, that he would fall into your hands, Captain; and I prayed that the Lord would bless you, and inspire you to do your work with the poor craythurs that ye have to see so much of. And it's not angry ye are that an old woman like me should make bold to pray for ye, sure?' as I did not look up."

The Sergeant's arm trembled beneath his great shaggy coat-sleeve, and I asked, very softly: "What did you say to her?"

"I think I turned away," he answered, after a moment, "without making much of a reply. I only know that the next time I bought an apple, she said, with her pleasant smile:

"'Sure, and I didn't mean to hurt you, Captain; but I was mighty glad to find that ye was so soft-hearted.'

"'Why are you glad?' I asked.

"'Because the whole work of the world has got to be done by them that feels for others' sorrows. But we must all take heart, Captain, darlint; and it puts new life into me when I think that the Son of God thought it no disgrace to be born in a manger, to learn the trade of a carpenter, to spend his time with poor, ignorant fishermen, and to heal the sick and the sorrowful. Ah, Captain! it is the soft hearts that'll get into the Kingdom—that I am sure of.'

"I tell you, whatever of principle I had to start with, was strengthened and put into practice by this old apple-woman. No minister ever brought Christ's love so near to me as she did. Well, month after month rolled on, and the old apple-woman kept her place. It was hot, and it was stormy, and it was cold. Only once in a while did I miss her, and then I knew that she had been sick. The day before Christmas, as I approached her stand, I noticed that the old face had a new light in it.

"'How are you this morning, aunty?' I asked.

"'Oh? never better in my life, Captain, darlint,' she answered picking me out the rosiest-cheeked apple on the stand. 'My dear boy is coming to spend the holidays with his mother. It's a whole blessed year since I laid eyes on him, and last night, when I got home, I found this letter waiting for me,' taking a dirty envelope from her pocket.

"'Does he seem to be doing any better?' I inquired.

"'That I cannot tell,' she answered, with a sad shake of the head, 'but we must all hope for the best. It's a great gain, sure, to have him willing to spend a day with his old mother; and just look here now, and see what I have bought for our dinner, Capt., dear.' And the old woman took a young turkey from its wrappings of brown paper, and proudly exhibited it. 'And here are my onions, and cranberries, and a nice head of celery. It's a feast we will have to be sure.—Ah, Captain, darlint, it's a long time since I have cooked a turkey; and all I can think of, the whole blessed day, is the story of the prodigal son.'

"'Perhaps it will turn out like that,' I suggested.

"'And who knows? she answered; 'but remember this, Captain, that our affairs—that is, if we try to do our part—are all in the Lord's hands.—And the Lord sent his only Son, Jesus Christ, to show us how to bear all the heart-ache and the sorrow of the world, and finally to redeem us. This is the great comfort, Captain, dear.'

"I went away from that stand with a peculiar feeling of lonesomeness that I never remember to have felt in my life before. Everybody was hurrying to and fro, up and down, all busy in their holiday preparations. It seemed to me as if the sun had sunk behind a cloud, and would for ever be obscured; and the strangest part of it all—there was no way of accounting for it. Two or three hours after this I observed, as I approached the stand, that there was quite a crowd about it, and a good deal of excitement apparent. I pushed my way through, and found the old apple-woman sitting bolt upright her eyes closed, and her breathing very difficult.

"'What is the matter, aunty?' I asked, compelling the crowd to scatter.

"'Ah! is it yourself, darlint?' she asked, grasping my arm; 'take me away from here, please.' I called an officer, and supporting her on either side, we walked slowly to the station-house.

"'Have you ever been as bad as this before?' I asked, as we stopped a moment for the sufferer to get breath.—She shook her head, and answered with difficulty:

"'No, Captain darlint; and this is the last of it. But if ye ever come across him, Captain, be aisy with him, for his mother's sake—and with the rest of 'em, for Christ's sake!'

"The old apple-woman never spoke again. She lived a few moments after arriving at the station-house."

"And the son?"

"'Oh I have taken him in, times without number, and just now he is serving a term on the Island.'"—*Baldwins Monthly.*

Carl Schurz and His Family.

Few Senators know how to entertain with refinement. Carl Schurz is undoubtedly the best host in Washington for an evening party.

All the members of his family are intellectualized up to his grade, and, like the best class of Germans, they can throw off profoundness of chat and listen to music, the host meantime all-pervading and witty and soothing, while Mrs. Schurz, with her dark Hamburg eyes and almost tenderly interest in young people, receives, one by one, her callers, and is obliging, without effort, to all.

Her daughters are growing up after the style of their father and mother, and the young men observe in them a docility and sensibility quite rare in general society.

Schurz holds his place in the Senate as much by industry as by talent. He is not a man of genius, but his accomplishments are general; he knows sufficient of music, the languages, mathematics, polite literature and law to be considered proficient in a country of partial education like ours; and, then, he is always fortifying himself. In the evenings, when his brother Senators are distributing patronage and writing goosey letters to a hundred numbskull constituents, playing poker, keeping an assignation, or stuffing down food with Sam Ward at Welker's, Carl Schurz is at his books. His wife has put the children to bed and is, perhaps, sewing at his side.

He has none of the embarrassments which attend fashionable wives, whose daily study it is finding out what to wear for the benefit of other men. The star of his fame Mrs. Schurz admires, but does not worship. Her ideal is a more stable and frugal career than waits on the Senate.

To husband his resources of the mind and the purse, to be a part of some real society, and to develop more slowly and in the line of happiness, is this German wife's desire. She knows the petulance and exaltation of the literary mind, its want of husbandry, and the necessity of giving it method and self-denial before its wayward habits become incurable. She desires him to return to St. Louis and proceed with his newspaper and the practice of law.

Going to Court in Madrid.

The Madrid correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* thus describes a visit to the royal palace on a reception day:

"The Palacio Real of Madrid is situated at the western extremity of the capital, and forms an immense quadrangle, about four hundred feet in length on each side; but the four facades, although almost precisely similar as regards their architecture, differ considerably in their altitude, the southern and eastern wings being only about eighty-five feet high, while the remaining two, owing to the declivity of the ground, are nearly twice that height. Seen from the old highway of Castile, from the Northern Railway terminus, from the banks of the much-calumniated Mancanares—which is really at times a highly respectable river—or from the summit of the hill of the Principe Pro, the Royal Palace of Madrid, with its *controforts*, its terraces, and its gardens—which last, sloping downwards, give the edifice a magnificent pedestal of verdue—detaches itself, in its huge white masses of carved stone, in a most imposing manner from the surrounding landscape, and may contrast not at all unfavorably with the noble and venerable pile of St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. This is no place to speak of the show-wonders of the abode of so many kings; of the astonishingly rich, but somewhat garish and meretriciously decorated chapel; of the *guardajoyas* or treasury; of the library, the theatre, and the *caballerizas*—the enormous stables and coach houses; in which are kept whole generations of state carriages and sets of state harness. Some of these days, perhaps, ere I leave Madrid, we will go sightseeing. This instant, Sunday, my business is only with the first floor of this prodigious palace, which alone contains thirty saloons of colosal dimensions. We left our carriage at the first of the three gates after passing the Plaza del Oriente, and passed between two ranges of soldiers with fixed bayonets into a large circular stone vestibule. There one of the finest staircases I ever saw, composed of single blocks of marble, led us to a long range of stone *loggie* and corridors, hung for the nonce with large pieces of fine old tapestry, the like of which is not to be seen anywhere out of Spain. At last we r[illegible] a grand antechamber, decorated with numerous trophies of arms and armor of antique form, and here were gathered sundry henchmen, in long doublets of crimson velvet, heavily embroidered with gold, which awakened strange reminiscences of our own Royal Yoemen of the guard, whose quaint garbs, indeed, antiquaries maintain was not devised by Henry VIII., but was introduced into England by Philip of Spain when he came to our shores to wed that Queen Mary to whom, it would seem, it is no longer held to be good manners to apply her only *sobriquet*. In the next antechamber to this—an immense room, hung with yellow Utrecht velvet and satin damask, adorned besides by scores of masterpieces of the Spanish, Italian, and Felmish schools—a closely packed crowd was assembled, anxiously waiting to be ushered into the royal presence. Through this crowd, shortly after 2, a 'lane' was made for the passage of about a hundred ladies, a few in full court costume and blazing in diamonds, but the majority in morning dress after the latest Paris fashion."

Night in the Moon.

At last, however, night sets in.—Gratefully it comes after the sun has gathered up his smiling beams and gone down to his rest. All at once we are plunged into comparative obscurity, for again there is no twilight to stay the steps of departing day.—At one stride comes the dark. But, looking up into the sky, we behold a vast orb, which pours down a milder and more beneficient splendor than the great lord of the system. It is such a moon as we terrestrials cannot boast: for it is not less than thirteen times as large and luminous as our own. There it hangs in the firmament, without apparant change of place, as if "fixed in its everlasting seat." But not without a change of surface. For this great globe is a painted panorama, and turning round majestically on its axis, presents its oceans and continents in grand succession. As Europe and Africa, locking the Mediterranean in their embrace, roll away to the right, the stormy Atlantic offers its waters to view, and then the two Americas, with their huge forests and vasts prairies, pass under inspection. Then the grand basin of the Pacific, lit up with island fires, meet the gazer's eye, and as this glides over the scene, the eastern rim of Asia and the upper portion of Australia sail into sight. The Indian Ocean, and afterward the Arabian Sea, spread themselves out in their subdued splendor, and thus in four-and-twenty hours, "the great rotundity we tread" turns its pictured countenance to the moon, and grandly repays the listening lunarians by repeating, to the best of its ability, the story of its birth. Nor is the sky less marmarvellous in another respect. For the absence of any atmospheric diffusion permits the constellations to shine out with a distinctness which is never paralleled on earth. They glitter like diamond points set in a firmament of ebony. Stars and clusters which we never see by the naked eye flock into view and crowd the lunar heavens.—*Exchange.*

Can Ant's Talk?

No one has studied the habits of "our six-legged rivals" without becoming impressed by their ability to communicate with each other, and the wide range of intelligence which they seem to be able to convey. Information of common danger is quickly spread throughout colonies numbering thousands, the news being brought by perhaps one or two spies. Hitherto their mode of communication has been a mystery, the mos- plausible hypothesis being that it was by a sort of fencing with their antennæ. Thus an ant returning from a foraging expedition meets another outward bound. They stop, strike antennæ together a few times, then proceed, No. 1 to the nest, No. 2 setting off on a new course and going straight to the place where No. 1 found her load. It would now appear that the striking of antennæ is merely a sort of salutation, as two neighbors might shake hands, while conversation goes on by other m[illegible] At any rate, according to th[illegible] of Professor Landois to[illegible] History Society of Prus[illegible] they are provided wi[illegible] paratus resembli[illegible] wasp. To have[illegible] though its pit[illegible] to human ear[illegible] be ample [illegible] guage. [illegible] notwith[illegible] belief that [illegible] is alw[illegible] more than once noticed a [illegible] ent, hissing sound proceeding from columns of large ants when annoyed. The next thing in order is an apparatus for making inaudible sounds audible, as invisible rays are made luminous; then some enterprising student may give us a comparative grammar of formic idioms.—*Scientific American.*

Waste of Home Resources.

A correspondent of the *Southern Farm and Home* speaking of the extravagant use of commercial fertilizers to the neglect of home manures, states that in a recent journey of some extent through the South he found the plantation out-houses crammed with fertilizers. In a very few instances these [illegible] ton, with heavy outlays, but in the majority of cases the purchases were on time, with the addition of 20 per cent. to cash prices, payment being secured by a factor's acceptance, for which a charge was made of about 2 per cent. per month, the factor receiving a lien on crops, stock, &c. Yet at these plantations no effort was made to save home-made manure; the stable-manure which, if properly cared for, would have equaled several tons of the chemical fertilizers in value, was left uncovered and exposed to the washing of rain till rendered almost worthless.

A New England gentleman writes that during the Summer of 1871 he visited the towns in his vicinity for the purpose of observing the current methods of farm management. He found that on a large number of the farms manurial liquids were wholly wasted. More than one-half of the barns were without cellars, and the manure was thrown from their windows into the open yard, where it lay exposed to rains, causing rapid decay of the lower boards and sills of the barn, and losing a very large proportion of its valuable elements. Yet farmers guilty of this waste were buying superphosphate at $60 per ton.

☞ Dr. John Hall utters this bit of wisdom: "Teachers are sometimes tempted to nagging. They do not scold, or reprove, or punish outright. Better they did. The victim perhaps reports in this way: He or she, as the case may be 'is always at me.' This is a mistake in policy. The average child is susceptible, and responds promptly to generosity, confidence, and obvious good will. When the child-heart feels that the teacher wishes, expects, and enjoys goodness in the pupil, it has the strongest motive to be good. But let the dark suspicion once get into the mind: 'My teacher likes me to fail and trip, for the satisfaction of being down upon me,' and, that little is heartily learned is the less of two evils. The greater and graver is the embittering of the child-heart, the poisoning of its fountains, and the kindling of a maligant, vindictive spirit within it, of which the effect is to obliterate all that might be angelic, and to produce all that is demoniacal."

Singular Mathematical Fact.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer, whenever there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5 and the answer will be 2,320; dividing the same number by 2 and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now take 357, and multiply by 5; there is 1,785. Divide the same number by 2, and you have 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,785.