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The Handful of Earth,
It's sailing I am at the dawn of day,
To my brother that's over the sea,
But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere,
For it's breaking my heart will be,
That a treasure I take, for on Ireland's sake,
That I'll prize all belonging above;
It's a handful of earth from the land of my birth,
From the heart of the land that I love.
And would the poor lad in his exile be glad,
When he sees the brave present I bring!
And would there be flowers from this treasure
Of ferns.
In the warm of the beautiful spring;
Oh, Erin, I'll leave on your shore,
It's a blessing I'll have on your shore,
And your mountains and streams I'll see in
my dreams
Till I come to my country once more.

AT THE RACES.

"John!"
"I hear you, mother."
"John, I wish to speak seriously
to you, my son."
"Very well, I'm listening."
"Little Mrs. Thurlow stood up,
to give her words more weight. They did
not seem to mean anything at all to
her; she was such a very little woman,
and her back ached so much, and her
hands trembled so that she had to
steal herself on the back of a chair."
She suddenly remembered how John's
father used to stroke her pretty pink
hands and call her "Baby," and say no
trouble should ever come near her.
And when he sailed on his last cruise,
he said John would be her comfort
until he came back. And now John was
breaking her heart!
"You will not go to Eppton with that
boy, to-morrow, dear. I mean you
shall not go, John. I certainly will
have some authority over you."
John was standing, too, looking her
full in the face. The angry red came
into her cheeks and then died out as
quickly, and her blue eyes were full
of tears. "You won't go, Johnny, dear?
You won't see mother?"
John said he would go with a tight
and struggled his shoulders. He was very
lately found out that women were
weak lot, and that men ought to control
things in the world, and that he was a
man. His mother was so little and so
fussy, and she never knew her own
mind two minutes. He was sure that
she was going to say, "You shall not
go," and "You shall not," to him all his
life.
"Don't go to Eppton, Johnny," she
continued coaxing. "I'm sure if—
your father were here he would say that
Walcot was a very bad companion
for you."
"And what'll I do at home if I stay?
It's a holiday," said John, savagely
shaking of the hand she laid gently on
his arm. His voice was growing deep,
like a man's. He was taller than she
in these few months, and looked
over her head as he talked together.
He studied books and talked of things
of which she knew nothing.
"And yet it was only this other day
she held him in her arms—her baby!
Only the other day! Now that his
father was away, and she almost feared
to let him go. He was the best in the
world but her little boy! She always
thought God had given him to her, just
to her, to be her own. Now he was
going from her fast, fast. He came
home with that Walcot boy the other
night with the smell of liquor on his
breath. He had got into her hair for
days, not touch his mouth with
sweet mouth where she used to wash
the teeth coming like pearls one by
one.
She grew pale, her eyes were wild
with terror, as she caught him by the
forearm. "O, for God's sake, don't turn
from me, John! I would be better
that we were dead together than that
you should go on this road that you
are going."
"I'm going nowhere but to Eppton,
to see a horse-race," he replied, roughly.
"And if I stay at home, what can
I do to amuse myself?"
Mrs. Thurlow glanced from side to
side in dismay. When he could be
amused with toys or a story-book she
managed very well, but now—
"You might fish in the morning, and
I'll take you with me to the sewing
society in the evening," with brightening
face.
John's scowl grew darker, but he
made no direct reply. His mother's
tears hurt him strangely.
"Very well, I'm going to bed now.
We'll talk it over in the morning,"
lighting his candle and going off abruptly.
After he heard his mother shut her
chamber door he went down stairs, and
out to the drug shop, where he was sure
to find Tom Walcot. That gay city
youth laughed a good deal at the early
years of the village boys. Day, the
druggist, noticed the two lads talk-
ing eagerly together for a long time.
John appeared reluctant and worried.
"Don't mind her," said Walcot, on
leaving. "They're all alike. Weak,
weak as water. You're doing no harm.
It's time you took matters into your
own hands. And be sure and bring
me something to eat. One way or
another, I'll show the boys what class in society you
belong to. They are all nobby dress-
ers."
"Jack," said Mr. Day, as he put up
his shutters, "I'd steer clear of that
Walcot fellow, if I were you. Nobody
knows anything about him. It don't
become your father's son to be half
fool well met with a lad like that."
Day said to his wife that night it was
a thousand pities Jack had not his
father to manage him just now. Dr.
Thurlow was as thorough a gentleman
as there was in the navy, and John was
on the high-road to become a black-
guard.
Nearly four years had passed since
the ship on which Dr. Thurlow was
surgeon had left on the long cruise, and
he was expected home soon.
By daylight the next morning John
and his friend were jogging along the
road to Eppton. John's face was un-
usually red, and his eye unsteady. He
took out a heavy gold watch from his
pocket now and then, and flashed in his
little finger.
"That's a regular old turnip," said
Walcot, glancing at the watch furtive-

ly. "No notion of its value, have
you?"
"Six or seven hundred," said John,
loftily. "It was my grandfather's, it's
got the family crest on it in jewels, I've
seen it. I suppose the boys will under-
stand that."
"O, they'll appreciate the watch, no
doubt," with a laugh.
"I borrowed mother's ring, too,"
tuning it to make it sparkle. "I don't
know what she'll say if she misses
them. But she ought to let me show
people that I'm not a beggar, when I
go into society."
"Certainly. By the way, did you
bring any more, Jack? You know I
found you these'll be better. All our
set risk a little, just for the fun of the
thing. Of course they don't care to
win. Money counts for nothing with
these fellows. But it looks well to bet,
you see."
"No, I didn't bring any," John said,
flushing hotly. "The truth is, Tom, I
won't bet. It won't breed my
heart, I do believe, if I did that."
"Bah!" muttered Walcot, with un-
limited disgust. "Break her heart, in-
stead! Well, well, you'll learn to be a
man some time."
"By the way, the country town, was
reduced in a couple of hours, and John
was introduced to "the boys." Now
John, full of conceit as he was, was
shrewd enough, and was quick to see
that the coarse faces, gaudy clothes
and sham jewelry of the young men
were very different from those which
should belong to gentlemen's sons.
But as he had no money to bet they
treated him with indifference,
leaving him to Walcot during the day.
The races were exciting. There was
a certain delight, too, in standing in a
crowd, smoking the end of an unlighted
cigar (he knew he would be sick, if he
smoked), stroking the down on his up-
per lip with the jeweled finger.
But as the day waned even these
pleasures paled. The odds and ob-
jects of the race, the sickening of the
boy, the remembered time for his
mother to read the chapter and the
evening prayers. The little, fussy, dear
woman! She might be fussy and weak,
but her religion seemed to John at that
moment a pure and awful thing, before
which all men and their "world"
were the same as dust.

He touched Walcot on the shoulder.
"I'm going home now, Tom."
The men around hastily glanced at
each other.
"Come, take a drink, first. I can
go back to-night, Jack," said
Walcot, as if he would like to trade
alone, if you will go. Better stay where
you are."
"No. And I'll not drink anything
more. Good evening, gentlemen."
He hurried through the crowded
streets, the road lay between hills.
The day had been a disappointment
after all. He might as well have been
fishing or at the sewing society for all
the pleasure he had had. And yet a
boy ought to have some amusement, he
thought.
He judged on miserably enough,
with an aching head and uncertain
steps. "As for the wine, what do I
take it for? I hate it, and it makes me
sick as death. If Walcot wouldn't jeer
at cold water prigs!"
The sun had set before he started
home, and he lay between hills.
When he had gone a mile or two, he
found himself in almost absolute dark-
ness. He trudged on manfully,
though, and had reached the Narrows,
where the hill rose on one side of the
road and the hill ran on the other,
when he observed four figures, appar-
ently waiting for him. One was a man
so like Walcot, that he thought the
boys had changed their minds, and de-
termined to go back with him.
"Is that you, Tom?" he shouted.
"The man came quickly up to him.
He was masked.
"The watch is not mine," cried John,
reeling. "Help, help!" for a moment
until a blow on the head felled and
stunned him. He knew, however, that
his watch and ring were dragged from
him before another blow left him list-
less.
When he came to himself a man was
lifting him into a biggy standing on
the road. In the darkness, and his be-
wildered from the blow he had re-
ceived, he could just see that the man
was large and powerfully built.
"Are you going to kill me?" John
asked, quiet enough, considering the
imposition of the man.
The gentleman laughed. "No. You've
had rough usage enough, poor
fellow. You are too young a boy to be
drunk and fighting," arranging the
cautions about him in the seat, and
talking the reins. "Now tell me all
about it."
There was something so kind and
strong in his voice that the boy nervously
told him the whole story, with
sobs and tears.
"It is mother I care for," he said.
"To think how I turned against her!"
The gentleman looked down at him
closely, his face strangely agitated.
He took the boy's hand and held it
crushing it in his own until John al-
most cried out.
They stopped at the cottage door.
John's mother stood at the gate, watch-
ing all day. When she saw the boy come
 staggering down the path toward her,
she ran to meet him, and then stopped
short, looking at the man behind him,
with a wild cry of "George! George!"
"Yes," said Dr. Thurlow to his wife,
the next day, "it has all ended like
a story in a book. The police have the
thieves, and we have the watch and
ring, and I came home just when I was
needed—in more ways than one. No
fear, little woman, of our boy. He only
needs a man's stronger hand to guide
him and to make him fit to appreciate
his mother."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Georgia citizen tried to increase
the weight of his cotton by packing it
in a lot of old iron—and now it is all
he can do to raise money to pay his way out
of the penitentiary.

The Germ Theory of Disease.
Prof. John Tyndall writes a letter to
the London Times, called forth by a
treatise on typhoid fever by Dr. Wil-
liam Budd. The following is the con-
cluding paragraph of the letter:
"What is the nature of the typhoid
poison? The 'yellow typhoid matter'
already referred to, Budd describes as
made up of nucleated cells. The term
'germ-theory' does not, to my knowl-
edge, occur once in the volume, possi-
bly because of the opposition and
ridicule that theory encountered in the
English medical press. Over and over
again Budd speaks of 'germs,' but it
might be imagined that he used the
word figuratively. Those who know him,
however, were well aware that this was
not the case; and in the early part of
the present volume, after describing
the causative agent in typhoid
fever, he remarks: 'It is humiliating
that issues such as these should be con-
sidered as the powers of an agent so
low in the scale of being that the mil-
lions which spring on decaying wood
must be considered high in comparison.'
Prof. Tyndall, venturing to explain
himself upon this ground of medical
theory, for it involved no knowledge of
medical practice, but simply a capacity
to weigh evidence; and the evidence
that epidemic diseases were parasitic
appeared to me very strong. On the
30th of June, 1871, I ventured to explain
myself thus: 'With their respective
viruses you may plant typhoid fever,
scarlatina, or small-pox. What are
the crops that arise from such in-
oculations? As surely as a thistle rises
from a thistle-seed, so surely as the
fig comes from the fig, the grape from
the grape, and the thorn from the thorn,
so surely does the typhoid virus in-
crease and multiply into typhoid fever,
scarlatina virus into scarlatina, the
small-pox virus into small-pox. What
is the conclusion that suggests itself
here? Is it this, that the thing which
we vaguely call a virus is to all intents
and purposes a seed; that, excluding
the notion of vitality, in the whole
range of chemical sciences you cannot
point to an action which illustrates this
perfect parallelism with the phenomena
of life—this demonstrated process of
self-multiplication and reproduction.'
It was the clear and powerful writings
of William Budd, joined to those of the
celebrated Pasteur, that won me to
these views. It is partly with a view
of stamping at a receptive moment
this doctrine upon the minds of the
public, also through the desire of re-
sponding to a noble intellect, which
has been literally sacrificed to the
public good, that I draw attention
not only to the masterly combination of
observation and inference exhibited
by the writings of Dr. Budd's
volume, but also to the crowning fact
already published in the medical jour-
nals, and to which my attention was
first drawn by my eminent friend Mr.
Sisson, that Dr. Klein has recently dis-
covered the very organism, which lies
at the root of the mischief, and is
the destruction of which medical and
sanitary skill will hereafter be
directed.

Merchant Vessels of the United States.
The Bureau of Statistics furnishes
the following information relative to the
tonnage owned in the United States on
the 30th day of June, 1874:

	Number.	Tonnage.
Atlantic and Gulf coast.....	31,454	2,774,713.9
Western rivers.....	4,554	272,429.9
Northern lakes.....	4,831	158,308.4
Railroad coast.....	1,123	104,429.9
Unrigged vessels not reported.....	2,996	231,440.0
Total, 1874.....	31,923	4,658,882.2
Total, 1873.....	31,674	4,498,945.1
Increase in 1874 over 1873.....	249	159,937.1

The tonnage is classified as follows:

	Number.	Tonnage.
Sailing vessels.....	17,220	2,257,154.23
Steam vessels.....	2,038	1,116,425.22
Unrigged vessels.....	12,665	1,285,302.77
Unrigged vessels not reported.....	2,996	231,440.00
Total.....	31,923	4,658,922.22

Provisions to the passage of the act of
April 18, 1874, canal and other boats
employed on inland waters or canals
were required to be enrolled and licensed
under the provisions of the act of
February 18, 1793, if they enter naviga-
ble waters, and from the fact of such
enrollment and license were included
in the returns of tonnage belonging to
the several districts of the United
States, June 30, 1873. The act of
April 18, 1874, exempts this class of
boats, with but few exceptions, from
enrollment and license, and hence they
do not appear in the returns of tonnage
belonging to the several customs dis-
tricts June 30, 1874. The difference
between the tonnage of unrigged ves-
sels reported June 30, 1873, and that
reported June 30, 1874, is assumed to
be the amount dropped in consequence
of the passage of the last-named act.

The Bottle of Oil.
Once upon a time there lived an old
gentleman in a large house. He had
servants and everything he wanted, yet
he was not happy; and when things
did not go as he wished he was cross.
At last his servants left him. Quite
out of temper, he sent to a neighbor
with a story of his distress.
"It seems to me," said the neighbor,
sagaciously, "it would be well for you
to oil yourself a little."
"To oil myself?"
"Yes, and I will explain. Some time
ago one of the doors in my house
creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to
go in or out by it. One day I oiled it
hinges, and it has been constantly
used by everybody ever since."
"Then you think I am like your
creaking door?" cried the old gentle-
man. "How do you want me to oil
myself?"
"That's an easy matter," said the
neighbor. "Go home and engage a
servant, and when he does right, praise
him. If, on the contrary, he does
something amiss, do not be cross; oil
your voice and words with the oil of
love."
The old gentleman went home, and
no harsh or ugly word was found in
his house afterwards. Every family
should have a bottle of this precious
oil, for every family is liable to a creak-
ing hinge in the shape of a fretful dis-
position, a cross temper, a harsh tone,
or a fault-finding spirit.

An Instrument of Exchange.
Here is a half sovereign which I hold
in my hand, said Prof. Price, in a
lecture at Oxford. That is a coin—a
piece of currency. What is it? This
coin is a piece of gold with a mark
upon it. What is that mark? The
arms of the Queen Victoria. Those
arms are put upon it at the factory
where it was made—the Royal Mint of
England. Did they put into this metal
anything besides gold? Yes; they
put a little alloy into it merely of the
purpose of hardening it, in order that
the mark may not be rubbed off, and
wear, but in England nothing is
charged for that. You get the same
quantity returned to you in coin that
you bring to the bank in ingots; and
therefore, it is a pure piece of gold.
What on earth was this little thing in-
stead of the gold? I see at once
should say it was something put
around a woman's neck or in her ears,
to use as ornaments; but we know that
this is not the application of it in great
cities and nations. Then I must trace
it, and what does it do? I see a
man, and I see a woman, and I see
is. There are two shafts, which un-
mistakably indicate a horse; the wheels
indicate motion, and the body indicates
a capacity to carry weight, and I know
all about a cart at the very first sight.
What is this coin for? My next step
was to ask myself, what is the coin
it leaves me what has happened to me?
I have gained other goods. It has had
this wonderful effect upon me. I have
got rid of a quantity of goods in my
hands which I did not want, and I have
got in my hands a quantity of goods
I did want. Ah, then, I see at once
what it means; the operation finished.
I had for another set of things. There is
a certain quality in human nature
which finds its way into human society,
and it is this. We cannot make all our
wants satisfied. There are not going to
division of employments, division of
labors, one says: "I will make hats
if you will make shoes." Another says:
"I will make coats." And in human
life all these things must be exchanged
for something else. I see at once
give his horse for the hat. That would
not do at all. "Well," says the hat-
ter to the other person with whom he
is trading, "there is something reason-
able in that. The horse cost you a
great deal of time in care, plenty of
corn, plenty of hay; and it will do
to give it for the hat. We must have some
principle of exchange." And then he
discovers that this little thing which I
show to you is a tool. And, gentle-
man, from the first word I say to you
you see to the last word I say to you,
I wish you never to look at the coin
as anything else than a tool of exchange;
and all the mess, and all the disorder,
and all the utter confusion on this sub-
ject is that people will not submit to
grasp the idea that this thing was in-
vented as a machine for exchanging
goods, and for nothing else—nothing
else at all.

A Thrifty Woman.
A case which gives a queer illustra-
tion of woman's rights is reported in a
recent Cincinnati court report. It ap-
pears that Charles A. Mayhugh went to
Cincinnati, and in 1855, came to com-
municate with his wife. After a short
eight years the wife gave him up for
dead, and through a real estate agent
named Robinson exchanged her prop-
erty in Cincinnati for a farm. Five
years after that Mayhugh turned up,
claiming his property in the city, and
Robinson paid him the money he was
claiming. Doubtless Robinson
thought that as the wife had conveyed
all she had conveyed her right in it.
But in a year Mayhugh died, and then
the wife put in a claim to her dower in
the very property she had conveyed
to Robinson. This she made a good
thing out of him, both dead and
alive. Robinson was now called on to
pay the third time for what he brought
out-and-out the first. The dower claim
was defeated in the Court of Common
Pleas, but the District Court held that
as the wife had when her husband
lived, was null, her right of dower still
remained. As there is no bar to a wife's
securing a conveyance, we suppose she
held on to her, and that Robinson had no
recourse on her. This was considerably
worse than the entire independence of
the wife.

Legends of the Apple.
The apple, which, as well as we
know, is the first fruit mentioned in
the Bible, has been the theme of various
legends and superstitions. In Arabia
it is believed to charm away evil
and produce health and prosperity.
In some countries the custom remains
of placing a rosy apple in the hand of
the dead, that they may find it when
they enter Paradise. The Greeks use
it as a symbol of wealth and large pos-
sessions, and, therefore, it is esteemed
for the fullness and richness of its
qualities. In northern mythology the
apple is said to produce rejuvenating
power. Germany, France and Switzer-
land have numerous legends regard-
ing this fruit. In some it is celebrated
as the harbinger of good fortune,
causing the most earnest desires to be
fulfilled; in others its beautiful prop-
erties are shown forth as bringing
death and destruction; others again
speak of it as an oracle in love affairs;
this is especially the case with the Ger-
mans, not only in their numerous tales,
but in some surviving customs. In
England, as well as in our own country,
it is known among school boys the
popular use of the apple seeds in divin-
ing one's sweetheart. The peeling is
also used as a test in this delicate
matter.

U. S. POSTAL DEPARTMENT.
**Report of the Postmaster General for the
Last Fiscal Year.**
The Postmaster General has rendered
a report of the work and condition of
the Post-office Department. He says:
"The ordinary revenues of this de-
partment during the year ending June
30, 1874, were \$24,590,568.84, and the
expenditures of all kinds \$22,126,414.58.
For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873,
the revenues from the same sources
were \$22,928,157.57, and the expendi-
tures of all kinds \$23,084,945.67. For
the last fiscal year there was an in-
crease of revenue, exclusive of revenue
from the money order business and
postal stamps, of \$3,130,576.28, or
14.58 per cent., and an increase of ex-
penditures of \$3,041,468.91, or 10.457
per cent. A comparison of the fiscal
year 1873-4 with 1871-2 shows an in-
crease in revenue, exclusive of revenue
from the money order business and
postal stamps, of \$3,130,576.28, or
14.58 per cent., and an increase of ex-
penditures of \$3,041,468.91, or 10.457
per cent. The estimated expenditures for
the year ending June 30, 1874, are \$26,961,-
031. The total estimated revenue for
the year ending June 30, 1874, is \$25,-
148,156, leaving a deficiency to be ap-
propriated out of the general treasury
of \$1,812,875.
The foregoing estimates do not in-
clude special appropriations to be made
out of the general treasury amounting
to \$2,698,590.
The number of ordinary adhesive
stamps issued during the
year was 622,384,422, representing \$17,274,522.00
in value. The number of postage stamps
issued during the year was 1,232,232,320,
representing \$3,130,576.28 in value. The
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