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Which Way?

Children, stop your play,
And tell me which way
I shall take to reach the city on the hill.
First the girl,
With a smile:
"This way;
Through the woods, across the stile,
By a brook where wild flowers grow,
Where the birds sing sweet and low;
Then you forget it is so far,
And how tired you are.
For the calm rests you, makes you still,
If you take this way to the city on the hill."

Then the boy,
With a frown:
"This way;
By the mill and through the town—
You will see the soldiers there,
Hear the drums and pass to fair;
Then you forget the way is long
While you walk in the throng,
For the noise wakes you, makes you thrill,
When you go this way to the city on the hill.'

The Tile-Room at Deadwood.

For twenty years the old mansion at Deadwood, with its gables, mullioned doorways and embayed windows, had stood unoccupied. Colossal elms swept over it, rank shrubbery hid its lower windows, and lush grasses and weeds swamped the garden, yet still the place was beautiful. It is said to have been built after a magnificent estate in Wales; but no one remembered its origin. It stood on a great hillside overlooking the sea, and sailors and boatmen going by always looked up at it as something picturesque and grand.

The mansion stood solitary, yet was but half a mile from the village by the river crossing the plain beneath, and when, after this great trial of its indestructibleness, human life appeared there, it was immediately discovered by the surprised villagers. Half a score of men had mowed their way up the front door, had set every chimney smoking from the great fires built below, had hacked and hewed mercilessly at the overgrowth of intrusive shrubbery, and finally a carriage had come bringing a fair young girl with a mulatto attendant.

"I think it's—it's fearsome like, don't you, Miss Queenie?"

"Nonsense; it's delightfully antique and romantic. Only I'm not going to live in the dark. Tell the men to cut down those locusts, Patty; they shut out the sun and are worm-eaten beside. Oh, its going to be lovely here, Patty! I'll have those walks leading down to the gate just blazing with tulips in a month."

"What will you do for company, Miss Queenie?"

"Oh, Guy is coming the first of May."

It was early in April then. The brave young heiress of Deadwood took bravely hold of the work in hand. She called the sunlight in through curtains of white lace. She hung the chamber walls with rose-colored paper. She spread bright rugs over the blackwalnut floors and filled the rooms with graceful bamboo and softly-cushioned furniture. And when her little dot was quite expended upon further details of china, books and statues, the girl sat down to enjoy the home she had made.

It was the first she had ever had; and already her homeless life rested in it with a feeling of satisfaction which had been found in no other source.

"I am glad Guy is poor, because now I can give him a home with myself," she murmured over her wedding clothes, which she was embroidering. "He shall have a buggy, and pick up a nice practice at the village; and so we have our good prospects after all."

For the matrimonial prospects of these young people of eighteen and twenty-two had looked doleful, *very* doleful, until the woman suddenly rose equal to the emergency.

"Deadwood is mine, you say, Mr. Quills?" she said to the lawyer.

"Yes."

"And it won't sell and won't let. And I have only five hundred dollars of interest money in bank stock?"

"Just so."

"Then I will live at Deadwood."

"Alone?"

"Well, yes, for the present; Patty and I," with a smile, sweet, yet quizzical, at the old lawyer's dismayed face.

So far all had succeeded better than she had dreamed possible. She had made the old mansion habitable and pleasant; and now if the fallow land were brought under a man's hand, the hitherto unprofitable piece of property might even yield an income for Miss Elinor St. Edgar and her husband, Mr. Quill declared.

But the things everybody expect seldom do happen after all, and the things nobody expected to transpire are always confronting us. After a blithe letter of invitation from his lady-love, Guy Blondel arrived at Deadwood one fine May day, and found Queenie, as everybody called her, so pale, so grave, so almost speechless, that he was dumbfounded.

"Not a single smile yet, Queenie? Why, what has come over you? Have you seen a ghost?"

The girl winced as if he had struck her.

"You do not believe in ghosts, Guy?"

"Certainly not; no sensible person does. But what has changed you so, Queenie? You chill and astonish me, you have altered so in a few weeks! And I expected to find you perfectly triumphant over your success, and ready to obey your directions and turn farmer-doctor at once."

"Guy, we can never be married."

"Queenie!"

"Something has happened to change all my pleasant hopes, Guy—something strange and unexpected, yet none the less conclusive." Then Queenie told her story.

"One of the rooms, Guy, I have not touched or altered—an apartment on the ground-floor, facing the north, finished with tile, and so cold, dark and gloomy that I found it quite a hopeless matter to make it healthy and pleasant. Yet it is a handsome room, with inlaid floor and tiles of such great worth that I wonder the old mansion has not been broken into and pillaged of them. Probably no one about here knows their worth. But, as I say, I left the tile parlor unchanged, even from the cobwebs and yews growing against the windows. But it is the only unpleasant place in the house, and its neighborhood to the bright little sitting-room I have made has never troubled me.

"One chilly, rainy night less than a week ago, and after I wrote you to come, I sat reading by the bright hearth-fire of my sitting-room until nearly twelve o'clock. Patty was asleep in a little room leading from it which is directly beneath my chamber, and the other two servants, housemaid and man, were asleep in their rooms in another part of the house. I had told Patty not to sit up; yet when it grew midnight the solitude of the great house weighed on me a little, and I felt loth to go up to my chamber. Finally I wrapped myself in my dressing-gown and lay down on a couch before the hearth, knowing that the great wood fire would keep the room warm till morning. I had lain there but a moment, I think, when I heard a voice in the room say, 'Look under the hearth of the parlor.' It was so distinct a voice that the room seemed to echo with it. I don't know why I did as I did do; I should thought I would have been afraid; but I sprang up, caught a light from the table, crossed the hall and opened the door of the parlor."

"Poor little Queenie! You had overexerted yourself, and your brain had grown excited and unsettled."

"But, Guy, I knelt down in that dark room by the hearth and passed my hand over the smooth tiles. Almost instantly I found that one was loose. It was small, and I pried it up with a hairpin. Here beneath lay a small, yellow, folded paper. I stared at it a moment, then took it out, and seeing, as I expected, that it was covered with writing, I only stopped to look once more around the silent black parlor, then hurried back to my sitting-room.

"Oh, Guy, it was no coincidence, my finding a paper in that place! The paper is of the utmost importance. You may see that for yourself. Here it is," and rising, Queenie took it from one of the corner cabinets secured to the wall, and placed it in Guy's hand. A bit of coarse, yellow parchment, the chirography quaint, the ink faded; but it was the written confession of one Gilbert St. Edgar that the estate of Deadwood had been wrongfully obtained, and that he had wrongfully defrauded the rightful line of inheritance; and he furthermore besought and instructed the finders of the paper, which he declared hidden under the hearth of the tile parlor for safe preservation a few days before his death, to restore the ill-gotten estate of Deadwood to its rightful inheritors. Guy Blondel's scholarly face grew grave and a trifle paler as he read. Anticipating what it boded for him, he made a strong effort for self-preservation.

"Queenie, dear Queenie, you surely don't mean that you are going to give up Deadwood and all our hopes for this old scrap of paper?"

"Deadwood is not mine, Guy."

"Oh, Queenie, don't plunge yourself into after poverty and separate us for this unsubstantial idea!"

"I will not, if it is unsubstantial, Guy. I hope it may prove so. Let us both hope so, and be happy, at least until we find out," said the girl, making an effort to stave off her own discouragement. She was full of pity, too, for the pain of the young heart all hers in its freshness and strength. Yet nothing overcame the power of that honest blood which had come with the strong blue eyes. She held firm day after day, only replying to Guy's pleadings:

"Deadwood must be mine, Guy. If it is not mine, I do not want it. It would never be home else."

At last Mr. Quill, who had been sent for, came.

Queenie withheld the story of her dream, as Guy called it, but inquired, as quietly as possible, as to the existence of Gilbert St. Edgar.

"Oh, yes, my dear; your great-great-uncle. I never saw him, of course, but my father remembers him."

"I have a reason for wanting to see his penmanship, Mr. Quill," said Queenie. "Do you think there is any in existence?"

"Oh, yes; I know there is. My uncle, who was a friend of his, left a quantity of old papers and letters, among which are written bills of this same Gilbert St. Edgar. I'll look when I go home, and send you a specimen of the old man's chirography. Very interesting, these old relics, Miss St. Edgar."

And Mr. Quill partook of a delicious tea and rode back to town, never dreaming of the strained and anxious young hearts he had left behind him.

Two days later, inclosed in a facetious note inquiring when the wedding was to be, arrived from Mr. Quill a bit of yellow paper signed by Gilbert St. Edgar.

With the color ebbing from cheek and lips, Queenie and Guy compared it to the parchment taken from the hearth of the tile parlor; for it was identical, and the same penmanship. There could be no doubt.

"And now, Queenie?"

"Now all hope is at an end; at least for long years, Guy. But we may get rich by-and-bye, and then"—

Tried beyond endurance he flung the slender hand from his own. The next moment he turned with a bitter cry of remorse, and snatched the girl from the floor. She had fainted.

He never gave way after that. No more anger or reproaches. He realized that Queenie, too, suffered, and tried to comfort and sustain her.

The sad days went by. Queenie bid the dainty wedding garments even from her own eyes.

At length one evening—the last evening—a carriage whirled up the drive. The occupant, drenched with rain, sprang into the house and the room.

"Excuse my wet coat—rain right in my face all the way. Oh, hang preliminaries! Here are you young folks making yourselves miserable; both look as if you'd had a fit of sickness; and—and—why, by George, Miss St. Edgar, old Gilbert St. Edgar was as mad as a March hare, and finally killed himself in that tile parlor!" shouted Mr. Quill. "I didn't tell you before—sort of hated to dash a brave young thing like you; but they said the house was haunted, and a room where a suicide has been committed is an ugly neighbor to a lady's boudoir! But bless my soul! this old parchment ain't worth shucks—not worth shucks, my dear Miss St. Edgar. He never defrauded anybody of Deadwood. He inherited it from his brother, as honest a man as ever lived. I've looked up the proofs—been three days about it—and then came back as quick as I could to let you know the truth. Hang that old tile parlor! Seal it up! Tear it down! But, anyway, get married and be happy, young folks. Don't be frightened out of the wedding."

They took his advice—Queenie and Guy. The walls and floors of the old tile parlor were dismantled of their tiles, the whole north side turned into glass doors which opened into the garden, the walls hung with a paper of golden arabesques and rosebuds, and filled with a piano and harp, rose pink couches, books of poetry, pictures and marble Cupids and angels. The ghost of Gilbert St. Edgar never walked there again.—*American Monthly.*

Chinese Poetry.

Chinese poetry is the subject of an interesting article in *Macmillan's Magazine.* Few persons appreciate the genuine poetry to which the Chinese have given birth, yet poetry occupies almost as important a place in their literature as in our own. Here is a literal translation of a short poem:

The heart, when it is harassed, finds no place of rest.
The mind, when embittered, thinks only of grief.

In the following the writer is supposed to be apostrophizing a bed of chrysanthemum plants in full bloom:

See their slender shadows pictured on the fence
whilst their delicate perfume scents the garden walls;
Their tints, now dark, now light, flash one against the other;
The dews as they drop strengthen their frames;
Hungry, they feed on air—
What can with their bright colors compete?
Talking of them one might pity their languor,
as of that of an invalid;
Delicate, they open with constitutions at best autumnal,
Yet say not that they bloom to no purpose;
For did they not by their charms inspire Tao
to poetry and conviviality?

Here is one that has been metrically translated. It is called the "Tiny Rill:"

Over green fields and meadows a tiny rill ran
(The little precious coquette);
She was pretty, she knew, and thus early began
Gayly flirting with all that she met.

Her favors on both sides she'd gracefully shower,
Regardless of whom they might be;
One moment she'd kiss the sweet lips of a flower,
The next—lave the root of a tree.

She would leap from one rock to another in play,
Tumble down on her pebbly bed;
Like a naiad, let the dazzling, sunsmitten spray,
Fall in prismatic gems round her head.

Sometimes she would lash herself into rage,
And rush roaring and seething along;
Till a bit of smooth ground would her anger assuage,
When she'd liquidly murmur a song.

Adulterated Food.

From facts and data in our possession, says the New York *Herald,* it is susceptible of proof that nearly all the essentials of life are seriously tampered with, and that the adulteration of food is the rule rather than the exception. The following list is carefully prepared, and will give an idea of the extent to which the evil extends:

Sausages—Made of impure meats and seasoned with spices.

Bread—Mixed with alum, lime water and flour ground in with lead.

Flour—Adulterated with damaged peas, powdered alum and casein, in which are worms, insects, acari and smut.

Coffee—Adulterated with cocoanut shells, almond shells, chiccory, beans, peas and corn.

Tea—Colored with black lead and Prussian blue.

Oysters, Clams and Lobsters—Stale and decaying.

Cheese—Colored with saffron, Venetian red, carrots and annotto, which latter is often found to contain poisonous chromates.

Essences—Adulterated and contaminated by nitro-benzole, prussic acid, oil of turpentine, sulphuric acid and citric acid.

Sugar—Injured by putrid blood, with which it is "purified," and adulterated with clay, sand and bean dust, with now and then a fair share of marble dust.

Cake—Flavored with oil of almonds, containing prussic acid.

Spices—Black pepper, adulterated with buckwheat, caramel or shorts; cayenne pepper, adulterated with red lead, almond shells and ginger.

Romance of the Custer Massacre.

Colonel Benteen, of the Seventh cavalry, left the impression in his testimony in the Reno inquiry that Dr. Lord and Lieutenant Sturgis, who were with Custer, and whose bodies were not found, might be still alive and with the Indians. Away down in Maine this ray of hope fell upon the heart of a young lady who is in reality, but not in name, one of the widows of the fatal dash for vindication. There was more in the colonel's words to her than he intended. For the fifteenth time she wrote to Bismarck, Dakota, pitifully inquiring if there was any possible hope that Benteen's intimation was founded upon fact. Her friend at Dakota answered "No." If Dr. Lord was alive and in Sitting Bull's camp the Canadian mounted police would have found it out long before this. Major Walsh, who is on the best of terms with the hostiles, and is with them a great deal, has made every effort to discover a survivor. He is a great admirer of the dead Custer, and his personal feelings have been heartily enlisted in the vain search. All that he has found has been one horse of the white-horse company. Dr. Lord may be alive, but it is as improbable as Jules Verne's eighty-day trip around the world. The lady in Maine, however, has an intuitive belief that he is still alive, and she will yet see him. She reproaches herself for some little thing she did, thinking it sent him off with Custer, and that he was indifferent to the consequences.—*Chicago Tribune.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Orchard and Garden Notes.

ASPARAGUS.—Rake off the litter from the beds and carefully fork in the fine manure.

Lettuce from the frames is set a foot apart, in rows, between the cabbages and cauliflowers.

Shrubs may be transplanted and pruned, taking care to preserve their natural habit.

Turfing is best for small plots, and should be laid on large lawns along the edges of roads and beds.

RHUBARB.—Make new beds by dividing the old roots so that each portion has a bud. Set three or four feet apart each way, manuring the hills very heavily.

HARDY VEGETABLES.—The principal are: Beet cabbage, carrot, cress, cauliflower, celery, endive, lettuce, parsley, parsnip, onions, peas, radish, turnip and spinach.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Repair roads and paths. Uncover beds of bulbs. Lift and divide large clumps of perennials. Sow seeds of hardy flowers.—*American Agriculturist.*

Tender vegetables, not to be sown until the soil is well warmed, or at corn-planting time, are: Beans—snap and pole; cucumber, corn, melons, okra, pumpkin, squash, tomato, watermelon.

New lawns should be made as early as the ground is in good condition to have the grass well established before hot weather. For light soils, red top, for stony ones, blue-grass, with perhaps a little white clover, is in our experience preferable to mixed seeds. Four to six bushels to the acre are needed to make a good velvety turf.

PEARS.—Dwarf trees may be grown in the garden, and afford a fair amount of choice fruit, while their cultivation will afford much pleasure; but for fruit in quantities, plant standards in the orchard. Set dwarfs eight or ten feet apart. The variety is bewildering. For one dwarf tree, the "Duchesse d'Angouleme."

EARLY CABBAGES AND CAULIFLOWERS.—The earliest crop is from the plants thus treated. The ground should be heavily manured—seventy-five tons of stable manure to the acre is not unusual, or part manure, and enough guano to make the whole equal to the above heavy manuring. The ground is marked out in rows twenty-four to thirty inches apart, and the plants set every sixteen inches.

Household Hints.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Immerse or wash it several times in sour milk or whey, this will brighten it without scouring, it may then be scoured with a woolen cloth dipped in ashes.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—A pound of lime and one pint of salt to three gallons of water. Put all eggs not wanted for daily use into this brine, and they will keep all the year round, and the whites froth almost as well as fresh eggs.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.—Plant when the soil is in condition; evergreens may wait a month or more. Where old trees interfere, branches may be removed, but they never should be pruned in such a manner as to change their natural shape.

Old lawns will need a top-dressing and a sprinkling of seed in places where the grass is poor. If manure is applied, let it be so thoroughly decomposed that no weed seeds remain alive. Ashes, guano, nitrate of soda and fine bone are all good manures for lawns, and bring in no weeds.

Early sowing in drills twelve to fifteen inches apart should be made of beet, carrot, leek, onion, parsnip, spinach. Radish and turnip-radish seeds may be sown with beets, as they will mature and come off before they are in the way. Early potatoes should be planted and early peas sown.

TO MEND CHINA.—Mix a little lime with the white of an egg, to use it take a sufficient quantity of the egg to mend one article at a time; shave off a quantity of the lime, and mix thoroughly; apply quickly to the edges and place firmly together, when it soon sets and becomes strong. Calcined plaster of paris will answer in the place of lime.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM STOCKINGS.—Place them to soak in tepid water over night; in the morning put a pailful of water in your boiler over the fire and cut up an ounce of soap in it, stirring until it melts and forms a lather; when it comes to the boiling point put into it a tablespoonful of the magical mixture; stir it around, and having previously soaped the stains on the stockings, put them into the boiler and stir them around for ten minutes; take them out, and unless very badly stained, they will need but very little rubbing; rinse and blue, and when dried you will find them free from all stain.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—To extract grease spots from books or paper, gently warm the greased or spotted part of the book or paper, and then press upon it pieces of blotting paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear essential oil of turpentine, heated almost to a boiling state; warm the greased leaf a little, and then with a soft, clean brush wet with the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, nor will the paper be discolored.

Cauliflower.

This very common vegetable is one of the market gardener's most profitable crops. It is closely related to the cabbage plant, and, like that, the eatable part forms a head; but while the head of the cabbage is formed of the leaves, the head of the cauliflower is formed of the flower-stalks, which grow up in one compact, conical mass that, in well-grown specimens, measures nine inches to a foot across. There are many varieties in cultivation. A kind known as Lenormand's short-stemmed requires a good garden soil, richly manured; it is useless to attempt to grow it on a poor, gravelly or binding clay soil.

Cauliflower is mostly grown as a crop for spring or early summer; as a late crop it is more apt to fail. For an early crop the seed should be sown in the first half of September, and later the plants should be set about three inches apart each way, in a cold frame. During the winter they should be covered with sashes, and in cold weather have an additional covering of straw mats. On every mild or sunny day air should be given, by raising the sash a few inches, and as early in the spring as the weather will permit, the sashes should be removed entirely during the day. In the latter part of March, or as soon as safe from hard frost—a little will do no harm—the plants should be set out on well-prepared and richly-manured land, in rows two by three feet. The seed may also be sown on the hot-bed in February, and by proper care the plants may be ready to set out in the beginning of April; but in this case they must be thoroughly hardened before they are planted in the garden, or a little frost will kill them. By giving proper attention to this point, spring plants are but little inferior to those wintered over in the cold-frame, and may produce as good a crop. Lenormand's Early Paris, Erfurt Early Dwarf, Large Algiers, and Autumn Giant are some of the best varieties.—*Rural New Yorker.*

What to Do in Cases of Diphtheria.

The following is from the circular of the Massachusetts State board of health: In the first place, as diphtheria is a contagious disease, and under certain circumstances not entirely known, very highly so, it is important that all practical means should be taken to separate the sick from the well. As it is also infectious, woolen clothes, carpets, curtains, hangings, etc., should be avoided in the sick-room, and only such material used as can be readily washed.

All clothes, when removed from the patient, should be at once placed in hot water. Pocket-handkerchiefs should be laid aside, and in their stead soft pieces of linen or cotton cloth should be used, and at once burned.

Disinfectants should always be placed in the vessel containing the expectoration, and may be used somewhat freely in the sick-room; those being especially useful which destroy bad odors without causing others (nitrate of lead, chloride of zinc, etc). In schools there should be especial supervision, as the disease is often so mild in its early stages as not to attract common attention; and no child should be allowed to attend school from an infected house until allowed to do so by a competent physician. In the case of young children, all reasonable care should be taken to prevent undue exposure to the cold.

Pure water for drinking should be used, avoiding contaminated sources of supply; ventilation should be insisted on, and local drainage must be carefully attended to. Privies and cesspools, where they exist, should be frequently emptied and disinfected; the water should not be allowed to soak into the surface of the ground near dwelling-houses, and the cellars should be kept dry and sweet. In cities, especially in tidal districts, basins, baths, etc., as now connected with drains, should never communicate directly with sleeping-rooms.

In all cases of diphtheria, fully as great care should be taken in disinfecting the sick-room, after use, as in scarlet fever. After a death from diphtheria, the clothing disused should be burned or exposed to nearly or quite a heat of boiling water; the body should be placed as early as practicable in the coffin, with disinfectants, and the coffin should be tightly closed. Children, at least, and better adults also in most cases, should not attend a funeral from a house in which a death from diphtheria has occurred. But with suitable precautions, it is not necessary that the funeral should be private, provided the corpse be not in any way exposed.

Although it is not at present possible to remove at once all sources of epidemic disease, yet the frequent visitation of such disease, and especially its continued prevalence, may be taken as sufficient evidence of insanitary surroundings, and of sources of sickness to a certain extent preventable.

It should be distinctly understood that no amount of artificial "disinfection" can ever take the place of pure air, good water and proper drainage, which cannot be gained without prompt and efficient removal of all filth, whether from slaughter-houses, etc., public buildings, crowded tenements or private residences.

Can Oysters Whistle?

This little oyster story is from Thornburg's "New and Old London:" The shop was first established by a Mr. Pearkes in 1825. "It appears," says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph,* "that about the year 1840 the proprietor of the house in question, which had then, as it has now, a great name for the superior excellence of its delicate little 'natives,' heard a strange and unusual sound proceeding from one of the tubs in which the shellfish lay piled in layers one over the other, placidly fattening upon oatmeal and awaiting the inevitable advent of the remorseless knife. Mr. Pearkes, the landlord, listened, hardly at first believing his ears. There was, however, no doubt about the matter; one of the oysters was distinctly whistling, or, at any rate, producing a sort of *sifflement* with its shell. It was not difficult to detect this phenomenal bivalve, and in a very few minutes he was triumphantly picked out from amongst his fellows and put by himself in a spacious tub, with a plentiful supply of brine and water. The news spread through the town and for some days the fortunate Mr. Pearkes found his house besieged by curious crowds. * * * Douglas Jerrold's suggestion was that the said oyster had been crossed in love and now whistled to keep up appearances, with an idea of showing that it did not care." Thackeray used to declare that he was once actually in the shop when an American came in to see the phenomenon, as everybody else was doing, and, after hearing the talented mollusk go through his usual performance, strolled contemptuously out, declaring "it was nothing to an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts, which whistled 'Yankee Doodle' right through and followed its master about the house like a dog."

TIMELY TOPICS.

There are in France 82,873 lunatics, of whom 39,887 are at the charge of their families, and 42,986 supported by the State. The proportion is about two per 1,000 of the population.

In the course of a suit recently brought in London by a druggist of Bogota, United States of Colombia, to restrain Mr. Holloway, of pill and ointment fame, from charging in his advertisements that the aforesaid druggist dealt in spurious Holloway pills and ointments, it was stated that Mr. Holloway spent $200,000 a year in advertising, while the yearly profits of his business were about $250,00.

As left-handedness in children is not generally considered desirable, it is well to prevent it, if possible. It is a well-known fact that most children in arms are carried on the left arm of the mother or nurse, as the case may be. The consequence is that the right arm is fast against the nurse's shoulder, while the left hand is left free to grasp at anything that comes in the way. Let the nurse use the right arm at least half the time, and the mischief is obviated.

A grim story of life in a lighthouse comes from the Burmah coast, and is printed in the Rangoon *Times.* A telegram having announced that the light on the Alguada reef was not visible, a steamer was dispatched to ascertain the cause. The captain, on landing, discovered two of the men in the lighthouse dead, while a third was lying in a precarious state. The keeper stated that signals of distress such as "I want immediate help" and "Man dying" had been exhibited by him for about twenty days. As a last resort, all his signals having failed to attract attention, he darkened the lights on the Bassein side, feeling certain that this step would not fail to attract attention to the lighthouse. And so, with the dead and the dying, he watched for relief, which came at last.

The famous marble quarries of Carrara, although they have been worked since the reign of Augustus, and have furnished a steady and enormous supply to the whole civilized globe, seem to be inexhaustible. They compose an entire mountain range, and embrace every variety and quality of marble, from the coarse common kind to the statuary marble, Monte Crestola and Monte Sagro yielding the largest and finest blocks. The quarries number some 500, only about twenty of them furnishing the marble used by sculptors, and some 6,000 persons are employed in them. The marble taken out year before last was in the vicinity of 120,000 tons, valued at $2,400,000, of which 40,000 tons came to the United States. The export of marble to this country has increased immensely within twelve to fifteen years, the third largest marble firm now at Carrara being American.

Lingual Difficulties.

On one occasion an estimable *attache* to the late Mr. Bennett, and who, from the fatigues of the job press of the New York *Herald,* aimed to study medicine and become a city coroner of Gotham, illustrated the power and the peace of language at one and the same time. The very first case of the doctor's coronership was that concerning the death by murder of an Italian. The only or chief witness was the terrified son of the murdered man. He was brought before the learned doctor, who said, in an imperial tyle, worthy of a Gotham coroner:

"Well, my lad, what language do you speak?"

No response.

"Do you speak German?"

No response.

"Do you speak French?"

No response.

"Do you speak Spanish?"

No response.

"Do you speak Italian?"

No response.

"Well, do you speak Irish?"

No response.

Turning to the jury, the classical doctor said: "Gentleman, in the whole course of my professional experience I have never had such an astonishing witness brought before me. As you see, I have addressed him in five different languages, and he has responded in neither.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Cream Instead of Butter.

A housewife writing for the New York *Tribune* proposes virtually to abolish butter. She says: "It would be well to train a family from the outset to regard butter as an incidental or luxury, rather than a necessity. The manufacture of it is one of the hardest and most time-consuming tasks that a farmer has to perform. Moreover, with all the work it involves, butter adds less to the health and sustenance of the family than would the eating of the cream that goes into the making of it. Where one physician advises the eating of butter, a thousand recommend the consumption of cream. I think not one will dispute the statement that of cream and butter-eaters the former enjoy the best digestion, the best health and have the finest complexion. Then, why work oneself to death for worse than naught? Why not eat milk and cream instead of turning it into butter? Good bread is good enough without the addition of a condiment to make it palatable; and, eaten with sweet cream, what is more delicious?"

Married in a Wagon.

As our worthy Dora pastmaster, who is not only postmaster, but is clothed with justice' authority to solemnize marriages, was meandering his way on horseback, west of his own premises on the highway, he met Esquire Elliott and Mrs. Nealis sitting on a spring seat in a two-horse wagon. Our worthy esquire and postmaster was halted and informed that his services were in demand at once to perform a marriage ceremony, the license being promptly presented in due form. Whereupon the accommodating esquire rode up to the wagon, requested the parties who were seated on the spring-seat to join hands, and then and there solemnized, on the public highway, without a witness, the marriage of the twain.—*Oswego (Kan.) Independent.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Striking objects—Clocks.

News of the weak—Hospital reports.

Murder, like the knees of a boy's pants, will out.

In ancient times diphtheria was considered incurable.

Home training should aid the teaching children receive at school.

Domestic rabbits are frequently bred to supply furs for various purposes.

For two centuries there has been a depression in business every ten years.

Gladstone's admirers will build a hospital in his honor that will cost $110,000.

"Come listen to my tail," said the dog as he thumped his appendage on the floor.

The Boston *Journal* believes that when a girl turns out a deceiver it serves him right.

Gannison wants to know if "time is money," why "can't he take time to pay his debts?"

It is said that "performing birds" are taught their tricks through a cruel course of lessons.

The wrong boy who was interviewed by the hemlock twig, feelingly spoke of it as the misplaced switch.

"He lives above his income,"
Was the dark reproach he bore,
Till at last it was remembered
That he lived above his store.

"Oh, look, Louise! Fred just sent me this sweet little puppy. Wasn't he kind?" "Yes, dear; but it's just like him."

Instead of saying "too thin," Richard Grant White translates it into the expression "of the utmost tenuity of fabric."

The *Journal of Chemistry* says that no European nation is so advanced as Italy in its methods of teaching agriculture.

An Indiana lady of eighty-eight years is growing a third set of teeth, which are so far advanced that she is able to use them.

Near the site of Jacob's well, in the city of Samaria, Palestine, there is a Baptist church with a congregation numbering 100.

The king of Siam has a bodyguard of female warriors. They are said to be very beautiful—the most killing young ladies of his realm.

"Did you ever," asked a brother humorist of Josh Billings, "stand at the hall door after your lecture and listen to what the people said about it as they went out?" Replied Josh—"I did—once (a pause and a sigh), but I'll never do it again."

Spain has ninety-two dukes, 866 marquises, 632 counts, ninety-two viscounts, and ninety eight barons, besides forty-four ennobled foreigners. Two dukes, fifty-eight marquises, thirty counts, six viscounts and two barons have been created by the present king. The university students this year number 16,889, of whom 6,823 are studying medicine and 6,409 law.

West Indian Superstitions.

As regards animals, Guinea pigs may be mentioned as specially unlucky, at least in St. Croix. There are families there, among those from whom one would not expect such things, whose children would on no account be allowed to keep these pretty little pets. What precisely is the harm they do is not stated. All you can get out of one is, "Oh, they always bring trouble to a house; they're very unlucky." And yet, if the writer of this was an adept at one thing more than another in his small-boy days—which were spent in Barbados—it was at keeping Guinea pigs. They were kept by him on a scale so large that he could set up some of his school-fellows as Guinea-pig keepers. He even ran the risk of keeping them sometimes in his desk at school, boring holes and cutting slits in the lid, to give the little bright-eyed creatures air. And it was a great risk to run, for those were the good old "licking times"—now, happily, almost over for schoolboys. The master of the school was one of those men who are now, it is to be hoped, nearly as extinct as the dodo—men who believed that you could teach a boy through his back, or through the palms of his hands or the seat of his pantaloons. But yet the Guinea-pigs never brought a thrashing upon their owner or his friends. Some of the boys at this very school were possessed of a sovereign plan for making you perfect in your lessons, which may have kept off the trouble the Guinea-pigs would otherwise have brought on the school. When you had learned any lesson thoroughly (and some fellows kept the talisman in their hands all the time of learning the lesson) rub the page up and down or across with a large seed, called a "good-luck seed." Then return it to the pocket, where it ought to be kept. This done, you need not fear. So much for superstitions.—*Contemporary Review.*

A Poser for the "Hawkeye" Man.

A young man, who evidently represents some St. Louis house, asks me where I am from. I tell him. His eye brightens. He says:

"Do you know Gust. Hirsch, there?"

No, I tell him, I do not.

"Know Marx Oppenheimer?"

I don't know Marx Oppenheimer.

"Do you know Joe Helminghausen?"

I fail to remember Mr. H.

"Then do you know Chris. Erlingenschaftlicher?"

I don't believe I do.

"But you must know Ernest Gundlachenstreibichdukirchsenliebalstenheiminghaus?"

I think possibly that I may have known some of him, and possibly a great deal of him, at different times, but I am quite positive that I never knew him all at once.

The young man from the St. Louis house looks amazed.

"Well," he says at last, "you ain't got much acquaintance in Burlington."

And I sadly remarked that my acquaintance there is rather limited, and he goes away. Presently he returns.

"Oh," he says, "them fellus I said to you about lives in Davenport."

And I feel greatly relieved, for I had begun to think that I didn't know anybody in Burlington.—*R. J. Burdette.*