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Deserted Fifth Avenue.

By early candle light I wander forth
Upon Fifth avenue and the adjoining streets.
How silent, how deserted are these marble
halls,
The homes of wealth and luxury.
Scarce the glimmer of a chamber light is seen,
The parlors all funerally closed,
The folks are out of town,
The basements only show some signs of life,
As Ann and Bridget, left to keep the house,
There loiter at hour of early eve,
To breathe fresh air and gossip
With Roundsman No. 7,682.
A cat with stealthy tread
Steals o'er the way,
Intent on theft or commune with some other
cat.
Ha! Who are these?
So stealthily peeping forth
As though in fear of foe outside in ambush,
Or sitting well ensconced within the hall,
In dresses dark and somber.
These? This is the family,
Who for strong reason
Have stayed in town this season,
Who timidly at night unbar the door
Closed in the day, and in deserted outward
look
Contemporaneous with the rest.
I turn away my head.
I know their pain.
They wish not to be seen of men.
They're theoretically out of town.
I will not e'en spy out their number.
This is true charity.

—*New York Graphic.*

The Little Old Woman and Her Cows.

A STORY FROM OVER THE SEAS.

Oudenarde is a town in the Netherlands; perhaps the guide books spell it Audenarde, but long ago, when she lived there, the country was known as Flanders, and the name of the town began with O. They were times of trouble then on account of the wars. The men were nearly all off for soldiers whether they wanted to go or not; and the towns, which all had high walls round them for defence, fell first into the hands of one army and then of the other, and fighting was the chief business.

This woman, whose name was Petronilla, lived just off the road between Oudenarde and Ghent, which were twelve miles apart; but she belonged to the former place, though she lived a good way outside, and never went there now; for not only did she feel too old for the walk, but the town had a garrison of soldiers in it, and was in danger of being attacked any day, and she had seen trouble enough without going to seek it.

She was more than seventy years old, and lived alone except for her cat. And she was so poor that she had almost nothing but two cows, and those she would not have had long if the soldiers had thought them worth driving off; but as they were not much more than skin and bone, she was left in peaceful possession of them.

Being a pious woman, when she said her prayers at night she never forgot to say that the cows were a great deal to be thankful for. On the few pints of milk they gave, and a little barley bread, she managed to live, and also to keep her cat in good condition.

The cat—his name was Solomon—had belonged to her son Peter. So had the cows, which he had raised from calves when they had a nice farmstead of their own, and all was prosperous with them.

Now the farm was gone, the horses and the cattle, all but the cows. She had only them and the cat.

Her husband was dead; and Peter was lost. He had been forced into the wars, and now for eleven years no tidings of him had ever reached her.

But she always prayed for him as if he was alive, and never gave over the hope that he might come back—a mother never does.

That was why she still lived near Oudenarde; because if she went away, and he should come back, how could he ever find her? Could he anyway, for her old neighbors were all gone, and the war had changed everything?

She had found shelter in a little, old hut with a thatched roof. The walls looked ready to fall down, and the thatch had rotted so that it let in the rain; but she kept it sweet and airy.

In fair weather the door always stood wide open, showing the clean, clay floor, a small fireplace with the dinner-pot, which had nothing in it, hanging on the crane, two wooden benches, a table and a bed, a brass lamp, some pewter and wooden dishes, and a crucifix and picture of the Virgin. There was a square window with latticed bars across it in checkers, and on the ledge was always a mug of flowers, and beside it in sunny days usually sat the cat, which was salmon-colored and immensely large.

This was how the house looked one September afternoon at sunset. Petronilla had just milked the cows, and both of them were safe for the night in a little yard at the end of the house. She stood in the door looking first at the small quantity of milk in the wooden dipper she held in her hand, and then at the cows, and saw that they were leaner than ever. Then she gazed off upon the dusty, dried-up fields, on whose outskirts they had picked up their scanty living, while she sat by watching them with knitting-work in her hands; there was almost nothing left for them; what should she do?

Then she thought of the great meadows along the river toward Oudenarde; broad and green she could see them far away this side the town. There the grasses grew rank and high; and in this time of fear no man cared for them, or would dare to cut them. A force of soldiers had just gone into garrison there, the gates were kept shut and guarded, the inhabitants dared not stir outside; and at any moment the men of Ghent might march down and attack them.

It was no trespass to gather grass from the river valley.

The longer she looked, the more she felt that she could get some, and that she ought to do it.

When she had made up her mind she felt easier, and her face showed it. It was a good face; brown, because she had been out of doors so much, wrinkled in a row of furrows clear across her forehead, and wrinkled about her eyes and chin, but it was kind and patient.

She tied a dark handkerchief over her clean white cap, and tucked her small checked shawl closer about her neck and crossed it on her bosom outside of her brown woolen gown, then she put a strong cord into her pocket which she wore hanging from her belt, and took her staff from behind the door, and set out; but just before she crossed the threshold she looked down at Solomon, who sat there and said, "Solomon, you keep house till I get back. It won't be before midnight." Women who live alone with cats are apt to confide things to them.

It was a lonesome walk, and a weary one for a woman of her years, but the thought of her poor cows kept her up. The night was beautiful, the air was mild, and the starlight so clear that she could easily find her way, and yet it was not bright enough to betray her to any one who might be wandering about, which indeed was a very unlikely thing to happen, for everybody, except a few stray cottagers like herself, was safe within the walls of the town; and as for the enemy, they were twelve miles off in Ghent.

Besides its own strong defences Oudenarde was further protected by great ditches, deep and broad, along the meadows, so that it was considered safe from attack on that side. When Petronilla reached the outermost of these ditches she was much surprised to find that there was no water in it, but being anxious to gather her bundle of grass, she fell to work, pulling it up by long handfuls, until she had secured as much as she could carry, and had just tied it with the cord, when a strange thing happened, and she soon learned something very important about the ditch.

Though her hearing was not as good as it once had been, she was sure that two or three persons were talking not far away, and that they were coming nearer. She instantly pulled off her cap that its snowy whiteness might not attract attention, muffled herself to the eyes in her kerchief, and crouched low among the tufts of reeds.

And none too soon, for men began to pass close by her, carrying long ladders, which nearly swayed against her, so near were they. She dared not stir, and could not raise her eyes to see higher than their knees; but as the feet went by her face, one pair after another, she counted; and there were four hundred men.

What was the meaning of it she gathered quickly enough, for the leaders talked over their plans almost over her head. They were foes, the men of Ghent, come at midnight after long marching to surprise Oudenarde.

They said that most of the garrison and the great officers were away, feeling that all was safe—they had sent spies who found this out—and that the town was carelessly guarded, and what was worse, that the inhabitants had drawn the water out of the ditches to get the fish, and along these channels the enemy could now approach even to the walls, and by means of their scaling-ladders climb over.

As soon as the men had all gone by, Petronilla, though shaking with terror, hurried as fast as her feet could hobble by a short path she knew to the walls, just where the emptied ditch would give them a place of advantage.

The sentry was going his rounds, and finding all was well, would soon have passed out of hearing, but she began to moan and cry as if in distress, and hearing her, he came back and asked her what was the matter.

Then in a quavering voice she told her story, which he knew not what to think of; being only a poor sentinel obeying orders, what should he think when an old woman started up before him at midnight begging him to alarm the garrison, when the commander had felt secure enough to leave everything just as it was?

But he was humane, so he treated her kindly, and asked her to stop and rest herself, but she said:

"No; if I don't hurry away I shall be a dead woman."

When she had gone, the thought came to him how true and kind her voice was, and what an honest woman she seemed.

"She made me think of my poor mother, who has been dead these many years, I fear."

Because of this, he said he would go and look off from the highest place and watch and listen, which he did; but not a sound broke the stillness except the cry of a night-bird on the meadow; nothing was stirring, even the old woman was nowhere to be seen.

Indeed, she had made haste to get back to the place where she saw the men, who remained as she had left them, all but four, who were just being sent onward with orders from their leader not to speak, not to cough or sneeze, hardly even to breathe, but to go as near the walls as possible without startling the watchman, reconnoiter, and bring back word.

This they did; and Petronilla waited to hear the report in dread and sorrow, for she was sure there was not a light burning in all the town and that the people were sound asleep in their beds, never dreaming of danger; and when the spies returned, their words only added to her misery.

They did not see so much as a lighted candle, they said, and they believed that the sentinel had been his rounds and had gone to bed; and now it was proposed to prepare for a start, enter the ditch and move on to the walls.

Then poor tired old Petronilla started again, and appeared once more to the astonished watchman, who was still keeping a sharp lookout, and told him all she had just heard, and that it was the last he would see of her that night.

"But," she said, "if evil does come to the town and you escape, my hut can shelter you from harm. It is the first on the road to Ghent."

She told him this because he had a civil, pleasant way, which made her think of her dear boy, Peter.

And now the man, fully alarmed, went round to the gate that was threatened, where he found the soldiers of the guard crowded about a dim light playing dice, with three or four flasks of wine beside them; they were his superiors in rank, so he addressed them as "Gentlemen!" and asked if their gates and barriers were all secure, because an old woman had been to him and told him that a band of men were on their way to take the town.

"Oh, ho!" they cried, "our gates are fast enough. A bad night to the old woman who has come at such an hour to alarm us! Probably she saw some cows and calves that had come untied, and she fancied they were men of Ghent coming here. They have no such intentions."

Meantime, Petronilla, leaving her bundle of grass where it lay, wearily and sadly plodded home that she might betake herself to bed while she was able to get there; and the cows went without any supper.

While she lay awake, for sleep she could not, the terrible thing she feared came to pass. The guard, careless at their post, who scorned her message, were surprised at their game. The four hundred had come over the walls by their scaling-ladders and gained the market place, where they were heard shouting:

"Ghent! Ghent!"

The startled people sprung in horror from their beds, only to see that it was too late to save their town, even if their own lives were secure.

It was an awful night of fighting and pillaging; and the sight which the next morning's sun looked upon was of streets full of armed men, houses broken open, confusion and destruction and death everywhere; and out through the now open gates a multitude of women and children, in the clothes they slept in, barefoot and half-naked, fleeing for their lives before the men of Ghent, who were driving them as if they had been cattle; and the poor fugitives, glad to escape on any terms, went running off on every road except the one to the enemy's city; and in the end found refuge in other towns, where the husbands and fathers of some of them afterward joined them, but the most were the same as if they were widowed and orphaned.

There was only one person who dared take the road to Ghent, and he crossed out to it over the fatal meadow, but left it as soon as he saw at one side the leaning cottage, with the little cow-pen beside it, where Petronilla lived. The sentinel had escaped, with his outer garment torn away and a gash across his shoulder; but he had kept safe sewed within his leathern doublet a pouch of gold which he had laid by for his old mother's support, if ever he should come back to Oudenarde.

Since he came he had heard that she had been some years missing from the farmstead, which had been ruined by the wars, and that surely she must be dead.

He thought that perhaps he would give this gray-haired woman some of it now for his mother's sake. How anxious she had seemed, what a faithful soul she was to do so much, how old she was to have walked so far, and how kind her invitation had been!

This was her hut, then! How poor it was. And those two cows looking over the fence and lowing mournfully—how lean and starved they were! The house-door was open, and a cat came out, salmon-colored. Where had he seen such a cat of that queer color? She growled and put up her back and started in, then stopped and looked around in dismay as he called "Solomon! Solomon! It is my very cat, Solomon!"

Then something else happened, for a voice cried from the bed within:

"Oh, Peter!"

Yes; Petronilla, sleeping late after her night's adventure, dreamed of the sentinel; and Peter's words awoke her. As sure as she was Petronilla, he was Peter.

What more is there to be told? Why, that they both agreed that it was best to get away from Oudenarde as fast as their feet could carry them. The house might serve as shelter to some poor fugitive. The dinner-pot they would leave with somebody who had wherewithal to buy a dinner to cook in it. And the few possessions of the departing housekeeper should be left for her successor.

But Solomon they took with them in a bag; and the two sorry-looking cows they drove before them to a more fertile as well as peaceful land—"because," said Peter, "if it had not been for the cows, we never should have found each other.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Solan Goose.

The hardy birds, constructed by nature to battle with the elements, have a beauty entirely their own—widely different, indeed, from the colored splendors of the tropical birds; but theirs is a beauty of ornament rather than of strength and perfect power. The solan goose, or gannet, is a wonder among the flying kind.

Mr. Frank Buckland has been experimenting upon the anatomical construction of the gannet, and says it possesses in its body the most perfect aeronautic machinery that can be conceived. There is a communication between the lungs, the feathers and the hollow bones of the birds, by means of which it is able to inflate itself like a balloon.

The gannet on which Mr. Buckland experimented measured nine inches across the chest, but when inflated it measured fourteen inches. By suddenly pressing the inflated body, the dead bird immediately gave out the loud call of the bird when alive, the sound being produced by means of the air passing through the voice-box at the bottom of the windpipe. The gannet can instantaneously extrude all this air from its lungs, bones and feathers; and this enables it to drop down from a height upon its prey in the sea with amazing rapidity.

Some years ago, one of these birds was flying over Penzance, in Cornwall, when, seeing some pilchards lying on a fir plank, in a place for curing those fish, it darted itself down with so much violence as to stick its bill quite through an inch and a quarter plank, and kill itself on the spot. The bones of the bird's neck are of amazing strength, and as hard as an iron rod. The head is joined to the atlas by a beautiful ball-and-socket.

A Tame Humming Bird.

Some time ago a lady living at Cincinnati heard a bird called as if in pain, in the yard outside the door, and upon investigation found a young humming bird in the talons of the family cat. She promptly rescued the tiny fellow and found it to be a little hurt, though enough to warrant her taking an interest its convalescence. She took it into the house and kept it till the next day, when, on taking it to the door to let it go, the bird flew up into a tree and refused to go farther away, finally returning to her hand. Charmed with the confidence displayed by the pretty creature, the lady took it fully in charge, and since then has fed and cared for it as for any other feathered pet. The bird is of a beautiful russet gold in color, seems to know its benefactress, and has charmingly coquettish ways. It permits its mistress to handle it without exhibiting fear, and seems to enjoy being stroked and petted. When it gets hungry it makes a plaintive call, and is then fed from a fresh petunia, into whose depths have been sprinkled sugar, moistened with water in imitation of the honey that is the natural food of the bird of freedom. The bird enjoys its meals with gusto, and calls for about twenty of them daily. It is very seldom that one of these dainty birds is caught, and still more rarely is one kept alive, to say nothing of becoming a pet, as is the case with the one spoken of.

A Zulu Artist.

M. Enanda writes to the *Art Interchange* from Zululand as follows: I will give you the history of one Zulu artist that I knew. His name was Uqonqota. [Please strike the roof of your mouth twice with your tongue, making a noise like a small hammer and then you will get the pronunciation of his name.] He fled to Natal with his wife, to escape the sentence of death which Cetywayo had passed on him for being suspected of witchcraft. He spent his time in carving wooden and ivory spoons, snuff-boxes of many varieties, made of vegetable ivory, etc., and also from reeds, all painted and figured. Bead work he excelled in—also modern pillows with filigree carving, wooden milkpails, ivory and bone perspiration scrapers with a snuff-spoon at one end and bone combs that looked like three tined forks. With these forks they dress the hair in fantastic designs. When an ox is killed the ribs are taken care of to make these useful articles. I must tell you before I forget that Uqonqota was also a noted poet and sang his own compositions as he carved or painted the snuff-boxes and musical reeds. He could draw very well considering he never had a lesson, and his silhouettes were made with the spearred hot, burning the figures very evenly black though they were hideous representations. I regret not having a few copies for the cup and saucer painters of New York to copy, for they would have admired them hugely.

This Zulu artist was indeed a very original character. He often paid us a visit to see the sewing machine, and would solemnly exclaim, "The white man will soon find the medicine to cure death." He tried to imitate some of our things, and showed much taste for pictures. His pottery was more graceful and the ornamentations looked lifelike. By his great industry in art he soon acquired a large fortune, namely, three wives and a kraal full of cattle, calves and goats; but he did not retire from business; he would peddle his armlets and leglets, necklaces, spoons, spears, etc., far and wide over the country. At last he had filled an earthen pot full of English money, and he thought he could re-enter the Zulu country unknown, to buy more cattle, to buy more wives, to be a greater aristocrat, when he unexpectedly met one of Cetywayo's policemen who was watching for runaways to Natal, and a spear too well aimed felled him to the ground.

A Shoemaker's Rich Strike.

A wedding occurred recently in Chicago which recalls strikingly some of the incidents in the "Arabian Nights." The Chicago *Times*, speaking of this ceremony, says: It was between two favorites of fortune whose sudden removal from poverty to opulence has few parallels in fiction and far fewer in real life. The bridegroom is Mr. August Rische, who was a year and a half ago a poor man, obtaining a meagre living by working at his trade as a shoemaker. He was one of the pioneers of Leadville and had the good fortune to "strike it rich." He was the discoverer of the Little Pittsburg mine. He is now the partner of Governor Tabor and the owner of fourteen or fifteen mines, somes of which are among the best silver mines in the country. Among them are the Saxon, Nevada, Hard Cash, Penfold, Red Rogers and Alaska. He is forty-five years. The bride was Miss Minnie Iunghuhn, twenty-four years old. Till a few weeks ago she supported herself by sewing in the establishment of Glauz & Periolat, furriers. The engagement occurred a few weeks ago. Mr. Rische met Miss Iunghuhn at Glauz & Periolat's and proposed at once. The time of the wedding was not decided on, however, till Monday, when it was determined to have it the following evening. The wedding occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Periolat, No. 14 Park avenue. The ceremony was solemnized at 7.30 o'clock by the Rev. T. N. Morrison, Jr., of the Church of the Epiphany. Mr. and Mrs. Iunghuhn, the parents of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Periolat stood up with the bridal couple. The bride was attired in a pearl-colored silk and brocaded satin, cut a la princesse, with a long square train, trimmed with orange blossoms. She wore diamond soltaire ear-rings and diamond pin and bracelets. After the ceremony a supper of the most sumptuous character was served. The bridal pair go to New York, Washington and Baltimore, and then return by way of this city to Denver, where they will reside. Mr. Rische has just paid $42,000 for a furnished house in Denver, to which he will take his bride. Mr. Rische's present to the bride consisted of a watch and chain and Diamond jewelry to the value of $7,800, and 100,000 in government bonds. Some of the finest presents were sent by Mr. Rische's Denver friends, and did not arrive in time for the wedding.

Through China.

We passed through by-roads and fields of millet ten feet high, and could not see across the country unless where the harvest was cut. The stooks of the large millet looked like wigwams. We heard sad tidings of the famine; yet here there was abundance, so much that this one province could supply all the famine-stricken. A measure of millet will support a Chinaman for a month; but there is no enterprise about getting the millet to the hungry, and the port was soon to be closed by the winter. There was always some one on the road, though the houses and villages were few. Now it was the postman, white mail-bag slung across his shoulders, his hands swinging vehemently as he went. Then it was travelers on horseback, armed with formidable spears with which to frighten, not to fight, the robbers that infest the roads of the roads. Peasants were trudging to market, a farmer was going over his land. Figures in white came near the road to watch us pass, and we knew it was a family in mourning. Some ladies crossed by a path over the fields to pay a visit to a neighbor's house; a servant followed them, and they stole shy looks at the foreigners. Here the reapers were at work; and if it was the large millet, they cut down only one stalk at a time, and then bound them laboriously in gigantic sheaves. A watchman, staff in hand, was patrolling the fields to guard his master's grain against the inroads of the poor. Then we saw a threshing-floor—the hard, beaten circuit of ground, the ears with only a short straw spread over them, and a white and lazy mule dragging a stone round and round. Sometimes the grain was lashed, but never thrashed with the flail. Where roads met there was almost always a small shrine of mud, a few feet high, raised to some local god, a shabby superstition that contrasted with the comfortable look and intelligence of the people.—*Good Words.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Orchard and Garden Notes.

It is better to top-dress an old pasture well set with grass than plow it up and reseed it.

Plant a few fruit trees of every variety every year and your orchard will never be all old.

Dig the early crop of potatoes as soon as the vines die down. Burn the vines, as they may contain the potato-rot fungus.

The best purpose to which coal ashes can be applied in town or country is in making garden walks. If well laid down no weeds or grass will grow, and by use they become as solid and more durable than bricks.

Let no one pick fruit who has no thought for the life of the tree and the seasons that are to follow. We have seen orchards that looked after the picking as if a hail-storm had visited it, the limbs were so torn and broken.

The success of a fruit grower depends upon solid reputation for honesty. Let every package be as represented and like every other of its grade. This will insure the confidence of the commission merchants, the esteem of the consumers, a ready sale of the fruit and an inward satisfaction.

Farmers that have a supply of old fence rails will find them just the thing to place next their tomato plants to keep the fruit off the ground. Place the short pieces crosswise and the long ones on top (lengthwise) each side the plants, and you have the cheapest, if not the best, support of the kind to be found.

The Chinese are said to preserve grapes for a very considerable period by cutting a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is then thoroughly cleaned out, the ripe grapes are placed inside and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The whole is then kept in a cool place.

New varieties of plants and trees may be propagated by budding, which is, in fact, a kind of grafting. Some trees do not take grafts kindly, the stone fruits particularly so, and these are usually budded. To bud a tree a slit is made in he bark in the desired place of the shape of a T. A dormant or new bud is cut from a tree, the bark and a thin slice of the underwood being taken at the axil of a leaf, where a new bud is found. The piece of bark cut off with the bud is trimmed to fit the upper cut of the T exactly and to lie smoothly under the other part of the bark, which is loosened by being raised with a blunt, smooth instrument. The bud with the shield of bark is slipped under the loosened bark of the stock, which is bound by a figure 8 bandage of basswood bark or linen. That is all. The barks unite and the inserted bud grows and becomes attached to the wood of the stock, just as with a graft.—*Exchange.*

Health Hints.

For people with skin diseases a carbolic bath should be used.

Always take a bath in a warm room and in tepid water, unless particularly robust.

Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound, and repeated once or twice, it will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound we ever saw.

The prime conditions of health in a house depend upon cleanliness, pure air and unpolluted water, the prompt and thorough removal of all refuse, and the perfect exclusion of all foul matters arising outside the house.

A medical exchange says that life can be sustained by the following when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee, add boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white together thoroughly; boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

When a finger pricks as though there was a thorn in it, and throbs intolerably when held downward, and yet there is no external sign of mischief, the probabilities are that a felon is in prospect, says an exchange. Go at once to the butcher's and procure some of the spinal marrow of a beef creature. Take a piece, say about two inches in length, and, having cut it open lengthwise, wrap it around the affected finger, covering, of course, with cloth. In a few hours change the piece of marrow for a fresh one, and continue to keep the finger so encased until all pain has ceased and there is no discomfort when the marrow is removed. The finger will look strangely white and porous, but the cure is complete. This remedy ought to become professional. It is vastly better than the surgeon's knife, and more effectual.

Temperature in Cultivation.

At the late meeting of the Michigan Pomological Society at Muskegon, Mr. S. B. Peck, in his address of welcome, in his remarks on temperature and reasons of failure in the cultivation of fruits and tender vegetables planted in the homestead garden, in alluding to the capacity of different kinds of matter to receive and retain the heat of the sun after nightfall said: As a rule those substances that are the slowest to receive heat are the slowest to part with it. Earth and water, the two kinds of matter we have most to do with, are good illustrations; the former receives readily the heat of the sun as soon as he appears, but parts with this heat rapidly as soon as he disappears. Water is the reverse, slow to receive and to part with heat, requiring thirty times as much heat to raise it up to the same temperature. Our buildings, whether of wood or brick, hold the heat received during the day much longer than the bare earth, and thus influence to prevent frost in their bulks. An illustration of this fact came under my observation at the time of a damaging frost early in May of 1878, that destroyed most of the apples, grapes and berries, and all of the peaches, plums and cherries in all flat open exposures near here, while all of these fruits were a complete success in an inclosure of eight to twelve rods on which were two two-story and two smaller buildings, with a well-filled woodshed. The influence of these wooden structures to retain heat extended to a distance of seventy-five feet, as I had ample evidence. The same things happened in a much less degree on the morning of May 7th, inst. The success of grapes seems to depend on the amount of summer heat they receive. Isabellas that seidom and Catawbas that never ripen here in open field have come to perfection two years in succession, trained two feet distant from the buildings above mentioned.

A Reminiscence of Niagara.

I remember when I was but a boy that a man got into the rapids here, having been carried down in a boat, which was broken to pieces. He had the good fortune to be dashed on a rock, to which he clung. It was at the height of the season—August, if I recollect—and he clung there for fully thirty-six hours. Everybody streamed out of the hotels and the village; the banks of the river, particularly on this side, were thronged with people anxious to do something to save him. Dozens of plans were suggested; some attempted, but they all failed. Thousands of dollars were offered to anybody who would rescue him. The desperate situation of the man had been telegraphed over the country, and every train brought crowds of passengers hither to witness it with their own eyes. He was encouraged by shouts from the banks, but whether he could understand anything said is doubtful.

The world is said to be sympathetic. It is, or appears to be, unsympathetic, because the object for which sympathy is asked is abstract. When it is tangible, visible, all is changed. There was an exemplification. This poor wretch could be seen. He was an ordinary, uneducated man; but he was a man, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race went out to him in pity and intense eagerness to rescue him. Women of fashion, *blase* club men, selfish worldlings grew pale as they watched the unhappy wretch, so vivid was their sympathy.

Many persons sat up all night looking across the seething, roaring waters at the small dark figure still clinging to the rock. The morning came; renewed efforts were made, but they all miscarried. The crowd had increased: it was immense Everybody was excited. Tears were in the woman's eyes; the pallor gleamed through the rouge of some of their cheeks. Can't something be done? Must the poor fellow perish before our faces? Is there no way to rescue him? Such questions were incessantly asked; but, alas! no reply could be given.

The man had good courage and great strength. He clung to the rock with the desperation of a dying soul. To lose his hold was to be dashed over the cataract. Apparatus and contrivances arrived from Buffalo. New experiments and new failures. Hoarse shouts still rang across the rapids to hold on, to be of good heart. The stoutest heart that ever throbbed could not gripe that rock forever. It was wonderful how he had endured. A fresh idea had come to the minds of half a dozen mechanics. They were laboring to throw out a hawser; every muscle was strained; every eye was bent upon their work.

Suddenly the man slipped away. He was exhausted; he threw up his arms; he dashed toward the cataract. A low groan as from one breath quaked through the throng; the thousands shivered with terror. A black object for a moment longer in the waters, and then disappeared forever. There was an agony of relief. No one moved; no one spoke for a while. All looked in the direction where the figure had been swallowed up. It was th enchantment of terror; it was the chill of tragedy distinctly wrought which froze every one for the moment to the spot.

The old resident—he has lived here forty years—says that on an average about six persons are carried over the falls every year, and that four out of the six are wholly or partly intoxicated and lose their lives by carelessness or recklessness in rowing above the rapids, going beyond the line of danger. But for liquor, not more than two lives, he says, would be lost annually.—*Niagara Falls Letter to the St Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Pueblo Indians in Court.

A novel scene was presented in Chief Justice Prince's court at Santa Fe, New Mexico, a short time since. Five of the so called "Indians" from the Pueblo of Laguna were brought into court for trial. The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are the only remnant still existing of the civilized aboriginal Americans, whom Cortez found on his arrival in Mexico, living to-day exactly as they did 400 years ago; and those of Laguna are especially advanced in agriculture and mechanical arts. They are a quiet, industrious, honest and law-abiding people, having their own municipal government, and seldom, if ever, coming into the United States courts. On this occasion about thirteen were in attendance, five having been indicted for driving a large flock of sheep into their village. It appeared, however, on the trial that the sheep were trespassing, and were driven in by direction of their governor, and with no ill intent. The Indians wore no head covering, and all had long, jet black hair, except two or three very old men, whose hair was white as snow. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Pueblo had a red handkerchief arranged around his head like a tiara; and wore a curious large green shell suspended from his neck. Their dresses were various in color. Several were in white; some wore blouses of red cotton, others green, and others striped pink and white. All had high foreheads, and intelligent faces with prominent noses. While they have been at peace with mankind for many years, yet among their officials whom they still annually elect is a "war chief," and he was among those present. As their witnesses understood no Spanish, a venerable Pueblo was sworn as interpreter; and the questions, first propounded in English, were translated into Spanish by the regular court interpreter, then into the Laguna language by the old Pueblo; and the answers similarly transtated, first into Spanish and then English, making the examination a slow one. The language is a peculiar one, and full of very prolonged consonant sounds and aspirations. The word for "yes" for instance, could best be spelled, "H-h-h-h-h-ah."

The Small Boy in a Corn Bin.

Frank, a twelve-year-old son of Joe Williams, had a new experience Saturday. The youth was up in the new elevator after pigeons. Looking at the large hopper through which the shelled corn passed through into the car, it occurred to him that it would be a pleasant trip to ride down with the corn. He jumped on and was soon covered up in the rushing grains of corn. Dan Bushman, observing that the grain had ceased flowing, ran his hand in and felt the boy's feet. They had to break the spout to remove him. He was almost smothered to death and black in the face. They blew in his nostrils, worked the chest, and chafed his hands; and they were rewarded for their efforts by a slight pulse. On his removal home medical aid was summoned, and the youth will survive his spouting experience.—*Eldora (Ia.) Ledger.*

Heimgang.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell,
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome
And the singers chanting surges
"*Heimgang!*" He is going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"*Heimgang!*" We are going home.

—*A. J. H. Duganne.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST

There is not a single national bank in Mississippi.

Japan has forty-three Christian churches. Seven years ago it had none.

The manufacturing business is so dull in England that ten mills do not make a cent.

When a man uses his cane to help him walk rapidly it becomes a hurrycane.—*Lowell Courier.*

There is an establishment in New Haven which manufactured 22,424,772 fish-hooks last year.

The Japanese think paradise is enclosed by a high board fence; and so does the small boy in watermelon time.

The boy who has a love for swimming and a nervous mother is one of the most unhappy beings on the face of the earth.

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sewing anything but tares?—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

The Emperor Alexander, of Russia, is devout, well intentioned, and physically very weak. He lives simply and is given to long walks.

The United States half-eagle contains 116 grains of pure gold, equivalent to $5; the British sovereign, 113 grains, equivalent to $4.87 of United States money.

A young man went into a restaurant the other day, and, remarking that "Time is money," added that as he had half an hour to spare, if the proprietor was willing he'd take it out in pie.

A Norristown man who was advised to go to the Hot Springs for the benefit of his health, said blamed if he was going to do it, as it was about as much as he could do to worry through the hot summers.—*Norristown Herald.*

We are told that not one American woman faints to-day where thirty years ago twenty-five fainted.—*Boston Herald.* Nothing like variety! They got tired fainting in the same place, probably. Men are not so easily fatigued by it.—*Boston Courier.*

One of a series of Indian mounds, twenty-five feet in diameter, has been unearthed by the Albany (Ill.) scientists. Curiously carved drinking vessels of stone were discovered, and skulls and bones, evidently belonging to an ancient race of mound builders, were found in profusion.

A British army captain and two lieutenants have been fined $60 each for breaking into the bedrooms of two other officers and sprinkling pepper on the carpets in order to make them sneeze funnily when they returned. The complainant was the landlady, whose furniture had been damaged.

The blind pacer, Sleepy Tom, slackens his speed toward the end of each heat as soon as he hears the crowd yell, for he thinks he has finished. This tendency has to be met by talking and with the whip, and even then counts seriously against his success, although he has made the best time on record.

Immense pumping machines were ordered by the Hungarian government of English firms for the rebuilding of Szegedin, at an expense of over $500,000; but this money proves to have been entirely wasted. It has become evident, says the *Szegeai Naplo*, that Szegedin can be rendered dry only by the falling of the river that caused the inundation. For the money these enormous pumps cost the banks of the river might have been fortified, and future overflows to that extent guarded against.

Here is an incident of railroad travel in Hungary. A mail train came to a sudden stop in a tract of open country. The passengers thrust their heads out of the windows to see what had happened. A pig had leaped from a van and was skurrying away. The train employees joined in a pursuit, and the fugitive was hotly chased for twenty minutes. Then all returned to the waiting train except the official who had charge of the baggage vouchers, and the delay was prolonged, but in vain, for him to come back. At the end of the journey the passengers could not get their trunks until next day, when the voucher man arrived.

An Extraordinary Case.

Some twenty-three miles distant from Kingstown, Ind., in a German settlement, there is a young woman, some twenty-one years of age, daughter of Casper Schmidt, who is to all appearances quite dead, having been in that state for nearly twelve months past. She awakens, however, once every twenty-four hours, precisely at ten o'clock at night, and will converse with the family and others for about twenty minutes, when she will again relapse into the comatose state, and remain so until ten o'clock the following night, at which hour she revives to the minute, throwing out her arms and folding her hands together, and raising up her shoulders until the spectators imagine that her bones are cracking. She remains in that laborious state for the space of ten minutes, when she comes to a perfect possession of her faculties.

A singular feature of the case is, the young lady recollects well if any promises have been made her the previous night, and will be very fretful for a time if they are not fulfilled; but if the things are brought her she makes use of none of them, as she eats and drinks little, or nothing at all. She could never be persuaded to attempt to eat any food but three times during thirty-two days, and then put the three together she did not eat any more than a child a year old would take. After conversing a few minutes this remarkable young lady will suddenly clasp her hands together, throw her arms into the same manner as when awakening, and will return into the same somnolent state as before until ten o'clock the following night.