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KISSES OF SLEEP.

What shall I sing for the darling who lies
With the kisses of sleep on her innocent eyes;
Who sees in her dreamland the wonderful flowers
Whose shadowless beauty has vanished from ours?

Ah, fair little maiden, my wisdom is vain
To choose the one path never haunted by pain;
Thy feet may be bruised, but in darkness or light
The hand of the Shepherd will lead thee aright.

The years of thy future are safe in his hold
Whose smiles, like the sunshine, his children enfold;
Go hide in his bosom, if troubles assail,
Secure in his keeping whose love cannot fail.

Under False Colors.

They were making a railroad from a certain city to—no matter where. Suffice it that it was somewhere in that boundless "Out West," and it ran through a wild, Indian-infested country, where fever and ague, and raids from the savages were uncomfortably familiar evils. Among the small army of employes was John Marshall, a civil engineer, in charge of a section in one of the wildest portions of the line. But he was young, fresh from college, and hard work and terrors had no dangers for him.

John Marshall sat one day in the rude log hut which constituted his "office," examining plans, making out requisitions, etc., when a shadow across his paper caused him to look up. In the doorway stood a boyish fellow of apparently eighteen or twenty with smooth face, fresh complexion, curly hair, and somewhat effeminate in form and figure. In response to Marshall's inquiring look, he said: "I have called upon you, sir, hoping to get work."

"Well, we are full just now in the section,' was the discouraging reply. "What can you do?"

"I can write, keep accounts, or do something of that kind better than anything that——"

"I see. You haven't been used to very hard work, as your hands show."

"No, sir; but if you will only try me, I am sure you will find me willing. I am very anxious to get work."

"But what sent you to this outlandish place to find it?"

The young man colored, but made no reply.

"Well," continued Marshall, "of course that's your own affair, not mine. I can't offer you anything in the way of work, because you don't seem qualified for severe manual labor. I want a clerk—an assistant—bad enough; but the company wouldn't pay you if I should engage you."

"That doesn't matter," said the young applicant. "If you could only give me board and lodging for a few months I would gladly stay."

"Very well. On those terms I engage you. But what is your name?"

'Frank Burroughs, sir,."

So Frank was engaged to assist John Marshall. and he soon proved himself a valuable aid, Educated, quick, and ready, he soon made himself indispensable in various ways.

"Months passed, and that portion of the railroad drew near completion. In the meantime Frank and John had become fast friends. They were inseparable companions, and a deeper than ordinary liking seemed to have sprung up between them.

"Frank," said John Marshall one day, "our section will be completed this week, and then our employment here will be at an end. What do you propose doing?"

"I don't know," and the youth hung his head sorrowfully.

"As for me," continued John, "I am going home for a month's vacation; and I should be more than pleased to have you go with me. In fact I must insist upon it, for—in spite of your almost girlish ways—I should be lost without your society."

Frank remained silent, seemingly oppressed with a sorrow of some kind.

"You don't seem in good spirits to-day, said John, rallyingly.

"No; I am very sad indeed."

"Will you tell me why?"

"It would involve a long story, and a confession; one that requires a sacrifice of self respect to make."

"But we are friends."

"Yes, and I feel that you have a right to know. So listen with all the patience you can. Away down in one of the lonely valleys that dot our beautiful New York State, situated near the head-waters of the Mohawk, there lived a few years ago a man named Lamport, with a family consisting of wife and one child, a girl. Mr. Lamport had once been a prominent merchant of New York; but meeting with heavy losses in his business through wild speculations, he had sold out, and with the remnant of his fortune had settled in the valley I have just mentioned. Here he resolved to begin the world anew. Possessed of a wife who sympathized with him in all his trials, he never despaired as many might have done.

"But one child had blessed their union, little Fanny, at this time about eleven years of age. In her, all the parents' love was centered. Mr. Lamport had been at his new vocation about three years, and was in a fair way to retrieve the losses he had met with in his mercantile career.

"The little valley was but a few miles in length, and but little more than a mile in width, surrounded on all sides by high mountains, thickly wooded. But few other families had their residences in the valley. The scarcity of neighbors, however, did not cause Mrs. Lamport to have any vain longings for the society in which she had been reared. Her nature was not of an ambitious turn. While her family possessed health, and the wolf was kept from the door, she would never complain, but would always be a loving and fitting helpmate to her husband, Mr. Lamport was fully conscious of the treasure he possessed in his wife and they were happy indeed.

"Thus things went well for a time; and then calamity came. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lamport suddenly died, leaving Fanny alone, and almost penniless. Paralyzed with grief the poor girl knew not what to do. The neighbors kindly came forward to assist her, and a hundred dollars in her pocket, she went to a relative in New York—a widow lady named Plessley. She was not a handsome woman; she was not particularly rich; she was certainly over thirty. Those who merely saw her wondered at the immense popularity she enjoyed; but those who knew her intimately, perfectly understood her fascinations. Mrs. Plessley possessed a most brilliant intellect, spoke several languages, had read everything that was to be read, and could talk on any subject in the world, from the most abstruse theological creed to the lightest pirouette of the Black Crook dance. She was the most amusing woman in New York. Her conversations was like the corruscations of brilliant fireworks, so dazzling that it was almost impossible to analyze it; but those who had self-possession enough to close their eyes against the flashing light saw in her thoughtlessness and carelessness for the feelings of others, and a thorough absence of heart in herself; she was as brilliant as a rainbow, but as cold.

"Fanny was taken into society, after only a few months, by Mrs. Plessley, who took every care to display whatever beauty of accomplishment her young relative possessed. Fanny soon made her mind that Mrs. Plessley was using her for a speculative purpose, the desired end being a rich husband. While the window was not particularly anxious to exchange her freedom for the matrimonial yoke, she schemed to gain for herself fortune and position by marrying Fanny advantageously. The waited-for man came at last. He was a millionaire, and was infatuated with Fanny, and was sixty years old. The girl recoiled from the proposed match with disgust; the venerable suitor pleaded. Mrs. Plessley commanded. Upon Fanny's refusal, the widow ordered her to leave the house, never to enter again. With the remainder of the money she had orginally brought with her, and which she had kept, because she had found no need to spend it, she went out into the world."

Here the speaker hesitated as if loth to go on.

"Is the story finished?" asked John.

"No."

"Well, go on, then. I should, of course; like to know what became of Fanny."

"Not knowing where to go or what to do, but with a vague idea of getting work somewhere or somehow, she applied to numerous warehouses and shops, but she was in every instance obliged to confess ignorance of the work in question. In some places her good looks subjected her to insult, and she went to bed at night in a cheap lodging, thoroughly discouraged. The next day she went through about the same experience, with the same result.

"If I were only a man," she said to herself, 'I could get on better; I would at least be free from insult, and I could seek my fortune much more comfortably.'

"This set her thinking, and by morning she had resolved upon a novel masquerade. Very early she set out, and a short walk brought her to a clothing warehouse She entered. and thus addressed the shopman: 'Have you ready-made suits for boys or young men?

"Yes," was the reply.

"Please show me som ?"

"She selected a suit of clothes which she thought would answer the purpose, had them put in a bundle, and took them to her room: together with a cap which she bought on the way. Half an hour afterward she looked in the mirror, and saw a smart young fellow of eighteen—bnt with her hair reaching to the waist. A pair of scissors, skilfully used, soon brought the hair into a proper condition, and then she scarcely knew herself.

"With the next train she started for the West, stopping at Buffalo where she obtained a situation in a warehouse to fill a temporary vacancy; but that job lasted only a few weeks, and then she went to Chicago. There she looked for work in vain until her money was almost exhausted, and she found that being a man did not insure complete success. Her slender and youthful appearanee debarred her from work of a heavy nature; and lighter situations, such as bookkeepers, clerks., etc,, were scarce.

"At last, finding that starvation was her only prospect in the city, Fanny resolved to try the country. By chance she read in a newspaper of a railroad being in course of construction, and so she came here,"

"Came here!" ejaculated John Marshall. "Then you are——"

"I am Fanny Lamport," was the blushing reply.

John started back in amazement. He was naturally a bashful fellow, unaccustomed to female society; and the idea that he had been months associating with a young lady unawares was startling. Then he wondered that he had not suspected the truth before; that he had not more particularly noticed his clerk's effeminacy, girlish blushes, and pretty ways. And now that he thought of it, he did not relish the idea of parting with that same pretty clerk.

A silence of some length ensued at the completion of Fanny's story, broken finally by John Marshall.

"I don't see," he said with some hesitation, "that we need part just because you have changed your sex; but then, you see, it wouldn't be exactly proper for you to stay here with me, now that I know you're a girl."

Fanny was silent. She was thinking of the bitterness of leaving the man she had learned to love. The months she had spent in his society had been the happiest since her parent's death.

"Do you wish to leave me?" asked John.

"No, indeed," replied Fanny, quickly. "Please do not make me go away, Nobody but you knows of my sex."

"I see but one way for you to do as you desire."

"Name it."

"By marrying me."

It was settled with a hug and a kiss.

John Marshall went home to spend his vacation, which resolved it self into a honeymoon. When his friends ask him where he found his lovely wife, he always replies that there is a funny story connected with his courtship; but Fanny blushes at this point, and he never tells the story.

Bingen.

Bingen, "fair Bingen on the Rhine," immortalized by Mrs. Norton's ballad, is credited with a population of seven thousand in the guide books, but looks smaller. We confess to a feeling of disappointment on looking at Bingen. A dirty looking railroad fronts the town and destroys all the romance attached to the place. Their are many fairer towns farther down on the Rhine, the rhapsody of the "Soldier of the Legion" who "lay dying in Algiers," to the contrary notwithstanding. The grand scenery of the Rhine just begins to open at this point. Below Bingen, and until we reach Coblentz, the mountains tower precipitously on either side and the ruins of old castles becomes more numerous. Opposite Bingen, in the middle of the river is Bishop of Hatto's famous "Mouse Tower," still in a good state of preservation.

How Peat is Formed.

Vast regions of the globe, designated in the geographies as solid land, are covered by peat bogs. The table lands of the South American Cordilleras, the immense plains of Siberia, about one-tenth of Ireland, large proportions of the surface of Scotland, Germany, Norway, Jutland, the gorges of the Swiss Alps, and large tracts in this country are covered with the morasses which have been formed by peaty deposits. On many a low plain, on lofty table lands, in valleys and depressions where water gathers and is held by the clay subsoil or the solid rock, the formation of peat goes on. The surfaces of these silent waters are covered with a thin green film like a mere scum which, however, is plant life, minute conferva, that decays and sinks, to be succeeded by another growth. These depositions going on, age after age, become a solid mass, and ultimately are transformed into peat. Varieties of peat that to the unaided eye are but smooth, oily muck, become under the microscope, the remains of vegitation, minute morasses that flourished and died through countless generations, and sank below the water that sustained and nourished them while living. In time this gradual accumulation becomes a palpable mass. Particles of sand and stones, the roots of adjacent plants killed by the sluggish waters are held in the mass, which, rising year by year, at length affords a foothold for water-fowl, and gradually reaches the surface, making a soil for aquatic plants. These in their turn contribute to the accretion, so that the mass consists of layers, more or less defined, of the remains of conferve, coarser vegetation, roots and entire plants, mingled with sand and mineral substances. These changes are passive and unnoticed, but the water continues to accumulate, saturating the entire mass, and at length becomes aggressive, breaking through the treacherous surface and destroying the vegetation that has obtained a foothold over the slime. Sometimes the imprisoned and generated gases burst through, sending forth streams of black liquid mud, which overwhelm and destroy all vegetable life within their reach. These bogs are continually growing. Quietly, gradually, but irresistibly, they spread, undermining forests in some cases and sinking them out of sight. What are commonly known as salt marshes are frequently immense beds of peat. The accumulation is very gradual, but the rank grains, rushes, and other aquatic vegetation which retain a precarious foothold die and decay and add year by year to the mass. What was once a treacherous morass, becomes in time apparently solid land, and more advanced forms of vegetation succeed; perhaps a forest. But the marsh is still there, and below the root of the trees is a spongy bed of peat. Even beneath the shade of forests growing on solid ground peat is in process of formation. The foliage of the trees deposited annually and the surface vegetation that grows in rank luxuriance in the impenetrable shade decay and add layer after layer of soft, slimy substance, that in time becomes concreted peat. Thinning or cutting off the trees allows the water to evaporate, and the peat becomes the comparatively dry fibrous substance we use as fuel.

Petroleum Fields in Russia.

The owners of American petroleum deposits will before long have to encounter a considerable amount of opposition in view of the discoveries of this valuable oil on the Continent, and especially in Hanover and Russia. The beds in the latter country are boundless, extending for a wide distance of 1,500 miles, along the Caucus range, from the Caspian to the Black Sea. At the present time, however, there are but two districts in this large area where any systematic efforts are being made to obtain the petroleum. One is in the valley of the Kuban river (which flows into the Black Sea), where two wells have been sunk by a French company under the superintendence of an American manager; this company has a refinery at Taham. The other and most productive district is near Baku, on the Caspian Sea. Many wells have been sunk here to the depth of 300 feet, having a daily yield of 28,000 barrels of crude petroleum. An extraordinary amount of sand flows out with the oil, and is heaped up near the orifice of the wells in banks at least thirty feet high. Large refineries exist at Baku, although the refined oil at present produced is not as good as the American oil.

Babylon.

The traveler who is fortunate enough to see Babylon in April cannot call it desolate. The date groves and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigating canals cross it here and there, and give trouble to the horsemen. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the nitre which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city, which counted its population by millions and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared, under the dust of 20 centuries; but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt. Birds sing overhead in the pleasant spring air; butterflies flutter about in search of flowers, and balmy odors regale the sense.

The Clocks of Paris.

Paris is getting the start of other capitals as regards public clocks, the municipality having contracted with the Pneumatic Clock Company for the erection of a number of clocks in the principal thoroughfares. Some of them have been set in motion. Each clock consists of two opaque glass dials, with a hollow space between, in which a gas-burner is lit at night, so that the time can be seen by persons approaching in either direction. The hands are removed at an interval of a minute by means of pneumatic tubes, the air being pumped in by a six-horse power engine. Observatory time is of course given, and the company offer to lay tubes to private houses. The principle is that of an Austrian firm, and it will have to compete with the electric clocks at the railway stations. One objection will perhaps be taken to it—viz., that it does not indicate fractions of minutes.

Marriage in Egypt.

When an Egyptian wants a wife he is not allowed to visit the harems of his friends to select one, for Mohammed forbade men to see the face of any woman they could marry—that is to say, any besides their mothers or sisters. A man is, therefore, obliged to employ a "khathen," or matchmaker, to find one for him, for which service, of course, she expects "backsheesh"—that is payment. The khathen, having found a girl, recommends her to the man as exceedingly beautiful and eminently suitable to him. The father is then waited upon to ascertain the dowry he requires, for all wives are purchased as they were in patriarchal days. When Jacob had no money to pay for Rachel he served her father for seven years as an equivalent; and when duped, was obliged to served a second time to secure his prize. (Gen. xxix.) Fathers still refuse to give a younger daughter in marriage before, an elder shall have been married. The people of Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, forbid a younger son to marry before an elder, and this is likewise the law of the Hindoos.

The price of a wife varies from 5 shillings to $1.500. The girl may not be more than five or six years old, but, whatever her age, two thirds of the dowry is at once paid to her father in the presence of witnesses. The father then or his representive, says: "I betrothe thee, my daughter," and the young man responds, "I accept of such betrothal." Unless among the lower classes, the father expends the dower in the purchase of dress ornaments or furniture for the bride, which never become the property of her husband. Even when betrothed, the intercourse of the parties is very restricted. The Arabs will not allow them to see each other, but the Jews are not quite so stringent. The betrothals often continue for years before the man demands his wife. Thus, "Samson went down and talked to the woman," or espoused her, and "after a time he returned to take her." Girls are demanded at the age of ten and between that and sixteen years, but after sixteen few men will seek them, and the dowry expected is then proportionably low.

Girls in Egypt are often mothers at thirteen and grandmothers at twenty-six, and in Persia they are said to be mothers at eleven, grandmothers at twenty-four, and past child-bearing at thirty. When a man demands his betrothed a day is fixed for the nuptials, and for seven nights before he is expected to give a feast, which, however, is furnished by the guests themselves. Thus one sends coffee, another rice, another sugar, etc. The principal time of this continued feast is the night before the consummation. The conduct is intrusted to the "friend of the bridegroom." (John iii, 29.) About the middle of this day the bridre arives at the house and then returns to the harem, where she sits with her mother, sisters, and female friends. At the third or fourth watch of the night—three or four hours after sunset—the bridegroom, who has not seen his fair one, goes to the mosque to pray, accompanied by "meshals," or torches and lanterns, with music. Upon his return he is introduced to his bride, with whom, having given her attendant a present to retire, he is left alone. He then throws off her veil and for the first time sees her face. If satisfied, he informs the women outside, who immediately express their joy by screaming "zuggareet," which is echoed by the women in the house, and then by those in the neighborhood.

Saving the Crown.

After the Empress' flight from France the new government ordered that all the valuables of the imperial family, including the crown, the regalia and the sword of state, should be deposited with the Bank of France. But a rumor soon got abroad that the Empress' crown, together with the celebrated regent diamond, has been secretly forwarded to London to the care of the Rothschilds. A little later the gossips affirmed that it had been sold by Dr. Evans, the American dentist, and that the proceeds had been applied to the support of the Empress at Chiselhurst. The true account of her flight, and of the valuables she took with her, has recently been published. It appears that when Prince Metternich appeared at the Tuileries, and bade the Empress hasten her departure, she went hurriedly into her bedroom, put on a brown waterproof cloak, a round traveling hat, took a green parasol, began to collect in great haste all the miniatures of the Emperor, of her son, of her sister, the Duchesse d'Albe, and of her niece, and put them into a lapis lazuli box, which, however, in the haste of her flight she was destined to leave behind. "Make haste, madame, I hear cries; they are mounting the stairs; they are coming!" cried M. Nigra. Prince Metternich went boldly into the bedroom and took the Empress by the arm. Every one had, more or less, lest their presence of mind. The Empress left without taking any money with her, although there was about 40,000f. in the drawers, and Marshal Vaillant, who had had a thought of this and bringing some rouleaux of gold with him, had, with the greatest difficulty, succeeded in entering the palace by the gate in the Rue de Rivoli, arrived too late to give them to the Empress. She was driven to the hotel of Dr. Evans, who supplied her with money. She was then put in the hands of Sir John Burgoyne, who conveyed her across the Channel, and when she set foot on British shores she was almost penniless. In the subsequent arrangement of her affairs, after the Commune, many of her valuables, and among them the crown, were restored to her.

The Bottom Out.

Now we have a story of Mr. Neff, residing near Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., who recently, by attempting to draw water, found his well dry. On descending to investigate, it was related that he was astounded to discover that the bottom had actually fallen out of the well, and, in short, the well proved to be the entrance to an immense cave, stretching miles and miles in every direction. Stalagmites and stalactites of magnificent gorgeousness lent beauty and variety to the otherwise tomblike scene. Here and there a flowing stream of water rippled over stony beds, while thousands and thousands of bats fluttered their clammy wings, surprised at the entrusion of man. Petrified sea-shells of a hundred varieties strewed the floors and protruded from the strata. Among other things, it is said, valuable deposits of metallic ores were discovered, which, with all the rest of the ingenious narative, we hope may prove true, and add much to the material wealth of the country.

Secrets of the Sea.

Sooner or later the poles and Africa must yield up their little mysteries to the organization and persistence of modern exploration, and then there will be one thing only left to look for—a spot of ground large enough to be inhabited on which humanity has not its representatives. The search may not be hopeless, but certainly up to this date the most eccentric and indefatigable globe-trotters have failed to find any such place. The man, woman, or child, in this country of free schools who knows of even the existence of the Tristan Da Cunha islands can scarcely be found; yet most maps show them, and in some cyclopedias they are recognizable in the few lines about Tristan Da Cunha There are three islands in the group, which lies in the South Atlantic ocean, about midway between Africa and America, and nearly on a line drawn from Buenos Ayers to Cape Town. It was on the largest of the group, containing about forty square miles, that the ship Mabel Clark, owned in this city, and sailing from Liverpool to Hong Kong, was driven ashore by stress of weather two years next May day; and now, Capt. East, of her majesty's ship Comus, has just reported his delivery of the presents sent by President Hayes to the islanders who succored the crew. They are one hundred in number, and are chiefly descendants of a certain Corporal Glass, who was one of a garrison placed on the island by England when Bonaparte was imprisoned on St. Helena, fifteen hundred miles away. The oldest inhabitant is Peter Green, a hale, hearty man, in his 72d year, and the youngest is his great-grand child, aged a few months. There have only been four deaths in thirteen years, and no death in infancy was ever known among them. The perfect climate is probably the explanation of these facts. The community cultivate about twenty acres, potatoes being the chief crop, and usually get ten or twelve bushels from one of seed. They have five hundred cattle, five hundred sheep, and any quantity of fowls. The little state is both orderly and contented, and Peter Green is looked upon as the chief, although he disclaims all pretentions to power. Doubtless the fact that nearly a majority of the population are related to him—he had sixteen children—accounts for the estimation in which he is held. Capt. East recommended his son, William Green, for the Albert medal, or the life-saving medal of the Royal Humane society, and as he greatly distinguished himself on the occasion of the Mabel Clark's wreck the matter is one for somebody's attention in this country, also. Some years ago the islanders begged some cats from a ship, which, for some reason, stopped at Tristan Da Cunha, but the perverse animals preferred rabbits and chickens to exclusive mice and now they run wild all over the island, while the mice are greater pests than ever. All the islanders want now is a clergyman. The chaplain of the Comus christened five childred, who, doubtless, could have waited a year or two longer for the ceremony, but the case of expectant brides and bridegrooms is hard indeed. Contemplative persons without inordinate appetites for letters and newspapers, may not find its picture unattractive, but the genius of the age is all for restless competition, and most people will regard such a life as vegetation rather than existence, and will not cease to wonder that human beings should, of their own free will choose to endure it.

No "Vag."

In the Buffalo Police Court, recently, there was a curious case involved in the examination of an Indian named Nicholas Smith, from near Brantford, Canada, and a pretty looking young white matron with two small children, from the same vicinity. Her name was Mirand Potts, and she stated that her husband left her some two months ago.

The Indian, who is remarkably intelligent, and a good-looking chap, perhaps thirty-five years of age, with a Caucasian formed head and face, and an excellent talker, accompanied by the woman, arrived at a hotel on Exchange street, and the two registered as husband and wife.

Thinking all was not right, the landlord notified the police, when they were arrested.

On being asked what was his purpose in coming here with this married woman and her little children, the Indian promply responded:

"To get married."

"Didn't you know that would be bigamy!—a states prison offense," his honor demanded.

"Bigamy don't frighten Indian," the noble red man responded.

"But suppose you found yourself in the penitentiary?"

"For as nice a woman as that," pointing to the pretty matron with the baby on her lap, as mildly unconcerned as if everything was perfectly serene, "I would take my chances for a dozen penitentiaries."

"Why don't you marry a squaw?"

"When I've got a chance to own as pretty a white wife as that!" again pointing to the young matron, with a cute smile of admiration in his black eyes, "Indian know too much for that."

"D'ye know what I've a good mind to do to you?"

"Well, no!"

"Send you to the Workhouse as a vag!"

"I guess not," said Mr. Indian, with a still outer smile, "I own a good farm out where I live, with a good house on it, and I've plenty of money in my pocket. Where will your vag come in?"

This was a stumper, so Mirand Potts was called up to see what she had to say. When asked if she did not know what a serious crime it was to marry a second time while her husband was living, she looked as innocent as a country girl sent out to milk the cows, and said:

"La me, 'Squire, I didn't know as it mattered. John he's up and left me, and he never was much account anyhow."

"Then you could stoop to marry a nigger Indian?"

"I don't know nothing about nigger Indian, but he's got a good place already provided, and so far as I've seen he's a good man, and I'd a heap rather have a smart Indian that would give me a good place to live, than a poor shankle no-account white man that runs away."

"But didn't you know if you married him it would be a States prison offence?"

"Yes, I suppose it might be. But I thought I could just as well get a divorce after, when I'd have more time."

As no crime had been committed, they were discharged.

The Maddest Woman

Probably there have been madder women than this one was, but we have never seen one near as mad as she seemed to be. She was going down a street, in Detroit, when it was raining, and she had an umbrella, two packages in yellow papers, and a shopping-bag. On the street there was a place where the sidewalk had been torn up to allow builders to haul out clay for a cellar. The workmen had gone in somewhere out of the rain, and nobody had thought to put down any loose boards. The clay was fresh and sticky, and about four inches deep. She hesitated, and looked back as though she thought it would be wise to go back a block and go around the mud, but finally concluded to go through it. Putting her packages under her arms, and holding the umbrella firmly, she stepped both feet into the clay. That was easy enough, but when she undertook to remove one foot the rubber shoe came off. She began to look mad then, but she was not half as mad as she got to be in a couple of minutes. She tried to get her foot back into the rubber as it stuck in the mud, and came near tipping over trying to balance on one foot, but by jabbing her umbrella into the mud she saved herself from sitting down sideways. Then she got both her feet into the overshoes and tried to step, she couldn't rescue those shoes to save her life. Then she looked around to see if anybody was looking. She bent over and took hold of one of the rubbers with her hand and finally coaxed it to come along with her foot, but while she was doing that one of her packages fell out from under her arm behind. She tried to turn around to pick it up, but her rubbers had become fastened in the yielding clay, and they would not move. At this point she began to get mad. Her warm-colored hair flashed fire, her eyes snapped, her face turned the color of a red wheelbarrow, and she looked around for a man to kill. It was the most awful sight ever witnessed by mortal man. For fully three minutes she stood there, and then she took her foot out of those rubbers, picked up the muddy things in her hands and waded ashore, her delicate gaiters going into the clay clear up to her shoe strings. When she got on to the plank walk on Van Buren street, she wiped her feet off on the fence, and after looking around for the author of her fun for a few minutes, she went away, looking back at every step as though the fate of the person who left that sidewalk open was sealed. It is said that a woman has been seen for two nights walking up and down the street, with a mountain howitzer strapped to her back, looking vainly for game that is out of season. Well, she had a right to be mad.

Marine Reminiscence.

The wonderful change which has taken place in navigation is shown by reference to the condition of our commerce thirty years ago. In 1855 there were 318 ships (all sailing vessels) registered at the Custom House of New York, belonging to that port. The largest was the Henry Clay, 1,207 tons. The average was about 500 tons, and to these were added 96 barks, which are three-masted vessels of smaller size. The largest of these was 464 tons and the smallest 160 tons. This entire fleet has given place to steam navigation, and, considering the immense increase in our commerce, it would seem hardly possible that it could be performed by sailing vessels. In 1840 the steamer British Queen visited New York and one of its passengers, by way of bravado, told his friends that he would be home by a specified time. The period designated for the entire trip was 32 days, three of which were spent in that port. He astonished his friends by accomplishing this purpose, but at present the same thing could be done in one third less time. The best liners then took hardly more than a dozen of first-class passengers, and it may be added that one of the last men of distinction to cross the Atlantic in this manner was Washington Irvng. When appointed to the mission at Madrid he was invited by Grinnell, Minturn & Co. to accept a stateroom in one of their best vessels. He returned, however, in a steamer. Among the most popular of the the above-mentioned packets was the "Dramatic Line," controlled by Edward K. Collins. He had great histrionic taste, and hence named his ships the Garrick, the Siddons, the Shakespeare, and the Roscius. Collins foresaw the supremacy of steam, and this led him to create the "Collins Line," whose ill-fate has long been familiar to the public. Looking back upon the above-mentioned fleet of barks and ships, numbering more than 400, it is sad to think that all are out of existence, having been either wrecked at sea or broken up for their material.

Blind as Bats.

The subject of color blindness came up at a ferry-dock saloon, Detroit, the other day, and an old ex-captain offered to test the eyes of several sailors present. He got off his stool, laid down his pipe, and began:

"Now, boys, what is the color of my nose?"

"White!" they replied in a chorus. It was as red as a beet, but they were after a drink.

"Correct," said the captain. "This convinces me that your eyes are all right as to the color of white. What is the hair?"

"Gray."

"Correct again, except the sandy spots. "You'll all pass on white and gray. What is the color of that dog out there?"

"Black."

"So it is. And the color of his chair is—what?"

"Red."

"And of this?"

"Blue."

"And what is my general appearance?" That is, if you saw me forty rods off how would you describe me?"

"As a perfect gentleman," was the ready reply.

They thought they had him then. He started for the bar, but halted and finally sat down and had no more to say for a long ten minutes. After they had despaired of getting any beer at his expense and was about to go out he suddenly said:

"Ah! boys, one more question. If I treat this crowd what would be the color of the liquid?"

"It would be the color of beer," they hopefuliy shouted.

"Blind as bats—worse case I ever saw!" he mumbled, as he took his hand from his pocket, "It would be exactly the color of ice water!"