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A Javanese Love Song.

Far off my love is lying; hear it not ye zephyrs,
Scarcely dare I breathe my thought, for should ye hear it
Ye would haste to woo her—she is only mine.

How fair she is! Ye birds, hear not, for swiftly
Would ye fly to her, see her whom I may see not;
Ye would sing to her for whom my lyre is mute

Lo, where she lies! No, no, start not so hastily
Ye flowers—should ye know where my love is lying
Ye would go mad with jealousy, grow wan and die.

She sleeps. Oh, cease, you amourous clouds, what, would you
Roam through the trembling air to find and love her?
I dare not breathe her name—mine is she only.

Maud Muller.

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-tree, to greet the maid.

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees;

Then he talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked forth from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left my door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, and a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyer smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of the richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a driver draw his rein;

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eye read her face.

Sometimes her narrow, kitchen walls
Stretched far away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinner turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney fire
Dozing and grumbling o'er his pipe and mug.

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

A GREAT OPERATION.

"Say, John,—didn't that woman go away crying?"

"She was sniffling a bit," answered John Gleddin shipping around from behind his counter.

"I should call it crying," said George Austin, the first speaker. "What was it?"

"Why—fact is, old fellow, she pawned a brooch here a few weeks ago, and just now she wanted to redeem it; but the time was more than up, and I couldn't do it."

"Couldn't do it? Why not?"

"Why—bless your soul! The brooch was pearls and garnet in one of the finest settings I ever saw—the pearls pure oriental, and the garnet like a crimson ruby."

"And how much had you advanced on it?"

"Ten dollars."

"And it was worth—"

"Fifty, at least."

"And very likely, it was a keepsake."

"So she said. But it isn't safe to believe the stories of the poor creatures that come to pawn jewelry. She had her needs and I have my rules. She knew the rules before she left the brooch, and she had no business to come back for it after the time was up."

John Gleddin and George Austin were cousins. George's mother had been a sister to John's father; but the mother and the father were both dead, and John and George were orphans. George had learned the printer's trade, and was at present engaged upon a daily paper, while John had worked his way into a pawn-broker's office; and, though only five-and-twenty, had learned all the tricks of trade, that can extort money from the poor and the needy. But John Gleddin did not do business under his own name. The man before him had used the name of "Joshua Slurr," and this same name John used. "JOSHUA SLURR" appeared beneath the three golden balls over the door; and it was also upon the business cards; and furthermore, all his receipts and pawn tickets John signed "*J. Slurr.*"

"I don't know, John," said George who was his cousin's junior by two years, after a season of reflection, "but I think I would rather plod on at my type-case than be in your business."

"Pshaw! You're soft-headed. I tell you, George, I am making money. You have no idea of the profit."

"For instance," said George, "you have made perhaps twenty dollars on that brooch."

"Aye,—thirty."

"Well, I wouldn't have the weight of that poor woman's sobs and tears on my conscience for ten times the amount. So you can see just how I feel."

"Pshaw!"

Shortly afterward George Austin went away to the printing-office and as it was well into the evening John made preparations for closing up. He had put most of his jewelry into the safe when the door of his office was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered—a good looking man he was, and very respectably dressed, though his garb was much worn, and considerably soiled, and smelled strongly of salt water.

"Is the proprietor in?" asked the gentlemen.

John nodded assent.

"Mr. Slurr, I think?"

John repeated his assenting nod.

"I am caught in a tight place," said the gentleman with a grim and ghastly smile, as though a pawn-broker's shop was about the most uncomfortable place, he could have selected in which to escape from his tightness. "I have just landed here in your city, and discover that my luggage, by the most ridiculous oversight on my part, has gone on to New York. In London I took a bill of exchange on Boston, and not only that, but a few five and ten-pound notes on the Bank of England, which I had with me, are by this time in the distant metropolis. So I am forced (another grim, ghastly smile) to have recourse to an establishment where credit may be laid upon a ready collateral."

John Gleddin bowed politely, and said he would be happy to be of service.

Then the gentleman took from his pocket a morrocco case upon opening which he exposed a gold watch. John took the watch, and turned to the gas-jet, and upon examining it, he found it to be a masterpiece of one of the most celebrated Swiss makers—a stem winder, full ruby jewelled, of most exquisite adjustment and finish. He knew that the first cost of that watch had been not less than three hundred dollars in gold.

"How much did you want on this?" he asked returning the watch to the case.

"I want enough to get me safely to New York."

John started off upon the many and extreme risks of his business; but the gentleman stopped him abruptly.

"I ask you to run no risk on my account. I do not propose to sell the watch. I only wish to leave it with you as security for a very small sum. I have another just like it,—I bought them as presents for two friends of mine, and would not sell them for ten times their value. Fifty dollars will answer."

John tried to cough down the idea of advancing so much, but the cough stuck in his throat.

"For how long do you want the fifty dollars?"

"For—say—two weeks,"

Never mind the various dodges attending the transaction on the part of the broker. Suffice it to say that he at length counted out fifty dollars to his customer and took the watch; and the "trade," as he termed it, stood thus: at any time within two weeks the gentlemen could redeem the watch upon the payment of sixty dollars.

"Rather steep interest," said the elderly gentlemen, with a smile far more grim and severe than any which had preceded it.

John would have again explained the enormous risks of his business, but the customer would not listen.

"What name?" said John, holding his pen over his entry-book.

"Put it down *Simon Snibbs*, if you must have a name."

So John put it down, and then he put the watch away, and the customer departed with the fifty dollars.

After the man had gone John Gleddin took out the watch and looked at it again. His eyes sparkled eagerly. Suppose any thing should happen to prevent the prompt redemption of the valuable pledge? The thought thrilled him through and through.

The days passed,—and a week passed. The days passed again, and another week had sped by.

At length the elderly gentleman returned, and asked for his watch.

"What name?" asked John professing to have forgotten.

"Snibbs—*Simon Snibbs*."

"Ah, yes. I remember. Let me see." —And he looked over his book.—"Really, Mr. Snibbs, you must have made a mistake. I have no watch of yours."

"How, sir," cried the customer in blank amazement. "Did I not leave with you a valuable gold watch as security for a certain sum which I borrowed of you?"

John smiled blandly.

"Not exactly as you put it, Mr. Snibbs. If you will refresh your memory, you will recollect that I *bought* the watch,—that for value received, you gave me a regular bill of sale,—with the proviso, however, that if, within two weeks from the date thereof, you should pay to me the sum of sixty dollars in current funds, the watch should become again your property. The two weeks expired yesterday, sir!"

"But—sir! Will you—"

John put up his hand reprovingly.

"There is no need of going into a passion, my dear sir, you see just how the matter stands."

From a towering rage, the old man descended to argument and explanation. He told how he had been detained in New York by an unavoidable accident, and how he had embraced the first possible opportunity to call for his watch.

"I had not worried much," he said, because I had not thought that any man could be consumately mean and cold-bloodedly heartless and vile as to rob me upon such a pretext."

At this John waxed wroth, and ordered the man to leave his office.

And the old gentleman, evidently fearing that he should be led to the commission of some foolish outrage if he remained longer within the villainous influence closed his lips tightly together, and went away.

On the afternoon of that very day, John Gleddin sold the watch to an agent of a Philadelphia house for two hundred and seventy five dollars.

"Hi yah!" he cried, as George Austin dropped in during the evening. Plod on at your type case, old fellow, plod on!"

"What's up, John?"

"The greatest operation I ever made,—two hundred and twenty-five dollars in pocket at a single turn of the die—interest on fifty dollars for two weeks? What d'ye think of that?"

"If money were man's chief end," said George soberly,—"if money were the sole source of happiness,—I should say you were on the road. But you know my sentiments, and we won't argue the point. And, besides, we haven't time. I came to let you know that Uncle Moses has got home."

"Uncle Moses!" cried John, clapping his hands.

"Yes. He has but just arrived, and called on me this afternoon. He wants you and I to come and see him at the Tremont this evening."

"Of course we'll go and see him," said John starting at once to put away his valuables. "The old fellow must be rich as mud, and you and I are his only relatives."

"He is certainly rich," responded George quietly, "and we are his only near relatives; but I don't think of that. I only remember how I used to love him in the old days, when my mother was alive and he used to cheer and comfort her, and used to play with me under the great trees."

"And I remember," added John, "how he used to tell me that I ought to have my ears boxed because I robbed bird's-nests, and stole apples and peaches from the neighbors' gardens. But that was a long time ago. I have forgiven him for all that. I say George, if he should take a fancy to us, we're in luck, ain't we? You won't say anything about—about—"

"About what?"

"I was going to say about my business; but never mind. Only those who have been behind the scenes know the crooks and turns."

"You need not fear than I shall say anything to your disadvantage, John. You'll find Uncle Moses just one of the jolliest and kindest hearted men you ever saw."

And as John had locked his safe, and finished his toilet, the two cousins set forth.

Uncle Moses Gleddin had been brother to John's father and to George's mother, and for many years he had been away in Europe engaged in responsible agencies for American houses; and it was known that he had amassed a fortune. He had married in youth; but his wife had died leaving no children, and he had never married again; so that the expectant nephews were not without foundation.

At length the young men reached the hotel, and as George had been there before he led the way.

"Uncle Moses," he said upon entering the room where a genial faced, smiling, portly, elderly gentleman arose to receive him, "this is John.—John, this is Uncle Moses."

John looked, and turned pale as death.

Uncle Moses looked, and flushed like a scarlet rose.

"How—this—John?"

"Of course it is John, sir," said George, in answer.

"And not *Joshua Slurr?*"

"O," cried George, thinking that by some accident Uncle Moses might have seen John's face beneath the pawn broker's sign, "that is the name of the man who was in business before him."

"And," added Uncle Moses severely, "if I mistake not, it is the name under which he now does business for himself."

John Gleddin could not deny it, for he saw, in his Uncle Moses, the man from whom he had so meanly taken the valuable watch. He tried to say something, but the words choked him; and he stood like a whipped cur before his relative. Finally he mustered up courage to ask the old man to forgive him.

"I may forgive you," answered Uncle Moses, "but I can not take you into my confidence just yet. I think you had better go home and sleep upon it. Let us both sleep upon it. I would rather not talk of it now. The wound is too fresh."

John Gleddin was no more anxious to stop than his uncle was to detain him; and without further words he took his departure. Once more at the office he thought of the watch he had sold, and of the two-hundred and twenty-five dollars profit he had made; and the conviction was forced upon him that his great operation was likely to prove a very heavy settler upon his greater expectation.

And so it ultimately proved. Uncle Moses could not take the dishonest, unscrupulous nephew to his confidence, nor to his love; nor could John muster the impudence to claim the tender regards of one whom he had so meanly and so unmitigatedly wronged and abused. The result was that the true-hearted printer ere long left his type setting to assume the wealth which Uncle Moses deemed him worthy and well qualified to enjoy. What the pawn-broker may gain in time we cannot say; but if he ever regains the confidence he has lost, it will be when he has shown by his works that he regards truth and honor as of more value than the sordid profits of such operations as have heretofore soiled his hands.—*Ledger.*

FISHING FOR SPONGES.—The sponge fishery is most actively carried on during December, January, and February, for at other seasons the places where the sponge exists are overgrown with seaweeds. The storms during November and December destroy and sweep away the thick marine vegetation and leave the sponges exposed to view. The collection of sponges is not very productive in summer, as it is confined to the operations carried on with diving apparatus which can only be used on rocky and firm bottomed places, or to the success of native fishermen who wade along the shores, and feel for sponges with their feet among the masses of seaweed. The sponges thus collected by the Arabs are also of inferior quality, owing to the small depth of water in which they have grown. Sponges are either obtained by spearing with a trident, diving with or without the assistence of an apparatus, and by dredging with a machine somewhat similar to an oyster dredge. The Arab fishermen, principally natives of Marknah and Jerbah, employ boats called sandals, manned by four or seven persons, one of whom only is the harpooner or spearman, while the others manage the sails, &c. The depth of the sea in which the Arabs fish is from fifteen feet to thirty-five feet. Although the Greeks are most expert divers, the majority of them use the spear. They employ small and light boats, just sufficient to carry a spearman and an oarsman. The boat is rowed gently along, while the spearman searches the bottom of the sea by means of a tin tube of fourteen inches in diameter by nineteen inches in length, at one end of which is placed a thick sheet of glass. This tube is slightly immersed in the water and enables the fisherman to view the bottom undistured by the oscilations of the surface. The spears used by the Greeks are shorter than those employed by the natives and Sicilians, but with wonderful adroitness they are enabled to reach the sponges covered by sixty feet of water. They hold in their hands from three to four spears, and dart them so quickly and with such precision, one after the other, that before the first has had time to disappear under the surface the second strikes its upper extremity, and thus gives it additional impetus to reach the sponge aimed at. A new sponge is reproduced within a year whenever one has been removed.

BE CAREFUL.—The fatal result of taking an overdose of hydrate of chloral, in the case of the late Mr. Jacob Pecare, a lawyer of New York city, should act as a warning to physicians not to permit patients to have such a deadly drug within reach during moments of great pain. Several instances are on record in which death has occurred from oversights of a similar nature. The direct effect of hydrate of chloral, even when taken in small quantities, is to produce a sort of recklessness as to consequences, which no effort of will seems able to control. Particularly has this been noticed in the treatment of neuralgic patients. There is really no reason why the sale of this drug should not be subject to the same restrictions as arsenic or strychnine; for although it is not likely to be used to so great an extent as a means of committing suicide, it is altogether too dangerous to be obtainable without the order of a regular medical man.

THE IRON FAMINE.—Notwithstanding immense mines and facilities for working them, the production is infinitely less than the demand. It requires fully one-half of all the American iron produced to build our railroads and keep them in repair. The United States has now 65,000 miles of completed railroads.

There is one thing that can always be found—and that's fault.

The Murder of the Buffalo.

Few persons probably know how rapidly the American bison is disappearing from the Western plains. At one time it is said they were to be found everywhere west of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, but for many years they have been extinct east of the Mississippi River. The war of destruction, however, appears to go on more bravely in proportion as they are driven into narrower and narrower limits, and it is not unlikely that the fate of the European bison, which once abounded in the woody wilderness of Germany, northern Gaul and neighboring parts of the Continent, but which is now to be found alone and rarely in the forests of Lithuania, will soon be theirs.

Some idea of the extent of this ruthless slaughter may be formed from the fact that twenty-five thousand bison were killed during the month of May south of the Kansas and Pacific Railroad for the sake of their hides alone, which are sold at the paltry price of $2 each on delivery for shipment to the eastern markets. Add to this five thousand—a small estimate—shot by tourists and killed by the Indians to supply meat to the people on the frontier, and we have a sum total of thirty thousand as the victims for a single month.

If the bison were a wild and savage animal—if to kill one required any especial skill or bravery or nerve, there might be some justification for this enormous slaughter. But the fact is that the bison is an exceedingly mild-dispositioned animal. His looks indicate ferocity and malignity, but his nature does not correspond with his appearance. Even in the breeding season, when the common bull is frequently dangerous, when the stag and the elk attack everything that comes in their way, and when most animals are pugnacious, the bison will go by on the other side to avoid a man. It is only when he is wounded by a blundering aim or irritated by a persistent pursuit that he shows fight enough to make hunting him enjoyable. Besides, the Indian ponies are trained to dodge his onset, when maddened beyond endurance, so that the hunter who can manage to stick to his horse has little to do but to sit still and keep firing until he can make a fatal shot.

Every one remembers how Prince Alexis, under the leadership of General Sheridan, participated in this "sport," to the intense gratification of his royal father and to the profit of the special correspondents. It is doubtful, however, whether even a royal precedent can justify this kind of so-called hunting. However this may be in the Eastern States, the following paragraph from the letter of an army officer shows that in the Western States this kind of "sport" is estimated at its true worth, while, at the same time, its reference to the number of persons who are following the Russian Princeling's example confirms the apprehension that the American bison will soon become as fabulous an animal as the dodo:

"'To shoot buffalo' seems a mania. Men come from London—cockneys, fops and nobles—and from all parts of the republic to enjoy what they call sport. Sport! when no danger is incurred and no skill required. I see no more sport in shooting a buffalo than in shooting an ox, nor so much danger as there is in hunting Texas cattle."

Story of an English Aristocrat.

The Marquis of Huntington is son of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the richest of our nobles. They say that the Duke allowed his son, when the latter was yet under age, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year as college pocket-money. The Marquis developed early a fine aristocratic taste for pleasure, and for acquaintance of the opposite sex. To win him from these occupations he was made a member of the Government, and I believe that while playing at statesmanship he has really sown his wild oats; indeed, he is now nearly forty years old. The story is, that in a department of which at one time he was chief, the employes petitioned for increase of pay. The Marquis, who is very good-natured, received a deputation and heard their complaints. He inquired the amount of each man's salary. He counted it over mentally, so many hundreds a year, and estimated the cost of so many pairs of shoes, so many cigars, so many bouquets, etc., in the season. He saw that the thing really could not be done for the money. The expression that began so overspread his face encouraged one of the deputation to ask whether his lordship did not think it hard for a man to have to live and support a wife and children on such an allowance. The Marquis started and looked puzzled, and the question was repeated. "Good Heavens," exclaimed the Marquis, "you don't mean to say that you live on your salaries?" A new light had broken in upon him. He had thought he was addressing the scions of wealthy families, who complained that their official stipend would not meet their requirements in gloves and opera tickets. He learned in utter amazement that they actually were respectable and educated Englishmen in the public service, who were compelled to live on their weekly pay.—*London Letter.*

A JEWISH FESTIVAL.—The Jewish festival of Shabuoth, the Feast of Weeks, is a noted season among the Israelites. All the synagogues and public places of worship are decorated with flowers, in accordance with the usual custom. Originally this was a festival of thanksgiving for the abundance of harvest, which lasted seven weeks and closed at this time, and, therefore, also called "the feast of firstfruits," has lost its original Biblical character, but is now enhanced by being regarded as the memorial day of the revelation on Sinai. Though the public confirmation of Jewish children on Shabuoth is of recent growth, and has yet been instituted by the reform school, yet its impressiveness and lasting influence on the young mind has been generally recognized.

EARLY HAYMAKING.—"Rural," of the Chicago *Tribune*, says there are at least two reasons for cutting hay early, before the seed has matured so as to germinate, for then we have the manure full of grass-seed, which is not always pleasant, and the hay will be less nutritious. We may not get as many pounds of hay to the acre, but this is more than made up in quality. Then the roots have not spent all their forces, and an after-growth springs up to protect the grass-roots from being dried up by exposure to the sun and wind. Many meadows are spoiled in this way. The after-growth gives a large amount of autumn pasturage that is most desirable.

PUBLIC DEBTS.—The public debt of the United States is about three-fifths that of Great Britain, yet the two nations pay about the same amount of interest. The receipts of the United States the last fiscal year were $383,000,000; those of Great Britain in the same time $372,-705,000; a surplus of $91,000,000—six times that of Great Britain. The U. S. government annually costs $166,500,000 beyond interest charges, Great Britain's costs $224,500,000. All the pensions of the British government amount to $5,-000,000; U. S. pension accounts foots up $34,000,000.

Josh Billings says there seems to be four styles of mind: First, them who knows it's so; second, them who knows it ain't so; third, them who split the difference and guess at it; fourth, them who don't care which way it is.

The Texas Cattle Ranchos.

I had an opportunity to study a little the manners and customs of the Texas cattle drivers, says a letter writer. They do everything on horseback; and the lasso—or *riata*, as it is more commonly called here, lasso being properly a verb, I find, is a sort of third arm to them. It was desired to single out a half dozen horses from a herd of 25 or 30 confined in a stable-yard. So the horses were let out of the yard, cornered by two herdsmen in a fence corner, and then one man, fixing his eyes on the horse he wanted, dashed into the herd, flung his *riata*, and unfailingly secured the prize. In one case, the horse, used probably to the operation—for these animals were broken—saw when he was "wanted," and actually stood still to be caught. A vaquero came in, after a night's watch over cattle, slipped off his horse at the door, tied the animal, and in a minute was fast asleep, standing up and leaning his head on the saddle. His nap lasted half an hour, and was not broken apparently by the noise about him. A horse not thoroughly broken had attached to its headstall a broad leather band; when the owner wanted to mount, he slipped this band over the horse's eyes, and removed it as soon as he was securely in the saddle. The cattle range is divided into ranchos, each of which has a foreman, responsible to the proprietor for the cattle on the place. These men receive, I am told, from $1,200 to $1,800 per annum, and their food and necessary traveling expenses. Under them are vaqueros. The cattle range as they please over an enormous extent of land; when market cattle are wanted, or when it is thought expedient to drive a band to new pastures, a foreman sets out with from 12 to 18 men, on horseback, accompanied by a wagon which bears provisions and the blankets of the men, as well as a cook. Three horses are taken along for each man, for the business is not easy. They separate, and hunt up the cattle they want—each rancho has its distinct brand—and all drive toward one point. Meeting there, which may be 100 or 150 miles from their destination, they combine forces to drive the whole herd slowly to the place where they are wanted. This watchfulness lasts both night and day; and men are up from 12 o'clock at night until 6 the next night, one half keeping watch all night; and all of course being on horseback all day. The men receive $30 per month, and own their saddles and accoutrements.

PECULIAR CHRISTIANITY.—The Greeks appear to be making strong efforts to convert the Jews to Christianity. On Sunday, the 5th of May, according to the *Levant Herald*, a party of drunken Greeks seized upon a poor polish Jew, in an obscure part of Galata, smeared his beard and hair with tar, and set fire to them, inflicting cruel and probably fatal injuries upon their victim. At Smyrna there has been a display of Christianity on an unwonted scale. A report having been circulated that a Christian child had been killed by the Jews as a sacrifice at their passover, a fearful onset was made on these unhappy people. In vain did the priests from the church-pulpits proclaim that the child in question had simply been drowned by accident. Every Jew met with was horribly maltreated; and after some hours of indecision, during which it was vainly hoped that sober sense might prevail, the excited Greek mob, with all the rascality of the town in its train, made for the Jewish quarter, sacked the houses, murdered the inmates, and committed other acts of brutal atrocity. Many Jews at length turned on their assailants, and then the fury of the Greek rabble knew no bounds. Neither women nor children were spared; and these scenes of violence continued day after day, until the Jewish quarter was converted into a pandemonium of pillage, rapine, and murder. At length the governor interfered. Troops were called in, and Christianity was brought under some sort of control.

A BUTTER TREE.—Tallow trees, milk trees, pitcher trees and bread trees are found in various parts of the world. They are no longer wonders. But a new discovery in a part of Africa not frequently visited by travellers has been announced that quite eclipses anything in the tree line. It is a tree yielding butter. According to M. Chevaul, the product consists of a small proportion of aromatic principle, olcline and stearine, very much like mutton tallow. At 120 degrees Fahrenheit it is liquid becoming turpid at 100, with globules floating through the mass. It is a poor substitute for butter, yet there is an approximation so that an amateur would pronounce it strong—the regular boarding house article. Salt improves, but under no system of treatment can it be introduced to take the place of that churned from milk. When heated slightly the new product is easily converted into soap with a solution of potash or soda, and this becomes inodorous. Probably this new article may have some future commercial value in the manufacture of saponaceous compounds and mixing with ordinary butter, on the principle of putting sand in sugar.

GRAIN STORAGE.—Some idea of the magnitude of our trade in grain may be gathered from the following figures, representing the capacity for grain storage in some of the most important cities. Prior to the fire, Chicago had seventeen granaries, with an aggregate capacity of 11,580,000 bushels. This number has been reduced by the fire to eleven establishments, with facilities for elevating and storing about 8,580,000 bushels. Milwaukee has fifteen elevators, one, the largest in the world holds 1,700,000 bushels. Buffalo has thirty one granaries, capable of holding 7,415,000 bushels. Brooklyn, representing the port of New York, has at its Atlantic docks and elsewhere, a storage capacity for 12,750,000 bushels. The foreign export of flour and grain from the port of New York for the four years from 1867 to 1870 inclusive, amounted to 5,711,439 barrels, a sufficient quantity to sustain for a year a population of more than 13,000,000 persons, and if spread to the depth of one foot it would cover more than 2,500 acres.

CRUEL SON.—A case reported in Birmingham (England) papers says that one Histin was brought before a magistrate in that city, charged with habitual drunkenness and treating his mother—who supported him, as well as herself, by her labor—with such violence as to endanger her life. On the particular occasion complained of he had come home furious with drink, and after threatening to shoot her and to run her through with a knife, had stabbed her in the arm, and thrown her into the fire. The magistrate sentenced him to three months' imprisonment only for this rough recreation.

THE WOMAN SLAUGHTER.—We knew a man once, (he lives yet; we hope he will read this paragraph) who prayed night and morning, preached on Sundays, and was a rich farmer besides. His wife milked the cows in all sorts of weather, cut most of the wood, built the fires, churned and "economized," and died of consumption in the prime of life. He put a weed on his hat, tried to resign himself to the "dispensation of Providence," when he ought to have been tried for womanslaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to chop wood and milk cows in the rain all the rest of his life.—*Rural New Yorker.*

What to Do in Case of Sunstroke.

Now that the true nature of the disease is known, the method of treatment becomes most obvious and we learn not merely what to do, but also what not to do. As heat is the cause of the symptoms common sense points to the abstraction of the heat in some way as the mode of cure. And here again vivisection comes into play. I have taken an animal, comatose, paralysed by heat, apparently dying, and plunged it into a bucket of cold water. The temperature of the sufferer at once rapidly fell until it reached the normal point, and just in proportion that of the water in the bucket rose. As the animal cooled, its respiration became more regular, the unsteady whirr of the heart was stilled, by and by the eyelids were lifted and out from the glassy eye came the beams of new life. If the period of unconsciousness had been short, the animal was in a few hours apparently as well as ever; if long the animal would recover sufficiently to recognize its surroundings and to struggle for release but when allowed to escape, the paralyzed limbs and the slow imperfect progression indicated the profound injury the nervous system had received, and in a few hours the animal would be dead. The lessons of these experiments are too plain to be overlooked. Whatever is to be done in this disease is to be done quickly. Clinical as well as experimental observation enforces this doctrine. There should in such cases, be no waiting for the doctor. The remedy is so simple, the death so imminent that the good Samaritan passing by should save his brother. The good Samaritan must, however, have a cool head to be useful. Not every man that falls unconcious on a hot day has sunstroke. There is fortunately one criterion so easy of application that any one can use it. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt bosom, and lay the hand upon his chest; if the skin be cool, you may rest assured that, whatever may be the trouble, it is not sunstroke. If, on the contrary, the skin be burning hot, the case is certainly sunstroke, and no time should be lost. The patient must be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped to his waist, and bucketfull after bucketfull of cold water be dashed over him until consciousness begins to return, or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.—*Dr. Wood.*

The Telegraph.

When the telegraph was first invented, Mr. Cornell sought an interview with Mr. Bennett of the Herald and solicited his attention. He was met by the very frank statement from Mr. Bennett that he was opposed to the success of the telegraph. In Mr. Bennett's own words, he "had at great expense established his express in such manner that he could beat all of his rivals, and if the telegraph were once successfully established he would lose his advantage." Within two years, Mr. Cornell had the proud satisfaction of demonstrating to Mr. Bennett the value of this then new mode of transmitting important news. During the year 1845, mainly by the efforts of Theodore S. Faxton and his associates of Utica, a company was organized for building a telegraph line between New York and Buffalo. The section between New York and Albany was built under the superintendency of Mr. Cornell, and was opened for business at the end of 1846.

Gov. Young's annual message was transmitted to the Legislature the first Tuesday of January, 1847, at noon. At that hour a *Herald* messenger with a copy of the message, left the capital on horseback provided with relays of fleet horses at short intervals. Riding at breakneck speed all night, he reached White Plains (to which point the Harlem Railroad was then in operation) the following forenoon, where a special locomotive was in waiting to bring him to the City. What was his surprise to meet at this point newsboys selling copies of the New York *Express* of that morning containing Gov. Young's message in full, which had been transmitted by the despised telegraph. Thus Mr. Bennet's enterprise was at a single blow completly annihilated, and the telegraph was successfully established in spite of his indifference.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—Said a young husband whose business speculations were unsuccessful, "My wife's silver tea-set the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, in trying to meet made me the bankrupt I am." His experience is the experience of many others, who, less wise, do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction. A sagacious father of great wealth exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering it to be printed on her wedding cards, "No presents except those adapted to an income of $1,000." Said he, "You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able, by many years of labor to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you to try it more than the well intentioned but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice to a daughter, is timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives had worn all of their salary, or expended it on the appointments of the house. The fate of the poor man who found a linch pin, and felt himself obliged to make a carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in possession of gold and silver valuables, and no large income to support the owners gold and silver style.

LOVE, JEALOUSY AND POISONING.—There is something very touching in the details of the Harrisonburgh, Va., poisoning case, now on trial at that place. There was love and apprehension and jealousy on the part of Mrs. Cameron, the deceased wife. Outraged by her husbard's attentions to another woman, she had on many occasions prophesied an early death to herself, and the defense will attempt to show that she threatened suicide and carried her threat into execution. Oppressed with some mysterious foreboding, one month before her decease she purchased a quantity of white cambric and had it made into grave clothes for herself. Her conduct when taken sick seems to entirely negative the theory that she poisoned herself. She did not want to die; prayed earnestly for life, and showed the greatest regret at parting with her children. With her last breath she charged her husband with having mixed poison with the salts which she had taken. From the testimony of the witnesses who were present when she died, she showed every symptom of strychnine poisoning.

SHARP.—An illustration of the sharp Yankee's propensity for bargaining, and ever-ready inclination to settle a question by a "swop," is given by a Connecticut man's proposition for the settlement of the Alabama claims and the Cuban difficulty, as follows: That the British Government give to the United States in satisfaction for the indirect damages the fortress of Gibraltar, and that the United States then offer it to Spain in exchange for the Island of Cuba.

A WELL-CONTESTED pigeon-shooting match between Captain Bogardus, of Illinois, and Ira Paine, was shot at Fleetwood Park, Paine staking $1,200 to Bogardus' $1,000. The match was at a hundred single birds, and was won by Paine, with a score of 80 to 79.

A California Farm.

It was my privilege while at Santa Barbara, says a letter writer, to visit a representative or model farm. Perhaps an account of the visit may not be uninteresting, and at the same time may convey a better idea of the resources of the country than any general description. Guided by a New York lady who has found renewed health in this genial clime, we drove up the beautiful valley ten or a dozen miles, to where a wide opening in the coast range of hills gave an extended view of the bay. Entering a large gate at our right, we passed along a well-made avenue at the side of a grove of magnificent live oaks to the residence, visible miles away, of Colonel W. W. Hollister, and one of the great wool-growers of this region. His huge barn with cupola had afar off suggested to me the idea of another "mission." This I found to be a mission of comfort and modern convenience to the domestic animals its spacious rooms welcomed, contrasting strangely with the low adobe cells, the worthy padres provided at their missions for their domestics—the untutored Indian. The house was embedded in a mass of roses, carnations, verbenas, geraniums, calla lilies, fuchsias, gladiolus, and other rare flowers, while its interior indicated the culture and taste of the occupants.

We were cordially greeted by Colonel Hollister, the millionaire of Santa Barbara County, whom I found a plain, hearty, earnest man—a gentleman in farmer's dress. His cheerfulness and enthusiasm won instant respect, and his frank hospitality made us perfectly at home. Passing out to the site of the mansion soon to be erected on the crest of a beautiful knoll, commanding a charming view of sea and valley and mountain, he remarked: "Nineteen years ago, driving my herds across the plains, I left them, came up and sat on this spot for an hour. I then resolved some day to possess it. I had to wait sixteen years, never once losing sight of it. Three years ago it came into market, and in fifteen minutes I bought it!" This spirit is indicative of the man, and he evidently intends to make the farm an illustration of what California can produce.

The present house proving too near the bay for his children, a summer residence has just been completed two miles farther back, near the head of one of the beautiful canyons or valleys running up into the Santa Inez mountain range skirting his farm on the north. Re-entering our carriage we drove over an excellent road skirted by live oaks, through a first, second, and third gate opening and closing to the touch of the carriage wheels, winding round the edge of valleys, crossing gullies, and cutting through the crests of little hills; past fields of wheat, barley, and corn, and great orchards of young almond and walnut trees, till we reached a beautiful level plain hidden close away under the mountain, and at the head of which the new and ample cottage stands. Here also, we enjoyed a beautiful ocean view, and unsurpassed nearer visions of sloping hillside and rugged mountain, with their many varied tints of green. A further drive of a mile up the valley—for though we were apparently close under the mountain, the canyon opened fertile and inviting far away on either side—brought us to one of Mr. Hollister's tea plantations, for he is trying the experiment of introducing tea culture to this State. He has imported not only the plants, but experienced laborers, and remarked that he was trying the plant in every possible situation as to soil and exposure that he might determine to which it is best adapted. The ground mole is giving him great trouble, but he hopes to conquer, and, if possible, he said, "add a new industry to the State, for if I can succeed somebody will take it up and make a business of it." This philanthropic earnestness is, alas, all too rare in California.

Water has been conveyed three miles and a half to one house, and from another source a mile or more to the new one. An ample ranch barn, a carpenter's shop of huge dimensions, a blacksmith's and other buildings are scattered about the place, and a genuine Central Park omnibus stands in the carriage-house for transporting the family to and fro between the winter and summer residences. The winding roads wrought out of the hillsides, the groves of forest trees, valley and glen, and rocky mountain side found their counterpart in my memory only in that glen of Llewellyn Park, at Orange, N. J., and it seemed to me the proprietors must be kindred spirits.

Barley is commonly used for hay in Southern California, and should be cut green, though it is frequently left till dry. The barb can but prove injurious to horses or cattle habitually eating it. Colonel H. prefers wheat for hay, and cuts five tons to the acre; or the Nepaul barley or Siberian wheat, which is without the barb. He showed me representative stalks of wheat ripening, six and seven feet high, with heads of proportionate size, and a bunch of barley numbering 170 stalks, the product of a single seed! His fields were luxuriant with the bur clover and alfilleria, the rich annual grass of this region.