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The Last Good-Night.

"Good-night, my love, the way is dark,
For thee, and me.
Only a single step beyond
Can either see.

"Our paths diverge—nay do not weep,
God knoweth best.
Kiss me good-night, and let me sleep,
I long for rest."

"All worlds are his who cares for us;
'Twere sweet, dear love,
To go together from this home
To that above,

"But all our Heavenly Father's ways
Are surely right,
In life or death we'll trust in him,
So love, good-night."

"Still I am thine, and thou art mine,
In Heaven as here.
Methinks the veil will not be thick
Between us, dear.

"Thou wilt come soon, work while 'tis day
And serve the right.
Remember that I wait for thee—
Dear love, good-night."

An Empty Nest.

Mine is the song of an empty nest:
Others will bring you braver songs;
But mine must utter my heart's behest,
Though I sing it to heedless throngs.

My steps were over the blanched leaves
That had taken the frost's untimely kiss;
Not long ago we'd carried the sheaves,
But the season was all amiss.

With hanging head and with loitering feet
Toward the open land I went,
Through places that summer had made so sweet
With a glamour but briefly lent.

I trod upon something soft and dry,
For my eyes were full on the flaming west;
And just where the grass was thick and high
Was lying—an empty nest.

Oh, the visions of faded spring;
Oh, the mem'ries of silenced song,
Of broding breast, and of glancing wing,
To an empty nest alone!

And the thought that suddenly came to me,
Close to the water, facing the west,
Was of some singing that used to be
In another forsaken nest.

There were two birds that began to sing
Low in the field of yellow corn—
Not for the heed their song should bring,
But for love of the dewy morn.

Birds of one feather and sister birds,
Crowded out of a roof-tree nest,
Hatched within sound of lowing herds,
But flying away from the west.

Birds of one feather fare best together:
Singing, they built them another nest,
Sat in it and sung in the worst of weather,
Each loving the other best.

But we who listened one morning knew
That only one bird was left to sing:
That never had sung apart, the two,
And we talked of a broken wing.

Now, should you chance to pass that way,
You should vainly listen for any song;
But what regrets for the vanished lay
To this empty nest belong!

SILAS GRIMGRIN'S TRAP.

"It's a plain case," Mr. Grimgrin said. Against whom would there not have been a plain case, Mr. Grimgrin judging?

"No doubt he is guilty; but what are the facts?" inquired Miss Thugge, in whose theory of justice striking came before hearing.

"They are very simple," Mr. Grimgrin answered: "presented an altered check at the Oxide Bank this morning—in jail for forgery this evening.

"But there may be some explanation," timidly remarked a young lady, at whose simplicity Mr. Grimgrin smiled, and Miss Thugge sniffed.

"He should have made it at once, then," said Mr. Grimgrin, "instead of standing dumb before his accusers. After explanations don't go for much in such cases."

"Poor Edith!—it will break her heart," the young lady could not help adding.

"Pooh-!" said Mr. Grimgrin; as you will find cut some day, heart-breaking is only a figure of speech."

Leaving the rest of Miss Thugge's party to laugh, and the young lady to blush, at Mr. Grimgin's sententious observation, let us go back a step.

Ernest Jasper, whose arrest for forgery was just now the subject of conversation, had hitherto borne an unblemished character. He and his brother George, out of moderate salaries, after supporting their widowed mother, managed to lay up something every year, and each was looking to a happy time—not far distant, he hoped—when certain tender engagements would no longer need to be deferred.

The course of truthful love never ran smoother than in the case of Ernest Jasper and Edith Wade. Too trusting to allow mischief to be made between them, and too generous to make it between themselves, what could disturb the even tenor of two such lives?

George Jasper was of a different temper from his brother. With a heart as true, he was more impulsive and passionate. It is such men that are easily incited to jealousy, and who act rashly under it.

When George Jasper and Mildred Heath plighted their troth, they would have staked their lives on each other's loyalty. But evil tongues came between them. Stories which should have been scorned—and were so at first—in time began to be listened to. Then came quarrels and reconciliations, time and again repeated, till at last it was insinuated to George that he had a rival in his love. He demanded an explanation in a tone so imperious that Mildred's pride took offence, and she answered it with silence. They parted in anger, and George's visits ceased.

A few days later, a cool note from Mildred intormed him that all was over between them. In his bitterest moments he had not counted on this. It came upon him like a thunder-clap. His first impulse was to fly from the scene of his misery — whither he cared not — the further the better.

A letter, received through the post-office, announced to Ernest his brother's departure.

"Leaving on you," the letter went on, "the burden of our mother's support, I enclose you my employer, Mr. Winter's, check for all my savings over the necessary expenses of my journey. I cannot tell you where I am going, for I do not know. To you and our mother—the only ones to whom I have the right to offer it—I leave my fondest love. Farewell."

It was the check thus enclosed, which on being presented by Ernest, was ascertained to have been altered to a larger amount.

On being questioned, Ernest offered no explanation. Instantly it flashed upon him that he could not speak without compromising his brother, and his silence was construed as a confession of guilt. He was at once arrested and committed for trial.

Silas Grimgrin was a post-office clerk, moral beyond his years, and with a conscience tenderly alive to the sins of others. We have already seen how little lenity poor Ernest received at his hands.

Silas Grimgrin had just returned from Miss Thugge's party, and, in his bachelor apartment, was regaling himself with a cigar and divers reflections on the vanity of human wishes, when a knock announced a visitor.

"Come in," said Silas, glancing over his shoulder.

Stooping to clear the door-way, a young man entered, a fellow-clerk of Silas, at least six feet two in height, with a good-natured, but not particularly bright looking countenance.

"Good-evening, Mr. Grimgrin."

"Good-evening, Bunce," said Silas, "Pray, lower yourself on the sofa there, for your head must be dizzy at that height."

Mr. Bunce smiled at the joke; it was an old acquaintance.

"What do you think of Jasper's case?" he inquired, after a pause.

"There can be but one opinion," Silas answered.

"I have mine, at least," said the other.

"And what is it, pray?"

"That *he* is not guilty."

"Then who *is*?" said Silas sharply.

"You!" retorted Bunce, planting himself before the door, and displaying a badge, at the sight of which Silas trembled.

"What proof have you of such an accusation?" said Silas, recovering his presence of mind with an effort.

"Ample," replied the other. "Numerous peculations in the office here, induced the authorities to place it under surveillance; and, for a month past, I have occupied the post of detective under the guise of a clerk. Two days ago, unobserved, as you thought, you abstracted a letter directed to Ernest Jasper. Next day you returned it. An examination which I, as well as you, know how to make, proved that it contained a check—the same—for by a process of my own I was able to read its contents—to-day presented at the bank by Jasper, and now in my possession."

"But all that," argued Silas' "does not prove that I either opened the letter, or altered the check."

"As to the question of a letter's having been opened," said the detective, "an expert is not easily deceived. As to the alteration of the check, Mr. Winter, the drawer, is ready to swear that George Jasper inclosed it unaltered in his presence, and left the letter with him to mail; and I can swear that when it came to the hands of Ernest Jasper, the check was in its present state."

Silas Grimgrin stood mute and sullen.

"There is another charge against you," resumed the detective.

Silas started.

"To-day you opened a decoy letter containing money.

The guilty man made a movement as if to escape, but the towering form of the detective blocked his way. In an instant the snap of the handcuffs on his wrists was heard, and a brief search brought to light the identical bill taken from the decoy letter.

The poor wretch's courage failed, and he confessed all. He had stolen Georgr Jasper's letter, not as he had others, for gain's sake, but to subserve another purpose. He too loved Mildred Heath, and had been mainly instrumental in breeding difficulties between her and her betrothed. To fix upon his rival the stigma of an infamous crime, seemed a sure way to secure the field permanently to himself. The fraternal devotion which prompted Ernest Jasper to sacrifice his own to his brother's reputation, was something a nature like Silas Grimgrin's was alike incapable of understanding or foreseeing.

The widow Jasper, Edith, and Mildred were all weeping tears of joy at once over Ernest, just released from prison, when George burst in among them.

"What! you here, Ernest?" he exclaimed, "I saw your arrest announced in the papers, and hurried back at once."

A word explained all.

And then George met Mildred's eyes looking so tearfully and lovingly into his own, that, forgetting all, he was about to clasp her in his arms.

"But that letter!" he said, drawing back with sudden constraint.

"What letter?"

"The one in which you declared all was over between us."

Mildred's surprise was a sufficient answer.

"Then that was another of Silas Grimgrin's forgeries!" cried George, instinctively guessing the truth.

Two happy weddings speedily followed. And we are pleased to be able to add that, as a husband, George Jasper isn't a bit jealous.—*Ledger.*

REFUSING TO RUN OVER A CHILD.—There is a horse at present in the Isle of Man, possessed of such singular intelligence and amiability of disposition that the sooner he is bought from his owner and transferred to London the better. This good-natured animal positively refused to run over human creatures, and will throw himself into the most intricate contortions rather than injure a hair in their heads. A few days ago, according to the Manx Sun, the horse in question was proceeding through the market place in Douglass, harnessed to an "inside car." While thus engaged in the performances of his duties, a child, aged two years, the son of a fruit dealer, ran across the road in front of the car, and was knocked down by the horse. Our own London horses, encouraged by their drivers, would have made short work of the hapless infant; not so, however, the Manx horse, which was observed to make a sudden pause, move its right forefoot about, and having placed its hoof lightly on the child's breast, to again lift it up, putting it down by the child's side without injuring it. The bystanders immediately extricated the child from its perilous position, and the horse resumed its journey, carrying with it the respect and admiration of all who witnessed the scene, among whom it is stated, were two gentlemen of high position in Douglass, whose names, if nesessary, might be given.

THE VICTIMS OF WAR.—A German newspaper presents the following very interesting statistics in regard to the wounded of the war of 1870—71: Out of 3,453 Germans wounded around Metz ninety-five and a half per cent. were injured by the Chassepot rifle, two and seven tenths per cent. by the artillery, and only eight tenths per cent. by cold steel. Among the French wounded twenty-five per cent. were wounded by the German artillery, seventy per cent. by small arms, and five per cent. by cold steel. These figures in themselves tell a very remarkable story. The same paper pretends that in the whole course of the war twenty-five thousand French were hit by the German artillery, so that on comparing the number of shots fired the conclusion is inevitable that for every three discharges of a German cannon at least one Frenchman was killed or more or less injured. According to the statistics of the German wounded the following proportion has been established in an official manner: Ninety per cent. of men were hit among the infantry; five per cent. in the artillery, and two per cent. in all the other branches of the service.

DIAMONDS.—Messrs. Rittar, Leverson & Co., diamond brokers, of London, have sent a communication to the city editor of the London *Times*, which, if true, will throw discredit on the Arizona mines. They state that a few months ago an American came to London and bought a large number of diamonds in the rough, regardless of weight or quality, and that these stones have been used as specimens by the alleged Discoverers of the diamond mines in Arizona.

General McClellan declined any public reception in San Francisco, and says his visit has no connection with the diamond mining company. He knows but very little about diamond matters, and is not even certain that the diamonds exhibited came from Arizona.

The United States Treasury balances are: Currency, $7,243,444; coin, $75-321,906; including $29,785,200 coin certificates.

STRANGE SUICIDE.—A distressing case of suicide is reported in the Paris journals. M. Lemond, proprietor of a large porcelain and glass warehouse, situated No. 88 Rue du Faubourg du Temple, had been married for some years. His wife feeling indisposed, a doctor was sent for; she then became worse, and her husband then determined on having a consultation. At the close M. Lemond begged the medical men to inform him as to the real state of the invalid, and was told that the malady was mortal. He grew suddenly pale, went into his room, loaded a pistol, and discharged it into his heart, falling lifeless on the floor. his wife expired soon after, and the two funerals were to take place on the same day.

Two families in Kentucky have been poisoned by eating jelly made in a copper kettle.

The Belfast Riots.

In an editorial article on the disturbances in Belfast, the London *Times* makes the following reflections:

What is the occasion for all this kury, ruin and bloodshed? Properly speaking, nothing at all. Belfast is, indeed, a city of two camps. The Protestants dwell in one quarter and the Roman Catholics in another and their lines are as clearly defined as the German and French frontiers. When war has broken out between them as in this instance, an edict of expulsion is passed against the Protestants in the Catholic district, or against the Catholics in the Protestant camp, and the enemies are warned to remove on pain of hazarding their property, if not their lives. The two were living and working side by side, making their profit out of the same trades and enjoying the protection of the same laws. If a Protestant injured a Catholic, or a Catholic a Protestant, justice would be done between the two with undoubted impartiality. There was no Parliamentary or municipal contest in progress; there was nothing to fight for, nothing to win or lose. There was not even the excuse of resisting an illegal demonstration. The Legislation thought the other day it would try the experiment of allowing each party to relieve its suppressed emotion by unrestricted demonstration. The Protestants, it was thought might shout "God save the Queen" and "No Surrender" one day, until their loyalty was satisfied or exhausted; and the Catholics might flaunt disloyal emblems and sing Fenian songs the next day until they, too, had let off their steam. But it proves that neither party is contented with license for itself unless it can refuse it to the other, and the Protestants are the more intolerant of the two. They had their processions on the famous 12th, and the Apprentice Boys of Derry were capable of recognizing the corresponding right of the Catholics on the 15th. But at Belfast the hostility of the two factions is too intense to be suppressed by anything short of force. The Roman Catholics showed themselves in procession, their old foes at once attacked them, and the battle became general. There is thus nothing whatever to account for this outburst of civil war except the chronic smoldering hatred of the two factions. Each is always ready to spring at the other's throat, and any excuse is welcome.

The riot was a most serious affair. Reports say that Belfast appeared to be a perfect wreck. Some idea of the extent to which the riot reached may be inferred from the fact that at the end of the fourth day the available force at the disposal of the authorities amounted to about five thousand five hundred men. One thousand eight hundred soldiers, fourteen hundred and fifty policemen, six hundred of the militia force, together with the Thirty-fourth and sixty-second regiments attempted to put a stop to the violence, which broke out in one quarter as soon as similar violence was suppressed in another. According to the letter of a correspondent, the city presented the appearance of a wreck. Paving stones were torn from the streets, lamp-posts thrown down, window shutters torn from their hinges, and broken doors and smashed furniture literally barricaded the streets and obstructed the movements of the military. Drunkenness went hand in hand with violence and pillage. People fled from their homes in fear of meeting threatened death, and sought shelter wherever their sense suggested security. The story altogether is a painful one, and the dreadful excesses prove to what an extent bitterness of feeling will inflame the passions of the ignorant.

Petroleum.

The export of petroleum from New York alone in the year 1871 amounted to nearly a hundred million (94,955,850) gallons—an increase of more than seven and a quarter millions over the preceding year. Philadelphia also exported 56,000,000 gallons in 1871—an increase of six millions over 1870. The total export of last year from these two ports, therefore, was more than one hundred and fifty million gallons, to which must be added the enormous home consumption, to represent the total yield of the wells. It is a perfectly natural course for the producers to stop work—too much petroleum on the market at one time sends prices downward and shrinks the profits of the business. Ergo, production must be suspended, before the consumer arrives at the point where he pays cheap rates. Two hundred of the petroleum men accordingly, have banded themselves together in a non-producing league, mutually pledging a total cessation of work at the wells for a period of six months from the first of September next. The "extremely low price of oil" is assigned as the reason for this agreement, and it is further understood that each well-owner who may fail to keep his pledge, shall forfeit the sum of $2,000 for every well opened during the stipulated period—an ingenious device to secure a steady diminution of product and an equally steady advance in prices. The chief argument used in defence of this scheme is the impossibility of conducting business in the petroleum market at the present scale of prices—and the result will be the instantaneous increase of the fortunes of dealers who have large stocks of oil on hand. They will hold on till the last moment, sell at the highest figure, and reap a handsome profit without trouble, while the smaller men in the trade will go to the wall, and consumers all over the world be subjected to the payment of enhanced values, while nature continues to pour forth lavish supplies.

HOW TO FASTEN RUBBER TO WOOD AND METAL.—As rubber plates and rings are now-a days used almost exclusively for making connections between steam and other pipes and aparatus, much annoyance is often experienced by the impossibility or imperfection of an air-tight connection. This is obviated entirely by employing a cement which fastens alike well to the rubber and to the metal or wood. Such cement is prepared by a solution of shellac in ammonia. This is best made by soaking pulverized gum shellac in ten times its weight of strong ammonia, when a slimy mass is obtained, which in three or four weeks will become liquid without the use of hot water. This softens the rubber, and becomes, after volatilization of the ammonia, hard and impermeable to gasses and fluids.—*American Artizan.*

AN OLD LAW.—If a law which it was found necessary to put in force in the seventeenth century in England were to be resumed to-day, it would cause an immense downfall to chignons. It was as follows: "All women, of whatever age rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, wives and widows, that shall from and after this date, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's male subjects by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalties of the laws in force against witch-craft and the like, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void.

A physician examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "should a man fall into his well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of his tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied, "I sh uld advise them to let the man lie and fill up the well."

Kidnapping in Mexico.

A late number of *Ele Monitor Republicano*, of the City of Mexico, mentions sixteen cases of recent kidnapping, all of which were accompanied by the most horrible barbarities. Among others, Senor Cervantes, a wealthy citizen, was discovered in a thicket near San Lucas by Governor Montree and a detachment of police. Senor Cervantes was captured by five robbers while in a coach going to his family to his hotel.

His mouth was bandaged and his ears stuffed by the Plagiaries or kidnappers. While in the hands of the kidnappers they gave him but one egg a day to live upon. In a house adjacent to where he was found important documents were discovered which show the existence of a secret society composed of various nationalities and known as "Lower Italy," but more commonly termed the "Terrible Society."

Of the five robbers who were engaged in the Cervanter affair, three were captured, two Spaniards, aged respectively eighteen and twenty-two years, and one Mexican, aged twenty-five years. They confessed their deeds, and stated that the "Terrible Society" was formed outside the republic of Mexico. On the afternoon of their capture the three men were publicly shot in the plaza of San Lucas, before an immense assemblage. In the pockets of one of the victims was found a list of forty persons who had been kidnapped.

One case of atrocity is mentioned which probably has never been excelled for its brutality. The band above mentioned kidnapped a Frenchman named Bassot, and then cut out his eyes and tongue. Bassot died in their hands. Fifteen persons have been arrested on suspicions of being connected in the shocking affair.

The Terrible Society, and the great number of Plagiarios independent of it, have of late created the greatest consternation. When these bloodthirsty villains cannot procure a large ransom for their victim, usually kill him. They are capable of committing the most outrageous horrors, and seem to delight in mangling the unfortunate ones who fall into their hands. For atrocity and barbarity the Plagiarios of Mexico rival the most vile brigands of Italy. The Federal and State laws of Mexico decree instant death to Plagiarios. Knowing the fate that awaits them they show no mercy. Sworn enemies of society, they devote their lives to robbery, plunder, murderers and assassinations. Although hunted down like wild beasts, and their ranks rapidly thinned by large number captured and killed, still the country is infested by them, and they seem to spring up like the fabled dragon's teeth. The outlaws comprising them have nearly all been soldiers in the European and Mexican armies.

Bringing Oysters to Market.

The operation of raising the oysters from the Prince's Bay and other beds in summer is interesting. In winter they can lie a long time in vessels without detriment, but in hot weather they must be taken to the consumer as quick as possible after leaving the water. In former times much inconvenience was experienced by Staten Islanders in getting their vessels loaded in time on summer mornings. They would have to begin at midnight to suit tne tides, because one peculiarity of the delivery of oysters is that they should lie on a hard, clean surface under water during one shifting of the tide to clear themselves of mud. From this substance of course they obtain a part of their food, and when first raked from the bottom they have much of it within their shells. If left a few hours on a clean, hard surface under water, where they can draw in only water, they clean themselves, and thus present no unpleasant mixed of mud to the consumer. The custom was formerly to put them on a sandy beach, or if that could not be had, a hard mud or soft meadow bottom, where the high tide would overflow them. The fishermen were often much put out waiting for those high tides, shifting a little as they do every day. Finally a man named Thompson, who is still a large dealer, invented a remedy for the difficulty; he built the first "oyster-float." These receptacles might be called "oyster bathing-houses." They are seventy-five feet long by twenty-two feet wide, and hold from five to nine hundred bushels. They are made of logs and plank, the latter half an inch apart, to permit a free passage of water. These affairs save time and labor and greatly equalize the work. For in the warmest weather even the oysters which are laid on them from four to twelve inches deep may remain thus for days without detriment. The planter can go now to his well-replenished float (which has been filled by his men at their leisure a day or two before) just in time to load up and take a favorable wind or tide for the city.

A WARNING.—Not long ago a steamboat was burned to the water's edge on the St. Lawrence River. There were a good many passengers on board, but careful arrangements were made for their escape, and as there were plenty of life-preservers, every person on board was saved except one—a lady. The circumstances causing her death were detailed to us by a friend, and we give them to our readers, believing that they may be useful to others if they should be placed in similar danger. Most of the passengers, according to directions, after putting on life-preservers passed down through the gangway, and sailors with ropes were stationed at various points to give aid to any who should need it after going into the water. There was time enough to do everything needful, and no panic. The lady referred to, instead of passing through the gangway, was seen to jump into the water from some other part of the steamer, and immediately sunk, head-foremost. When her body was recovered life was extinct. It was found that the life-preserver had been put on most carefully, every strap and buckle fastened securely; but instead of putting it close up under the armpits, she had arranged it so low down that on jumping into the water she at once lost her balance. This sad experience may serve as a warning to others.

SINGULAR WILL.— Perhaps a more eccentric will was never made than that of one Mr. Bates, of Northumberland, England. He possessed a very large property. By a clause in his will he bequeathed the sum of $5000 to (blank left for name) the person whom he might have wished to marry. In case that person did not survive him, the sum was to be divided between three daughters of laborers living near Mr. Bate's estate. The good man having died, a Mrs. Wilson brought evidence that she was the one he wished to marry, as he had repeatedly proposed to her when she was in service as cook. The three girls opposed her claim. Finally a compromise was effected, whereby the $5000 was equally divided between the contending parties.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR CHICKEN PIE.—Take corndbeef, cook it tender; when cold slice thin; have a crust as for chicken pie; put in a layer of meat and one of light bread, and so on until your dish is full; then sprinkle a little pepper and salt, and piece of butter the size of an egg; fill up your dish with boiling water; put on your top crust, and bake moderately one hour.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

A Look into Holland—Diamonds, and how They are Polished—Characteristics of the Amsterdam Women, etc., etc.

At 5 P. M., we took the steamer to Moordyk (passing through one of the many channels, arms of the sea, in fact, which form a perfect net-work of inland navigation in this part of the Netherlands) where we arrived by 7 o'clock, and there entered the cars and by 9 P. M. were comfortably located in the Hotel St. Antoine, at Antwerp. In Holland the laws of nature may be said to be reversed. "In no other country do the keels of the ships float above the chimneys, and nowhere else does the frog croaking from among the bulrushes, look down upon the swallow on the housetop." Near Utrecht our engine gave out and we were obliged to wait two hours to procure another, so it was nearly 10 P. M. before we reached the Amstel House in Amsterdam.

Hood calls Amsterdam "a vulgar Venice." It is different from any city we have yet visited, and it was viewed with the same eager interest we felt when we landed in Liverpool.

In Venice the canals bathe the walls of the houses that line them on each side, and with the exception of the Grand Canal and the Riva Schiavoni, the streets of water are gloomy thoroughfares whose interest is chiefly historical and political. But the canals of Amsterdam, with quays on each side, bordered on one side with trees and on the other with bright and cheerful buildings, and animated with the roll of vehicles and throngs of people, present a very different aspect. There are canals in both cities, but there the resemblance ceases.

The morning after arriving was busily and agreeably occupied in visiting different parts of the city. Our first visit was to the Palace of the King of Holland. It is a rare stone structure built upon 14,000 piles. It is very comfortably fitted up, and the ball-room one of the finest in Europe. We ascended to the tower and from it had an extended view over the Zuyder Zee and the flats of Holland, with Haarlem and Rotterdam plainly in sight.

We afterward visited the picture gallery in the national museum, and in it saw a fine collection of the Dutch school of painting, among which were some admirable works of art by Rembrandt, Cuyp, Don, Teniers, Van Dyke, Rubens, Wouvermans, and Schalken. All these artists, whose school is known wherever art is spoken of, find here illustrations; and in some cases their most celebrated works are to be seen here only.

We next visited the diamond polishing mills of Mr. Costar. They consist of a row of dingy brick buildings some six stories high, situated but a short distance from the palace.

The janitor met us at the door, and on informing him that we were desirous of viewing the establishment, took us up to the fifth story and presented us to the superintendent of the works, who in the most polite manner explained and showed us the different processes by which the diamond is polished. Diamond cutting has long been a speciality of Amsterdam, and was at one time exclusively confined to that city. The diamond mills are nearly all controlled by Jews and nearly ten thousand men are employed in the different establishments. The mill in which we were in employed six hundred men and boys. After showing us a quantity of rough diamonds, we were then taken to a large room filled with tables, in the center of each one was a revolving metal plate on which the diamonds are polished.

Diamond dust is placed on these plates which revolve two thousand times a minute, and against this disk the stone fastened firmly on an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is held until the proper facet is ground smooth, and so on until the rough stone is made into a sparkling gem. In the office we were shown glass models of the most celebrated diamonds that have ever been cut by Mr. Costar, among which was that of the Koh-i-noor, before and after it had been cut.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in the Zoological Gardens, which were filled with rare animals and kept in the most admirable order. We then drove back to the hotel, making a circuit of the city, going by the quays and dykes, those peculiarities of Amsterdam that are to be found in no other place.

It is a quaint old city, whose streets (many of them) are canals, and whose canals are streets. Canals here, there and everywhere, straight canals and crooked ones. Its carts are mostly canal boats, and its canal boats are mostly carts, though a few wheeled carts are tolerated in its few paved streets, but the drivers are not allowed to ride on their carts, they must walk with their horses. The people are remarkably healthy looking and the business men as brisk and active as you will see anywhere.

The women are clean and tidy in their appearance and wear singular-looking head-dresses consisting of a band of silver or other metal across their foreheads, and at each side of their heads an odd cork-screw kind of an ornament of the same metal as the band, which projects from two or three inches. The immense docks that we passed were filled with ships from all nations and we were struck with the vast numbers of vessels that were the homes of the families of the masters or the owners. Some of them had boxes of flowers, including the Dutch tulip, around the companion way, and over the sides of others, handsome, rosy cheeked, well-dressed girls, who had completed their day's work and donned their "Sunday go to meeting" clothes, watched the passers by on the quay. The novelty of the scene made this drive along the docks one of the most interesting features of the day. After dinner we spent the evening in the garden attached to the Crystal Palace, which was just back of the Amstel House, and listened to an excellent concert given by the principal musicians of the place, for which we paid five guilders. Since we arrived in Europe we have been wandering in a maze of shillings, francs, centimes, lires, soldis, florins, kreutzers, silbergroschens and thalers, and here in Holland we have met yet another series of coins, known by the inhabitants as ducats, rix dollars, guilder and stuivers.

For the sake of the suffering tourist I hope a year will not elapse before the decimal system of the United States will be in use all over the continent of Europe.

Every traveler must have a vivid remembrance of the never ending annoyances and losses resulting from the variety and multiplication of currencies. At each frontier he finds all his previous financial knowledge, "conned with cruel pain," and costly battles with rapacious hotel keepers, guides and coachmen, utterly useless.

Almost every town inflicts on him its own particular grief in the shape of some distinctive and favorite coin, more bewildering than the last, until much of the time that should have been given to the scenery or customs of the country is spent in breaking his head over the hopeless complications of the coin of the country in which he may happen to be. Tom Hood suggests an excellent but expensive way of avoiding any trouble about the currency of the different countries through which you pass and that is, "when you arrive at the frontier of another country, to throw away all the coin of the country you are leaving, you may have on hand, and start fair with a new supply of the coin of the country to which you are going."

At 1.45 P. M. on the following day we left for "the Hague." It was but a short trip through a flat, canal and ditch-covered country. The vast meadows, clad with the richest verdure, were covered with cattle nearly every one of them being milky white with jet black spots on different parts of their bodies, and whose high condition attests an abundant and wholesome nutriment.

A little more than an hour after leaving Amsterdam we were comfortably quartered on the Hague at the Hotel Paulez. After lunch we took a drive around the city and there was a great deal that was interesting and worth seeing. The streets were clean and neat, but there was little or no business doing and in fact the place looked as if it was asleep. We drove by the "Palace in the woods," which is occupied by the King of Holland, on our way to Scheveningen, through one of the most magnificent forests we have seen anywhere—the color of the foliage was exquisite in the extreme. We found a great number of people at Scheveningen, which is about twenty minutes drive from the Hague, and is the Saratoga of Holland. It is situated on the German ocean, and is the favorite resort of the Dutch gentry. The day was cool and cheerless with a stiff breeze blowing off the ocean, scattering the fine, white sand in every direction and giving the place a hard, bare unhospitable look. B. M.

Cured of Hydrophobia.

The "Popular Science Monthly, in speaking of a man who was bitten by a mad dog says: "The wound was at once cauterized, but in due time hydrophobia was developed. The attack itself was characterized by the usual hydrophobic symptoms; great difficulty of breathing and of swallowing, distress at the pit of the stomach, convulsions, frightful struggling and howling, wild expression of countenance, frothy discharge from the mouth, and on one occasion a strong popensity to bite. The paroxysms succeeded each other at intervals of about ten minutes, and perceptibly grew worse as they continued. Shortly after being called in, the attending physician began the administration of chloral-hydrate in twenty-grain doses. After the third dose, the violence of the symptoms began to moderate; the fourth dose was followed by still greater improvement; and the fifth dose put the sufferer to sleep. Sleep was kept up by giving the same dose at longer intervals.

For the next twenty-four hours nothing of any consequence occurred, with the exception of slight twitchings of the face and jerking of the arms and legs during sleep. These were allayed at any time by an extra dose of the chloral. Beef tea, mutton broth, common tea, or water-gruel were given to him occasionally, which he swallowed without much objection when thoroughly aroused. During the next three days the somnolency was kept up by the medicine, only a few twichings showing themselves. On the morning of the fifth day he awoke out of a gentle slumber and said to his wife, "I feel as if I should like to bite somebody." This was the last symptom noticed of a hydrophobic character. After the fifth day the chloral-hydrate was discontinued, and the quantity taken altogether amounted to 360 grains. When fit to travel the patient went into the country, subsequently returning able to attend to business.

This, we believe, is the only case on record of a complete cure in a clear case of well developed hydrophobia.

A FARCE.—James Burns was tried for killing John Halloran last Spring in a New York saloon, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Under the statute he was at once sent to the State Asylum. A habeas corpus was brought to have him released from the lunatic asylum on the ground that he was not insane. The return set up his due and proper commitment as a lunatic. The matter came up before a Justice, Sheriff Butler bringing the prisoner down. Judge Bacon appeared for the asylum and District-Attorney Garvin for the people. Mr. Howe, Burn's counsel, insisted that the return did not set up, and in fact it was not pretended, that the prisoner was now insane, and that therefore he must be discharged. Judge Bacon argued that having been excused from the punishment of a grave crime on the grounds of insanity, he should not be lightly held to be sane, and that before that was done a formal inquisition, and not the off hand proceedings of habeas corpus, should be held. The Court reserved its decision.

LAPLAND MARRIAGES.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overruns her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at the first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed), pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark or end of race. Thus none are compeled to marry against their own wills: and this is the couse that in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and cause real unhappiness.

The *Court Journal* tells a story of an earnest and much esteemed highland minister who once delivered a vivid and impressive discourse on the glory of Heaven. The apathetic congregation seemed wholly unaffected, when the speaker in a sort of desperation shouted: "I know what sort of heaven you'd pe wantin'. You'd pe wantin that all the seas would pe hot water, that all the rivers would pe rivers of whiskies, and that all the hills and mountains would pe loaves of sugar." The congregation enjoyed the notion amazingly, and talked of the long journey with considerable pleasure all the Sunday after.

TRADING.—The German Emperor has just sent the Order of the Iron Cross to a Frenchman who jumped into the Moselle and rescued a German soldier from drowning. The Frenchman returned the cross, respectfully regretting his inability to accept any mark of distinction from the German Emperor. He claims the liberation of the last French prisoner who is still detained in a Prussian prison. "Your Majesty owes me a man, for I have given one to you, and I claim the payment."

The Milk Question.

The question of pure milk is now of great importance in New York City. A city journal says: The supply of pure milk to the poorer classes of this city in place of the chalk and water of the past is a matter of real moment. The object of the convention to be held is to the effect this as well as other ends; and in doing this the farmers do not propose to sell milk at any higher rates than heretofore, but to get higher rates for their own milk and to sell it in its native purity. At present the farmers seldom get over 3 cents per quart for their milk, and also have to furnish its transportation to this city, while it is resold here at 8 or 10 cents per quart, and then retailed at still higher rates. The farmers claim that it is impossible for them to make any profit at the low rate of 3 cents, which by various losses of cars and delays of payments is really reduced to 2¼ cents. Hence they propose to take the matter in their own hands and to deliver the milk direct to the consumers at the usual retail rates.

We need not argue the interest the city people have in the matter; it is evident, and they cannot afford to be idle while this move is going on. Without their co-operation the plan can hardly be a success. Already the milk middlemen are saying to the farmers, "The city customer will not buy of you." If the city resident is sincere in his desire for pure milk, he must urge on and aid this new movement; otherwise it will fail, and the present supply of milk that is not milk, but a little of chalk, a little of salt, a great deal of water, and a small portion of the "pure Orange county," will be kept up with increased force. Up to this time the move has been entirely in the hands of the country people, while the really greatest need for the reform is upon the part of the inhabitants of the city. The meeting on the 24th will afford them an opportunity of showing openly their appreciation of the movement, and they should before that time give the farmers earnest encouragement through the public prints.

The association which proposes to carry out this excellent plan is acting under a charter from the State of New York, and is composed of farmers of high standing and property in every county which sends milk to this city. Its President is J. B. Hollister, of Vermont; Vice-President, J. E. McNaughton, of the same State; Treasurer, T. S. Gold, of West Cornwall, Conn.; and Secretary, W. L. Benedict, of Orange county, N. Y. These gentlemen propose a company with a capital of $1,000,000, in 20,000 shares of $50 each. They will without doubt easily raise that amount themselves, and will only ask the people of New York for their patronage; but when it is remembered that over 500,000 quarts of the present so-called milk are sold in New York every day the immense profits, even at small margin, became plainly evident.

SWINDLING AT FAIRS.—A correspondent of the New York *Sun* says:—Three or four years ago the annual fairs on the Hudson river, as well as throughout the state of New York were invested by three-card monte men. After much difficulty they were finally driven away. These same rascals have turned up again. this time with a new game which is far more enticing—that's the "trick wid de cards." They are fleecing the farmer's sons and farm laborers with an envelope game. On the Amenia Fair Grounds no less than twelve of these swindlers were at work at one time, and one of them boldly asserted that they averaged $100 per day each. Each has a trunk or box filled with small cakes of soap and boxes of envelopes. On the lid of the trunk, which is turned up, are rows of figures, and under each one of the majority of figures are the figures, 50cts., $1, $3, $5, signifying that if the person purchasing an envelope finds a number inside which corresponds with the number over the 50cts., $1, $3, or $5, he is entitled to the sum underneath it. Of course nine cases out of ten a successful number is never drawn. When, however, the interest in the game lags, because of the failure of almost every one to draw a prize, the boss swindlers give a wink and a confederate steps up to the box. He hesitates and stammers, but finally hands over 50 cents, and to his feigned surprise draws a $3 prize. This confederate is attired, as are all the confederates, in a tattered straw hat and heavy shoes, torn coat and pantaloons. "You see that soap man," said one of them to us as we stood looking at the swindlers on the Amenia Fair ground; "that fellow is the gamest man you ever say. He had an ear bit off in Reddy the Blacksmith's saloon. He is making a pile of money here to-day." And so he was. Even while we were looking at him he had three colored men before him, to all appearances farm hands, and from the three he took $27, and they did not receive a cent. The voices of the scoundrels as they jabbered away for customers could be heard above everything else. For two days they held full sway, and their receipts nearly equalled those of the entire fair. The police drove the scoundrels away.

"STOP MY PAPER!"—Illustrating the fearful consequences of this highly retributive measure, the Philadelphia *Post* tells the following upon the *Ledger* of that city: This fearful treat reminds us of a story about Mr. Swain years ago, when he was the proprietor of the *Ledger*. By his course in regard to some public matter he had offended a number of readers, one of whom he met on Chestnut street, and thus accosted him: "Mr. Swain, I've stopped the *Ledger*." "What is that sir?" "I've stopped the *Ledger*," was the stern reply. "Great heavens!" said Mr. Swain, "my dear sir, this won't do. Come with me to the office, this must be looked into." And, taking the man with him, he entered the office at Third and Chestnut streets. There they found the clerks busy at their desks; then they ascended to the editorial rooms and composing rooms, where all was as usual; finally they descended to the press rooms, where the engineers were at work. "I thought you told me you had stopped the *Ledger*," said Mr. Swain. "So I have," said the offended subscriber. "I don't see the stopp