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Harvest Home.

All safely gathered in
Is Autumn's golden grain;
How sweet to hear the ringing cheer
That greets the last full wain!

We may not even call
An ear of wheat our own,
But where's the heart that takes no part
In hailing Harvest Home.

Then let thanksgiving songs
Be o'er the country spread,
To Him to whom the praise belongs
For sending daily bread.

For He whose gracious eye
Has slumbered not nor slept,
Again has sent a rich supply,
And well His promise kept.

So let thanksgiving songs
Both far and wide be spread,
To Him to whom the praise belongs
For sending daily bread.

Measuring the Baby.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew up at the threshold,
And the baby was just as tall!

A royal-tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And heart like a jeweled chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the blue-bird whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee, pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were as wide as blue-bells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet like funny white mice
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day,
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of long repose.

Upon the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of Heaven thereon—
And the dear little hand like rose leaves
Dropped from a rose lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the light of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown!

MARRIED IN A SNOW STORM.

About the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate of Nemaradof, a rich landed proprietor, Gabrilovitch by name, noted for his affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who used to congregate there every evening; the older ones to enjoy a game of cards with the host and his wife Petrowna, the younger ones in the hope of winning the favor of Marie, a beautiful girl of 17, the only daughter and heiress of Gabriloviteh.

Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentimental and romantic. Under these circumstances love was not long in coming. The object of her affections was a Russian cadet, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, who resided in the neighborhood, and was then home on leave of absence. As a matter of course he returned her love with equal ardor. Marie's parents had strictly forbidden her thinking of such a union, and they treated the lover, wherever they met him, with just as much friendliness as they would have shown to an ex-collector of taxes. The amorous pair meantime carried on a correspondence, and met clandestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove, or behind the old chapel. As will readily be supposed, they here vowed eternal fidelity to each other, complained of the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plans for the future. After some time they naturally came to think that, should their parents persist in opposing the union, it might in the end be consummated secretly, and without their consent. The young gentleman was the first to propose this, and the young lady soon saw the expediency of it.

The approach of Winter put an end to these stolen interviews; but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of them Vladimir Nickolovitch conjured his betoved to leave the paternal roof, and consent to a clandestine marriage. "We will disappear for a short while," he wrote, "come back, and cast ourselves at the feet of our parents, who, touched by such constancy, will exclaim, "come to our arms, dear children!" Marie was long irresolute; at length it was agreed, however, that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed, but should retire to her room under the pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret. Both were to escape by a back-door, in front of which they would find a sleigh ready to convey them a distance of five wersts, to the chapel of Jadrino, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long apologetical letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of a headache, and this certainly was no mere pretext, for the nervous excitement had in truth indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: "How do you feel now, Marie? Are you no better?" This loving solicitude cut the girl to the heart, and with the approach of evening her excitement increased. At supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good-night. The latter kissed and blessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scarcely repress her sobs. Having reached her room, she threw herself into a chair and wept aloud. Her maid finally succeeded in comforting and cheering her up.

Later in the evening a snow-storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The inmates had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapping herself in her clothes and furs, and followed by the servant with a portmanteau, left the paternal roof. A sleigh drawn by three horses received them, and away they went at a furious speed.

Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he had called upon the minister at Jadrino to arrange for the ceremony, and then he went to look up the required witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he applied was an officer on half-pay, who expressed himself quite ready to serve him. Such an adventure, he said, carried him back to the days of his own youth. He determined Vladimir to remain with him, taking on him to procure the other two witnesses. There accordingly appeared at dinner Surveyor Schmidt, with his spurs and mustache, and Ispravnik's son, a lad of 17, who had but just enlisted with the Uhans. Both promised Vladimir their assistance, and after a cordial embrace the happy lover parted from his three friends to complete his preparations at home.

Having dispatched a trusty servant with a sleigh for Marie, he got into a one-horse sleigh himself, and took the road to Jadrino. Scarcely had he set off, when the storm burst forth with violence, and soon every trace of the way was gone. The entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes but masses of snow; at last it became impossible to distinguish between earth and sky.

In vain Vladimir beat about for the way; his horse went on at random, now leaping over the banks of snow, now sinking into ditches, and threatening every moment to overturn the sleigh. The insupportable thought of having lost the road had become a certainty. The forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovered, and after two hours the jaded animal seemed ready to drop to the ground. At length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance. Valdimir urged his horse forward, and reached the skirt of a forest. He now hoped to reach his destination soon, as it was easier to pursue his way in the forest, into which the snow had not yet penetrated. Valdimir took fresh courage; however, there were no signs of Jadrino. By degrees the storm abated and the moon shown brightly. He finally reached the opposite skirt of the forest. Still no Jadrino; but a group of four or five houses met his view. His knock at the door of the nearest was answered by an old man.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Where lies Jadrino?" asked Vladimar.

"About ten wersts distant."

At this reply Vladimar felt as if his sentence of death was being announced to him.

"Can you procure me a horse to take me thither?" he asked.

"We have no horses."

"Or at least a guide. I will pay any price.

"Very well. My son can accompany the gentleman."

After a little while, which seemed an eternity to Vladimar, a young fellow made his appearance, holding a thick staff in his hand, and they took their way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimar.

"It is already past midnight."

And in very truth the sun began to gild the east when they finally arrived at Jadrino. The church door was locked. Vladimar paid and dismissed his guide and then instantly hastened to the minister's dwelling. What he there learned will appear from the sequel.

At Nemaradof the night had passed quietly. In the morning the master of the house and his wife arose as usual, and proceeded to the dining-room, Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woolen jacket and night-cap, Petrowa in her morning gown. After they had breakfasted, Gabriel sent up one of the girls to inquire how Marie was. She returned with the message that her young mistress had had a sleepless night, but that she was feeling better now; and would come down presently. Marie soon after entered the room, looking exceedingly pale, yet without the least perceptible agitation.

"How do you feel this morning love?" inquired her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed as usual, but, instead of the looked-for improvement, a serious change for the worst took place in Marie's condition. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, who found her in a state of most violent fever. For 14 days she lay at the point of death.

Nothing transpired of the nocturnal flight; for the maid took good care to keep silence on her own account, and the others who knew of it never betrayed themselves with a syllable, even when under the influence of brandy, so greatly did they dread Gabriel's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Vladimar when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of her illness. Having advised with a few friends, her parents resolved to let Marie marry the young soldier, seeing that one cannot escape one's fate, and beside that, riches do not always lead to happiness.

The patient recovered. During her illness Vladimar had not once shown his face near the house, and it was resolved to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. But to the astonishment of the proud proprietor of Nermaradof, the cadet declared that he should never again cross the threshold of his house, begging them at the same time to forget utterly so wretched a creature as he, to whom death alone would give repose.

A few days afterward they learned that Vladimar had again returned to the army. It was in the year 1812. No one uttered his name in Marie's presence, and she herself never made mention of him in any way. Two or three months had elapsed, when one day she found his name among the list of officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino and been mortally wounded. She fainted away and had a relapse, from which she recovered but slowly.

Not long after her father died, bequeathing his whole property to her. But riches were not able to comfort her; she wept with her mother, and promised never to leave her. They sold Nemaradof and removed to another estate. Suitors thronged around the wealthy and amiable heiress; but none of them received the slightest encouragement from her. Often did her mother press her to choose a husband—she would merely shake her head in silence. Vladimar was no more; he died at Moscow on the evening before the entrance of the French. Marie seemed to hold his memory sacred; she carefully preserved the books they had read together, his sketches, the letters he had written to her—in brief, everything that could serve to keep alive the remembrance o the ill-fated youth.

About this time, the war, fought with such glory to the allies, of whom Russia was also one, came to an end. The victorious regiments returned home, and large crowds of people flocked together to greet them. Officers who had gone forth as beardless youths came back with the grave faces of warriors, their gallant breasts covered with badges.

A lieutenant of hussars, Wurmin by name, with an interestingly pale face, and decorated with the Cross of St. George, having obtained leave of absence for several months, took up his residence upon his estate, which adjoined Marie's present abode. The young girl received him with far more favor than she had hitherto shown to any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many respects; both were handsome, intelligent, taciturn and reserved. There was something mysterious about Wurmin which roused the curiosity of Marie. His affection for her was soon unmistakable; he showed her every conceivable attention; but why did he not speak of love though his dark, ardent eyes would rest upon hers half dreamily, half with an expression that seemed to announce an early and positive declaration? Already the neighbors spoke of their marriage as a settled matter, and Mother Petrowna was more than happy at the thought of her daughter's finding a worthy husband at last.

One morning when the latter was sitting in the parlor, Wurmin entered and asked for Marie.

"She is in the garden," answered her mother. "You will find my daughter there if you would like to see her."

The young officer hastily walked out into the garden.

Petrowna crossed herself, murmuring, "God be praised! To-day. I trust his visit will have some result."

Wurmin found his beloved, clad in white, sitting under a tree by the side of the pond, a book upon her lap, like a heroine of romance. The usual salutations over, Wurmin, who was strangely agitated, told her how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her, and begged that she would listen a few moments. She closed her book and nodded in token of assent.

"I love you," said Wurmin, "I love passionately,"

Marie cast down her eyes.

"I have been imprudent enough to see you, to hear you—daily. It is now too late to escape my fate. The thought of your lovely face, of your sweet voice, will henceforth constitute the joy and the anguish of my existence. But I have a duty to perform toward you; I must reveal to you a secret, which has placed an insurmountable barrier between us."

"That barrier," murmured Marie, "existed always—I could never have become yours."

"I know," replied Wurmin, in a suppressed voice, "that you loved before; but death—three long years of mourning—dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my last comfort, of the blissful thought that you might become mine if—"

"Cease, I conjure you! You rend my heart."

"Yes, you will grant me the comfort of knowing that you would have become mine; but, most wretched of men that I am—I am already married!"

Marie gazed up at him with a look of astonishment.

"Yes, married for four years," continued the lieutenant, "and I do not know either who my wife is, where she is, or whether I shall ever meet her."

"Explain yourself more clearly" said the girl.

"I love you, Marie, and will confide in you. You shall know all, and you will not judge too severly an act of youthful levity. It was in the year 1812, I happened to be on my way to Wilna, with the intention of joining my regiment. Late in the evening I reached a station, and had already ordered that horses should instantly be put to again, when a fierce snow storm suddenly arose. My landlord and the postilion urgently advised me to postpone my departure; but I was determined to go in spite of the rough weather. The postilion had got it into his head that, by crossing a small river, the banks of which were perfectly well known to him, he should find a shorter route. He missed the right crossing, however, and got into a region to which he was an entire stranger. The storm continued to rage; at length we descried a light in the distance. We made for it, and stopped before a church, from the brightly illuminated windows of which the light shone. The door was open, three sleighs were in front of it, and I saw several persons in the vestibule. One of them called to me: 'This way! this way!' I got out and walked toward the vestibule.

"The person who had called advanced toward me.

"'Great Heavens!" he said 'how late you come! Your intended has fainted, and we were on the very point of driving home again.'

"Half bewildered and half amused. I resolved to let the adventure take its course. And, indeed, I had little reflection. My friends tugged me into the interior of the church, which was poorly lighted by two or three lamps. A female was sitting upon a bench in the shadow, while another stood beside her and chafed her temples.

"'At last!" cried the latter. "God be praised that you have come! My poor mistress liked to have died."

"An aged priest emerged from behind the altar, and asked, 'Can we begin?'

"'Begin, reverend father!' I cried, unadvisedly.

"They assisted the half unconscious girl to rise; she appeared to be very pretty. In a fit of unpardonable, and now quite incomprehensible, levity, I readily stepped with her to the altar. Her maid and the three gentlemen present were so much busied with her as scarcely to throw a look at me. Besides, the light in this part of the church was dim, and my head was muffled in the hood of my cloak.

"In a few minutes the nuptial ceremony was over, and the priest according to custom desired the newly married pair to embrace.

"My young wife turned her pale, charming little face toward me, and was about to rest her head upon my shoulder with a sweet smile, when suddenly she stared at me as if turned into stone, tottered and with a cry of 'It is not he!' fell to the floor.

"All the furies of hell lashed me out of church. Before any one could think of staying me I had jumped into my sleigh seized the reins, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit."

The lieutenant was silent. Marie also gazed in silence upon the ground.

"And have you never discovered what became of the poor girl?" she finally asked.

"Never. I know neither the name of the village where I was married nor do I recollect the station where I stopped. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, all my efforts to find out the postilion who drove us proved unavailing, and so every clue seems indeed lost by which I might again find the scene of that folly for which I have now to suffer so heavily."

Marie turned her pale face toward him and took both his hands. The lieutenant gazed thunderstruck into her eyes; a dim foreboding awoke in his breast, a vail suddenly dropped from his eyes.

"Marie!" God of heaven, how could I have been so blind! Marie, was it indeed you?"

"I am your wife!" was the only answer of the girl who sank fainting into his arms.—*From the Russian of Alexander Pushkin.*

AN EMINENT DIVINE.—The most eminent pulpit orator of the Church of England, just at the moment, is Canon Liddon of St. Paul's Cathedral. Recently he has been preaching a course of sermons at 3:15 P. M. on Sundays, and the crowds to hear him fill all the seats and all the standing rooom in that great edifice. There is probably no preacher in England who uniformly attracts so large audiences. In statue he is rather under the middle height, dark complexioned, hair jet black, and features regular and handsome. He reads his sermons, but is very free from his manuscript, so much so that he seems to have none. He scarcely gestures with either hand, but throws his body back and forward, to the right and left, and often at an intermediate angle, with impetuous action. It seems as if his body was in a sling, and his head the point of concentrated force from which the thoughts and arguments are projected with immense power. He has a high, far reaching tenor voice, very sympathetic and pleasing, and combines in a remarkable degree culture and intellectual force.

IMITATION OF MARBLE.—By an ingenious though simple process, our American slate is now transformed into a beautiful substitute for marble. The rough blocks of slate are first planed down to the required thickness and the patterns are then drawn upon the slabs which are cut into the proper shapes and polished. The marbleizing is the peculiar feature in the operation. The material is prepared in a vat, and the slab is let down upon the composition, which adheres to the surface of the slate. The slab is next baked in an oven for one night, and then receives a coat of varnish, manufactured for this especial purpose, and after six repetitions of these processes it is finally removed and polished, the surface presenting a beautiful appearance. So firmly united to the slate is this coating that it cannot be scaled or clipped off without taking the slaty particles with it.

The European monarchs are generally fond of horses, and good ones, too. Queen Victoria's horses are valued at $50,000; King William's at $65,000; Francis Joseph's at $140,000; Victor Emanuel's at $19,000; Czar Alexander's at $19,000; and the sultan's at $500,000.

Japanese Agriculture.

There is but little in the practice of Japanese agriculture that the American farmer can profitably imitate. I might say, though not quite so positively, there is little in American agricultural practice than Japan can profitably adopt, so great is the difference in seasons, people, and institutions. But while the American farmer finds but little in Japanese agricultural practice of value, there is certainly much in its spirit worthy of his attention and study. Their thorough tillage, preferring rather to cultivate well than much; the care with which they husband and apply manures; their diligence in cultivating forest trees for timber, ornament, and shade, are worthy of all emulation and praise.

In Japan the Government has the absolute proprietorship of all the land, and this is farmed out to the peasantry, the Government tax being something over one-half of all produced. Under this system the life of the peasant is usually one of unremitting toil and wretchedness. His farm rarely exceeds in size a few square rods, but this he tills so well and thoroughly that the amount produced is a matter of surprise to foreigners. In early spring, if on the uplands, the wheat or barley is sown in drills about one foot apart. This is carefully and repeatedly hoed, and liquid manure applied during the season. To manure the plant seems to be the object rather than to fertilize the soil; and it is certain that the liquid form in which all manures are applied here best accomplishes that object. About the time the grain is in the bloom another crop is sown between the rows of standing grain, and thus two and often three crops are grown from the same land and during the same season.

Perhaps the most serious obstacle to the introduction of new sorts, as well as to the prosecution of old methods of farming, is the number and variety of insect enemies that contend with the agriculturists. I am well convinced that but for the abundance and cheapness of labor there are few plants that could be profitably cultivated here. As it is, none but the hardiest and most rapid-growing are attempted. The growing of the apple tree has been repeatedly attempted in Yokohama and vicinity, yet they rarely survive more than two years from the time of planting. The present season I have seen Swedish turnips tried, but the way in which the *pieris olerpcea* swooped down upon the plants as soon a they appeared will forbid a repetition of the experiment.

The truth is Japan is reaping the legitimate fruit of yielding an indiscriminate protection to all kinds of birds. Firearms to the masses here are unknown and indeed any other kind of offensive weapon except the everlasting sword. Not one Japanese in a hundred ever drew the trigger. Thus left to themselves in the "struggle for life," the voracious, greedy crows and hawks become "masters of the situation;" and so far as my observation has extended, the small, or insect-eating birds really valuable to the agriculturist, have become all but extinct. Their eggs as soon as deposited become the food of crows and hawks; or should they pass the egg stage, their fate is sealed as soon as they leave their hiding place. The crows and hawks, on the contrary, are omnipresent. They caw and scream at you from well-nigh every thatched roof; and with impudence only equalled by their greed, stand ready to catch every unlucky bit of fish that escapes from the chop sticks of the natives.

In the matter of tree cultivation, both the people and Government manifest a most commendable zeal. Stringent laws exist to restrict the cutting and encourage the planting of timber. Little groves of Kiakas, cedars, and japonicas, dot every hill side and adorn every valley. I question whether there is another country in the world, as densely populated as Japan, that can show an equal breadth of timber growth. Nearly all the houses are of wood, and wood is exclusively the fuel of the people; yet there is no dearth, nor dread of future failures, no rubbing of musty political economies, or coining of new theories, to explain our conduct when the "timber supply" shall be no more. The exercise of the same common sense and forecast in regard to a crop twenty or thirty years in maturing, that we are compelled to exercise with annual or biennial crop is the Japanese substitute for our ever present fears, and scarcity, with consequent high prices. — *Correspondence of the Prairie Farmer.*

The Boston Catastrophe.

It is impossible to picture Boston as it appeared on Saturday night and Sunday. If ever there was a hell of fire upon earth it was in the business centre we have described, and the crackling of the flames, and the raging of fire and wind added fury to the scene. The picture of waste and destruction, the cries of the people, the indiscriminate plunder of hundreds of thieves drawn from the purlieus of the city to the general desolation, the rush to and fro of houseless tenants and despairing women, the eagerness to save something from the flames of the great whole being lapped up by the fire fiend, made the scene one beyond comprehension and almost of imagination. May the like never be witnessed again; and yet with the remembrance of Portland and Chicago before us, who can tell whose turn it may be next to suffer in the same way?

The fire was seen as far off as Portsmouth, a distance of 60 miles, and at 20 miles distance, the red and smoky sky told the whole story of the conflagration to the distant people.

We are yet unsatisfied as to the cause of this fire, except as to the fact that on Saturday, at 7 30 P. M., the flames were discovered in the back part of a large granite building on the corner of Summer and Kingston streets. From this small beginning, as in Chicago, in October 1871, spread one of the most terrible conflagrations on record. But bad as the fire is, the exaggerations in regard to its extent, ravages and damages are preposterous. The fire commenced without much wind, and without the least unusual excitement. In one hour from the commencement of the fire it was beyond control of the firemen and the flames rolled on from 7.30 o'clock to midnight, and from midnight of Saturday to noon of Sunday. All this time the wind was high and the firemen labored dexterously to keep the fire in the line of the wind. Sunday in Boston was as fair and sunny a day as in New York, but within all its borders, oh! how unlike this or any other city in the world. But with all the terrible disaster, vast quantities of goods have been saved, and instead of losses of $250,000,000, as printed in some of the morning papers, they will range from $75,000,000 to $90,000,000. Some of the best Boston accounts do not put them above $85,000,000, which of itself is enormous, though, at the highest, not over half the amount of losses as at the Chicago fire.

The insurance will be heavy, of course and probably break all the Boston companies, but the losses in the Hartford companies will hardly exceed two millions, $750,000 of which will be in the Ætna Co., $600,000 in the Hartford, $500,000 in the Phœnix, $125,000 in the Connecticut, and $115,000 in the Orient. Paying all this, there will be a large surplus left. The English companies are in for heavy losses.

How Starving Men Feel.

Starving reveals many curious psychological facts. As a rule, it develops in an unnatural degree the strongest qualities that a man possesses; but circumstances modify this rule much. Among undiciplined masses ferocity and demoralization are certain results; but when its approaches are gradual, and directed and governed by noble example and the strong hand of authority, its effects are quite different. One phenomenon in the expedition of Strain at an early day in Darien, especially as it was not confined to one, but was exhibited by all the officers, not excepting even Strain at the last, deserves especial notice. From the time that food became scarce to the close, and just in proportion as famine increased, they did not gloat over visions of homely fare, but reveled in gorgeous dinners. So strangely and strongly did this whim get possession of their minds, that the hour of halting, when they could indulge undisturbed in these rich reveries, became an object of the deepest interest. While, hewing their way through the jungles, and wearied and overcome until they were ready to sink, they would cheer each other up by saying—"Never mind, when we go into camp we'll have a splendid supper," meaning, of course, the imaginary one they designed to enjoy. Truxton and Maury would pass hours in spreading tables loaded with every luxury they had ever seen or heard of. Over this imaginary feast they would gloat with the pleasure of a gourmand, apparently never seeing the incongruity of the thing. They would talk this over while within hearing of the moans of the men, and on one occasion discussed the propriety of giving up, in future, all stimulating drinks, as they had been informed it weakened the appetite. As hereafter they designed if they ever got out to devote themselves entirely and exclusively for the rest of their lives to eating, they soberly concluded that it would be wrong to do anything to lessen its pleasures or amount.

Sailing Through Mid-air.

In Salt Lake lives a young lady who is seemingly delicate, but although *petite* in form and figure, is abundantly endowed with nerve and energy. Fond to a passion of the grand in nature, she has scaled on foot the highest peaks of the Cottonwoods, and explored the cavernous recesses of the deepest mines. We have known her, on several occasions, when prospecting on foot, with staff in hand, the tall peaks of the Wasatch, to compel her male escort to first cry halt. Our fair prospectress being at Alta a day or two since, saw for the first time in operation the wire suspension tramway just completed by the Vallejo Company, and her masculine escort proposed to her, in jest, to take a ride up the wire cable to the mine.

She promptly accepted the invitation, when our male friend, growing a little nervous, suggested difficulties in the way of the trip, but failed to dissuade her from attempting it. The tramway is 2,380 feet long, rises at an angle of twenty degrees, and the cable is suspended on stanchions forty feet high. There were no other carriages than ore buckets, and in one of these, which are suspended six feet below the cable, our heroine, undaunted and alone, took the passage and made the ascent without mishap or serious inconvenience, although the swaying of the wire between the stanchions is calculated to create the sensation of sea sickness. Quite a crowd gathered, and to those a short distance off, to whom the wire was invisible, it appeared as if our fair friend was sailing through mid-air.

Oil Producer's Union.

The producers have got up a union among themselves, and have agreed on the basis of a co-operative plan for managing their business. They have got along for ten years and more without any concert of action until very recently in respect to the control of development and the regulation of prices. They have suffered accordingly from ignorance of their real condition, of their real stength, at the hands of adverse combinations and speculators, and from railroads at one time, from refiners at another, now from this monopoly, and then from another still, and again from their own disregard of the law of supply and demand, either accidental or intentional. they now hope to remedy these evils and grasp the whole question by the wisdom of united counsels and united effort.

The scheme proposed is, taken together, a very large one; the control of so vast a product, aggregating in its commercial value over twenty-five millions of dollars annually. The experiment is new and untried. Some of its features are probably good and expedient, and should be adopted even if nothing else was attempted. The chief financial part of the scheme has, in our judgement, more difficulties, but it is to be hoped that these can be modified and made to accord with sound business principles. The importance of unity among the producers as a class cannot be overrated, and the desirableness of securing the approval and support of all business classes must be apparent to all.—*Titusville Herald.*

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.—Not many days ago M. Thiers received from his Paris tailor a handsome dressing gown. When the parcel was handed to to the president there were those women present; his wife, his sister-in-law, and a friend of theirs. The president tried it on, and found only one fault with it, namely, that it was somewhat too long, and suggested that it was a fault which might be easily remedied at home, without sending it back to the tailor. To this the women assented. Mme. Thiers wished to surprise her husband, and contrived in the course of the evening to shorten the dressing gown and lay it back in its place unperceived. In her hurry to get it done quickly she did not notice that her sister had been beforehand with her, and had already completed the intended task. Later in the evening the friend carried out the idea she had planned in her own mind of being the one who should perform this pleasing duty. Next morning M. Thiers called for his dressing gown. It was brought and tried on once more, but this time the president had not to complain of undue length, as it resembled a shooting coat more than a dressing gown in its shrunk proportions.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY. — Among the interesting scientific discoveries of late is one showing that certain noises have the power to cause the explosion of certain substances. In the course of the experiments on this subject, bags of iodide of nitrogen were suspended from the strings of a bass viol. The result was that when the higher notes were sounded, the chemical attached to those strings instantly exploded, though the application of the bow to the bass strings had no such effect. Besides the interest that attaches to this fact as a scientific discovery, it has considerable commercial importance, which dealers in drugs and chemicals will not lose sight of. When it is once generally understood that the iodide of nitrogen possesses this quality, there will inevitably be a great demand for it, for who could resist the temptation to take advantage of such simple means to blow the average orchestra of the period into smithereens?

A Nobleman of the Last Century.

Walter Lore Aston, grandfather of the present lord, married Lady Mary Weston. His father was many years ambassador in Spain. The estate of Standon coming to him through his wife, a descendant of the great Sir Ralph Sadler, he removed thither and there began his magnificent way of living. He had 101 persons in his family. The writer resided there for three or four months every summer, from the time he was six until about his fourteenth year. The tables were served with three courses each of twenty dishes; and these were brought up by twenty men, who stamped up the great stair like thunder at every course. My lord had four servants behind his own chair. He was very curious in his wine; but first of all drank at one draught a whole quart, either of malt drink or wine and water, as a remedy for stone and gravel. At all the inns he lodged at in traveling, they kept a quart glass, called my Lord Ashton's glass. Sir Edward Southcote saw one at the Altar Stone at Banbury not many years ago. The servants all dined together in the hall, and what was left was thrown together into a tub, which two men took on their shoulders to the court gate, where every day forty or fifty people were served with it. When my lord did not go hawking in the afternoon, he always played at ombre with his two sons for an hour, and at four o'clock returned to a covered seat in his vineyard. There he sat alone, and none durst approach him. At five o'clock his chariot, with a pair of his six gray Flanders mares (the chariot was made so narrow that none could sit by him.) took him "a trole" about the park for five or six miles. He returned at seven, and by eight would be in bed. He always lay in bed without pillow, bolster or night cap. Winter and summer he rose at four, and entertained himself with books till it was time to go a hunting or hawking at wild ducks. He would never allow any but hunted venison at his table. Every Sunday one buck was killed at the least, but most commonly a brace. He never made or returned any visit, the court and address of that country being made to him.

Religious Statistics.

The statistics of religion for the United States, just completed at the census office, show the total number of church organizations upon the 1st of June, 1870, to be 72,451; the total number of church edifices to be 63,074; the total church accommodation to be 21,679,562; and the aggregate value of the church property to be $354,429,581. The statistics of church accommodation for the principal denominations are as follows:

Church.	Accommodation.	Value of Church Property.
Baptist	3,360,138	$41,607,998
Presbyterian	2,99,244	33,315,60
Congregational	1,117,412	36,069,098
Methodist	6,628,209	69,874,721
Episcopal	991,051	36,514,529
Protestant	14,634,917	$236,311,656
Roman Catholic	1,950,314	60,945,945

As the above specifies church accommodation, but not the number of the membership, hardly an approximate estimate of the numerical strength of the denominations can be made. Many of the Protestant churches have not half members enough to fill their houses of worship; but perhaps it might be assumed that the people nominally adhering to each denomination would fill the churches if called together. On the other hand, all who are of the Catholic faith are members of the church; and it is probable that their membership, which includes their entire population, would more than fill their churches.

A Robber's Retreat.

A thickly wooded island, known as Long Island, about fourteen miles from Muscantine, in the Mississippi, has turned out to be a Regular robbers' nest. The discovery was made by the police of Davenport, who, having had their suspicions aroused, visited the spot recently, but on reaching it found that the thieves had fled. Many evidences, however, of occupation of the island were strewn around. Boxes of all kinds and many sizes were thick on the ground, with bits of paper and pieces of twine and rope, here and there an old garment, and many signs of carpenter work. According to the report of farmers living near by, the island had been abandoned by the villains only the day before, when they had loaded a large yawl and skiff with plunder and started southward. None of the houses in the vicinity of the island had been touched by the thieves, and the farmers thought the people on the island were a party of sportsmen, for they were often seen fishing in the river and starting off with their guns upon their shoulders as if going upon a hunt. It is supposed that most of the burglaries which have been committed in Davenport, Muscatine, Wilson, West Liberty, and other localities in that section, during the summer were the work of an organized band which inhabited the island, who used the secluded spot for secreting their ill-gotten goods.

A Picture of Life.

Life looks beautiful from both extremities Prospect and retrospect shine alike in a light so divine as to suggest that the first catches some radiance from the gates not yet closed by which the soul has entered, and that the last is illuminated from the opening realm into which it is soon to pass.

Now that they are all gone, I wrap myself in dreams of them, and live over the old days with them. Even the feeblest memory, that cannot hold for a moment the events of to-day, keeps a firm grasp upon the things of youth, and rejoices in its treasures. It is a curious process—this feeling of one's way back to childhood, and clothing one's self again with the little frame—the buoyant, healthy, restless, bundle of muscles and nerves—and the old relations of careless infancy. The growing port of later years and the ampler vestments are laid aside, and one stands in his slender young manhood. Then backward still the fancy goes, making the frame smaller, and casting aside each year the changing garments that marked the eras of early growth until, at last one holds himself upon his own knee—a ruddy faced, wondering, questioning uneasy youngster in his first trowsers and roundabout, and dandles and kisses the dear little fellow that he was.

A HUSBAND AND WIFE RESCUED.—Peter Finn and his wife Bridget, of New York City, never could agree. They intended to cross the Catharine ferry to make a visit in Brooklyn. On the way they engaged in one of their periodical wrangles. At the foot of Oliver street they quarreled violently. Mrs. Finn said she was tired of life and ready to die, and so saying she ran across South street and sprang off the pier. Her husband ran after her, calling her back in the most endearing terms. Officer Frank Murphy leaped into the water after Mrs. Finn. When Mr. Finn saw his wife struggling he exclaimed: "If Bridget dies, I'll die with her." With this he also sprang off the pier, and as soon as he came near enough to his wife he tightly embraced her and both went down. The officer got into a boat close by and waited for the couple to rise to the surface. As soon as they did the officer grabbed them. In the struggle of the woman to rid herself of her husband, the officer lost his hold, and they went down again. When they rose the second time, the officer met with better success, and managed to haul them into the boat exhausted. They were taken to the police station, and there were well cared for.

Thirty Years in Prison.

Some thirty years ago one Thomas Thorn was convicted of murder, sentenced to death, and to hard labor in the State Prison at Thomaston, Maine, until the time of his execution. A few weeks ago he was pardoned. During a short interview with Mr. Rice, the warden of the Maine State Prison, we were curious to find how he was impressed with the outside world after having been shut up from it for nearly a whole generation.

Mr. Rice says that although a man of fifty, he was really in character and maturity of mind only a boy of fifteen. On his release the warden took him from Thomaston to Rockland, a distance of only four miles, in a buggy. As Thorn rode along his first impressions were that the distance between the two places was immense, and that the time occupied in the journey was very long. What to an every-day traveler would seem but a few rods, appeared to him miles.

On reaching Rockland he stood up in the buggy and looked around in amazement. Before his imprisonment, thirty years ago, he had known it as a little village. He now saw it a city. "Is this Rockland?" said he, in his bewilderment; "Why, it looks just like New York." (When a boy he had been to New York in a coaster.)

The citizens of Rockland made him up a purse of fifty dollars, and in his childlike glee he was telling everybody of his good fortune. Seeing his imprudence and that there were those round that might relieve him of his treasure, Mr. Rice warned him that he should say nothing about his money as there were thieves and pickpockets in the world now. "Oh, don't you be afraid, Mr. Rice," exclaimed the ex-prisoner; "I've traveled; I know a thing or two about the world. See here, I've got money hid in this back pocket under my coat. Nobody would ever think of looking there for it." Thus he had unconsciously informed the bystanders, against whom the warden's wife was cautioning him, just where his money was.

It was Thorn's purpose to go to Whitehall, N. Y., where he had two nieces residing who were born after his imprisonment. Of late years they have corresponded with him, and have kindly offered him a home with them. On parting with Mr. Rice, to whom he was greatly attached, he promised that he would write him, and let him know how he was getting on out in the world. Mr. Rice accordingly expects to hear from him soon.—*Bangor Commercial.*

Apples in the West.

Few people have any idea of the amount of money invested in the apple trade by the fruit merchants of this city. The figures given below are as nearly correct as it is possible to get them, owing to the fluctuation in the market, &c. The greater part of the apples brought to this market are grown in Michigan, although a part have been received from Indiana. Since the season opened 33,500 barrels have been received, of which only 4,500 barrels were from Ohio, the remainder coming from Michigan, excepting, perhaps, 1,500 grown in Indiana. The average cost to the dealer has been $2 per barrel, making a total of $67,000 that has already been used this season, in this important trade. At present there is not a large supply on hand here, and one of our leading dealers reports that he has orders for 500 barrels, which he has on hand, but is afraid to deliver, as it is almost impossible to get them from Michigan owing to the effect that the horse epizootic has had upon the means of transporting them from the orchards to the docks. This will probably be only a temporary lull in the market and will hardly affect the price. At present dealers are selling in car lots at $2 25 for choice, making a profit of 25 to 50 cents per barrel to pay them for handling. This, to the consumer, may look like a large profit to the dealer, but when we take into consideration the fact that the loss by decay and other causes is considerable, and also figure the interest on the money invested, they make but a fair commission.

Wisconsin apples are scarce, being so wormy this year that they are comparatively worthless and will not pay for handling. In Ohio, apples may be purchased at marvellously low prices, the barrel being worth nearly as much as the contents.

It can be safely said that before the season closes $250,000 will have been paid out by the consumers and buyers of Milwaukee, for this important item—apples.—*Milwaukee News.*

Education and the Sexes.

The plan of educating boys and girls together is growing in favor. For a long time the great authority in support of the system was Horace Mann, the most eminent of American educators. Originally he had grave doubts with regard to the desirability of system, but in 1852 he was made President of Antioch College, and after five years' experience he came to the conclusion that these doubts were without foundation. In a letter to a friend, which is frequently quoted, he says:—"We have really one of the most orderly, sober, diligent and exemplary institutions in the country. We passed through the last term, are more than half through this and I have not had occasion to make a single entry of any misdemeanor in our record book." Gradually the system which thus received the sanction of Mr. Mann has been adopted in a great many of the States. In 1870 it was introduced into the University of Michigan, one of the largest and most flourishing in the Union, and although the period since elapsed is too short, one would think, to test such an experiment, the result is spoken of in the most enthusiastic manner. President White, of Cornell University, has also satisfied himself of the superior advantages of the co-education of the sexes. And now a movement has been set on foot to admit them to Harvard also. This has not yet been done, but in a published report one of the overseers of the college states that he believes "the system is good in itself; that it is in accordance with the ideas of modern society; that in practice it has worked very well whenever tried; and that the sooner it can be introduced at Cambridge the better it will be for our excellent university."

TRANSIT OF VENUS.—One of the astronomical questions to be settled by observing the transit of Venus, which will occur in 1874, is that regarding the