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Late Repentance.

When first he asked me for my heart,
I said him "Nay," with great decision,
Unmindful of his bitter part,
And of my possible contrition.

When next he asked me for my hand,
Grown wiser then, I answered, "No;
Your earnest pleadings I withstand,
To save you from a keener woe."

But by my side he still would stay,
And still his passion seemed to sigh,
"Though love should be denied to-day,
'Twill prove the sweeter by-and-by!"

And now the winter turned to spring,
My own cold heart, warmed through and through,
Answers as does the blossoming
Of way-side flowers, which sunbeams sue

Since 'tis my soul's inspired way
To follow him unto the end,
Bitter it is to hear him say,
"Count me forever as your friend!"

A Possibility.

My little baby is buried to-day;
Gone—down in the depths of the church-yard clay,
Up in the sky so dim and gray,
Who will take care of my little baby?

Who will kiss her?—her waxen feet,
That have never walked, and her small hands sweet,
Where I left a white lilly, as was meet—
Who, who will kiss my little baby?

Who will teach her?—her wings to fly,
Her tiny limbs their new work to ply,
Her soft, dumb lips to sing gloriously—
Oh, who will teach my little baby?

I have a mother, who long ago died;
We speak of her now with our tears all dried;
She may know my pretty one, come to her side,
And be glad to see my little baby.

Christ, born of a woman, hear, oh, hear!
Thine angels are far off—she seems near.
Give then my child to my mother dear,
And I'll weep no more for my little baby.

Surely in heaven, Thy saints so blest
Keep a mother's heart in a mother's breast.
Give her my lamb, and I shall rest
If my mother takes care of my little baby.

THE SCHOOL ROOM AS IT WAS.

A Sketch that all will Recognize.

Who that twenty years ago attended school, will not read with interest the following story of the school room of the present day, with the teacher and his mode of punishment. How many of us have not suffered as did our poor little culprit?

It is a bright December morning, and school has just been called. The boys and girls, who were crowding about the stove when the ruler rapped, now range themselves on opposite sides of the room in double rows.

"Rap!" goes the ruler. "Samuel Narmore! whispering?"

"Didn't know school had begun," stammers the culprit.

"What was you saying to Moses Chatford?"

"Not much of anything,"—with a sheepish grin.

"Not much of anything!"—sarcastically. "Very important you should break the rules against whispering, to communicate not much of anything. What did he say to you, Moses?"

"I don't like to tell," says Moses.

"You must tell! I command you!"

"He said it was'nt quite nine o'clock yet."

"What else? You wouldn't have any objection to saying that. Out with the rest."

"He said,"—Moses hesitates, repressing a smile,—"he said you called school before the time so as to get the crowd away from the stove and have a chance there yourself."

As Moses concluded his explanation, the smile expands into a pretty broad one, and an audible giggle runs around the school-room.

"Samuel Narmore," says the master, trying to maintain his cool and sarcastic manner, but making rather ghastly work of it, "go anti hold down that nail in the floor; I see there's danger of its coming out."

What Samuel is really required to do is to stoop over, crooking his knees as little as possible, and place the tip of his finger on the head of a nail, which shines from the polish imparted to it by numerous shoe soles and many an unfortunate previous finger. The posture is a peculiarly awkward one to Samuel, who is tall and ungainly. His legs do not conform to the master's idea of straightness; who, to help the matter, gives a resounding slap with his ruler upon that part which the pupil's attitude elevates into undue prominence.

A howl from Samuel, who pitches forward upon one hand, while he puts up the other, either to defend or soothe the injured part.

"You hain't got your book," then says the master. "Moses, hand his book. Here, take this and look over your reading lesson so you won't miss a word. Must'nt neglect business for pleasure, Reuben and Amos, I'll hear you read. All study; no looking off from books."

Reuben and Amos, two little ones learning their letters, come and stand by the master's side as he sits in his chair by the stove. He points to the page, while he watches the school. Suddenly the ruler flies at a youngster whose eyes are seen to wander from his book. It strikes him on the knee and falls clattering to the floor.

"Herbert Coole, bring me that ruler!" The ruler is brought by a limping and trembling wretch. "Hold out your hand." The reluctant hand is extended; a blow and a yell. Take your seat and mind your book," says Mr. Byron Dinks.

By this time the young man who is combining business with pleasure by holding the nail in the floor while he studies his lesson, skows violent symptoms of weakening. Now his tortured finger gives way, and for one desperate instant he rests his weight upon the knuckles of his hand. Now his excruciated legs succumb, and for one blissful moment of forgetfulness he sits upon his heels. Again, attempting to straighten, he quite overdoes the thing, and lifts his finger so far that the nail might come out of the floor, for anything he has to do with holding it down. All this time he dares not glance at the master, but keeps his eyes on his book, held in his other hand.

"Tip Tarbox is lookin' off," says a squeaking voice from the girls' side of the house.

"How do you know, Laury?" asks the schoolmaster.

"I seen him," says Laura.

"How could you see him without looking off yourself!"

"I jest looked one eye off," is the maiden's amusing explanation.

"Jest looked one eye off, and kep' the other on your book, did ye? Let me see how you did it."

More than one eye, and more than one pair of eyes, involuntarily turn to see Laura perform this interesting feat. The result is not wholly satisfactory. She looks up with both eyes, and down with both, and winks and twists, and blushes violently, and at last whimpers, "I thought I did."

"Thought you did! Well, you appear so much interested in his affairs, you may go over and set with him till recess. Take down your apron! Start, if you don't want help from me!"

Help from the master under such circumstances not being thought desirable, Laura drops her apron, but puts up her elbow in its place, to hide her shame and with a bashful, sidelong gait, goes over to sit with the boys.

Seeing nearly all eyes off their books by this time, Master Dinks relaxes the rigidity of his rule, the more readily as he would not like to punish some of the large girls.

"Tip's a ticklin' me!" cries Laura.

"O, I ain't!" says Tip, earnestly.

"I was jest p'intin' my finger at her to shame her."

"Tend to your lessons, both of ye," says the master, "or I'll do some ticklin' ye won't like." Then to the little ones learning their letters: "Can't tell what letter that is, after I've told you fifty times!" And holding a turkey-quill by the feather-end, he applies the quill part smartly to the heads of the unhappy urchins. "There! now go and set on the stove-hearth until you can remember that the letter which looks like a snake climbing a pole is R."

"Laury's a hittin' me!" cries Tip Tarbox.

"He pinched me!" squeaks Laura.

"Come here, both of ye!" says Byron, with a sinister smile. As the culprits tremblingly approach, not knowing what fate awaits them, he opens his table-drawer, and tells them to put their heads in. "Here, turn your face toward your dear friend Laury; Laury, turn your lovely countenance towards Edward. Now, don't let me hear from you again till I come and take your heads out." So saying, he closes the drawer upon their necks, ties their hands behind them, and leaves them, standing and stooping in that ridiculous posture, viewing each other's charms of feature by the light that comes in through the opening.

"Phin Chatford's a cuttin' the bench!" says a small voice from the front seat; among the occupants of which the opinion prevails, that, if punishment is a good thing, it must be a virtue in them to bring each other and their elders to grief.

"Phineas Chatford, bring me your knife!" says the master.

"Tain't my knife, it's Jack's."

"Jack should keep his knife in his pocket," says the master, confiscating the same. As he has long been watching for a chance to show his spite against Jack, and as Phin is a son of one of the trustees, this seems, to the mind of Byron, a very satisfactory settlement of the matter.

Jack, however, takes a different view of it. "He said he wanted my knife to sharpen a pencil with,"

"O, you keep a knife to lend, do ye? Then I'll borrow it."

"I don't object to lending it to fellows that will give it back to me," says Jack.

"Sassy!" cries Byron, sharply. "Call me a feller, do ye?"

"I was speaking of the *boys*," answers Jack; "and I said *fellows*, not *fellers*." He is sure of that, the correct pronunciation of that word being one of the many things which his dear friend Annie Felton has taught him.

"You may go and set on nothing against the door," is the master's sentence, Jack hardly knows for what.

It is his first punishment, and his hot heart rebels against it. For a moment he hesitates, his eyes blazing with a fiery sense of the injustice done him. But something within him whispers, "Obey!" Book in hand, he marches to the door, which is closed and latched, and takes a sitting posture with his back against it, but with no other support—a painful and humiliating position. Since he became the champion of Step Hen Treadwell, he has enemies in school, who are delighted to see him "in a fix"; but, strangely enough, no one enjoys his disgrace more than Phin Chatford.

Master Dinks, walking about the school-room, now takes occasion, as he passes in the rear of young Narmore, to hit him smartly with his ruler, saying at the same time, "Take your seat! what are you here for? You ain't worth a cent to hold down a nail. Primmer class take their places. Toe the mark! Remember the turkey-quill!" which simple instrument of petty torture he warningly waves in the air.

While the primmer class is preparing to recite, Byron turns to the urchins on the stove-hearth, and, pointing out to them a capital R, asks, "Now, can you tell me what letter that is?"

"Snake climbin' a pole!" is the prompt reply.

The turkey-quill is raised, but, luckily for the urchins, there is that in their answer which sets Mr. Dinks and the whole school to laughing, and they get off with a light punishment as they are sent to their seats.

The trials of the primmer class are interrupted by a terrible crash, which causes the schoolmaster almost to "jump out of his boots," as Phin afterwards declares. He turns, and sees a ludicrous sight, at which the school breaks forth into a roar.

The authors of this diversion are Laura and Tip, who have carried on hostilities even after their heads have been shut in the table-drawer. First Laura made faces at Tip. Tip returned the compliment. Then Laura made a worse face. Tip beat that, and had a good deal of lip to spare. If her hands had been at liberty, Laura would now have given him a taste of her nails, and perhaps have relieved him of a flaxen lock or two. As it was, she had but one effective weapon left: SHE SPIT IN HIS FACE!

Human nature in the shape of a boy nine years old never could stand that. Tip flew at her, with intent to bite her nose; and the result was that Tip, Laura, table-drawer, table, a pile of books, the master's hat, two apples, and an inkstand all rolled on the floor together.

Jack, from his seat on nothing against the door, springs to right the table and pick up the hat and books, and is afterwards allowed to return to his seat—not on nothing, but on something—unquestioned.

Tip and Laura pick themselves up, and are immediately seized by the master, who knocks their mischievous heads together in lively fashion. They are then sent snivelling to their seats.

The Remains of the Apostles.

The attention of a Catholic prelate, who is now in Washington, and who is well acquainted with Rome, was called to the telegram from Rome to the effect that the Pope told some visitors that he believed the bodies of the Apostles Philip and James were discovered in the Church of the Apostles. He says this is not impossible, since they were buried there. St. Philip suffered martyrdom at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, where he was crucified and stoned for the faith. His body was buried there, but afterwards translated to Rome. St. James suffered martrydom at Jerusalem, where he was thrown down from the battlements of the Temple, stoned, and struck on the head with a fuller's club. He was buried near the Temple, but his body was afterwards translated to Constantinople, and thence to Rome. Now it may be asked why these sacred relics have remained undiscovered for centuries? But we must take into account the length of time that has elapsed since they were placed where they have just been discovered—the changes, the revolutions, the sackings, the presence of hostile armies and the thousand and one changes that have happened in Rome within that thousand years—and we will not be astonished that these precious bodies were not discovered sooner.

GREAT CRIMINAL TRIAL.—The greatest criminal trial on record is that of the five hundred counterfeiters at Moscow. The trial took place in the large hall of the Kremlin, and it resulted in the conviction of nearly two hundred of the accused. Most of them were sent for life to the gold-mines of the Ural. When the judgment of the Court was read, the doomed men filled the vast hall with wild screams and yells of despair which, mingled as it were with the clanking of their heavy chains, produced a truly terrible effect. The police officers who were present had finally to beat the prisoners with their whips before order was restored.

An Indian's Revenge.

In order to properly understand the true condition of Cachise and his band, I will say that he is chief of a band of Apaches who in olden times inhabited the country from the Gila on the north to some distance into Sonora on the south, and from San Pedro on the west to the Mimbres in New Mexico on the east. They have, as far back as the memory of man here runs, been at war with the people of New Mexico, and their living has been principally obtained by robbery.

When Arizona was first possessed by the United States, for reasons best known to himself, Cachise sought and evidently desired peace with our people and Government, and this relation existed until 1860. During the time, however, he constantly raided upon the neighboring States of Mexico, and brought back herds of horses and cattle. Occasionally stock was taken in Arizona by his Indians at points distant from his country, but it is understood that when complaints were made in such cases he made an effort to restore the property.

During the year 1860 a boy was made captive while herding stock on the Sonoita, and some believed that Cachise had taken him; hence Lieutenant Bascom with a company of soldiers, marched to Apache Pass, near his headquarters, and camped at the Overland Mail station. The lieutenant told the station-keepers that he was on his way to New Mexico, and desired to see Cachise, and induced them to go and invite him in.

When asked by Cachise what was wanted of him, he was informed that he desired to extend the hospitalities of his tent, as he was on his way out of the country. Cachise, with four of his friends and relatives came in, and when seated in Bascom's tent it was suddenly surrounded by soldiers.

He desired to know the cause, and was informed that he and his frends were prisoners, and would be kept as such until the boy, believed to be with the band, was given up. Cachise protested against such treachery, and declared that he would not give him up as he knew nothing about him. Watching his opportunity, he drew his knife and cut a hole through the tent and thus escaped.

He immediately called his warriors together, and came in force near the station and desired to have a talk. One of the station-keepers went to him to hear what he had to say, but as soon as he had reached Cachise's lines he was seized and made a prisoner. A day or two was spent afterward in endeavoring to make an exchange of prisoners, Cachise offering to give up his prisoner if the lieutenant would release his (Cachise's) friends.

The lieutenant declined to exchange only man for man, upless Cachise would surrender the boy; but Cachise steadily steadily affirmed that he knew nothing about him. Finally he came for a last talk, leading his station-keeper prisoner with a rope around his neck, tied to the horn of his saddle. He again offered to surrender him if his four friends were set free. The station-keeper begged to have the exchange made, as his life would be forfeited if it was not done; but again the lieutenant refused, and Cachise "roweled" his horse and dashed off at lightning speed, dragging his poor victim at full length by the neck.

The lieutenant then hung the four prisoners, and Cachise opened the terrible war that has since almost devasted Arizona.

The people, not being apprised that the hostilities had broken out, fell easy victims, and the horrible murders and tortures that followed for the next few years are sickening to relate; and from that time to the first of last September scarcely a week passed without the commission of bloody deeds by this bands. The attacks of Cachise were made from ambush, and invariably successful. Sometimes he appeared to be supported by a large force, and again had but few followers. He was often reported to be at different points at the same time, frequently reported dead, and generally believed to be crippled for life.

His force was often reported to be dwindled to mere nothing, while he would, when occasion required, make a stand with sufficient force to resist all attempts to capture him.

No matter what impressions were entertained regarding him and his force, ons thing is certain, that he has for twelve years successfully resisted all the powers of the friendly tribes and what the Governments of the United States and Mexico did bring to bear against him; and also that since the first of last April he has been as successful in taking life and property as at any other period since he commenced hostilities.

Tobacco and Liquor.

Our countrymen spend more money for the luxuries than for the necessities of life. It is no wonder that many people are poor when their hard earnings are wasted on indulgences which do harm instead of good. Bread is the great staple of food, and $200,000,000 were spent last year for flour to feed our people. But the tobacco sold in the country for chewing, and smoking, and snuff, cost $250,000,000; about $7 for every man, woman and child.

This is bad enough, but the cost of ntoxicating liquors was much higher. Dr. Edward Young, at the head of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, estimates the amount paid for liquors consumed in 1870 at $600,000,000, averaging nearly $20 for every man, woman and child. A large amount of this is used in poor families, and reduces them to want and wretchedness.

If the young people of the land would refuse to touch tobacco or liquor this fearful extravagance would soon cease, and the wealth of the country increase with marvellous rapidity.

EATING LOCUSTS.—Immense quantities are collected in Barbary for food. They are boiled and dried on roofs of houses. A favorite preparation is to roast them. They are also eaten alive without hesitation by the common people, when in haste for refreshment. Those who have examined the subject, for the purpose of determining whether they were unwholesome, have concluded locusts are just as nutricious as any other kind of aliment. The gastric juice melts them down quickly, and the digestion is not impaired. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, in the wisdom of an old proverb, grasshoppers might be utilized also. The Jews, in many parts of Asia, are said to declare the *quails* on which the Israelites feasted so liberally in the desert, has been mistranslated—it should read *locusts*.

DOWN IN THE SEA.—According to Dr. Carpenter, if we go deep enough in the open sea we shall find the temperature as low as 32 degrees, but in inclosed seas, such as the Mediterranean, the deeper and colder water, circulating from the poles, cannot enter; therefore the lowest bottom temperature is determined by the lowest winter temperature of the surface. Scarcity of life in the Mediterranean he considers to be owing to a deficiency of oxygen in the water, due to its combination with a large quantity of organic matter brought down by the rivers and emptying into it.

Milk in Texas.

The visitor of Texas is astonished when he finds many of the chief articles in the sustenance of life lacking their places upon the table—articles which should be more plentiful here than in any other region of the country on the globe. And just here is where the quiet, sedate, formal Major D——, of Kansas City, met with the most bitter disappointment in his southern trip. The Major is exceedingly fond of milk. Immediately upon entering Texas soil, at our first dinner, the Major looked anxiously about the table for some evidence of the presence of his love. His reconnoitre was a painful one. There was no milk nor any evidence of its presence to be found.

"Waiter, bring me a glass of milk."

"We have none, sir."

"What!"

In blank horror the waiter wilted before the thunder tones of that exclamation.

"What!" again roared the Major. "Can it be possible that you have no milk?"

"I assure you, not a drop, sir."

"Then I'll find some in another house." So saying, he grasped his hat and hurried out of the room.

Before we had finished our dinner, however, Major D—— returned, almost out of breath, a twinkle in his eye and joy beaming out boldly over his broad face.

"Eureka!" eureka!" and he placed on the table by his plate a pint of milkish liquid. A good eye at once saw that it was not pure milk, that thin white yellow substance. Major D——thought he had the genuine article. The liquid was drank, however, and then the Major discovered that it was of an inferior quality of condensed milk.

"Is it possible," he afterward remarked to a Texan, "Is it possible that with thousands of cattle grazing on your hills you have no milk, and with the most magnificent grass country in the world, and your prairies everywhere covered with good cows, that you make no butter?"

Yet such is the fact. Nearly every pound of butter consumed in Texas is imported, and all the milk to be had there comes in the form of a condensed article from the Northern States. With all the facilities for products of the soil necessary for hay raising, yet Texas buys nine-tenths of her bacon, hams and lard from her Northern sister States. With a soil unsurpassed for corn, oats and wheat, the greater part of these products are imported. The chief staple of Texas soil is cotton, and to that product farmers devote their time to the detriment of everything else. Time and immigration however will produce a great change in that respect as well as others. Keen energetic farmers will discover that all the necessities of life can be produced on their plantations without neglecting their great staple, cotton.

It will be a glorious day for Texas when such a state of things is inaugurated. For even as it is now the exports of the State for the year 1870 exceeded its imports in the sum of $30,000 gold. —*Kansas City Times.*

A Russian Custom.

The late Czar Nicholas, while notoriously a poor administrator, had yet a disagreeable fashion sometimes of auditing the accounts of his empire and wanting to know about things. In the course of one of these investigations he chanced to come across an item, "a puncheon of vodki for the use of His Imperial and Awful Majesty, the Gossudar," the price of which was credited to some wretched village, Slobodatcho, k or something of the sort, in the far interior. The Czar was not conscious that he had received any such vodki, and made inquiries about it. He was answered that the charge was a customary annual one, the antecedents of which were not exactly known, but it must be all right. Nicholas was not satisfied, and ordered the matter to be investigated. The Imperial Treasury went to work, and finally after great trouble succeeded, with the assistance of the antiquarians attached to the Imperial Library, in ascertaining that some two hundred years before that, the Czar Peter on one of his journeys needed a drink, a bottle of vodki had been procured for him in the aforesaid Slobodatshok, and the authorities ordered to draw on the Imperial Treasury for the price. From that feeble rill finally followed all those innumerable gallons.

Singular Case of Drowning.

A Mrs. Smiley, widow of the late Bill Poole, was drowned in the North River, New York. With others she had been present at a surprise party given to the captain of a steamer lying in winter quarters. As the party were leaving for the dock the unfortunate lady slipped from the steep gang plank and fell into the water and broken ice. The watchman of a boat, named Winne, plunged into the freezing water, taking with him one end of a line which he had made fast on deck. He reached the struggling woman, lifted her head above the water, and shouted to those above to haul up. They did so, and Winne and Mrs. Smiley were hoisted out of the water, up, up, until they almost touched the gang plank and the horrified spectators thought that both were saved. But just before it was possible to lay hands on the woman she slipped through her waterproof cloak and fell again. Winne tossed the cloak on deck and again jumped in to the rescue. Seizing Mrs. Smiley he lifted her head above the water, and strove to support her until he could receive assistance; but he now was benumbed and half frozen. His fingers relaxed and Mrs. Smiley sank. Winne almost unconscious, was hauled upon the deck.

They Like to Read.

At night, says the Warden of Sing Sing prison, when each prisoner is locked in his cell, it is a curious, and to me a most interesting specticle to see nearly every man trying to read; some standing by the grated cell-door, with spelling-book, some with slate and pencil; one learning his alphabet, the other trying to form letters, a third has managed to get a small lamp, some have tallow candles or a small tin lamp of their own make; others provide themselves with a small tin dish this is filled with grease of some kind, and, with cotton wick, serves to give a dim light. By such ways and means almost every prisoner manages to read or study. Many of them are good readers, and are storing their minds with useful knowledge as well as they can. I have in my mind one man who could not read when he came here, who not only learned to read well, but became master of the most difficult problems in mathematics.

JEWISH STATISTICS.—The first colony of Jews in New York arrived in 1620, the city at that time being under the Dutch, who gave it the name of New Amsterdam. In 1706, the first Jewish congregation was formed. They built the first synagogue in 1721. In 1844 there were four synagogues; in 1854 there were twenty, and at present there are at least forty in New York. The whole number of Jewish houses of prayer in the United States is about 320.

The Festival of Jagannath.

Of the twenty-four high feasts which enliven the religious year in India, the Car Festival of Jagannath is the greatest. A writer describing this festival says that for weeks before the Car Festival pilgrims come trooping into Puri by thousands every day. The whole district is in a ferment. By the time the great car has risen to the orthodox height of forty-five feet, the temple cooks make their calculations for feeding ninety thousand mouths. The vast edifice is supported on sixteen wheels of seven feet diameter, and is thirty-five feet square. The brother and sister of Jagannath have separate cars a few feet smaller. When the sacred images are at length brought forward and placed upon their chariots, thousands fall on their knees, and bow their foreheads in the dust. The vast multitude shouts as with one throat, and, surging backward and forward, drags the wheeled edifice down the broad street towards the country-house of Lord Jagannath. Music strikes up before and behind, drums beat, cymbals clash, the priests harangue from the cars, or shout a sort of medley enlivened with broad allusions and coarse gestures, which are received with roars of laughter by the crowd.

And so the dense mass struggles forward by convulsive jerks, tugging, sweating, shouting, jumping, singing, praying, and swearing. The distance from the temple to the country-house is less than a mile, but the wheels sink deep into the sand, and the journey takes several days. After hours of severe toil and wild excitement in the July tropical sun, a reaction necessarily follows. The zeal of the pilgrims flags before the garden-house is reached; and the cars, deserted by the devotees, are dragged along by the professional pullers with deep-drawn grunts and groans. These men, four thousand and two hundred in number, are peasants from the neighboring fiscal divisions, who generally manage to live at free quarters in Puri during the festival. Arrived at the country-house, the enthusiasm subsides. The pilgrims drop exhausted upon the burning sand of the sacred street, or block up the lanes with their prostrate bodies. When they have slept off their excitement, they rise refreshed, and ready for another of the strong religious stimulants of the season. Lord Jagannath is left to get back to his temple as best he can; and, but for the professional car-pullers, would infallibly stick at his country-house. In a closely-packed throng of a hundred thousand men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or hard labor, and all of them tugging and straining to the uttermost, under a blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have doubtless been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement; but such instances were always rare, and are now unknown. At one time, several unhappy people were killed or injured every year, but they were almost invariably cases of accidental trampling. The few suicides that did occur were for the most part cases of diseased and miserable objects, who took this means to put themselves out of pain. The official returns now place this beyond doubt.

Setting Traps.

A frog, who wanted to cross to the opposite bank of a river, so runs the fable, met a mouse of his acquaintance, and said,—

"Come with me to the opposite side."

But the mouse said,—

"No, I would rather go round."

"By no means," returned the frog, "we will go together—the shortest way."

"Well, then," continued the frog, "let me fasten one of your feet to one of mine, and I will tow you over."

"Agreed," said the mouse.

So the frog fastened one of his feet to one of the mouse's paws, and swam away with him into the stream. When they had got about half way across the mouse was exhausted, and, finding himself sinking, cried out,—

"Help, my friend, help! I am drowning—O treachery! I am lost; some one will repay you for your cruel deceit!"

So saying, he turned over and breathed his last.

At that very moment a sparrow-hawk passed by, saw something like a mouse upon the surface of the water, flew down and carried it off, and the frog with it.

Moral: Those who set traps for others sometimes get entrapped themselves.

Destruction of Timber.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* calls attention to some facts which go to show that the alarm about the destruction of timber on this continent is by no means a sensational one. In an estimate made in the report of the Department of Agriculture for 1870 it is shown that all the pine timber in the region between the Mississippi on the west and Lakes Superior and Michigan on the north and east will disappear within the next twelve years, while the hard wood will last only twenty-one years if the present rate of consumption is kept up, and no means be employed to replace the wood consumed. In this region about 330,000 acres are denuded each year, and to compensate for this loss only 150,000 acres are planted annually throughout the entire West. One means by which this fatal destruction was kept up and fostered until quite recently was the protective tax laid upon foreign lumber by the Government, which brought capital into domestic lumber business, and besides operating adversely to our building interests denuded the land of forests which were imperatively needed for sanitary purposes.

FALSE PRIDE.—No honest occupation is so discreditable as habitual idleness. Yet there are many young ladies who choose to think so. There are very many girls of limited means, in large cities, who would gladly employ their leisure hours in some way that would prove remunerative to them, if they could do so without the fact of their being thus employed being known outside their own family circles. Rather than this, these fastidious girls will submit to any privations, and pass hours of each day in listless idleness that ought and could be put to profitable use. Another of the results of this false pride is the fostering of a spirit of idleness, which almost completely unfits them for house duties, and more especially those which devolve upon them after marriage. Hence the many unhappy marriages growing out of a want of familiarity with household duties, and a positive disinclination to perform them.

TOOK THE HINT.—A London detective put his head into an omnibus one day just as it was starting off, with the remark, "Passengers will do well to look out for their pocketbooks. There are two members of the swell mob in this 'bus." Thereupon a grave looking old gentleman with eye-glasses and a gold-headed cane hastily got out, saying, "if that's the case I won't go in this 'bus." He was followed by a clerical-looking gentleman with a white choker, who remarked that he "would not ride in such company." And then the detective closed the door and shouted to the driver, "All right; drive on; they've got out."

How a Great Line Sprung Up.

The noted Cunard Steamship Company, says Mark Twain, is composed simply of two or three grandchildren who have stepped into the shoes of a couple of old Scotch fathers; for Burns and MacIvor were the Cunard Company when it was born; it was Burns and MacIvor when the originators had passed away; it is Burns and MacIvor still in the third generation—never has been out of the two families. Burns was a Glasgow merchant, Mac Ivor was an old sea-dog who sailed a ship for him in early times. That vessel's earnings were cast into a sinking fund; with the money they built another ship, and then another, and thus the old original packet line from Glasgow to Halifax was established. At that time the mails were slowly and expensively carried in English Government vessels. Burns & MacIvor and Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick") fell to considering a scheme of getting the job of carrying these mails in private bottoms. In order to manage the thing they needed to be quiet about it, and also they needed faster vessels. Haliburton had a relative who was not a shining success in practical life, but had an inventive head; name, Sam Cunard; he took his old jack-knife and a shingle and sat down and whittled out this enormous Royal Mail Line of vessels that we call the Cunarders—a great navy, it is—doing business in every ocean; owning forty-five steamships of vast cost; conducting its affairs with the rigid method and system of a national navy; using a company uniform; retiring superannuated and disabled men and officers on permanent pensions, and numbering its servants by hundreds and thousands. In its own private establishment in Liverpool it keeps 4,000 men under pay. That is what Sam. Cunard whittled out. That is to say, he whittled out a little model for a fast vessel; it was satisfactory; he was instructed to go and get the mail contract, simply under his own name; he did it, and the company became commonly known as the Cunard Company; then the company tried steam and made it work; they prospered, and bought out Haliburton, and also Cunard's little interest; they removed Cuvard to England and made him their London agent; he grew rich, and when he died he died not as a poor, dreaming provincial whittler of experimental models, but as the great Sir Samuel Cunard, K. C. B., or G. W. X., or something like that, for the sovereign had knighted him.

The Manufacture of Pig-Iron.

It is estimated that during the last year 2,300,000 tons of pig-iron were made in the United States. The product of the year ended June 1, 1870, was, according to the ninth census, 2,046,123 tons, being 1,065,322 tons more than that of the year 1859-60.

Of this amount Pennsylvania made 1,083,272; New York 223,726; Massachusetts 16,416; and Ohio 306,363.

According to a list in the Report of the American Pig Iron Manufacturers' Association, there were, last August, recently completed or building, 53 blast furnaces, distributed as follows: Pennsylvania, 24; Indiana, 2; Illinois, 2; Missouri, 2; Tennessee, 4; Ohio, 10; Michigan and Lake Superior Region, 5. Since that time steps have been taken to build probably 30 other furnaces; so that all the new enterprises afloat may be regarded as leading to an addition to the annual productive capacity of the country of 500,000 tons of pig iron, resulting in an investment of from about $35,000,000 to $40,000,000.

The annual production of the world is about 13,000,000 tons, and the present consumption is more than equal to this supply. Continental Europe exports some iron (from Belgium and Sweden), but imports still more, so that, practically, she is limited to meeting the needs of her own markets. Great Britain produced last year 6,627,179 tons.

The year opens with the price ranging for No. 1 Foundery at from $18 to $50, and contracts have been made at these figures. It is probable that no great reduction will take place during the year. In England, no great fluctuations which might seriously affect our markets need be apprehended.

Very Particular.

The distinctions of caste maintained among the Hindoos are no more rigid than some of those observed by American Indians. In the Indian Territory the Cheyennes and Arapahoes have been brought together in one agency; but no persuasion can induce the Cheyennes to permit their children to associate with those of the Arapahoes, who are considered low caste. This feeling has had an unfavorable effect on the attempts made to educate the children of the Cheyennes, as the parents, though willing to have them taught, could not be prevailed upon to allow them to attend school on terms of equality with the Arapahoe children. Finally a compromise was effected by a rearrangement of the school house. A partition running through the centre divided the Cheyenne papooses from the Arapahoes while they were being taught, so that the young Cheyennes were enabled to pursue their studies without suffering contact with their low-caste fellow-savages. Notwithstanding all these concessions to prejudice, it was found that it was only the poorest and least aristocratic of the Cheyennes who manifested any hearty disposition to avail themselves of the opportunities affored for the instruction of their children.

Cleopatra's Needle.

It is a solid tapering obelisk of red granite, cut from top to bottom with deep, sharply-defined, symbolic characters which nobody understands. Lying about five feet below the level of the ground, its mate was discovered about thirty years ago. Both were brought over one hundred miles from the ancient city of On, the great university of ancient Egypt, where Moses was educated. How such masses were transported such a distance—all the way a desert of sand, loose and yielding—can not be explained; yet Pharonic engineers accomplished the feat without marring the blocks. The horizontal one was presented by Mahomed Ali to the English Government. After some months of effort British artisans failed to raise it out of its present bed, so a vessel detailed for conveying the curiosity to London returned without a cargo.

AN UNFORTUNATE RESULT.—It is interesting to know that the Chinese arbiter of the fate of millions the Emperor, who, at the age of fifteen has just been married, never saw either of his brides before the day of marriage. He fancied he saw one—and she was hump-backed—in a dream. By some strange chance a girl so afflicted—but otherwise of transcendent loveliness—was among the seven hundred girls from which his Majesty's brides were selected. The Empresses whose duty it was to make the selection knew of his Majesty's dream, and fixed on this girl for one of his wives: but the poor creature was killed by the Court surgeons who undertook, by some heroic process, to cure her deformity. It is said the young man takes the sad office most seriously at heart.

Incidents at a Fair.

About the Place de la Bastille, Paris, there is a regular Fair, the booths being more numerous than commen, but all stocked with children's toys. A pale, wan, emaciated young woman, leading a little boy by the hand, was seen going about from booth to booth, and both gazing wistfully at the things which were beyond their reach. Both were meanly, scantily clad, and both showed traces of great poverty, and of prolonged misery. On passing a booth where a number of dolls were spread out in a basket, the boy took one in his hand, but was immediately seized by the dealer. He brutally seized the child by the ear, and cried: "He●! help!" A crowd was instantly collected, and the police soon upon the spot. The poor mother clasped her hands in supplication. "Oh! pardon him!" she prayed; "he is only seven years of age—he had no' toys—nothing—and he wanted one so much!" The dealer turned his rage upon her and called her an accomplice, and, in spite of the protests of all present, he insisted upon having both arrested, and preferred a charge of robbery against them. Both have remained in custody up to this moment, awaiting their turn for trial. A far more pleasant scene occurred on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. A member of our American colony was walking about with his little girl, five years of age, when they met a procession of orphan children. The little girl asked the meaning of their checked costume and blue ribbons, and on being told that they were poor girls who had no parents, she asked who gave them their New Year's gifts. On being told that they had none, she was greatly affected, and proposed that she should give them her toys. Touched himself, or anxious to encourage the charitable disposition shown by his daughter at this early age, Mr. S., on getting permission from the Sisters of Charity who accompanied them, bought out the stock of two or three stalls, and sent sixty odd orphan girls away very happy.

The World's Fair.

New York appears to be progressing with its permanent "World's Fair" enterprise, and promises that it will in no way interfere with the proposed "Centennial" celebration in Philadelphia, although the people of that city are inclined to the opinion that it will. The Industrial Exhibition Company of New York, of which Gov. Dix is president, is an organized corporation, under a special act of the Legislature of that State, and the first $2,000,000 of the stock is now offered at below par, and the property of the company is exempted from taxes and assessments for five years, and generally all powers are granted to it that will facilitate its objects. It is proposed to locate the necessary buildings for exhibition purposes on land in the upper part of the city, comprising in all eight blocks of ground, valued, at the time of the contract, at $1,700,000, of which 200,000 have been paid. The land purchased for the object appears to be the only tract of territory in one location owned or controlled by individuals large enough for a "World's Fair," lying between Ninety-eighth and One Hundred and Second streets and Third and Fourth avenues, thus being centrally located. The estimated cost of a suitable building is about $7,000,000. A proposition has been made by an eminent New England firm to construct a dome over the court, which dome shall be the largest and most magnificent in the world. All this firm ask is that they be granted a perpetual lease of the dome, above the spring of the arch, subject to reasonable conditions. The estimated cost of this dome is $3,000,000. Financially, it is believed by those who have become especially interested in the "World's Fair" enterprise, that it will prove a profitable speculation, besides showing the development of material progress since the year (1854) when the New York Crystal Palace was opened.—*Exchange.*

A Faithful Dog.

Among the section men mentioned caught out in the frightful Minnesota storm, was one who lived several miles from St. James. He was unable to reach home, and his wife became alarmed for his safety, and he was uneasy about his family. On Thursday a shepherd dog belonging to him came bounding into St. James with a little leather bag attached to his collar, in which was a letter from his wife containing the joyful intelligence that they were "all well at home," and asking for news of her husband. Another letter was written informing the wife that the husband was safe and would return home as soon as he could reach there. This letter was placed in the leather bag, and the faithful animal told to "go home." Away started the almost human animal through the fearful storm and snow drifts, and arrived safely at home with the precious news so anxiously looked for by the waiting wife and mother. The next day the husband reached home. This same dog was also sent with a letter to a sick neighbor, and brought back an answer. That dog is not for sale.

A Royal Sleigh.

From a description given in a German cotemporary it appears that the new sleigh of the King of Bavaria surpasses in splendor all the sleighs in the world. This sleigh is one mass of gilded mythological and allegorical figures. The body proper is supported by maids, and numerous cupids are seen gamboling in the garlands of flowers which wind around it "en relief." Blue velvet cushions, ornamented with the richest gold embroideries, cover the seats and steps, while the side and back panels are decorated by paintings from the master hand of Henry von Pechman. The pole is also gilded and trimmed with costly velvet. The robes are of ermine. The harness for four horses is covered with embroidered velvet, and so heavy are its gold ornamentations that one headstall cannot be lifted with a single hand, and still more costly are the saddle covers. Sleigh and harness cost the trifling sum of 200,000 florins or something over $80,000 in gold.

Lending Clothes.

A New York reporter has scented out a new business. He saw a sign, "Dress coats for balls and holidays, etc., for hire," and of course went into the shop and interviewed the proprietor. Swallow-tailed coats are hired three dollars a week—twenty-five dollars deposit—sometimes vests, but never pantaloons. A gentleman never likes to wear another man's trowsers. The proprietor says he is the only man in the business in the city, and he has a good thing of it. His principal customers are not men who are too poor to purchase dress suits, but those who want to go to a ball or fandango some night when they do not want to go home and dress for the occasion. Impertinent inquiries might be made and objections interposed in their own dressing-rooms, and so they just step into the accommodating coat-lender's and avoid trouble and contention, and he is quietly making a fortune!

Several steamers of the Atlantic company have been seized for debt. This was formerly a wealthy company.

The Pittsburg Boiler Explosion.

The following details of the fatal explosion of four boilers in Pittsburg are