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"All the Year Round."

Go, time and tide, go as you will—
I cannot heed your ways.
What care I for summer glow,
What care I for ice and snow,
When love doth fill my days?

Unto its ark, through wind and rain,
My heart flies as the dove!
Oh, rosy is the darkened day
And rosy is the stormy way
That lead me to my love.

How can I care if leaves be green
Or gray with early time?
Love, ruling, reigning in the soul,
With pure and passionate control,
Makes its own summer-time.

Do Not Sing That Song Again.

Do not sing that song again,
For it fills the heart with pain;
I am bending to the blast,
And it tells me of the past,
Of the long, long ago.
When my days were young and fair,
And my heart as light as air—
When one feeling filled the breast,
And one image gave it rest,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again;
I have lived my years in vain,
And my hair is thin and gray,
And I'm passing fast away,
On the sweeping downward streams.
I'm a wreck of idle dreams;
And it puts me on the rack,
At the weary looking back,
At the ebb and at the flow,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again;
There's a tear in its refrain;
It brings sadly back the time
When my manhood felt its prime;
When the comrades, dear and true,
Warmer, closer, fonder grew
In the hour of friendship's proof,
When the false ones stood aloof,
And their friendship was but show,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
It distracts my weary brain.
Ah, too well, alas! I know
It is time for me to go,
And to leave to younger eyes
The mild mystery of the skies,
And the mighty world we tread,
And the grander age ahead.
There's a mist upon the river,
And there's blankness on the shore;
And in dreams I pass forever,
While sad music wafts me o'er.

McDermott.

THE "SUPER'S" STORY.

Before I begin, I wishes to say a few words—a sort of prologue-like to my little drama. I ain't a-writing this myself. I couldn't, I was never teached. I went to a school once, certainly; but that was only a Sunday one, so o' course writing and all of them games is foreign languages to me. A swell gent is a-taking everything as I says down, in a bar parlor of a public next the theatre. He says he's on the press, and had stood three-penn'orth of Irish hot; and there you have us, he—the swell gent—a-writing as I speaks, and me a-talking and drinking. (Here's your very good health!) Now the overture is over, and up goes the curtain.

I'm a super. I suppose you knows what that is. If you don't, and aint theatrically inclined, I'll tell you. A super's one of them as takes the small parts in a play, where the "business" is important and the "cackle" aint particular. That's a super.

When Shakespeare wrote "A man in his time plays many parts," he must have had a super in his eye, if supers was invented in those days, which I suppose they was, or Shakespeare aint the man I took him for. Bless you! our role is unlimited—we does everything. Why, in one piece sometimes I takes a matter of half a dozen parts, if not more. Say "Hamlet" is put up; first, I'm a guard a-walking on the ramparts of the castle; then I'm a courtier attending on the king; then I'm a recorder (which aint got nothing to do with the law, as I thought at one time, but performs on a sort of flute;) then I'm a sailor; arter that a mute at Ophelia's funeral; then I'm a soldier again, or a courtier, as the case may be. And there I am. A super's more important than anybody may think. Send a king on without his court, and where would he be? Let Richard the Third enter without his army at his back, and he'd be hissed off for certain. A play is like that bundle of sticks business—taken all of a lump it's firm; part 'em and it's all up. Just you take away the supers from a play, and an audience of babblers wouldn't put up with it.

I gets a shilling a night, and finds my own color, which, being a saving man, I usually manages to scrape enough up of the waste in the paint room—for in the matter of lime and ochre artists is prodigals; and if I'm hard up for black—for a eyebrow or a moustache, for instance—I gets the needful from the chimney pipe of the stove in the property-room.

I made my first appearance at the Adelphi Gardens, at the age of six, as a frog in the pantomime, which was an immense success, and I've been a-going on with great eclat (as I once heard our leading man say) ever since. I've worked my way up to the top of my profession in my line, which is heavy lead of supers; and I've occasion to know that at particular times—say the first night of a new piece—I'm looked up to by the management to carry the play through; and I generally contrives to satisfy the most sanguinary expectations.

I'm proud of my profession. I aint only a actor for the sake of the filty lucre, (which I suppose means coin,) but for the literature and art—specially the art. I've studied it—really studied it; you mayn't think so, but it's a fact. Many's the night I've stood at the "wings," when the stage manager weren't nowhere near, a-listening to the play. And in most stock pieces I know where the points ought to be; and if a novice fails to make 'em—which he invariably do—I'm disgusted in proportion. I've served under Edmund Kean, William Macready, and all the stars since. I once fell out with Mr. Macready, because I couldn't remember where to stand at a certain cue. He was very particular about his situations; and one day, at rehearsal, I couldn't think where I ought to be, and I made the same mistake so often that I got flustered; I was young at the time and rather sudden; so when Mr. Macready, almost out of patience, says—"Stand here, you dolt!" pointing to a place on the stage, I takes a piece of chalk out of my pocket and makes a X just where he wanted me to be; and there I stood looking as cool as a railway clerk, all the while I was as frightened as a amateur. If Mr. M.'s eyes at that identical moment had been daggers, I shouldn't have been telling you this here. I never went on with Mr. Macready after that.

Edmund Kean was different. His way of doing things was just the same "off" and "on." If you didn't please him, you know'd it. I had to take a goblet of wine on to him one time, and I forget my cue, and kept him waiting. When I did go on, he was regular boiling over with rage. He catches me by the collar of my coat and the roomy part of my breeches and pitches me slap off the stage. But he wasn't a bad sort; for after he was done he comes up to me and says he was very sorry for hurting me, and asked me what I'd have to drink.

I've been married, and had one child—a girl—and I'm a widower. I was married young, like most professionals. She was in the third row of the ballet, and inclined to be stout; but she didn't last long, poor soul! she had a apoplectic fit one night, and died in my arms in the green-room. I was very cut up at the time, because she was as good a wife as ever wore a ring.

My darter was as good-looking a girl as you'd meet anywhere; quite different from her mother—not in the beauty line, because she was nice-looking too, but in size. Rose was very thin. She followed in the same steps as my old woman, and I got her an engagement at our theatre. Of course she feel in love—girls always do at that age, seventeen—with as rising a young fellow as I wished to see. I was proud of Rose, and I was glad it turned out so; and what's more, he wasn't ashamed of me, although I was only a super, which made me proud of him too. He was very jealous of Rose, and wanted to take her off the stage and marry her at once; but I objected on the score of age. I asked him to wait a year, till she was a little older, and he took my advice—rather unwillingly, I suspects, if his face was to be believed; but he didn't say so, for he always gave way to me, because I knew what was better than he did.

One night Rose gets a letter sent around to her from a gent in the boxes, a-asking her to meet him outside, after the performance. She was very much hurt about it, for it was the first insult she'd received—they gets used to these things in time—and brought the letter to me. Just as I was a-reading it, up comes Charley—that's her young man—and Rose snatches the letter out of my hand and puts it in her pocket; but not before Charley had seen it. He looks surprised, and he says—

"What's that?" says he.

"Oh! nothing," she says, playful like, and runs away; and he turned away too, but not in the same direction.

When I saw Rose again, I says—

"Why didn't you show it him?" I says.

"Oh, father!" she says, "he's so jealous; and if he'd seen it, he'd have thrashed the fellow," she says, "and perhaps have got into a row, and I didn't want him to do that."

"She gave me the letter, for fear he should ask for it; and put it in my pocket, never a-thinking no more about it.

When work was done for the night, me and two or three others used to make our pipe and pot—which was half-a-pint o' fourpenny—at a little pub, round the corner, close to the theatre, where we was known and respected. There we used to talk over the events of the evening; and sometimes, when things was slow, we'd even condescend to talk politics, but not often—we left them frivilous subjects to people as hadn't the sense to appreciate art. While we was there that night, in comes a gent rather mopsy; he swaggered up to the counter, and calls for a bottle o' champagne, and then asks us to drink, which we did—we never refuses that. Well, he was a-going on about one thing and another, and at last he says—

"That Rose is a nice girl."

I pricks up my ears at this, and I puts down the glass of champagne as I was just a-rising to my mouth—the glass as he paid for—but I never says nothing. Then he goes on a-boasting, and says as he was a-going to see her home. I jumps up, and I says—

"I'm thet lady's father, and if I wasn't a old man I'd knock you down."

Then I turns to my mates and tells 'em of the letter business; and takes it out of my pocket, and hands it to him, and gives him a bit of advice as he wanted. He was in that rage, that he was just a-putting up his fist to hit me, when Joe Pulter, one of us, floored him. Then we handed him over to a policeman. We was rather excited afterwards, what with having a extra half-pint, and the champagne we drank afore we knew who we got it from.

Charley used always to see Rose home after the performance, and stay with her till I come; but he wasn't there that night, and Rose said he hadn't come with her as he always did, and laid the blame to the letter. She was naturally cut up about it, and I said—

"I'll tell him how it was in the morning."

But she says—

"No! If he can't think me true to him without proofs, he sha'n't at all."

I seed it was no use a-arguing with her, so I gives in. My little beauty was very proud, and I liked to see it; but I never thought as how pride would turn love over as it did; although I ought to have known better, a-seeing so often how Pauline had such a narrow escape of it.

She was very pale next morning, and her eyes looked like mine do sometimes when I ain't got enough water to wash with comfortable, and leaves the color round under 'em; but it wasn't from that, I knowed, because Rose was a very tidy girl. I never says nothing, but I goes on a-eating and not pretending to notice anything different; and by and by we goes to the theatre. I was very curious to see what Charley would do; but he only just takes off his hat—Charley always was a gentleman—and turns away again. This here made me feel very queerish, and I didn't know what to make on it.

Things went on in this here unfortunate style for a week. Rose was too proud to explain, although I wanted her to; but no, not her! and there we was. One morning she didn't come down to breakfast as usual, so I goes up to her bedroom and says—

"What's the matter, my beauty?"

"Oh, father!" says she, "I don't feel very well just now. I dare say I shall be all right to-night."

But her hand was a-trembling like a leaf, and her eyes was sunk; and when I come to look at her close, I was staggered to see how she'd altered in them few days.

It flustered me more than I should a-thought; so I gives her a kiss, and tells her to lie down quiet, and off I goes to a doctor. He comes and feels her pulse, and such like; then he calls me out on the landing, and says she's in a high state of fever, and must be kept very quiet, or he wouldn't be answerable for it. Then he began a-asking me about myself, and my profession and cetera.

"Not very rich, I suppose?" says he.

"Ah, well!" he says, "we shan't quarrel about the money."

And, s'welp me goodness! as I'm standing here, he never charged me a blessed ha'penny for physic or nothing—not a ha'penny—and found the bottles besides!

When Charley sees me by myself, he didn't know what to make on it. He fidgets about me for ever so long, and at last he comes up and asks me where Rose was. I was very short with him, atreating her as he was, though he didn't know the damage he'd done; so I says, stiff—

"My daughter's at home, sir—not so well as she might be."

"I hope she isn't ill," says he, quick.

"It don't much matter to you," I says, "whether she's ill or not," and I turns away, choking like, a-thinking of my little deserted beauty a-laying so quiet at home.

I hurried back as soon as I could, and goes up to her room; and, God help me! she was in that state she didn't know me, and wanted to know if I'd brought a message from Heaven from Charley, as she was certain he was dead, because he hadn't been to see her. I tried to soothe her, but it was no good; there she kept rambling on about one thing and another, a-pretending to be talking to him, and a-telling him not to be sorry, as she'd soon join him. It made me feel queer-like, and moist about the eyes, and I remembered I was an old man, and began to think how I should feel when I was alone.

She lay in this state for a week, a-living chiefly on sop victuals, as I was obliged to force it down her throat. It was a hard time—not because the money was short, I didn't mind that; but I couldn't abide to see my darling in pain. I never went near the public then but hurried home every night as soon as the performance was over, a-hoping always as she'd be better, and would know me again; but she never did till about an hour before it come.

It was a Sunday night, at church time. I used to like to think afterwards that my little darling was carried up to Heaven on the sound of the bells, as it died away on the breeze. I was a-sitting quiet at the window, melancholy-like, a-keeping my eye on Rose to see as she didn't want nothing, and, somehow, the night my poor wife died came into my mind, and I couldn't get rid of the thought nohow. The more I tried, the more it would come. I remembered as well as if it was yesterday, when I had her in my arms in the green-room, her a-looking up into my face as though she wanted to say something. So I says—

"Is it Rose, Mary?" and she nods and smiles, and I promised as I'd be a kind father to her.

She smiles again at that, and lays her head on my shoulder. Then I see her eyelids a-closing, and that told me that the Great Prompter had rung down her curtain.

I was a-looking out of the window, and I sees somebody turn the corner, and stop in front of the house; but it was a-getting dark, and I couldn't make out who it was—I thought I knew the figure, too. Just as I was a-puzzling myself a-thinking who it could be, I heard my little darling call "Father." I runs to her quick, for it was the first time she'd knowed me since the fever took her. I had such a glad feeling at my heart as I can't tell here—it come so fresh to me after waiting so long, although it seemed to choke me, too, and I couldn't speak at the moment. I sits down by her head, and takes her hand in mine, and there we was, for a matter of a minute or two, before either of us said a word, a-looking into each other's faces, joyfuller than we'd been for some time. Then, says she—

"Father," she says, "I want to see Charley."

I says—

"You shall to-marrow, my darling."

"Let me see him to-night, father," she says, beseechingly—"let me see him to-night, because——"

And there she stopped.

I gets up—not having it in me to see her want for anything as I could give her, though I couldn't make out why she was in such a hurry—leastways, I could not then; I do now. I puts on my hat, and just outside who should I see a-coming across the road from the other side but Charley hisself.

When he knew he was wanted, he runs faster than I could, and by the time I got in the room, there she was, with her arms round his neck, a-smiling up into his face, and he a-kissing of her, as happy as birds. So I says nothing; but goes and sits on the stairs outside, a-waiting till they had made it up.

I felt almost jealous of Charley; and I thought—God help me!—as how he would take her away from me as soon as she was well. She ever took away from me; but not by him—not by him.

I sat there for a matter of half an hour in the dark, when, all of a sudden, Charley gives a cry. I rushes in, and there was my darling, with her head a-laid quiet on his bosom, and her eyes shut; and I could see by the scared look on his face, that my little beauty would never cheer my poor old heart again.

Bad Air---A Caution.

There is reason to believe that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under bedclothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit; and it often happens that the bedclothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from the skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation. It may be worth while to remark that when there is any danger of bedsores a blanket should never be placed under the patient. It retains dampness and acts like a poultice. Never use anything but light blankets as bed-covering for the sick. The heavy, impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed-clothes, which often prevent their getting any sound sleep whatever.

A Pastor's Impromptu Speaking.

The Boston *Traveler* relates an incident which lately occurred in a village church in New England. By invitation from the regular pastor, a divine from the city filled the pulpit on a recent Sunday, delivering an able and eloquent extemporaneous discourse, much to the gratification of his auditors, but somewhat to the discomfiture of the regular pastor, who is adapted neither by nature nor education to extempore speaking, and consequently always reads his sermons. On the following Sunday he entered the pulpit as usual, announced his text, and, much to the surprise of his listeners, deliberately closed the Bible and proceeded to speak extemporaneously. For about ten minutes he moved along nicely, and his hearers were charmed with the change; but then, in the middle of an eloquent period, with hand outstretched and attitude perfect, he hesitated, his arm dropped, he could not collect his ideas, and perceiving that something must be done at once, said: "Brethren, let us hold a prayer-meeting."

Ridiculous Mess.

A Keokuk lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possesses more than the ordinary degree of female courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot-gun, call the bull-dog, and station himself at a convenient distance. She then climbed half way up the stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The bull-dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down stairs, and the hired man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, lit out, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

THE TELLER.—A would-be wit, strolling into a bank the other day, walked up to the counter and addressed one of the spruce-looking clerks: "Are you the teller?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what do you *tell?*" "I *tell* people who have no business here to clear out." He cleared.

"Don't Stay Long."

O, why do thy sweet steps delay,
Since bird and song and breeze are gone?
Slighted for hope of thee, the day
Without thee night puts sackcloth on!
Were I away thou shouldst not chide
One heedless moment of delay;
I seek my sunshine at thy side—
Thy voice my song, thy smile my day.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly in my presence, one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband," and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, and every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "Not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband," and I again thought I could see the young wife, rocking nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

"Don't stay long, husband," and the young wife's look seemed to say—for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart, whose music is hushed when you are absent; here is a soft breast to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon.

O, you that have wives to say "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world the quiet joy that a home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

Husbands, would you bring sunshine and joy into your homes? Then spend your leisure hours with your families, and employ the time in pleasant words and kind actions, and you will realize in all its richness what is so beautifully described by the poet:

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.

What Josh Has Seen.

I kno ov people who, when they do yu a favor, do it just az an old bull tarrier lets you pass in front ov hiz master's door—with a growl.

It iz only the hily addikated, and the very best bred people, that kan be familiar with each other, "familiarity breeds kontempt," amung the haff breeds.

The wheel ov Fortune iz alwuss on the move, and we often lose to-morrow what we wix to-day.

I hav alwuss notised that thar iz a grate deal ov good luk in industry, and a grate deal ov bad luck in lazyness.

It iz az rare tew find a trew friend as it iz a dimond that has no flaw, and isn't oph culler.

He who iz every boddy's friend haint got time tew be enny boddys.

Thare iz no trew friendsnip amung loafers and skalawags, thare iz only intimieys.

Thare iz no man living now days that kan tell the world enny thing new; the very best that a modern writer kan du iz tew shine up old things.

Solomon, seven thousand years ago, after plundering from those who had written before him, laments that "thare iz nothing nu under the sun."

When I hear a man say that "he has got no friends," I kum tew the konkluszion rite oph that he don't deserve enny.

Don't tri tew make a friend out ov a weak man, it iz like trieing tew carry water in a sieve.

One reason whi happiness is so skarse in this world iz bekause most people mistake plezzure for happiness.

Trew generosity konsist in giving what you kan afford to those who deserve it.

Mi yung friend, look out for them men who shut up one eye, and talk to you with the other.

Happiness seems to consist in—wanting nothing.

Health will bring munny, but munny won't health.

What to Do in an Emergency.

It is a good thing to know what to do when a man faints away and falls down on the street. A pedestrian fell down on Monroe avenue, Detroit, so a local paper says, being just off a sick bed, and it was wonderful how many men in the crowd knew exactly what was the best thing to do. One called for brandy, another waved the crowd back, another shouted "police" and "coroner," a fourth brought a bucket of water from a saloon, and all the others crowded in as closely as possible and began wondering if the man had his life insured. Some wanted to throw water on the victim, and others thought that his boots ought to be removed, and the man with the slop-pail fell down in it and jumped up and kicked at a lame boy. Two boys were sent for a doctor, but didn't go, and a market-woman crowded in and told them to raise the man's head. Some one put a brick under his neck, and another general call was made for whiskey, camphor, gin, soda, pop, root beer, ginger ale, vinegar, water, and lager. Nothing was brought, and after a few minutes the man opened his eyes, gave his name, and asked to be taken home. After he had departed, a doctor arrived, a coroner came puffing along, and the crowd came near having a fight as to who was entitled to the honor of saving the man's life.

CUTTING HAIR.—There is often some difference of opinion between parents and children as to the frequency with which the hair of the latter should be cut. The operation is tedious, not to say irritating, and most children endeavor to increase the interval between their visits to the hairdresser by all possible means. The controversy between the two parties may now be decided by precedent. This has been afforded by the recent decision of the Finance Committee of the St. Pancras (Eng.) Board of Guardians, which reports that once in six weeks is often enough for hair-cutting to take place. Here is, at all events, something to go upon, and we trust that no young Absaloms will refuse to submit to the scissors after that period, and that no parent will require the sacrifice before the lapse of that interval.

A NEBRASKA CLERGYMAN'S TRIALS.—A private letter recently received in Boston from a minister "settled" in Nebraska, contains the following: "Last Sabboth I preached in the morning and officiated at the Lord's table with a pair of boots on, one leg of which was entirely gone; but we had a rich and blessed time. I did not think of my boots, but my wife did. We economized and scrimped and pinched to get along during the past year without going into debt, and have nearly kept clear, but it has been by living in a sod-house and denying ourselves many of the very necessaries of life."

The Original Mackerelville.

Catching Mackerel—Where it is Done and How—The Process of Curing.

The mackerel fisheries of Massachusetts have gradually grown in importance until the catch of 1872 has come to reach the handsome aggregate of 181,967 barrels, of the estimated value of $2,000,000 or more. A century or so ago this industry, if such a word can properly be applied to anything in the piscatorial line—yielded in that State 180,000 barrels, worth $80,000. Cape Ann has long been prominent as a headquarters for this particular school of fishermen, and for at least fifty years this prominence has been maintained. The old-fashioned process of catching mackerel in seines or weirs and by trolling has given way under the march of progress, and now swift-sailing vessels fully furnished with men, lines, hooks, and bait do what Western men would call a land-office business in seducing the toothsome mackerel from his home in the briny deep. These vessels have a complement of from ten to sixteen men each, and start out from Cape Ann about the middle of April, so as to meet the fish when they first strike the coast line. The work is done on the copartnership principle, and each man has his appointed place on board, the locality being determined by lot. Here he keeps his tackle, and from this one spot he invariably sends forth his enticing invitations to the finny tribe to meet him alone, whether by moonlight or daylight. Each fisherman uses from two to four lines, according to his skill, and the fish are inveigled to their fate by a gratuitous and discriminating system of trolling, whereby their tastes are tickled into that anxiously inquiring state which stops not to discuss the points of danger, but gulps down hook and bait at one fell swoop. A correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, who evidently looks at matters from the professional standpoint, thus describes the subsequent proceedings:

The fish are swiftly hauled aboard and "struck" into the "wash barrel," which stands a little to the left and rear of each man, with a peculiar twitch, which tears the hook from the weak cartilage of the jaw of the fish, and returns the line to its proper position among the thirty or forty hanging over the side. The hooks are small, and their shanks surrounded with lead and pewter, cast in a rude resemblance to the body of a minnow, finished and polished to shine like silver. Several small circular bits of the white skin from the belly of a mackerel form a bait very attractive, and so tough that dozens of fish may be caught without renewing it. It may well be questioned whether even the much-extolled pleasures of fly-fishing can exceed in interest and excitement the keen enjoyment of a sharp "spurt" of mackerel, when the most skillful fisher can use but two lines, and these even are shortened to less than a couple of fathoms.

The cruise of many of these fishing vessels lasts till November, and includes the Bay of St. Lawrence, Prince Edward's Island, the Madelines, Anticosti, Gaspe, the Seven Islands, and the northern coast of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. Returning in November, at the latest, the fish are landed and put in shape for market, which process is thus detailed by the correspondent above referred to:

Mackerel, unlike cod, are split from nose to tail, close to the backbone, the cut entering the hollow of the body of the fish. The "splitter" holds the fish on its side with the mittened left hand and makes one clean slice to each mackerel, guiding and regulating the varying depth of his cut with the thumb. With the thin, small, round-pointed knife used, fifty fish per minute are often attained by a practiced hand. The entrails and gills are removed and the fish thrown into "wash-barrels," where they lie in sea water for some hours until all blood is extracted, after which they are packed, salted and "pickled off." If there is time and the mackerel are large and fat, the crew work at "messing" them, which consists in removing the head, and cleansing the fatter portions of the fish from the black pellicle lining the walls of the abdomen.

When "packed out" in port, each man's catch, which is kept separate in marked barrels, is weighed, salted, packed, and inspected, and branded as either No. 1, 2, 3, or "mess," as the case may be. No. 3s must measure eleven inches from snout to base of tail; No. 2s, twelve inches, and No. 1s, thirteen inches; but a certain fatness must accompany the required length in 1s and 2s. Mess mackerel and Extra 1s are of course all "culled" from No. 1 fish. Formerly the fatness of this fish was tested by urawing the nail along the inside of the ribs and bending the fish a little, when the white fat would cleave something like a ripe peach, this adding greatly to the beauty of the fish and enhancing its value. All American fish are now "reamed," or cut with a tool with a curved handle much like the hilt of a sword, with a keen, semi-circular blade inserted so as to cut about three-eighths of an inch deep. Complaints are sometimes made that the cuts are made diagonally, and too near the backbone, while the fat (?) portion of the fish is almost "invisible to the naked eye." There is no doubt, however, that the failure of many Canadian and Nova Scotia fishermen to "ream" their fish causes a loss of from two to four dollars a barrel.

Mackerel are packed in whole, half, and quarter barrels, and in "kits" holding one-eighth of a barrel, or twenty-five pounds. It is said of a great fish dealer, now deceased, that he was once taunted by another with having commenced business with a hand-cart. "Well, said he, "I may have hauled a hand-cart through the streets, but I never was able to make ten kits out of one barrel of mackerel." This remark supplied the other man with food for reflection.

Loafing.

We quote the following from an exchange, and we recommend it to all our readers:

"Young man, pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't keep a loafer's company; don't hang about loafing places. Better work than to sit around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets—better for your own health and prospects. Bustle about if you have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of bank paper tied with a red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case and make his fortune. Such is the word—'to him that hath shall be given.' Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances."

Take the above advice and then all will go well. Idleness is the mother of mischief.

The new act to prevent the adulteration of food does not seem to work altogether smoothly in England. Taking the cream from milk is held not to be an adulteration, and as the case is not provided for in the Act, though there are plenty of penalties for adding to milk, sellers of skim milk go unharmed. Some judges hold that water is a harmless adulteration, and fail to convict for the use of "Simpson," the slang name for for water.

How They Do Things in Persia.

Cruelty and Cunning of the Shah.

Although His Persian Majesty seems so pleasant and so pleased just now that European papers abound with anecdotes of his suavity and condescension, he has done some awful things in his own country. Among them stands foremost the treacherous murder of his brother-in-law, Meerza Tagui Khan, his first Prime Minister. Meerza Tagui Khan was the friend of Naser-ed-Din when his prospects of ascending the Persian throne were very doubtful, and he held only the insecure and slippery post of Governor of Aderbijan. His own abilities would never have made a king of him; but on the death of Mohammed Shah the Russian Minister took him up, and Messrs. Ralli & Co., the rich Greek merchants of Tabreez, found him money, and then the genius and valor of Meerza Tagui Khan did the rest. So the Shah named him Prime Minister, and could hardly have made a better choice. The first thing he did was to organize a post office—an institution previously unknown in Persia. The next thing he did was to create a police. Having done these two good services, he tried to establish order in collecting the taxes, which had been grossly mismanaged, and then he made himself enemies, as every one will who ventures to attack public abuses where money is concerned. The tax-gatherers and their creatures now began to intrigue against him, and Prince Dolgourouki, the Russian Envoy, was ruined in trying to protect him.

He was therefore driven into exile and compelled to hide himself at Cashan. Now he had married the Shah's sister when he stood high in favor, and though she did not and could not love him, because he was long past the age of love, she behaved with exemplary fidelity and devotion in his misfortunes. She would not leave him for an instant, and she prepared all his food with her own hands and tasted it herself. So the Shah, being unwilling to commit a violent murder in his sister's presence, determined to catch his old friend by stratagem. With this purpose His Persian Majesty sent a messenger of high rank to the fallen minister, assuring Meerza Tagui Khan of a full pardon and immediate restoration to all his honors. The Meerza at once fell into the trap, and his wife, who could not believe that her brother could be so base and cruel as to deceive her, at last let her husband out of her sight in order that he might take a bath and put on the robe of honor which had been sent him by the king, as the customary sign of royal favor. He had no sooner entered the bath, however, than the chief executioner entered there also, exhibiting the Shah's warrant for his immediate execution, and merely leaving him a choice of the manner in which he preferred to die. The Meerza stretched out his arms resignedly and said, "Open my veins." The executioneer then bled him to death as the Shah had commanded.

Remarkable Tenacity of Life.

William Moyer, the man who on the 24th of June was cut through the body with a scythe by an insane man near Lancaster, Pa., is still alive, and the indications are that he will recover, unless inflammation sets in. The Lancaster *Examiner* thus describes his wounds: "The scythe entered the right side about two inches above the hip, and extended transversely through the body in an upward direction until the point appeared in the left side below the armpit. The wound at the entrance was five and a half inches in length, and at the terminus one and a half inches long. Moyer proceeded a short distance with the scythe extending through the body, and then pulled it out, reeking with blood, unaided. The lobe of the right lung was severed, and it was not expected that he could live more than a few hours. To the surprise of all his condition is favorable to his recovery, and his attending physician, Dr. A. S. Rudenbush, of Adamstown, has expressed the hope of being able to save his life. Moyer has been conscious since the occurrence, speaks distinctly and eats and sleeps without difficulty. He is a small man, about thirty-two years of age, and is of rather delicate appearance.

Change of Color.

Sudden shocks occurring to human beings have frequently changed the color of their hair from black to white in a single night. A physician of Berlin, a strong, healthy and less than middle aged man, sent his wife and one daughter to spend last summer at a watering-place. The day that he expected a letter informing him of their arrival, he received one informing him that his daughter had been taken sick very suddenly, and was already dead. The shock was terrible, and instantly his hair became entirely gray. He had to visit some patients that same afternoon, and they scarcely recognized him. Their peculiar actions revealed the change to him. The other case was that of a man thirty-five years old, living in the Netherlands. He was one day passing the canal in Rotterdam, where he saw a child struggling in the water. He plunged in and brought it to land, but it was already dead by the time he had rescued the body. Bending over it to try to restore it to life, he discovered that the dead child was his own son. The blow, so sudden and unexpected, and coming upon him when he himself was so much exhausted, turned his hair entirely gray, and left him scarcely recognizable.

United States Senators.

The terms of the following United States Senators expire on the 4th of March, 1875; Eugene Casserly, democrat, California; William A. Buckingham, republican, Connecticut; Thomas F. Bayard, democrat, Delaware; Abijah Gilbert, republican, Florida; Daniel D. Pratt, republican, Indiana; Hannibal Hamlin, republican, Maine; Chas. Samuels, republican, Massachusetts; William T. Hamilton, democrat, Maryland; Zachariah Chandler, republican, Michigan; Alexander Ramsey, republican, Minnesota; Adelbert Ames, republican, Mississippi; Carl Schurz, republican, Missouri; Thomas W. Tipton, republican, Nebraska; William M. Stuart, republican, Nevada; John P. Stockton, democrat, New Jersey; Reuben E. Fenton, republican, New York; Allen G. Thurman, democrat, Ohio; John Scott, republican, Pennsylvania; William Sprague, republican, Rhode Island; William G. Brownlow, republican, Tennessee; Joseph W. Flanagan, republican, Texas; George F. Edmunds, republican, Vermont; Arthur I. Boreman, republican, West Virginia; Matthew H. Carpenter, republidan, Wisconsin.

A FISH STORY.—There are tame porpoises in Moreton Bay, England. They bask on the surface of the water not far from shore, and are occasionally fed by the natives, and never disturbed by them. When a shoal of fish enters the bay, and comes between the "sea hogs" and the land, the people go out to seaward of them, and rouse them from their siesta by striking the surface of the water with spears and paddles. The porpoises then chase the fish, catch and eat some, and drive the rest in shore; and as soon as they come within the proper distance a net is shot around them, and a spendid haul is often made.

Marvelous Mechanism.

The Wonderful Clock that was Made by a Poor Miner—What a Man of Genius can do with a Jackknife.

Karl Ketter, a poor German miner of the Excelsior Colliery, which is situated within a few miles of Shamokin, Pa., has exhibited a clock of a most remarkable character. He has been three years constructing it—the first two years at intervals of time, and the last year he worked at it day and night, scarcely taking time enough to eat and sleep.

He became almost a monomaniac on the subject. The clock was in his mind during his working hours and in his dreams at night. He occupied alone a small wooden shanty, where he worked, slept, and cooked his food. Whatever sleeping and cooking he did, however, was but little. It is thought he would have nearly starved but for the kindly interest which his neighbors took in him and his clock. They took him food and encouraged him in his labors.

The clock, which was made with no other tools than two common jackknives, is eight feet high and four feet broad. Its frame is of the Gothic style of architecture. It has sixteen sides, and is surmounted by a globe, on top of which is attached a small golden cross. On the front of the clock there are four dial plates; one shows the day of the week, another shows the day of the month, another shows the minutes and fractions of a minute, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in a most unique manner, having emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description. Above the dial plates is a semi-circular gallery extending around about half the width of the framework of the clock. Immediately in front, in the centre of this semi-circular gallery, is the carved wooden figure of our Savior.

At the ends of the gallery on either side there is a small door opening into the body of the clock. Over the door, on the right hand side of the clock, as you stand facing it, is an eagle. Over the door on the left hand side is a cock. Twice a day—that is at 12:05 in the day and at 12:05 at night—a sweet chime of bells begins to play, the small door on the right hand side opens, and the small wooden figures admirably carved, of the twelve apostles, appear and walk out slowly and gravely in procession, Peter in the lead. Advancing along the gallery until they get opposite the figure of Jesus, each in turn, except Judas, slowly turns round and bows his head to the Master, then recovers his former position; as Peter does this the cock crows. They continue to advance to the other side of the gallery and enter the small door on the left. As Judas (who is in the rear), with his right hand shielding his face and his left hand clasping the bag which is supposed to contain the thirty pieces of silver, comes in full view of the cock, the cock crows again. By a simple arrangement this procession can be made to come out and pass around the gallery at any time desired.

On pedestals, at the extreme corners of the front of the clock, are carved wooden statues of Moses and Elias. In the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, upon which are carved hieroglyphic characters to represent the ancient periods of the world's history. The clock will run thirty-two hours without winding. Mr. Ketter, who is a native of Freiburg, Baden, is very proud of his workmanship. He can scarcely bear to be away from it long enough to eat his meals. He has been offered $10,000 for it by a person from New York, but he refused it.

Mr. Ketter says he has often heard of the celebrated clock in Strassburg, but he never saw it, and he has no knowledge of how it was constructed; neither has he ever had any instruction in mechanics of any kind. His purpose is to exhibit it for a few months in this country, and then take it with him to Germany.

Rules of Common Law.

Most of the common law rules of evidence which still prevail in the criminal codes of English-speaking communities originated at a time when the tendency of the courts was towards excessive severity to guilty men, and when there were scores of offences, ranging from petit larceny to high treason, which were punished with death. The humane maxims—that "every one accused of crime is presumed to be innocent until the contrary is proved;" that "it is better that ninety and nine guilty persons go acquit than that one innocent person should suffer unjustly;" that "no man should be tried and condemned without an opportunity to confront the witnesses against him face to face;" that "if, after hearing all the evidence, there is a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jurors that the guilt of the accused is made out, they should acquit,"—which are always repeated and amplified by the defendant's counsel in their address to the jury, and which were absolutely essential at one stage of the law's history to mitigate its unquestionable harshness—have grown into such prominence now that they are made to overshadow many features of the law, the preservation of which are essential to good order, if not to the existence of society itself. So much solicitude is manifested for the welfare and safety of the accused that the rights of society are often entirely ignored, and when the humanities of the law are perverted into tricks for the encouragement of crime and the escape of malefactors, civilized communities rise in their might and punish guilty men without regard to the forms of law. This is undoubtedly a great evil, but it will assuredly exist wherever the laws, professedly enacted for the safety of society, become the refuge of murderers.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

"I've Got Orders Not to Go."

"I've got orders, positive orders, not to go there—orders I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us, if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper, and showing it to the boys.

They looked and read aloud