Love Reciprocated.

Only a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank Thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried;
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour—
And the whole heart was mine!

Another's.

She has the most alluring eyes,
A little Grecian nose;
She wears the most bewitching guise,
And parti-colored hose!
Her touch can thrill one strangely when
When one clasps her in the dance;
At least, they tell me so—but then,
I never had the chance!

Her melting tones, so people say,
Intoxicate the brain,
And leave, when she has gone away,
A joy akin to pain.
Her voice is like sweet music when
Its strains are soft and low;
So those who've heard it say—but then,
I never did, you know

She makes the most superb ragout—
Knits stockings by the score;
Knows Latin, and Italian, too,
Greek, French, and plenty more!
She's just the girl to sweeten life—
Adorable!—divine!
In short, she is a perfect wife!
But then she isn't mine!

DOOMED.

On a handsome lawn fronting an old ivy-grown mansion in the State of Virginia, one pleasant afternoon, not many years ago, a group of young people of both sexes were gathered. Standing in their midst was an old woman, bent down with age, looking as if she stood on the brink of the grave; but her dark, restless eyes showed that there was vigorous life in her mind, if not in her body.

She had been "telling fortunes" for the young people gathered around her, and to all but one she had foretold a bright and happy future. The exception of this rule of blessedness through life was a handsome boy of nineteen, with a dark, passionate face, and an expression which indicated perfect fearlessness.

Five years before the opening of this story an old gentleman and his nephew had moved to Virginia, and buying a farm, had made it their home. Mr. Mercer and his nephew, Frank, were treated with kindness by the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and they received invitations to visit the plantations near them.

Frank soon became acquainted with all in the country; but his uncle never left his farm, and seemed to shun society. For this, many reasons were given; but the true one was that he had lost his whole family, and Frank's parents having left him to Mr. Mercer's charge he determined to devote himself to the boy, and found sufficient enjoyment in his company, and in cultivating his farm. Though reported very wealthy, and that he always kept a large sum of gold in the house, Mr. Mercer and Frank lived in a quiet way, and made no display.

Thus passed Frank's early youth from his fourteenth until his nineteenth year, when our story opens. A man of superior education, Mr. Mercer had been his nephew's teacher, and had imparted to him much knowledge of the world, of letters, and people, so that Frank, at nineteen, was as well informed as if he had possessed a cultivated education. There were those in the neighborhood who reported that the boy was wild and dissipated, and this found ready believers in others; so that Frank had some enemies as well as many friends.

Thus we find him; and the evening of the commencement of our story he had been invited to an entertainment given by a wealthy planter to his children.

Mr. Dewes, the planter, had three children, the youngest and loveliest of whom was Mary, a girl of twelve. Mary and Frank were the best of friends, and loved each other dearly; so when the fortune teller predicted a dark and stormy future for Frank, the tears arose to the child's eyes, and she said; "Do not listen to her, Frank."

But the boy laughed, and, turning on his heel, walked away.

Two days afterward, he left home for a week's hunting in the mountains; but the second night after his departure, the neighborhood was aroused by the startling news that old Mr. Mercer had been murdered by his nephew. One of the servants, passing the house at night, heard a cry, and, seeing Frank's window open, he sprang in and walked across the hall to Mr. Mercer's chamber, from whence the cry came. Lying upon the floor was the old man, dead, while near him stood his nephew with a bloody knife in his hand. In fright, the negro rushed from the house and gave the alarm. Persons from the neighborhood were sent for, and Frank was seized against every protestation that he did not kill his uncle, and thrown into gaol.

The feeling against the youth was intense, for the negro told the story of how he had found Frank; and a wayfaring peddler, who had just ascended the front steps to ask to stay all night, corroborated his statement.

The trial came off, and the charges were made known. Frank was accused of starting upon a hunting expedition as a blind, and then returning from the mountains by night, had entered the room, and attempting to remove a large of gold kept by his uncle, had aroused him, and, upon being discovered, had driven his hunting knife into the heart of Mr. Mercer; the gold was on the floor, its weight having torn through the bag when it was raised. The knife with which Mr. Mercer was killed was one he had given to Frank some days before, and was a large dirk knife incased in a silver scabbard.

Pale as death, but showing no sign of fear or guilt upon his handsome face, the prisoner sat unmoved by his sentence, which was to die on the gallows. When asked if he had aught to say, Frank arose, and looking around the court room, and in a clear voice, answered:

"I have! Circumstantial evidence has condemned me! I admit it looks as if I did the deed, but I am guiltless of murder! Dropping my percussion cap box in a mountain stream, I returned home for more; for without caps my gun was useless. It was a lovely night, and I determined to enter the house by my room window, get caps, and return without awakening my uncle. I tied my horse to the fence, sprang into the window, and then heard a loud crash, a call, and a shriek in the direction of my uncle's room. I rushed thither—a dark form dashed by me in the uncertain light of the room—and I fell over something upon the floor. With fear in my heart, I arose, lighted a candle, and saw my uncle's body covered with blood, gold scattered upon the floor, and my own knife, which had done the deed, lying near. I picked up the knife; and thus was I found by the negro, and seen by the peddler. As God is my witness, I did not murder the good old man who has protected me throughout life, and whom I loved as though he was my own father! I am guiltless of the deed, but submit to my fate."

A silence fell upon all; there were, however, but few who believed the youth's statement; among the latter was Mr. Dewes and his family, who, through all, remained stanch friends.

Frank Mercer was to be hung, to die an ignominious death on the gallows, and hundreds flocked to the little town where the execution was to take place, to see him die. How were they disappointed to find that the night before he had escaped! How, no one knew, but he had left a note addressed to the gaoler, thanking him for the kindness shown him while he was in his charge, and his regrets that his escape might cause him trouble, but saying he had had an opportunity of escaping, and took advantage of it, for he had no idea of dying an ignominious death for an act he was not guilty of, merely to gratify the curiosity of a gaping crowd. Freedom was offered him, and he accepted it, and hoped he would yet be able to prove his innocence.

This was about the subject of the letter, and when it was published in the local paper, there were some who were glad that the boy had escaped the gallows.

Mr. Mercer's property was, in his will, all left to Frank, and it was found to be considerable. Trustees assumed charge of it, and before long the quiet community had settled down to its usual routine, and the murder and escape were almost forgotten.

Ten years passed away, and no word of the fugitive had been heard, and people believed him dead. One exception was Mary Dewes, now grown to womanhood. She had never believed him dead, and through her life had treasured Frank's image in her inmost heart, the mystery that hung around him but adding strength to her regard. Her sisters had married, her mother was dead, and together with her father, they lived at the old homestead.

Business calling Mr. Dewes to Havana, he took Mary with him, and they set sail from Charleston in a fine ship running South. They had been some days at sea, when in the dead of night the fearful cry of "Fire!" aroused all from slumber. The ship was on fire, and in vain were efforts made to quench the flames. The seamen in fright rushed into the only available boat; and it sank with them, and left them struggling in the ocean, borne away by the wind and waves, while Mr. Dewes and Mary, the captain of the ship and a few others, were huddled away upon the stern, awaiting the doom that must overtake them.

"Sail ho!"

The joyous cry came from the captain, who had been straining his eyes over the ocean, in hopes of seeing some vessel coming to save them. Swiftly flying towards them came a low, rakish, three-masted schooner, which ever and anon sent up a light, to prove to those on board the burning ship that succor was near. Hark! the deep boom of a gun is heard, and as the captain listens he exclaims: "Miss Dewes, we are all right now; cheer up, for there comes a vessel-of-war to our aid."

"Ship ahoy!" came in ringing tones from the schooner, as she came near the burning ship, which was being driven rapidly along by the wind.

"Ahoy!" answered the captain.

"Throw a long line from your ship, and I will send you a boat," came in the same clear tones.

The line was thrown, the boat attached, and, after a little difficulty, the people from the ship were transferred to the schooner; and Mary was soon in the comfortable cabin, rejoicing over their escape from a horrible death.

At breakfast the next morning, the young captain of the war schooner descended to join his guests at the table, and, as he entered, Mary sprang towards him.

"Frank Mercer! Oh! it is you—is it not?"

One glance at the beautiful girl, and, though years had passed, Frank Mercer, for it was no other, recognized the playmate whom he had loved so well, and whom he had never ceased to think of.

Mr. Dewes came forward, and what a joyful meeting was there! not seeing a cloud, as if of bitter memories, come over the young captain's face, Mr. Dewes said, quickly: "First, let me relieve your mind of one thing, Mercer. Your innocence in Virginia is thoroughly established; for a negro runaway hung the other day for killing a woman, confessed just before his death that he had murdered your uncle, and you arriving when you did had prevented him from getting the gold, but made him escape from the house. He knew your uncle kept a large amount of money, and you being away, as he thought, he took your knife and committed the fatal deed."

Frank listened to Mr. Dewes almost breathless, and then, bowing his face in his hands, he wept like a child.

"But come in," said Dewes, at length; "we are hungry and need breakfast; and are dying to know how you became a captain in the Mexican navy."

"My story is easily told, my dear friends; for, after escaping from prison through your kindness, I went to Mexico, entered the navy, and, having rendered some service, rose to my present command, which has been the means of saving your lives."

Little more can be added. Frank resigned his commission and returned home, where he was lionized by the whole community. He came in possession of his estates, which were greatly increased in value; and, six months afterwards, in the very town where he was to have had the hangman's halter placed around his neck for death, he had the noose of matrimony thrown around him for life, and the bride was Mary Dewes. Thus his life had been both dark and bright.

An Incident.

A Washington correspondent tells a very good story in connection with the dog-catching ordinance now in vogue in large cities. It appears that Mr. Sharp, of Washington, a friend of President Grant, is the possessor of a fine dog, which he keeps inside his grounds, now the dog law is in force. But as that gentleman sat at a window a short time since, he saw two of the official dog catchers enticing his canine into the street, which they had no sooner done than they seized him, and attempted to throw him into their cart, the dog resisting violently. Mr. Sharp went to the rescue of his favorite, and remonstrated with the catchers, but ineffectually. A short, squarely-built man who had accompanied Mr. Sharp, also joined in the protest, when he was told by the burly catcher to "mind his own business," accompanying the remark by still more expressive actions, and a brisk push on the shoulder. Instantly the short man struck out a forcible blow from the left shoulder, and the boor went down like a log. But he was up as quickly, and was about to take the offensive, when Mr. Sharp put himself in the way, and said hastily: "Stand off, you fool; this is the President of the United States!" And so it was.

Can Have Them.

Does any one desire to have swarms of mosquitoes about his house in the course of a few weeks? Well, nothing is easier than to cultivate them—a little pool of stagnant water on the premises is all that is necessary. If you haven't a pool near by, a hogshead, barrel or tub filled with rain-water and allowed to stand in the yard a few weeks will answer the purpose. About four weeks are required to make a first-class mosquito, that is, to develop it from the egg into a buzzer and biter. An examination of the surface of stagnant water with keen eyes, or, better still, with a microscope, will reveal the source of these destroyers of our summer peace.

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A NIGHT BALLOON VOYAGE.

Perilous Adventures of Three Canadian Editors and a Narrow Escape.

Mr. Charles Pirie, of the Toronto *Sun*, who with Mr. Charles, of the *Leader*, went up with Prof. Donaldson in the balloon P. T. Barnum from Toronto, gives an interesting account of the voyage and of their miraculous escape from the waters of Lake Ontario. They reached an altitude of 2,000 feet, and when twilight set in they were over the center of the lake. The professor then announced that they would be compelled to remain out all night, as it would be impossible to make a landing unless the wind changed. The wind shortly increased and drove the balloon along at the rate of forty miles an hour. More ballast being thrown out the air-ship ascended until it reached a height of nearly two miles. At this point they could see nothing but each other and the stars. The atmosphere was clear and bitterly cold, and they huddled together in the basket to keep themselves warm. Then they descended and came within a few hundred feet of the water. They sighted Oshawa in the distance before it became dark and came within a few hundred feet of the land. Then a change of wind drove them far out over the lake. Mr. Pirie continues:

As the evening wore into night a heavy mist rose to the west, or in rear of the balloon. It seemed to follow close behind, but did not overtake it, the air being quite clear in front. At a later period in the night, when two of the reporters went almost to sleep, having been singing and endeavoring to pass the time as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances, Mr. Devine, who was on the lookout, suddenly called attention to a magnificent burst of light which illuminated the whole sky. He fancied for a moment that the balloon was on fire, but this delusion was quickly dissipated, and the cause of the light was discovered to be a most brilliant meteor, which appeared almost directly overhead, lasting for an instant, and then suddenly darting off in an easterly direction, changed its course, and gradually faded away. The spectacle was a singularly impressive one, and will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

After passing Port Hope, the movements of the balloon became very erratic, the wind blowing from all points of the compass. After drifting about for some time in this purposeless manner, the balloon descended to within twenty feet of the waves, which were rolling heavily, the great drag rope trailing in the lake. As this weight of rope was interfering with the motion of the balloon, the professor's orders were that it should be taken into the car. This was no easy task, as it was an inch thick, and nearly three hundred feet long. It having been coiled in the car after very heavy labor, it was found that the weight on the car was more than the bottom could bear, and it was again gradually let out to the extent of fifty feet. The balloon suddenly dipped into the water and rose again, and again dipped. This was, to say the least of it, unpleasant, and the ballast having been all disposed of, the professor ordered the anchor and the drag line to be thrown overboard, and thus lightened, the balloon sprang upward, and the moon rising, illuminated the whole extent of the lake.

The light enabled the party to sight a schooner in the distance, coming toward them from the east in the direct line of the balloon. The party immediately hailed the boat, which replied to the cries and asked where they were. Naturally, they replied "up in a balloon," which had such a humorous sound that those on board the schooner uttered some ejaculations of displeasure, and immediately tacked away. This was like the last hope disappearing, and a feeling of dread apprehension fell upon the party. All hope was not, however, abandoned, as it was felt that another vessel might come in sight, or the wind drive the balloon ashore. At about one o'clock the car again dipped in the water, and dragged at a fearfully rapid rate through the lake. This necessitated the parties on board clinging to the ropes and standing on the edge of the basket. The cold was intense, and the arms of the reporters became so numbed that holding on was almost mechanical.

When all hope had been abandoned, the professor from his perch aloft described a blue light, which was hung at the masthead of a schooner approaching the balloon. As soon as she came within hailing distance, the distress of the aerial travelers was made known, and a small boat was put out to the rescue. The balloon appeared to be filled with a spirit of contrariness, and instead of waiting to be rescued, flew before the wind. Two young men in the boat, whose names were subsequently ascertained to be Henry Loney and Thomas Whallam, rowed vigorously for an hour and a half, sometimes nearing the balloon and again left far behind. Fortunately a dead calm fell, and the boat was enabled to reach the balloon, and the unmanageable monster was towed to shore near Long Point lighthouse, in Athol township, Prince Edward county.

No Fear of Death in the Dying.

A striking fact in connection with the dying is that they are not afraid of death. You notice this even in executions. The majority of men who are hanged are reported to die "game." Death following disease or injury is, with the rarest exceptions, unaccompanied with fear. Disease dulls the intelligence so that the situation may not be fully comprehended; or there may be pain, and death is looked upon as a relief. Nature, by a kindly provision, seems to prepare for the flight of the spirit; as the hold upon life grows weaker, so does the desire for life grow less; and in scarcely a single instance has not the dying man relinquished life at the last without seeming reluctance or fear.

The several physical phenomena which, accompanying the act of dying, vary considerably in the earlier stages with the causes which produce death, there is much similarity in the latter steps. Death offers then a physiognomy, which, once witnessed, is not hard to recognize again.

Among the more constant signs are the failing pulse, which gradually becomes imperceptible, first at the wrist and lastly at the breast itself; the extremities grow cold; the countenance changes as the venous blood courses the arteries; the skin grows clammy and the vessels relax; the eye glazes; the jaw droops; the fluids accumulate in the windpipe, causing the "death rattle," so called, the breath comes short and finally ceases.

As the red blood leaves the brain the judgment becomes obscured, and the senses deficient. Speech is incoherent. Many times "last words" are imagined by affection to mean more than intended, if there was any intention at all. "It grows dark," or "more light," are common sayings as the optic nerve loses its stimulus. Or strange sights may be seen and sounds heard, as occur sometimes in the still twilight. The hallucinations of the dying may be often explained upon natural causes.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* drops a sympathizing tear over the recital of a touching scene in Mexico, where the remains of a matron one hundred and thirty-two years old were attended to the grave by her orphan boys, aged respectively ninety and one hundred.

A Colorado Gold Mine.

A *Tribune* correspondent, writing from Colorado, gives the following sketch of a mine in that section: I went 1,500 feet into a mine, following the tunnel straight in. It was cut through the solid rock without a disclosure of "pay" during the entire distance. It was eight feet high and seven or eight wide, and seemed almost large enough for a railroad tunnel. A track was laid within it for the donkey cars to haul out the ore to the mouth of the drift. At the end of the tunnel the veins were found. They diverged in different directions. Even underneath the tunnel a sewer or canal had been built to carry away the large streams of water found in the mines, and I saw what I had not thought of before—that the ore had been taken out scores and scores of feet below the level of the tunnel, and that the roof of one corridor, formed of timbers and covered with earth, made the floor of the corridor or hall above. Here, thousands of feet within the mountains, where the sun never shone, were busy workshops. Here a large engine was fizzing and puffing; here was a blacksmith's forge; here was a shaft extending above and below, hundreds of feet out of sight; here was a hoisting machine, with wire ropes and bells ringing as signals for raising or lowering the immense iron ore-tubs; here were steam pumps working away as though mines would be flooded if they stopped to take breath; here were immense water pipes to carry the water into the main canal; here was a stable filled with mules waiting for their details; here was an iron bin containing powder, fuse, etc., for blasting, and here was a chest containing drills, hammers, and other tools—in all, the most unexpected sight possible to one who sees it for the first time. A dull, dim, exasperating light surrounds you, and if, in the uncertainty of your vision, you stumble against a car, or a pickaxe, or step into a bucket of water, you are laughed at by a dozen owl-eyed miners, whose sight, by long training, has overcome the darkness.

The superintendent asked me if I would like to go down into the shaft a few hundred feet. I asked how I was to get down that distance. "You cap get into that tub," said he, "and we will lower you with a rope around a drum"—

"You are very kind," I answered, "but I think I will defer it."

"Or," said he, continuing, "you can go down that ladder about eighteen feet, when you will find a landing; then you can take another ladder and go on until you reach the bottom."

As the ladder was almost perpendicular, and only the top round could be seen in the dim light, I again declined the polite invitation. My present situation in the clammy atmosphere, the sound of escaping steam in my ears, the creaking of rollers, the digging of picks, the noise of dozens of drill hammers, the sound of water gurgling beneath my feet, and I lost in the heart of the mountain—all this served to fill me with awe and apprehension.

The Poor Children.

Do not tease a sick child with much dressing, but keep it as easy and comfortable as possible in loosely-fitting garments that subject it to little or no fatigue in their adjustment. Beware, though, of altogether dispensing with flannel, even in the hottest weather, seeing how variable is the American climate, and if a change is required, let it be made with all due caution. Gauze flannel shirts protect the breast and other vital parts without incommoding any child, save one with a most exceptionally sensitive skin. Death has been seen to ensue from no graver cause than the untimely removal of a flannel shirt.

The thoughtless parent who indulges her child with a taste of every tittbit has often sad cause to rue her imprudence. Witness the case of a young mother who helped her eighteen-months' old baby to a dinner of lamb and two of the tiniest little new potatoes—wee things just suited for pretty baby's palate! That night baby came near dying of cholera infantum, and that mother has never forgotten so severe a lesson in baby dietetics. Nature's provision of mother's milk is of course the best food and medicine for infancy, but, from some cause, this supply is often failing nowadays, or pronounced by physicians not to agree with the child. In that case such substitutes must be sought as the constitution of the infant may require, as indicated by the state of the bowels. Often the mere change from brown to white sugar, from raw to boiled or scalded milk, may have a decidedly alterative effect, if the constitution has not been already injured by the use of narcotics. In those alarming and sudden attacks of cholera infantum, which frighten even experienced nurses, if no doctor is at hand, the proper thing to do is to apply a mustard plaster (not too strong) to the stomach, and to give mint-julep, a little at a time, prepared with ice pounded up as fine as can be, no water, a dessert spoonful of best French brandy, and a little loaf-sugar.

How They Died.

Augustus chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for the occasion, Julius Cæsar, when slain by the conspirators in the capitol, concealed his face beneath the folds of his toga, so that his enemies might not see the death pang upon his countenance. Siward, Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quitted his bed and put on his armor, saying: "It becomes not a man to die like a beast." Maria Louise, of Austria, a short time before she breathed her last, had fallen into an apparent slight slumber, and one of the ladies in attendance remarked that her majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," replied she, "I could sleep if I would indulge repose, but I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I would not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep; I wish to meet him wide awake." Lord Nelson, on receiving the fatal shot, said to Captain Hardy: "They have done for me at last, Hardy; my backbone is shot through;" and had the presence of mind, while carried below, to take out his handkerchief and cover his face and stars, to be concealed from the gaze of his crew. And last of all, the great Bonaparte died in his field marshal's uniform and boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

A Bride Without a Bridegroom.

Some time ago a beautiful and intelligent young lady of Richmond, Virginia, informed her intimate friends that she was engaged to be married to Mr. A. The night was fixed for the wedding, and a number of cards of invitation were sent out. The guests assembled, but no bridegroom appearing at a late hour they withdrew, full of sorrowful sympathy for the lady, and fierce indignation against the man who had so overwhelmed her with mortification and disappointment. On the next day the lady was a raving maniac. The gentleman in the case, however, asserts that he was not engaged to the young lady, and had no idea of it, nor did he know anything about the wedding that was appointed for him. He doubtless tells the truth, and the arrangements for the wedding on the part of the unfortunate young lady were but the premonitory symptoms of the insanity afterward fully developed.

Burning Bodies in Ireland.

Some very interesting antiquarian discoveries have recently been made in the sand hills of Finner, a wild district extending along the coast between Ballyshannon and Bundoran, Ireland. It appears that the owner of the land, Colonel Falliott, of Holybrook, near Boyle, has given directions for the erection of a wall on that portion of his estate, and that the workmen employed, in helping themselves very freely to what appeared to them to be an ordinary heap of field stones, came upon some very large blocks of sandstone placed in the center of the pile. One of these they sledged to pieces, and thus opened one side of what appeared to be a megalithic chamber, containing a large quantity of human bones, among which were several skulls in fine preservation. It is much to be regretted that before any intelligent person had been made aware of the "find" the place was invaded by a number of treasure seeking roughs from Ballyshannon, who, besides doing much damage to the cist, broke the crania to pieces, and scattered the other remains. That the bodies had been subjected to the action of fire, was evinced by the scorched appearance of many of the bones, and by the presence in the clay, and among the small and larger stones by which they were surrounded, of pieces of charcoal in perfect preservation. Close by is a fine example of a so-called "geant's grave," a stone circle and portion of another, and a little distance from the chambered cairn the workmen had sometime previously broken into a cromlese, which was found to inclose human ashes, burned bones, charcoal and a fine cinerary urn, some fragments of which only have been preserved. We understand that Mr. Wakeman, honorary secretary to the Archæological Society of Ireland, has visited this site of what appears to be a great pagan cemetery, and that an account of the discovery, accompanied by measured drawings of the various monuments, will appear in the journal of that association. We are sure, in the meantime, Colonel Falliott will take steps to prevent any further intrusion of ignorance or acts of vandalism. The place is well worthy of a scientific examination, especially now, when the pros and cons relative to the practice of cremation among Christian communities have become somewhat ventilated in certain circles.

Detroit Free Pressings.

The German soldiers are going out on a target shoot this fall. There will be only be 1,200,000 of them.

A tornado which crossed Missouri was described as "the wailing, writhing, wriggling, whistling wind.

Some papers are mean enough to say that the lieutenant governor of Michigan would never have been heard of had he not been caned for trying to kiss a woman.

A New Orleans man will sit on a log in the broiling sun and fish all day and feel rewarded with one bite, and yet if his wife wants a pail of water brought he will exclaim: "Oh, yes—keep right on—fix me for burial!"

If your son, or father, or brother went to California last winter to escape the rigors of this climate, and didn't take a thousand dollars along, you should direct your letters in care of some poorhouse if you want them to go direct.

COULDN'T WHITEWASH IT.—It was only a line or two in the daily paper—a few words to the effect that the Central station had been newly whitewashed. Goodheart, of Sixth street, came home, after a night's absence, with whitewash on his back, and as he met his wife he said: "Hang my luck! Got carried off on a Lake Shore train." She picked up the paper, placed her thumb on the word whitewash, and there were icicles in her voice as she replied: "Don't let that happen again, William Goodheart."

JUST AS WELL.—An old farmer, mailing a letter at the post-office, edged up to the stamp window and inquired: "I suppose you don't keep sheep-shears here, do you?" "Of course not," was the reply. "Never did keep 'em, did you." "No, sir, and never shall." "Well, sheep-shears sell pretty well at this time of the year, but if you haven't got 'em I must go somewhere else. It's just as well, probably, for I may conclude to get me some summer socks and let the shearing go until next year."

A Vanquished Eagle.

The Baltimore *American* gives an interesting account of a recent attempt by an eagle to carry off a cat, which occurred at a farm on the bay shore of Kent county, Maryland. A young medium-sized cat was treading leisurely along in a potato patch, when a large, full-grown eagle swooped down, and, catching her in its talons, bore her up. Pussy wriggled and mewed piteously for some moments, but suddenly seeming imbued with courage, she began a determined effort to obtain a hold on her oppressor. So great were her struggles that the eagle was unable to fly longer, and kept up a continuous flapping with its wings to keep aloft. After much exertion, the cat succeeded in her object, and obtained a firm grasp with her claws on the breast of the eagle, which made every possible endeavor to free itself in vain. It flapped its wings, shook its body, and appeared to heartily regret having meddled with pussy in her peaceful ways. Finally, as if in despair and exhaustion, it spread its broad wings and fell slowly to the bay, over which the struggle had been going on. Immediately upon touching the water, the cat loosed her hold and swam boldly ashore, while the eagle, upon being freed of its troublesome burden, shot upward and sped rapidly away.

The Washington Monument.

We have a circular from Washington, says an exchange, calling upon the people to make another effort for the purpose of completing the monument to the memory of Washington which now stands in reproachful solitude upon the banks of the Potomac. This shaft, which is not more than one-fourth of the height it was intended to attain, has for a long time been boarded up to prevent exposure to the wind and weather. Occasionally there has been a little effort to collect some money to finish it, but the people have had no heart in the matter. Congress would give nothing to the undertaking. It would be a gratifying thing to us if this monument could be completed. It is a reproach to the energy, and we may say to the patriotism, of the American people that we have not done the work long ago. It would be a gratifying incident if the centennial year would mark the completion of a monument that would be among the wonders of the republic.

A Terrible Storm.

Reports from numerous points in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, and Southern Illinois indicate that the storm which passed over that section lasted from Saturday till Monday night. It did great damage, killing much live stock, tearing down houses, barns, and fences, inundating whole farms, and injuring the crops to some extent. Railroad bridges and culverts were swept away in some places, and many persons injured, and several are reported to have been killed.

The Value of Life in Russia.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Standard* says: Last month the military tribunal of Warsaw tried a case which in England would have produced an immense sensation, and which is well worth noticing for the extraordinary state of feeling which it reveals in society. A staff captain, one Karpoff, was indicted for the willful murder of a rural magistrate named Kozinenko. He had gone to the village where the judge was stationed, placed himself on the road where the judge's carriage must pass, and deliberately shot him without warning, at the risk of killing the secretary by his side instead. The wounded man got out, Karpoff fired again, rolled with his victim into a ditch, and, when he saw that life was gone, professed "his heart lighter," and went to give himself up. He was sentenced to Siberia, but the court will intercede with the emperor, so that he will only be confined in a fortress for two years, without degradation or loss of any rights.

Now this savage tragedy and absurdly mild punishment are the result of that antagonism between the military men and the civilians which still characterizes Russian life and of Russian military views about dueling. The original cause of quarrel, or rather the pretext, was a miserable question of a chair for a lady at a ball. The two men had long hated each other, and the civilian seems to have been in the habit of saying bitter things about war and officers. Explanations followed the ball scene, and the affair seemed ended, the judge disclaiming offense. Karpoff then is told that Kozinenko goes about with a dog said to have frightened him, Karpoff, out of demanding satisfaction at the late interview. This report leads to a scene in a public garden, during which the officer gives the lie direct, and receives a blow on the cheek. Of course a duel must follow. It appears that Kozinenko never really refused to fight, but that Karpoff, through the fault of one of the seconds, thought he did. The details are unimportant. The officers sign a round-robin exonerating Karpoff from all stain on his honor, and the evidence shows him to have been a studious, quiet-living, promising officer, yet he believes that his honor required him to murder Kozinenko, and those in command over him evidently thought that he could not act otherwise. Such is the present state of public opinion about dueling in Russia. Among the officers of the guard, at the present moment, there is an association, the members of which have bound themselves not to refuse a challenge, and, to my knowledge, a very high personage indeed expressed his approval of this undertaking a fight, and his conviction that it tended to prevent disputes among those who had signed it.

For Mothers to Read.

An exchange, in noticing some of the crimes committed under cover of the law, says that "soothing compounds" and "infants' cordials," and all things of a like kind are so many poisons kept and used for the injury or execution of babies who happen to be charged with the crime of being cross. The amount of narcotic drugs consumed every year in this country is far in excess of anything which their legitimate use can justify; while it is well known that the sale of such mixtures as we have mentioned is enormous. The death of infants occurring from their use is not the limitation of the evil. Many children who are dosed with them do not die, but they live on, impoverished in bodily and mental capacity, to swell the population of the unhealthy and dissolute which infests our cities.

This is a subject which coroners, physicians, social reformers, and the society for the prevention of cruelty to children may advantageously bring under their consideration. Coroners will find no lack of cases for their judicial treatment if only they take a very little trouble to look for them. "Opium" is an infantile disorder of very common occurrence, but it lies concealed under some more legitimate designation, and is only to be detected after special research. The indiscriminate sale of narcotic medicines, which are prepared especially for young children, should be checked. Many of them are proprietary, and those as a rule are the most dangerous. There is no equitable reason why the nurse or mother who administers them, the druggist who sells them, and the person who makes them, should not be held responsible for their consequences. It is a poor testimony to our advanced civilization that the use of such things should go on unrestrained, that infants should be killed for no greater crime than ill-temper, itself often the result of ill-health, and that the constitutions of a large part of the coming generation should be enfeebled by a process which, if it had prevailed two hundred years ago, would have brought its inventors to deserved punishment.

Large Ears and Small Ears.

Large ears, says a theorist, mounting his hobby, hear things in general, and denote broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought; while small ears hear things in particular, and show a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by the love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the leading facts of a case, with the general principle involved—too strict an attention to the enumeration of details, especially all repetition of the more unimportant—is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generality, and are usually fitted to conduct large enterprises, to receive and pay out money in large sums; they prefer to give with a free hand, without reference to the amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story, as well as the main facts; take delight often in examining, handling, or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in buying or selling, to the extent at least of knowing the exact number over or under the stated measure given or received. People with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business.

A Parisian Story.

A Paris paper narrates a story of which a Parisian recently returned from the cape was the hero. One day, having strayed away with two companions for a long distance from the town, he, with his friends, came upon a cabin, which, being very hungry, they entered. In it was an old negress, who was making and cooking a sort of omelette. They made her understand by signs that they were very hungry, and particularly wanted that omelette, and would pay a good price for it. She, by signs, assented readily. Then, pointing to a string of mushrooms hanging by, they intimated that these would make a savory addition to the meal. The woman, with a scream of horror, abandoned her cooking and took refuge in a corner. They, without more ado, added the mushrooms for themselves, and found the whole delicious. As they finished, a cry of despair was heard at the door. The negro husband had returned to see the last of the ears of his deceased enemies vanish down a Parisian throat. The three friends were ill for fifteen days, and cannot hear a mushroom mentioned without turning pale.

THE WESTERN LOCUST.

A Description of the Grasshopper, its Habits and its Food.

Charles R. Dodge, assistant entomologist United States department of agriculture, in a letter to the New York *Herald* says: The Western migratory locust, or "hateful grasshopper," as it is sometimes called, is an insect measuring from an inch and a quarter to an inch and a half in length from head to tip of wings, which extend over or beyond the abdomen from an eight to a third of an inch. A description of the insect is hardly necessary, as it very closely resembles the common little red-legged grasshopper so plentiful in fields and meadows in the summer and fall and known in scientific parlance as *Caloptenus femur-rubrum*, the principal difference being the length of wings. In fact, the Western migratory species belongs to the same genus, and is named *Caloptenus spretus*. As there are many other grasshoppers found in the region inhabited by these insects it is not at all uncommon for "Eastern friends" to receive monstrous samples of hoppers as the destructive species, and we have even received by mail very large species belonging to a group that never have wings, and therefore cannot be migratory, as specimens of the kind of insects that are devouring the land. What they lack in size, however, they make up in numbers, and persons that have never seen a "visitation" can form no idea of the extent of their swarms, and would hardly credit the statement that they had been seen drifted against a grain shed three feet deep.

Of their Rocky mountain history nothing of importance is known. They do live in the mountains, however, and are found far up the peaks, even to the snow range, where they have been caught in attempting to fly over. I have been informed that these insects may be frozen stiff, so that they may be broken like pipe stems, yet their fellows in the same situation can be thawed out and in a short time will be as lively as ever.

The manner in which they deposit their eggs is as follows: The female, with the ovipositor at the end of her abdomen, forms a hole in the soil, generally about an inch deep, the horn-like tips enabling her to do this by a sort of drilling process in a short space of time, usually but a few minutes. The insect prefers bare sandy places or hard dry ground for this purpose, but at the same time will oviposit in other locations. The eggs are deposited side by side in a mass to the number of thirty to one hundred. They are slender, yellowish, slightly curved, and measure about one-fifth of an inch in length, and when fresh are soft and moist, but soon become harder. They are rarely, if ever, deposited in moist or wet ground.

When they first hatch they are white or grayish in color and very tender, and in the beginning of spring the cool nights often destroy many of them. They eat nearly everything that can be eaten and rarely ever leave until the supply is exhausted. They have their preferences, however, and delight in anything acid or sour, and even hot and bitter substances, as tobacco, pepper, etc., are much to their taste. The tender vegetation is always destroyed first, but it is a little singular that sweet substances, as green corn, sorghum and the like are not attacked until the others are consumed. Riley says: "Vegetables and cereals are their main stay; turnips, carrots, cabbage and radishes are all devoured with avidity, beets and potatoes with less relish, though sometimes the tubers in the ground do not escape. Onions they are very partial to; of leguminous plants the pods are preferred to the leaves, and cucurbitaceous plants also suffer most in the fruit. Of the cereals corn is their favorite, and if young and tender is devoured to the ground. They are fond of buckwheat and flax, but seldom touch castor beans. Next to vegetables and cereals they relish the leaves of fruit trees. Those of the peach are generally left untouched, though the fruit is eaten to the stone." Nor do they cease when the supply of green food is exhausted, as they are known to eat the dry bark of trees, the dry lint from a well seasoned fence plank, dry leaves and paper, cotton and woolen fabrics, and they have been seen even upon the backs of a flock of sheep devouring the wool. Dead animals are sometimes food for them, and if one of their own number becomes disabled it is soon finished by its hungry brethren. They show a marked preference for wilted or unhealthy plants.

A Notable Place.

Quincy, Massachusetts, is a notable birthplace of great men, such as John Hancock, the Adamses, Quincys, and others more or less famous. It is a picturesque old town. From the summit of President's hill the eye sweeps over a magnificent scene, crowded with reminiscences of a century ago. Directly beneath, on the east, is the site of the old home of John Hancock, now occupied by the Adams Academy; to the southeast stands the decaying mansion, with neglected surroundings, where both John Adams and John Quincy Adams were born; and nearer by, on the north, is the fine old estate which was built by a Tory and confiscated to the government, and which afterward became the residence of John Adams, and is still occupied by his grandson, Hon. Charles Francis Adams; a few rods further to the north, half hidden in the surrounding foliage, stands the old clubhouse, known as the Greenleaf Home, where many of the leading patriots of the revolution were wont to meet and confer together, and where were arranged plans which were vital to liberty. These and many other relics of patriotism are still standing here to recall scenes which have long since passed into history.

The Bandit's Revenge.

A few months ago a Mexican by the name of Francisco Viella came to the ranche of John Heinlan, on Mussel slough, and hired out to herd horses. He subsequently stated that he had been one of the Chavis band, had resolved to leave them and was fearful that he would be murdered for so doing. On the morning after Viella had gone to his work, a large, well-dressed man, whom the Chinese cook took to be either a Mexican or a Frenchman, rode up and wanted breakfast. He was mounted on a large bay horse, and well armed with pistols and gun. He rode away over the plain. Toward night the horse of Viella was found tied to the fence, with the saddle removed, and forty or fifty rods away the dead body of the rider was found, where he had been lassoed and dragged over the plain until his neck was broken and life extinct. There can be no doubt but the murderer was a member of the Chavis gang.

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