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To-Morrow.

O thou to-morrow! Mystery!
O day that ever runs before!
What hast thine hidden hand in store
For mine, to-morrow, and for me?
O thou to morrow! what hast thou
In store to make me bear the now?

O day in which we shall forget
The tangled troubles of to-day!
O day that laughs at duns, at debt!
O day of promises to pay!
O shelter from all present storm!
O day in which we shall reform.

O safest, best day for reform!
Convenient day for promises!
Hold back the shadow of the storm.
O blessed to-morrow! Chiefest friend,
Let not thy mystery be less,
But lead us blindfold to the end.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

The World's Fair, 1876.

Columbia, puzzled what she should display,
f true home-make on her Centennial day,
Asked Brother Jonathan: he scratched his head,
Whittled awhile reflectively, and said:
Your own invention and own making, too?
Why, any child could tell you what to do:
Show 'em your civil service, and explain
How all men's loss is everybody's gain;
how your new patent to increase your rents
By paying quarters for collecting cents;
Show your short cut to cure financial ills
By making paper collars current bills;
Show your new bleaching process, cheap and brief,
To wit: a jury chosen by the thief;
Show your State legislatures; show your rings
And challenge Europe to produce such things
As high officials sitting half in sight
To share the plunder and to fix things right;
If that don't fetch her, why, you only need
To show your latest style in martyrs—Tweed;
She'll find it hard to hide her spiteful tears
At such advance in one poor hundred years."

—*J. R. Lowell.*

THE SOL TREASURE.

Attempt to Find an Old Buccaneer's Gold.

I had a certain amount of appreciation for Adrien Graab. He was a handsome young man, some ten years my junior, of cheerful disposition and winning manner. Our manager in the insurance office, I think, had singled him out for preferment, so when Adrien had a slight attack of some pulmonary disease, Adrien was sent to the West Indies for the winter to look up the business of a ship which had been wrecked on one of the islands.

On Adrien's return I noticed the man was changed. His personal appearance was improved, but he seemed to have lost his flow of spirits, and was moody at times. As in his younger days I had been his mentor, and the recipient of many of his boyish troubles, I had no hesitation in asking him what was the matter. His name I had often taken liberties with, dropping the double a, and calling him plain Grab.

"Adrien Grab," I said, "what ails you?"

"Graab or Grab," he replied, "it is all the same to me. We accept the name according to the circumstances. When the family was needy, we were Grabs."

"You have not," I inquired, "been brooding like an owl over the mysteries of your family-tree of late, have you?"

"Yes, I have," he replied, though with a smile. "I fancy you have laughed at me many a time about it. But you must listen to it again, for I want your advice. In 1742 a De Graab came here to New York from the West Indies, sailed here in his own ship, laden with tobacco, rum, and sugar."

"And were neither tailors, nor butchers, nor carriers, but grand gentlemen. You have often told me that before. Well, you, Adrien Graab, are fourth clerk in an insurance office. That is positive. What then?"

"They were De Graabs then. When I was in Curacoa last winter, attending to our business, I met an offshoot of the family, or rather one of the parent stock. He was the master of many miles of sugar-canes, acres of pine-apples, and groves of cocoa-nuts and bananas. He had the family tree in all its details, not only the root but the uppermost twig. The departure of a portion of the family from Curacoa to Martinique had been noted. That was in 1706; but all traces of this branch, after that, had been lost to him. This planter's name was Claes van Graab, and he let me into the secrets of the family. I do not know if he was proud of it, but, by George! I am; for I think it was the brightest plume, the gaudiest feather, that ever ornamented the De Graab helmet."

"A sorry hat I have seen their representative wear sometimes," I interrupted.

"Laugh as you please; we were freebooters, sir; buccaneers, filibusters in the old time. The oldest known Graab—he was Ches Graab—was one of Montbar's men, and many a Spanish galleon has my ancestor helped to plunder. One Graab—it seems he was the freebooter's son—went back to Holland in '80 and founded a family there. In Ch[illegible] van Graab's house, at Curacoa, there is the copy of a picture of him, the original of which hangs in the Hague. See here, do you notice this little pendulous apendage to my ear?"

"This is too absurd! You recall, Adrien, the huckleberry and my long-lost brother," I exclaimed, out of patience.

"As I live, that portrait showed, under a stately ruff of Mechlin lace, old Claes, with just such a family ear-mark Aurelia saw it."

"Who is Aurelia?" I inquired.

"Claes van Graab's daughter. But no De Graab ever slid into the infinite abyss of nothing all of a sudden. It was a hurricane first that crippled the De Graabs of New York and devastated their plantation. Then, in revolutionary times, they showed bad judgment and sided with the king. Next, the insurrection of the slaves, in the French West Indies, beggared them. Graab then, I suppose, did sink into Grab. We have been drifting ever since."

The man was getting melancholy. Now, I had heard Adrien tell me as much as this fifty times before, save the finding of a possible relative in the West Indies. "Nonsense, my good fellow. It is the old story, only instead of ending with a laugh, as you use to do, you now close your narrative with a whine."

"I have never told you all. That old Dutchman in Curacoa gave me a positive intimation of a treasure, which I have followed up."

"This is pitiful stuff," I exclaimed. "When Dumas died, all Monte Cristo was swallowed up, and the last gold bug buzzed out of existence with Edgar Poe."

"It is not romance. When I was a child, when asking my father for things he could not afford to purchase, he would say: 'When your ship is found.', A sunken ship has been one of the family legends. Claes van Graab has the most authentic proofs that such a treasure exists. In 1630 the Sol, from Carthagena to Lisbon, laden with ingots of gold and silver and pieces of eight was captured, and taken in tow by a ship an ancestor or mine commanded. Off the island of Curacoa the prize sank, with all her treasure. That such was the fact is evident, because at the close of the seventeenth century William Phipps planned a scheme for the finding of the Sol. In 1746, one hundred and more years after the loss of the Sol, an attempt was made to rescue the treasure. Claes van Graab's grandfather was ruined in the endeavor. The family now in Curacoa have kept every record. Claes van Craab told me that twenty years ago, when there was some mighty convulsion of the land and sea—some submarine earthquake—the spot where that ship, the Sol, had been wrecked was exposed for an hour or more, and then sank again. As if to tempt us there has been an upheaval just over the very spot. Sometimes in the surf of the Carribean sea small fragments of coin—gold pieces, worn thin and abraided—are washed on shore. Here is one," and Adrien drew a tarnished bit of metal from his pocket. "More that that. Claes van Graab, at last assured that I am of his stock"—

"One moment," I interrupted, "and the daughter—will she acknowledge the kinship—does she urge the recovery of this fantastic treasure?"

"Yes—even more than her father. I have received a letter from Curacoa urging my coming to the island."

"Will Claes van Graab furnish the means?" I inquired. "If there is a million dollars there, even if not at any great depth under water, it will cost a million to get it out."

"The ship sank in rocky bottom—not on a coral reef—there may be a wash of sand over it."

"Is, then, this Curacoa planter, to drop from the imaginative to the practical, willing to risk his money in the enterprise?"

"What he will do I do not know. He bids me come to him. I should suppose he was a man of large means. I regret to say, however, that no draft accompanied his commands. Go to him I must and will. There is a vessel up for Curacoa—she leaves in a week. I would like to sail in her."

"And give up your occupation here! It is the height of folly. Have you money enough for your expenses?"

"Hardly. By selling my trinkets, my watch, I will still want $50. Will you lend it to me?"

"You may perhaps be useful to your relative, if such a thing as relationship is possible. You can have the money. Return it at your leisure."

Adrien left for Curacao within the ten days. Some three months afterward I received a kind letter from the young man inclosing me the borrowed money, and with it came the gift of a case of native birds. Adrien's letter was four-fifths full about the Sol treasure, and the other fifth was about Aurelia van Graab. Until the next sugar crop was made, Claes van Graab would do nothing. It was fully eight months before any more tidings came from Curacoa. This time the crop had been sold. The planter was putting in new machinery, and the money was wanted for a Rillieux apparatus. Adrien was superintendent and general manager, with a salary of $2,500. Little or nothing was said about the Sol. A small package came to me, too, containing a bit of old gold. I was instructed by Adrien to have a ring made with the gold, and I was to have a pearl set in it. The size of the ring indicated a feminine finger. When the ring was finished it was to be returned to Curacoa. Adrien hoped when next he wrote me to be Aurelia's husband. Adrien sent me, too, one hundred weight of chocolate and a bag of very wonderful coffee. Claes van Graab's health was feeble (so said the letter), and Adrien had entire charge of his business.

I lost sight of Adrien for fully five years, when one day he burst into the office. Everybody, even the old manager, was glad to see him, and congratulated him on his good looks and his fortunes. Our president deigned to patronize him. When we were alone, he said to me: "I am here for machinery."

"More sugar works?" I inquired.

"No; it is for the Sol business. Aurelia was an heiress. My poor old father-in-law must have all his life put aside large sums of money for the purpose of finding this Sol treasure. His will, if not positive in regard to this wretched business, at least indicates that an effort must be made."

"The Sol business a wretched one! Why, Adrien, you have changed your tone. I congratulate you on being less visionary than you used to be."

"Aurelia is ambitious, and has renewed the question of the wreck. She urges the research. I would to God there had never been any gold or silver sunk in that treacherous sea. My wife dreams of titles, the purchase of an old estate in the Netherlands, believes we have claims to the rank of the old van Graabs, which wealth would purchase. Colonial life has no charms for my wife. We are very rich; no fortune on the island equals hers." I noticed something of chagrin in his manner.

"For God's sake abandon this gold hunting if it is distasteful to you. Have you no children?"

"Alas, none now. The terrible climate was too much for the poor little child we had. The loss of our son has changed my wife's character. She is more determined than ever to find the treasure. My word is pledged. The engagement ring you had made for me was beaten out of a bit of gold washed ashore from the wreck. Before we were married I had promised Aurelia to seek the Sol. It seems that for two centuries those Curacoa van Graabs have brooded over the buccaneer's plunder until it has become a family taint. But to business. I have $200,000 to spend. Should we lose it, sugar will make it up again in a few years. I have made explorations, personal ones. Last year a wrecking company sent me some of their most expert hands. I went down with them. I am familiar with diving apparatus. We have pretty nearly satisfied ourselves as to the exact spot. There are traces of ship's timbers, eaten by the worms. A dozen pieces of gold coin, worn thin by abrasion, rewarded our toil. Can you doubt now that the Sol is no myth? We have hunted the old Dutch and Spanish archives. It was not a million of dollars' worth of silver and gold that went down in the Sol, but six millions. Groping for millions some twenty fathoms under water is terrible work."

"I should think so, Adrien," I replied, "especially as in your younger days your lungs were never overstrong."

"Pshaw. The southern climate has restored me. I am getting used to an amphibious life. If the money is found, my wife will have her title—as for myself, it will be some good work of charity I shall found. Now, would you mind, my old friend, helping me? My absence from New York has been so prolonged that I am ignorant of many things. A life of somewhat an indolent character has dulled, perhaps, my energy. Will you act for me? It may occupy your afternoons. Let me assure you, if I do not presume on your kindness, that I should be glad to offer you any remuneration you would think suitable."

The proposal was so kindly made that I accepted the position of agent for Adrien. Machinery was built, a tug was purchased, and a contract made with a company who were to send out to Curacoa competent persons acquainted with submarine work. When all was ready and the last bill paid I declined an urgent appeal on the part of Adrien to accompany him. De Graab left, and my labors ceased when the propeller Aurelia De G. steamed out of the Narrows. I waited after that for months and months. The managers of the wrecking company could only inform me that the propeller and hands had arrived in safety at Curacoa. At last I received a short note from Adrien. Usually he wrote the neatest of hands; now the words were scrawled and difficult to decipher. It read as follows: "Found! I have just put at Aurelia's feet an ingot of gold. Its weight is eightecn pounds. It must have weighed double that 250 years ago. Poor Aurelia! I never told you there had been a passing cloud between us. Her love has returned. The work under the sea is terribly trying. I dare not trust the men out of my sight. It is a delirium of wealth which is like to craze me. I shall write you again. Our success is now beyond a doubt, and only a question of time." It was with a feverish anxiety that I watched for another letter. Most a year passed and no tidings came. At last, in an insignificant newspaper paragraph among the scanty fragments of news gleaned from South American sources, I read this:

"The Sol expedition in search of a treasure-ship, after a most brilliant opening, has been abandoned. The party are returning via Panama."

So it ended. The close of this drama can be better understood by transcribing a letter Adrien's wife sent me:

"I am alone now in this world. Adrien is no more. Even the poor consolation of seeing his remains has been denied me. I never can have peace again on earth. The ingot of gold he gave me I send you. Have a crucifix made of it. With whatever is left of the gold have masses said in the city where he was born for the repose of his soul. The crucifix send to me. In my agony praying before it, I will ask pardon for my sins, for it is I who killed my husband."

Running a Newspaper.

By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts, there is a large class of people in the world who think that it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper, and if they buy a copy of the newsboy, when too far from the office to come and beg one, they are regular patrons and entitled to unlimited favors. Men call every day at newspaper offices to get a copy of the daily paper, just from the press, for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket handkerchief from a dry goods store, or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon the plea of old acquaintance, having bought something once before. One paper is not much, but a hundred a day amounts to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some men who have paid two dollars at an early period of life for an advertisement worth four or five, appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. They demand the publication of all marriages, and funeral notices, obituaries and family episodes, for the next forty years, gratis. Speak of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes; but you receive the worth of your money for what you pay." "But," says the patron, "it will not cost you anything to put this in," which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your ax on his grindstone, and graciously tell him it won't cost him a cent. It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business; no paper will succeed financially that carries a dead head system. Any mention of the people's affairs that they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for; and when printed is generally worth as much as any other investment of the same amount.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small; the proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the editors and reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession requiring the given amount of intelligence, training and drudgery. The life has its charms and pleasant associations, scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxieties and hours of exhaustion, which also are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease and free from care and go to the circus at night on a free ticket and to the springs on a free pass in the summer, is an idea which we desire to explode particularly and theoretically. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

His Father's Occupation.

Preliminary to admission to the public schools of St. Louis, answers are required to a list of questions, some of which are at times too much for the intelligence of the unfledged citizens of the "future great city of the world," as witness the following:

A friend of mine, Miss J——, teacher of one of the primary classes, catechised a little ragamuffin a short time since with the following result:

"What is your father's name?"

"Don't know."

"Don't know your father's name?"

"No."

"Well, what do the neighbors call him?"

"Don't call him nothin'. They don't see him. He ain't never home 'cept nights."

"Then," as a bright idea occurred to her, "what does your mother call him?"

"Why, she calls him 'old fool!'"

At this point her researches into the secret history of that family ceased.

On another occasion a little candidate grappled successfully with every question on the list until the one, "What is your father's occupation?" was propounded, when he was forced to admit that he did not know what that word meant.

"I mean, what does he do?" said Miss J——.

"Oh! he builds fires."

"Ah! he's a janitor, then?"

"I don't know what that means, neither."

"Why, a janitor is a man that builds fires, and sweeps out, and takes care of a building."

"I guess he ain't that kind, then, cos he don't sweep none."

"Doesn't he? Well, where does he build fires?"

"I don't know," said the little fellow, very emphatically, and in a tone betraying considerable irritation; "he's dead."

A Man Dies of the Hiccough.

About one of the most singular cases of death that ever came within our province to mention is that of Milton W. Blair, of Louisa county, Iowa, who died in California of the hiccough. Mr. Blair was an old merchant of Louisa county, but has not been engaged in business for a number of years. He has been residing near Morning Sun since retiring from business. Last fall he was attacked with a fit of hiccoughing, which continued for some weeks, with scarcely any intermission. Becoming alarmed at the long continuance of the spell, Mr. B. came to Burlington to consult with a doctor, who, after treating him a while, declared he could give him no relief. From this city he proceeded to Chicago, and consulted the best medical authorities there, who did all in their power, but could not relieve him. By their advice he went to California, accompanied by his sister, thinking that the change of climate would help him, remaining in that State to the time of his death, hiccoughing almost continually, and having but few intervals of rest. The continued strain and distress wore him to a mere shadow of his former self, and recently his sister telegraphed to friends and relatives in Burlington and Louisa counties that he was dead, and she was bringing his remains on for burial.

"Better put on your overcoat," she said, as he was starting for down town, "it will surely rain before night." "Not a bit, my dear." But look at those driving clouds!" "Oh, pshaw, that's only flying scud." "Very well," she rejoined, "but you'll find it will be sky-ing flood before dark."

ORIGINAL BRIGANDS.

They Levy Black Mail and Appoint an Agent to Carry Out their Work.

Burglars entered the residence of Mr. Thomas H. Bedell, on the Creek road, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., during a thunder storm, and stole a clock, a sofa-bottom rocking-chair, fancy ornaments from the mantels, silver napkin rings, a silver cake basket, and other things. They also cut all the tassels from the curtains and left a note behind demanding $500 to be left at a place they would specify or they would destroy all the buildings on the place. Mr. Bedell's brother found a letter written on the page of a ledger thrust under the front door of his house which informed him that there was a band calling themselves a band of robbers, five in number, who had visited his brother, but the captain thought best not to disturb the family, but to levy a tax of $500, and if they saw fit to pay they would molest them no further. If, however, his brother should refuse, the band would do all the harm they could to his person or property. The letter then continued as follows:

"Now we know you are the interested, being a relation, and request you to see him at once, and it will be to your interest to assist him, should he need such assistance, for your own safety. We came here to attend the races, and shall leave here as soon as we get the money called for. The sum called for is a small amount and must be paid this Monday evening. There is no alternative, it is only a choice between money and life, for our vengance is swift and sure. We are no black mailers, but give those whom we visit a chance to choose. Now, if you do this as requested—that is, we desire you to visit your friend, make arrangements, and visit us in the road just north of the powder-house above Morgan lake; there is a building there which used to be a slaughter-house; meet us there at precisely eleven o'clock. You will not be harmed and may rest assured never to be again troubled; we make you as much interested as him and expect not to be disappointed, use no tricks or treachery, we are fully prepared and never failed or outwitted. We make him pay now and ask you to assist. Should he find the tax will be roused and another visit will be made. He will show you how we work.

"At a certain place the band visited a wealthy family, levied a tax of $1,000 on him, he refused to notice our demand. We paid him a second visit, he paid $2,000 and was glad to do it. One more at another time we demanded some money, the person refused, and published the visit after being requested to keep silent, which so incensed the band that they burned a large barn filled with grain, killed some valuable stock; but this seldom happens; we say to you keep this a secret, should you comply with our demand lay a sheet in your west window this Monday afternoon. We use you as our agent and as such exempt you from any tax. Should the money be paid, but should you and him fail the thing will be different. We desire the money, we within fives and tens bills and more but genuine, it is the captain who writes this and our home far in the southwest. Yours, etc.

"We will caution you further not to, for your own sakes, try any tricks, as we are prepared with a large force. Remember at eleven o'clock, between the corner and the old building near the powder-house, upon hearing a whistle lay the money, which must be done up in a good-sized white paper, in the middle of the road, and drive off as soon as possible.

"(Signed) THE CAPTAIN.

"P. S. Do not fail to put out the cloth."

Mr. Bedell put the matter in the hands of the police, thinking no more of the threatening letter. Near where he was to place the package of money, the residence of Mr. William Beardsley was robbed of one hundred pounds of butter, thirty pounds of pork, pillow cases, etc.

A Chinese Funeral.

A Singapore correspondent in writing of a Chinese funeral, says: Just before leaving town I was delayed by an immense Chinese funeral procession, which occupied a long time in passing and blocked up the street. The first party was composed of men carrying banners and playing on gongs, fifes and various nameless musical instruments. The sounds produced were strange and weird but not very discordant, and the combination of colors made by waving banners of every shape and hue was exceedingly brilliant and showy. The hearse was gorgeously ornamented with curtain hangings of blue and gold, and the coffin with embroidered work of the same material. A special guard attended the hearse, and various insignia were held up in front; and a large multitude of friends and retainers followed, all carrying blue and white umbrellas, so that it seemed as if the whole Chinese population had turned out on the occasion. Bringing up the rear were a troop of hired mourners dressed completely in white, with sheets thrown over their heads, and held extending in front. Their wailing and crying were piteous, until we remembered that they were paid for it. The main procession was followed by a line of empty carriages to bring back many who were walking out of respect for the dead. While walking along a street, upon another occasion, I happened to pass a house where there had evidently just been a death. A long red cloth was stretched across the doorway, and a Chinese ceremony was going on before a little altar raised in front of the house. Incense was burning in abundance, and offerings were making of fruits, rice and large cocoanuts.

New Wool Goods.

Many of the new wool goods, a fashion journal says, are broderie, as the French say, with wrought figures that look like embroidery or brocade. Some of these are all wool, but the most elaborate have silk, satin, or velvet figures. There are gray grounds of wool cloth with silken figures of brown; heavily twilled blue wool stuffs are overlaid with black satin figures; gray-blue grounds have figures of lighter shade. Less striking than these are soft drab stuffs of fine twilled wool overlaid with intricate tracery of the same shade or with bias plaids, or else little diamonds or small checks.

Cashmeres, serges, and merinoes are staple goods, and apt to remain in fashion while costumes are worn, as they require soft flexible stuffs for draperies. In selecting those for the coming season the reader is advised to choose very dark shades of quiet colors. Camel's hair in invisible plaids, and the striped limous one of last year, are provided for serviceable winter costumes.

Those Pins.

Speaking of General C. A. Evans, who was lately relieved of a number of pins which had been knocked into him by a Minie ball during the war, the *Chronicle and Sentinel* of Columbia, S. C., adds: It is a credit to him to say that he made his famous memorial address, which breathed love and forgiveness, while those hostile pins were in his body. A man that can forgive his enemy with a handful of pins working about his body is a Christian.

France keeps a ship of war at Ajaccio constantly at the order of the Pope, in case he should desire to leave Rome.

AMONG THE WHARF RATS.

The Poor Wretches Who Haunt the River Fronts.

"What is a 'wharf rat' and where is he to be found?" I asked one day of an old and experienced police captain who had seen twenty years' service wearing the blue uniform, and was well acquainted with all the habits and haunts of the outcasts and criminal classes.

"A 'wharf rat,'" he answered, "is something entirely different from all others of those who defy or evade the law. His home is on the docks, and he is only to be found on the most lonely and least frequented city piers. How he lives and gets his food and clothing is to any one who does not know the great city a curious problem, and a startling fact when analyzed. You have often strolled along the docks, perhaps, at early morning?"

"Occasionally I have visited some of the docks at an early hour to get a breath of fresh air on a summer morning," I answered.

"Well," he continued, "if you go early enough you may see here and there a wretched looking man in soiled clothing sleeping behind a hay bale, a pile of bricks, or a stack of lumber. His hair will be full of straw or hay, and his face and skin are of the color of clay, sullen and destitute of any high expression. Occasionally you see an overgrown boy of the same description, but the scamp is not yet fixed inexadically in his face of degradation and indifference to all things human and divine. Perhaps you may find some of these people fishing off the end of a wooden stringpiece, or off some schooner, but that is all pretense, and serves as a cover for theft or laziness. Masters of vessels, schooners and lighters have to watch carefully for these fellows, or they will steal and get away with their plunder quicker than a lightning flash."

"Are they in any way connected with the class known as river thieves?" I asked.

"It is a fact that the majority of the river thieves—the most skillful and expert among them—are recruited from the dock or wharf rats. Of course, such men as the Bay Ridge burglars, who were shot, do not and could not have belonged to this class. Those fellows were bold and determined men, who always fought for a heavy stake, and they would despise themselves if they were found lying out all night merely to secure a piece of old junk, a coil of rope, or even a piece of old iron, copper or block lead. I believe that these are the things taken principally by the dock rats, as they are easy to conceal, and shipmasters or shipowners do not care to go to unnecessary trouble to prosecute in cases where the loss only amounts in detached instances of from fifty cents to five dollars. On the East river side, around Burling slip and in that neighborhood, there are to be found crowds of wharf rats, weather beaten old fellows who have done nothing since boyhood but sleep on docks and hang around like sharks for any eatable offal in the way of decayed pineapples, grapes, oranges or other fruit that may be cast aside on the docks from coasting or West India vessels."

"Can nothing be done with these fellows?" I inquired. "Can they not be put to some use in society?"

"Nothing can be done with them whatever. They are a hopeless, shiftless lot of wretches, whose utter insignificance prevents the law from dealing too severely with them, and they are so dirty, reckless and lazy as well as dishonest that they are fit for nothing; as one of these told me himself one day in a fit of despair, only to be made manure of. I suppose that there may be probably 2,500 or 3,000 of these fellows, boys and men, who come under the head of dock rats in this city. When winter comes they cannot sleep on the docks as a matter of course, and then they have to seek shelter in the police station houses, wandering from one to another, night after night, without hope or care for anything. But it is strange that even in midwinter, if you should choose to walk down to the river fronts, you will find some of these rats hanging around, haunting the place where he spends his summer vacation, for it is vacation all the year around to him, and probably some charitably disposed woman on a canal boat, or some mate of a coasting or foreign schooner will give him a piece of bread and meat and some potatoes for doing an odd chore, such as sweeping up the deck, or the like, or for going to market to get some meat or other provisions for a voyage; that is, if the dock rat will take to the work, which he generally does not.

I could cite numerous instances where good boys, who were wont to be regular in their attendance on school, and obedient to father and mother, have been ruined finally by their being seduced by older and more vicious companions to visit the docks to idle away a day, and finally to spend night after night away from their homes, and at last they turn out to be nothing but confirmed young blackguards and hardened thieves and criminals. And for that reason I am greatly in favor of the truant law, which makes it compulsory for children to attend school, and thus they are kept away from the docks and the depravity of these associations and bad company. I found in a boy's pocket one night, and who had only been absent from school a few days for the first time in his life, $200 in $10 bills, which he had taken out of a drunken man's pockets who had gone to sleep on the dock in a stupor of unconsciousness. I took him home to his parents, and found the man who owned the money. The lad was only eleven years of age, and had been induced to rob the drunken man by a confirmed wharf rat older than himself, who ran off frightened, while the smaller boy took the money. None of these dock rats ever bathe; and as their lives are spent in the neighborhood of so much water, they have no excuse for lack of cleanliness.—*New York Telegram.*

Personal Influence.

We have the following illustration of personal influence and personal devotion in the history of the Napoleonic campaigns: When the allied army entered France, a company of polish soldiers forming a part were engaged in the pillage of private property. A gray-haired old man remonstrated against their action, saying: "When I was a soldier the rights and property of peaceful citizens were respected." The Polish soldiers rudely demanded: "Who are you that dares to reprove us?" The old man answered: "I am Kosciusko." Immediately every cap was off, and on their knees they begged the pardon and blessing of that conquered hero whose misfortunes in the cause of his country, even more than his valor, were embalmed in every Polish heart.

Mad Itch.

In Tippecanoe county, Ind., one hundred and forty animals died in great agony of this malady. It is a cutaneous disease, affecting the head and neck mainly, and causing the animal to rub the affected parts against trees and fences to obtain relief, but the pain increases until the animal becomes raving, refuses food and dies. No remedy is stated in the report. A strong decoction of tobacco juice, rubbed in with a brush, has always proved an effectual remedy where we have seen the disease prevail, though we have known melted lard and sulphur used with effect.

Lightning and Some of Its Effects.

The last two months have been remarkable for the number of persons who have been killed or injured during them by lightning. Statistics in regard to this point are not complete, but those that have been gathered show about one person each day struck by this subtle and powerful agent in various parts of the Union, about half as many having been killed as have been merely injured. Death by lightning is not at any time so rare an occurrence as it is commonly thought to be, but electrical disturbances during the present summer have been greater and more frequent than usual. The heavens have been at war with the earth with water and fire, and have succeeded in doing much injury to their old antagonist. Floods, hurricanes, and cyclones, hail and lightning have wrought uncommon disaster, and, in not predicting the immediate destruction of the world, persons of a prophetic, seventh-seal, and Millerite tendency have not shown themselves fully aware to the opportunities of the time. The "freaks of lightning" has become a common phrase, no other force than electricity ever being guilty of such enormous and wonderful yet common departures from their ordinary workings with such terrific effect.

If it were possible for gravitation to indulge in such freaks; if there were cosmical storms in which the worlds were sent whirling through space on the instant, knocking their heads together, and then the cosmical sky should clear off, the nebulæ roll away, the central sun shine out and all be lovely again—if this we possible we should have to seek homes in Mr. Proctor's "Other Worlds than Ours" for peace and quietness. Lightning can never be counted on to act in any given way; sometimes it appears as a ball of fire rolling along the ground and exploding with a terrific noise or going quietly into the earth; sometimes it hovers and flashes close to the earth or water; again, in a zigzag line it leaps from cloud to cloud or directly to the earth; sometimes a man is struck and no lightning is seen; sometimes it touches a man and gently melts his watch, doing no other harm; anon it strikes a house, runs down the chimney and, finding nothing of more importance to do, kindly sends a poker flying through the window, melts a copper kettle and then runs down a rat hole. Its favorite maneuver is to tear off the sole of a man's boot on its passage to the earth. It has a peculiar effect in hastening the decay of animal tissue, and not infrequently the person who is killed by it is almost instantly so far putrefied that he has to be buried at once. It is said, though with what truth we know not, that in the eye of a person struck and killed by the discharge there is always a peculiar spot on the eyeball, produced by the extravazation of blood caused by the sudden expansion and rupture of minute blood vessels. It was once supposed that neighboring trees were sometimes photographed on the body of the person struck, but recently it has been shown that the appearance of the tree is but the common aborization of electricity which every one who has noticed a highly charged Leyden jar has seen, as the electricity escapes into the air or licks around to the tinfoil on the outside. The same effect may be obtained by discharging lightning over a sheet of glass on which steam has been condensed. The safest place during a thunder-storm is in the center of a room, and if one is very nervous he may put tumblers under the legs of the chair on which he sits, for electricity always seeks the path of the least resistance.

The Story of his Love.

It has been published in some of the numerous biographies of ex-President Johnson that his first love affair was one of flirtation upon the part of the lady in question, and that her treatment of Mr. Johnson was a bitter disappointment to him for many years. Such do not happen to be the facts. Only so late as the Sunday before he died, says an exchange, in after dinner conversation with his son and his private secretary, Mr. Johnson detailed the circumstances attending the affair as follows: After nearly serving out his apprenticeship at Raleigh, he visited and engaged at journey work at Laurens Courthouse, South Carolina. While here he met and loved a handsome and accomplished lady of excellent family. She returned his affection with equal warmth and they became engaged to be married. When the subject was brought to the attention of her parents they objected to the match, on account of Mr. Johnson's youth and poverty. He immediately went to the young lady, stated the result of his proposition, and said to her that the only course left to them was to part and drop the whole matter as completely as though it had never been. To this proposal the lady did not seem well disposed, and she told Mr. Johnson that she had every confidence in him, and was willing to intrust her life and their mutual fortunes to his care. He believed that honor demanded the course he had indicated, and he so said. He feared his motives might be misconstrued, and this was something his pride could not brook. And thus they parted. Mr. Johnson was, indeed, disappointed, but not by any action of the lady whom he had addressed. He met her only once after, in 1855, on a subsequent visit to Laurens Courthouse, when she was the mother of an interesting family. So much for the truth of history.

Introducing Yellow Fever.

The Pensacola correspondent of the Atlanta *Herald* writes as follows, concerning the ravages of the yellow fever at Fort Barrancas: The disease has been definitely ascertained to have had its origin from the bark Von Moltke, which put into the port in distress, her crew being down with the fever. She, it seems, as is customary, was boarded while out of sight of land, by a pilot, and by him brought over the bar. Discovering yellow fever on board of her, he slipped off and went ashore, and thence proceeded to his house, immediately adjoining Barrancas. Having been in close contact with the sick crew for a number of hours, he of course carried the disease to the land in his clothing. As soon as it was ascertained that he had been on board the Von Moltke he was straightway sent to quarantine, where he will remain until frost comes.

Severe Joke on his Boy.

A member of the class of 1875 at Harvard College returned from the seashore to his home in the suburbs of Boston a night or two ago, and while he was enjoying the pleasures of the home circle his father stole unobserved from the room, and taking his position under one of the windows proceeded to play upon a borrowed cornet the well known air so dear to the hearts of all Harvard men. Instantly the youth was fully aroused, the gas was turned up, preparation for a collation begun, and an abundant welcome extemporized for the supposed company of classmates who were secreted about the grounds. A search for them, however, was unsuccessful, and the paternal impostor was at length detected just as he had begun serenade number two.

To call a woman a piano, is deemed an actionable slander in Canada—probably because it seems to imply that she's forty.

THE AMATEUR ENGRAVER;

Or, the Heading to an Advertisement.

A few years since the writer of the following sketch was one of the editors and proprietors of a daily and weekly newspaper, published in one of the large towns in western New York. Among the numerous patrons of the paper was a man whom I shall describe as Levi Lapp, a carpenter by trade, and a very clever man in his way, but as the sequel shows, entirely unacquainted with the art which claims as its shining lights the names of Guttenberg and Faust.

Having considerable ingenuity as well as business qualities, Mr. Lapp had recently purchased the right to manufacture a patent pump, which he was very desirous of introducing to the public through the columns of our paper. In other words, he wanted to advertise it, and, in the course of conversation about the price and other details, mentioned to me that he would like a cut of his new pump inserted as a heading to his advertisement. I replied, "Very well," and immediately asked, "Have you the cut here?" He replied, "No, but I have got one at my house, and will bring it in."

He said to me: "Now you can get in my cut, and do so at once, for I wish to see it in print in your paper."

"Where is your cut?" I asked.

"On the bill," he replied, with all the seriousness of a post-captain.

I then told him that it would require a block of wood cut by an engraver in the shape and likeness of a pump; that this was called a cut or engraving, and that it would have to be used in the press in connection with the types, to make up such an advertisement as he desired. I told him who could do the job, and the probable expense—some fifteen or twenty dollars.

A bright idea appeared to influence Mr. Lapp, and he informed me that he thought he could do the job himself, and save just so much outlay. I told him if he could it would suit me equally as well; but I thought he would find it a trifle difficult.

We separated, and I saw no more of Levi Lapp for several weeks. In fact, I had forgotten all about the matter. One morning, bright and early, as I was busy at the desk, in came Mr. Lapp in a great bluster and hurry. He quickly explained himself, and said he had his cut finished, and had brought it as a heading to his advertisement.

I said—"Very well; where is it?"

He answered—"Down stairs."

Without giving the matter a moment's thought, I said to him: "Bring it up." And he instantly left the room for that purpose.

His back was hardly turned, however, before the thought struck me that he had rather a huge engraving for a paper of limited size like ours. And calling to the foreman to see if I was not correct in my opinion, I turned again to the desk.

The foreman was back in an instant, and I was soon aware that Levi Lapp's bright idea had grown into giant proportions, and that the engraving or cut he had brought for our press was no less than a veritable wood pump of full size, even to the pump-log, chain, crank and water-spout.

Lapp was proceeding to bring his "extended cut" into our establishment, but at that very moment was deterred from executing his plan by the shouts and laughter of the entire printing office force, including the devil himself, who stood at the window making merry at his expense.

The true condition of affairs slowly dawned upon Mr. Lapp's vision; and when informed that he had made a much larger "cut" than the present condition of the art preservative would justify, he hurriedly replaced his "engraving" on the wagon that brought it to our door, and drove off, evidently making a greater impression in this way than the pump could, by any possibility, have made in our limited establishment.

Halo Around the Sun.

Newspapers printed in Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady and Troy, N. Y., in Rutland, Vt., and Laconia, N. H., make mention of a remarkable halo around the sun which was seen on a late Sunday. The Syracuse *Journal* thus describes it: Shortly after ten o'clock a complete luminous circle around the sun, of the colors of the rainbow, was seen, and at the same time, in the east a segment of a brilliant rainbow, with another scarcely less distinct in the south, and, directly overhead, several concentric rings like their counterpart, the main circle about the sun, were also visible. This phenomenon continued in much brilliancy for about half an hour, and for an hour the halo about the sun was distinctly, though less brilliantly, visible. During a part of the time, the sun's disc was traversed by a vertical band of white, and the circle around the sun inclosed an elliptical band of white whose extreme length extended from one inner side to the other of the circle, northerly and southerly. With the aid of a smoked glass these various bows were distinctly to be seen, but to the naked eye the spectacle was oppressive. The bows in the east and south were in opposition to the ring about the sun (like the ordinary rainbow), but only a small part of either of the arches were visible.

Exportations of Wheat.

The quantities stated below are the number of bushels of wheat exported from the United States to all foreign countries. The years end June 30:

Years.	Bushels.
1859	3,002,016
1860	4,155,158
1861	31,238,057
1862	27,696,079
1863	26,152,414
1864	23,681,712
1865	9,937,152
1866	5,579,103
1867	6,146,411
1868	15,940,929
1869	17,557,836
1870	36,584,115
1871	34,304,900
1872	26,423,089
1873	39,214,285
1874	71,039,928
1875	50,000,000

The quantity stated for 1875 is partly estimated. By the official report of the bureau of statistics of commerce and navigation the exports for the eleven months ended May 31 were 47