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Dying Summer.

On tawny hills in faded splendor drest,
Of rusty purple and of tarnished gold,
Now like some Eastern monarch sad and old,
The discrowned summer lieth down to rest!
A mournful mist hangs o'er the mellow plain,
O'er watery meads that slide down pine-clad heights,
And wine-red woods where song no more delights;
But only wounded birds cry out in pain.
A pallid glory lingers in the sky,
Faint scents of wilding flowers float in the air,
All nature's voices murmur in despair—
"Was summer crowned so late—so soon to die?"
But, with a royal smile, she whispers "cease,
If life is joy and triumph, death is peace!"

Asking.

He stole from my bodice a rose;
My cheek was its color the while;
But, ah, the sly rogue! he well knows,
Had he ask'd it, I must have said no.

He snatch'd from my lips a soft kiss;
I tried at a frown—'twas a smile;
For, ah, the sly rogue! he knows this,
Had he asked it, I must have said no.

That "asking" in love's a mistake;
It puts one in mind to refuse;
'Tis best not to ask, but to take;
For it saves one the need to say no.

Yet, stay—this is folly I've said;
Some things should be ask'd if desired:
My rogue hopes my promise to wed;
When he asks me I will not say no.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Showing How An Old Salt Found a Wife When He Least Expected One.

One of the puzzlinest things I knows on for a stranger is the way they has in England of namin' their streets. You gets into the street you wants, and afore you've gone a dozen blocks you find it's changed its name and you're in an entirely different street. Thus one and the same street will sometimes have three or four different names afore you've gone the whole length of it.

I mind a funny blunder I made once in consequence of this, though, arter all, it turned out all right, jist as if I'd a kept my right reckonin'.

When I used for to be goin' reglar into the Liverpool packets, out of one ship and into another, it so happened that I come for to be shipmates with a chap as were called Dick Ostrom, three or four v'yages one arter another, and we got for to be chums like.

Dick were one of those steady chaps; didn't never go onto no sprees, always boarded to the Sailor's Home when he were in New York, and went to church Sundays. Dick were a pretty good sort of a chap and a tiptop sailorman as well, and so we got to be chummies, turnin' in and out together at sea, and wearin' each other's dunnage. The both of us come in the John R. Skiddy, and then both shipped agin in the New World.

I expect Dick were the bashfullest chap along of wimmin that ever stood on two legs. Sailors ain't given much that way, sir, and it were a wonder, seein' as he'd been so long in that trade, that he hadn't a got over it, but you see he never went round like the rest of us, and would turn the color of red buntin' if any of the gals at the boardin' house said anythin' to him, and that was the way they come for to call him "Bashful Dick."

Soon as supper were over Dick would top his boom and sail barge and none of us know'd where he went to, and we supposed he either went aboard or else to some gospel shop to hear a bit of preachin', anyway his way wer'n't our way, and we didn't trouble ourselves about it.

While we was in Liverpool that time in the New World, we sot the riggin' up fore and aft, and me and Dick was up in the foretop one day—Saturday it were—a seizin' off the topmast riggin', when all of a sudden Dick says to me: "Tom, I've an idee of gittin' spliced."

Well, if he'd a told me he'd an idee of jumpin' out of that top, I wouldn't have been more astonished. "All right, my lad," says I, "if so be as you gits the right kind of a lass. You'd better be sure she's seaworthy afore you ships."

"She's too good for me, I'm afeared," says Dick.

"That I'm sure she ain't," says I. "Where does she hail from and how on arth did you ever come athwart her hawse?"

"She lives here," says Dick, "and I've been cruisin' off and on in her wake for a couple of years or so, and I've been a savin' up till I've got $500 in the bank at home, and that's enough I think for to git spliced on."

"Five hundred dollars," says I; "why, it's a fortin, it's more than ever I had in my life at one time, and I've been spliced for years. When is it to come off? if it'll be any help to you, I can giv you the mark and number of the chap as spliced me, and he's a man as will do the job neat and cheap."

"Well, as to that," says Dick, "I ain't said nothin' to her about it as yet. I thought I would last v'yage in the Skiddy, but every time I went there somethin' turned up, and I couldn't jist git to it, and since I've been here this time I've gone there lots of times determined to say somethin' about it, but the fact is, Tom, I can't do it, and there's the truth about it. You've seen me in many a gale of wind, and you know that where any man can go I can go, and that I ain't last at anythin' them times; but alongside of a woman, Tom, I'm nothin' but a baby. Not but what I can take care of one, Tom, if I'm once spliced to her, and she mean't to be afeared of wantin' for anythin' so logg as I have my health; but it's jist as I tell you, Tom, when I comes to the p'int of speakin' about it, I always think I'll wait till next time."

Well, I thought the thing over a while, and then I says: "Dick, my flower; it's clear that you can't do this thing by yourself, and as you and I has been shipmates for so long, I don't mind lendin' you a hand in this here business, provided when I sees the craft, I judges her all right. To-morrow is a Sunday, and to-morrow arternoon I'll rig up, and you shall giv me her mark and number and I'll go up and see her and fix this thing for you in a jiffey. You see havin' been one v'yage to larn, myself, I can do it as easy as jumpin' overboard."

"Tom," says Dick, "this here were jist what I were a-goin' for to ask you to do for me."

Well, sir, next mornin' arter we'd washed the decks and had breakfast, I went over in Waterloo road, and paid threepence for a shore-shave, and then I puts on a pair of blue cloth pants and a white shirt, and I borrowed a red plush vest from a chap named Billy Small, and put Dick's frock coat over that, and with a high hat which I borrowed from the third mate, I jist looked equal to anythin'.

The sailin' directions I got from Dick were to stand up Mortimer street to the head of it, where it is crossed by Rincon street, turn round Rincon street, go about three blocks to No. 65, and ask for Mrs. Lee. Well, I kept my reckonin' all straight till I come to Rincon street, and then it struck me that Dick hadn't said which way to turn; but remembering that the rule of the road were always for to port your helm, I sheers around to the right at a venture, thinkin' I'd soon git a true departure by the numbers. For the first block there weren't no numbers; there were a vacant place, and a factory, and what not, but when I come to No. 25 on the next block, I were glad I had made a lucky land-fall, and were sure I were right. Of course then all I had for to do were to follow along till I got to No. 65. It were a nice little two-story brick house, and as I ringed the bell I couldn't help wonderin' however Dick had fetched up in sich moorin's as these. There were a nice little lass opened the door, and when I asked her if Mrs. Lee were at home, she said she were, and asked me to walk in.

"What name shall I say?" says she, as I went into a snug little parlor on the right of the hall.

"Well, miss," says I, "as she don't know me, the name don't matter; tell her it's a friend from a perticlar friend, as would like to see her on important business."

"Yes, sir," says she, and I thought to myself if the mistress is as nice as the maid, I don't wonder at Dick, and then I thought of what I'd promised old neptune the first time I crossed the line, "never to kiss the maid if I could kiss the mistress, unless I liked the maid the best," and wondered if I should like the mistress as well as I did the maid.

Presently there come into the room as neat a little craft as one would wish to meet in a day's sail. Fine figurehead, good smooth bow, able body, and clean run, all shipshape and Bristol fashion fore and aft.

"Did you wish to see me?" she said, and I didn't wonder at Dick gittin' in the doldrums, for I wer'n't much better myself. You see I thought it would be a easy thing for to do, but now that it had got to be done I didn't hardly know what to say.

"The fact is, marm," says I, a-standin' up before her, and I wished I were a hundred miles away, "Dick Ostrom, whom I s'pose you know well, is a chum of mine, me and him havin' now been shipmates off and on for over a year, and put Dick, marm, to a weather earin' in a gale of wind, and there ain't none better, as anybody'll say as has ever been shipmates with him, but alongside of a woman, marm, as no doubt you have observed, Dick are as skeery as a colt, and so you see, marm, havin' long e'en a'most worshipped the ground you stand on, he never couldn't git his courage up to the stickin' p'int for to tell you so, and so I bein' his chum, volunteered for to come and let you know how the land lay, and that Dick, havin' saved up a good bit of money, were willin' for to be spliced, if so be as how it were agreeable to you, marm;" and I wiped the sweat off my brow and were glad it were over.

Well, she looked kind of confused, but I seen that she weren't displeased, and she says: "I suppose I know the gentleman you speak of, havin' noticed him in meetin'."

Oho; thinks I, there's were Dick come across this craft. "But," says she, "this is so sudden, so entirely unexpected, that really I am not prepared to say anythin'."

"He'll never come near you agin, marm," says I, "unless he thinks he has some little sight; may I tell him that he may come up and see you to-morrow night?"

"I shall be home to-morrow night," says she, "and of course I'm always glad for to see my friends."

"Talk enough, marm," says I, for I considered the business as good as settled, and I bid her good arternoon, she letting me out of the door herself.

Well, I goes down and sees Dick, and I says: "It's all right, old chap, and you're a mighty lucky fellow; all you've got to do is to haul alongside as soon as ever you like, and the widder's yours, and she'll be expectin' you to morrow night." But Dick were too much in a hurry to wait for the next night, and away he goes that same evenin' as happy as a young porpus.

I turned in mayhap about ten o'clock that night, and were jist droppin' off to sleep when I were woke up by Dick. "I don't want to strike you in your bunk," says he, "but git up and put on your pants, and come out on deck, and we'll have this out here and now."

"Avast," says I, "there's some mistake here, and I ain't a-going to fight till I knows what it's for, and anyhow I ain't a-goin' out on deck for to fight, 'cause the watchman will call a policeman and we'll both be locked up in less than no time; so whatever's the trouble, it'll keep till mornin' and then if I've done anythin' agin you, we'll go down to the north shore, and fight it out pleasant."

Some of the rest of the chaps had got waked up, and they took my part, and jist told Dick there mus'n't be no fightin' there, and them and he agreed for to put it off till mornin', "and then," says he, "I'll larn you how to fool a shipmate."

Well, he goes out on deck and I heard him a walkin' there and waited a spell, and then I went out and I says: "Now, chummie, what's this all about?"

Says he: "You never went near that woman, and have made a fool of me."

"Avast!" says I, "who says so?"

"She says so," says he.

"Then," says I, "with all due respect, and I'm sorry to say it of sich a nice creeter as she appeared to be, she tells a thunderin' lie. 'Taint no use, Dick, for me and you to fight over this thing, I'll go up with you to-morrow, and if I don't convince you that she lies, don't never call me shipmate agin. She aint worth stoppin' out of bed for; go turn in and take your rest like a man."

Well, sir, next night we goes up together, and when we gits to the top of Mortimer street, instead of portin', Dick starboarded.

"Hold hard, old fellow; right your helm;" says I, "that aint the way."

"Yes it is," says he, "this here is Rincon street, t'other way is Douglass street."

"I don't care what you call it," says I, "this here's the way I went, and at No. 65 I found Mrs. Lee, and a mighty nice body she is."

"That's Douglass street," says he, "and you went all wrong."

"I found Mrs. Lee, and so I went all right," says I. "And now we must go and explain to her how this mistake occurred."

Well, it were a long time afore I could git Dick to go, but at last he did, and we was let in by the same tidy little lass that had opened the door the day before. We didn't have to wait long afore the widder come down, and if I thought her charmin' the day before, you may jist believe me, sir, she were perfectly bewilderin' this evenin', with all her kites aloft, and every one of 'em pullin'. I seen at once that she'd never sot eyes on Dick afore, so 'twas clear she had thought I come from somebody else, so there were a blunder all round.

Of course, I had to be the spokesman, and I ups and I tells her the whole story, poor Dick sittin' there lookin' as sheepish as you please, and the comical side of it struck her so that she burst into laughter.

Well, she insisted on our havin' a glass of wine, and she told us she kind of cottoned to us, 'cause her first husband had been a sailor, havin' been mate of a ship out to Liverpool, and she said we must always come and see her whenever we come to Liverpool. "Mind, now," says she to Dick as we was goin' away, "when you come up the street don't always turn to the left; come and see me sometimes."

Well, sir, the other Mrs. Lee kept a public house, but weren't it odd that both numbers should be 65? I went in the California trade arter I got back, and I weren't in Liverpool agin for near two years, but one day a-goin' along old Hall street who should I meet but Dick Ostrom. Well, he were delighted to see me and insisted that I should go home with him and see his wife.

"I managed it arter all, old chap," says he, "and thanks to you." But when I got to his house and found that his wife was my Mrs. Lee, I thought he had much to thankful for.

Atlanta, Ga., is said to have more doctors than would be needed if a pestilence was raging, and more lawyers than could be employed if every man were plaintiff or defendant in a suit at law.

A King Without any Nonsense.

Hon. E. D. Holton writes to the *Milwaukee Wisconsin* as follows: As we returned to the western front of the palace, the King of Sweden and some of his friends were standing on the porch. He recognized Mr. Damfeldt, from across the wide graveled walk, by lifting his hat to him; whereupon Mr. D. excused himself to us, and proceeded to pay his respects to the king. The king in a sensible and friendly way extended his hand cordially to his "Superintendent of Agriculture and Commissioner of the American Exposition." They conversed for a little time, when the two descended the stairway, and beckoned us to approach. What! was the king going to greet us strangers? He shook hands with us in the same cordial way that the governor of Wisconsin would greet a citizen calling upon him at the capitol. He speaks English fluently, and asked how we were pleased with our journey in Sweden, etc. Replying to his inquiries, I took an early opportunity to thank him for the part his government was taking in our Centennial exposition. He replied that, in consideration of the number of Swedes who had gone to America, and the friendship borne our government, it was but proper that Sweden should take part in the exposition. I said to him that his personal presence in America would be cordially welcomed by our people. He replied that that time could not now be, and expressed regret that in his earlier life he had not accepted the opportunity of visiting the new world. But he intimated that it was possible that he might send one of his sons. Thus our conversation ran on. When he said: "May I have the pleasure of introducing you to the queen?" Certainly. Why not? Being here at the king's palace at Drottingholm, on this exquisite afternoon, and upon the invitation of the king himself, why not be introduced to the queen? The king leads the way through the palace from its west front to the lawn upon the east front, where the royal family and their guests are enjoying themselves in the shade of the palace. The king directs a servant to invite the queen to join them, when a sweet-faced woman, dressed with charming taste, approaches, and we are introduced to the Queen of Sweden. She could speak English, though not as well as the king. She and my wife held some conversation, while the king brought his minister to Washinton, Mr. Stevenson (at present spending some time in Sweden), and introduced him.

Oscar II., the present King of Sweden, is the grandson of Bernadotte, and has been upon the throne but three or four years. He is a man about forty-six or seven years of age; is tall and well-formed. He is represented as a very abstemious and temperate man in his habits—setting an excellent example to his subjects in his private character. So far as I can judge, his reign gives satisfaction to the people, and all goes well here in Sweden, so far as the government is concerned. There are four sons, and the crown prince is now a boy of some seventeen years of age.

Jack in the Pulpit.

WHO CAN COUNT THE STARS?

Did you ever try to count the stars? I used to try to do so myself, but somehow I always fell asleep before I could get through, and when I woke up I could not tell where I left off. I'm told, though, that it has been done, and that there are only about eight thousand visible to the naked eye. Don't they make a great show for a number no larger than that? But the raven tells me that his master, the astronomer, says that those we can see with our eyes alone are but a very triffle compared with the number that he can see through his telescope. He says, for instance, that there are *eighteen millions* of stars in the Milky Way. Now it's of no use! I can't even think of such a number as that. My head isn't big enough to hold them.

GROWING MOUNTAINS.

You wouldn't think it, but I'm told it is actually so, that very high mountains increase in size every year. This is owing to the great quantities of snow which fall upon their tops. Some of this snow slowly melts and runs down the mountain-sides; but much remains, and so the mountains grow higher, year by year, as each season's snow falls upon that left there the year before.

THE MEANING OF "HURRAH."

Who can tell the meaning of "hurrah?" Jack used it just now a little thoughtlessly, considering its true sense. The pretty schoolma'am says it originated among Eastern nations, where it was used as a war-cry, from the belief that all who died in battle went to heaven.

"To Paradise!" (*Hurrag!*) men shouted to one another, by way of encouragement, in the thickest of the fight; and so, in time, came our word "hurrah!" which means almost anything you choose, so that it be of good cheer.—*St. Nicholas for October.*

Human Saliva Kills Snakes.

The Marietta (Ga.) *Journal* was told by a gentleman the other day that human spittle was as deadly to poisonous snakes as their bites were deadly to man. He says that while picking up a bundle of straw and trash under his arm, while cleaning a field, a ground rattlesnake, four feet long, crawled out from it and fell to the ground at his feet. He at once placed his heel upon the head of the snake and spit in its mouth. Shortly afterward the snake showed symptoms of inactivity and sickness, and he picked it up by its tail and carried it to the house and showed it to his wife, telling her he had spit in its mouth, and that it was poisoned. At the expiration of fifteen minutes the snake was dead. To further experiment, he came across a blowing adder (snake), which ejected from its mouth a yellowish liquid. He caught it and spit in its mouth, and it died. He caught another blowing, and it refused to open its mouth. He spit upon a stick and rubbed the spittle upon the adder's nose, and it died. Afterward he came across a blacksnake, regarded as not poisonous, and he caught it and spit in its mouth. Instead of the spittle killing the blacksnake, as it did the poisonous reptiles, it only made it stupidly sick, from which it recovered. This conclusively shows that poisonous snakes have as much to fear from the spittle of man as man has to fear from their bites.

A Phenomenon Explained.

The sight of a swarm of bees suspended from the branch of a tree, and so heavy sometimes as to bend it, is a surprising one, and the observer naturally asks how so great a weight can be supported, without apparent fatigue, by the few scores of bees that are fixed to the inferior surface of the branch. According to Dr. Bourgeois modern science estimates the amount of weight which can be supported by means of a vacuum (of which the sucker on a bee's foot affords an example) at one kilogramme thirty grammes per square centimeter. Now the sucker of a bee's foot, magnified sixty diameters, represents a surface of more than a centimeter. Each bee having six feet, it will therefore be possible, rigorously, for ten bees to support the weight of one kilogramme. Thus, the phenomenon in question may be accounted for.

A Sepoy Narrative.

One day, in one of the inclosed buildings near Lucknow, a great number of prisoners were taken, nearly all Sepoys. After the fight they were all brought into the officer commanding my regiment, and in the morning the order came that they should all be shot. It chanced that it was my turn to command the firing party. I asked the prisoners their names and regiment. After hearing some five or six, one Sepoy said he belonged to the —— regiment, which was that my son had been in. I of course asked him if he had known my son, Anuntee Ram. He answered that that was his own name; but this being a very common name, and having always imagined that my son, as I had never heard from him, must have died of the Scinde fever, it did not at first strike me; but when he informed me he came from Tillowee, my heart leaped in my mouth. Could he be my son? There was no doubt of it, for he gave my name as his father, and he fell down at my feet, imploring my pardon. He, with all the other men in the regiment, had mutinied, and had gone to Lucknow. Once the deed was done, what was he to do? Where was he to go, if he had ever been inclined to escape? At four o'clock in the day the prisoners were all to be shot, and I must be my son's executioner! Such is fate! I went to the Major Sahieb, and requested I might be relieved from this duty as a very great favor; but he was very angry, and said he should bring me to a court-martial for trying to shirk my duty; he would not believe I was a faithful servant of the English government—he was sure my heart was in reality with the mutineers—he would hear me no longer. At last my feelings as a father got the better of me, and I burst into a flood of tears. I told him I would shoot every one of the prisoners with my own hands if he ordered me, but I confessed that one of them was my son. The major declared what I urged was only an excuse to get off shooting my own brotherhood. But at last his heart seemed touched, and he ordered my unhappy son to be brought before him, and questioned him very strictly. I shall never forget this terrible scene; for one moment I never thought of asking his life to be spared—that he did not deserve. He became convinced of the truth of my statement, and ordered me to be relieved from this duty. I went to my tent, bowed down with grief, made worse by the gibes and taunts poured on me by the Sikhs, who declared I was a renegade. In a short time I heard the deadly volley. My son had received the reward of mutiny. He showed no fear, but I had rather he had been killed in fight. Through the kindness of the major I was allowed to perform the funeral rite over my misguided son—the only one of the prisoners over whom it was performed, for the remaining bodies were all thrown to the jackals and vultures. I had not heard from my son since just after my return from slavery. I had not seen him since I went to Cabool, and thus I met him again, untrue to his salt, in open rebellion against the master who had fed his father and himself. But enough—more is unnecessary. He was not the only one who mutinied. (Literally he was not alone when he mutinied.) The major told me afterward that he was much blamed by the other officers for allowing the funeral rite to be performed on a rebel. But if good deeds wipe away sins, which I have heard some Sahibs believe as well as we do, his sins will be very white. Bad fortune never attends on the merciful. May my major soon become a general.

Take a Chew.

There are four little girls in Milwaukee, the *News* says, two of them daughters of a Southside fisherman, one the daughter of a German carpet weaver, and the other a lassie named "Annie," who are employed by a certain well-known and wealthy tobacco dealer to pick up whatever may be found in saloons, on the streets and in the gutters, at one cent for every ten pieces, weather large or small. Every cigar stub and discarded "quid" is picked up, no matter how dirty it may be, no matter who has used it, or where it is found. These are used in the manufacture of "choice" Havana cigars and paper chewing tobacco. The longer and better "stumps" are unrolled and used for the former purpose, while the "quids," short stumps, and soaked and rotten "tips" are made into chewing tobacco. There is something delectable in a contemplation of all this. These children make good wages at the business; their pay ranges from eighty cents to $1.50 per day. When a large and well soaked lump is found the little rascals divide it, and by so doing make fifty per cent. on their "find."

Macaulay's Tribute to his Mother.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed on you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, and fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

Lynch Law.

In Ohio a number of farmers, infuriated at the murder of a young girl in the woods, broke open a jail, took out of it the man accused of the murder, and hanged him. The poor creature had been accused by his wife; he solemnly denied, in his last moments, having committed the murder, and asserted that his wife charged him because she was insanely jealous of him. Now it turns out that the man was innocent. Unfortunately he is dead. Unfortunately the men who in violation of law hanged him are all murderers, who ought to be hanged in their turn. Unfortunately they will all have the unpleasant consciousness, for the rest of their lives, that they are murderers—not a comfortable thought to most of them, probably. It is scarcely necessary to pursue the thought further. Lynch law is always wrong; but this is not all; nine times out of ten the men who take the law into their own hands hang the wrong man.

Keeping Ice.

Families taking ice in summer usually wrap flannel about the cake to keep it from melting. I found, by experiment during the past summer, says a correspondent, that the same amount of ice lasts nearly twice as long if paper is used instead of flannel. Both paper and flannel may be used with an equally good result, and it does not made much difference which is next to the ice.

A Strategic Wasp.

A New Orleans correspondent says: Not long since, while reading beneath the shade of a fig tree, our attention was attracted by a peculiar loud and shrill buzzing sound, as of some one of the bee family in distress. Looking in the direction of the noise we observed quite close to us a dirtdauber, or builder, one of the species of wasps so well known for the cylindrical cases of mud which it builds under eaves and on sheltered walls, which it stuffs full of certain worms and spiders for its young. This wasp had half of its body and head down the hole of the equally well-known doodlebug, a worm which children pull out of their holes by teasing them with a straw until they grasp it with their strong nippers and hold on till they are thrown out. It was evident at a glance that the wasp had gone down the hole of the doodlebug, and that the doodlebug soon had him in his strong grip at great disadvantage and where the wings of the wasp were of no advantage to him only to make a noise which might alarm his adversary. The contest lasted full two minutes, when finally the dirtdauber came out with a jerk. He flew but a few inches from the hole, lit upon the ground, rubbed his head, and fairly danced with pain.

In a few moments he recovered from the effects of his wounds and began making short circles over the hole, evidently reconnoitering and laying his plans. Presently, lighting at the mouth of the hole, he tried the earth all about the entrance with the skill of an engineer, and selecting that which was driest he began to scratch like a dog with his fore feet, throwing the dust rapidly backward into the hole. We watched with intense interest, and could not but admire his pluck and determination, for we imagine this throwing of dust on the head of his adversary was only to provoke him to a fresh fight. Every now and then he would stop and and take a cautious peep down the hole to observe the effect of his operations. We expected every moment to see him descend and make another attack, but it soon became manifest that such was not his intention, and it gradually dawned upon us that he had a strategic mode of attack based upon the soundest principles of philosophy, reason and a thorough knowledge of his adversary and of the means he was using to render his resistance futile and make him an easy captive.

By throwing fine dust into the hole the doodlebug would soon be smothered, as it was necessary that he should have free air, unless he climbed upward, as he would do. Whenever the worm worked upward to get his head above, the fine dust fell behind and below him, and thus slowly closed up his hole, until, blinded with dust, he poked his head out at the top. This was the point aimed at, and the moment he showed his head above, the wasp pounced upon him, seized him by the neck, drew him up, gathered him in his arms and flew off in triumph, though the worm was much the largest of the two. Struck with amazement at the sagacity, science, skill and engineering ability of the dirtdauber, we carefully sounded the hole, and found that in the course of five minutes this reasoning insect had filled in five inches of dust and put his formidable adversary completely at his mercy.

English Workingmen.

An English review, speaking of the workingmen of the old world, says: There is no saving among the working classes. The traditional picture of the English tar of a century ago, whose eccentric extravagance has been the source of inexhaustible laughter for several generations, would be no unfitting representation of the more prosperous section of the British workmen of the present day. Much has indeed been done in the direction of thrift by the great benefit societies, but their action has been greatly checked by the fact that even the best of them are based upon statistics which do not command the confidence of those qualified to form an opinion of their stability. It is little to the credit of past governments that slight legislative assistance has been afforded to the only great effort which has been made by the workingmen of England to raise themselves permanently above the influence of pauperism. The life of a collier, of a London journeyman tailor in the season, or even of an agricultural laborer in the best districts, is one of more or less lavish expenditure; and the idea of joining a benefit society, much less laying by money, but rarely enters the mind of these men. They have no object in doing so in this country. A man who succeeds by his own thrift in providing himself with a little income in case of sickness or old age, is no better off than the man who has led the life of a jovial British workman, and who, in his hour of need, draws from the parish pay-table in all probability about the same income which the other has denied himself many a luxury and enjoyment to procure. The advantage to a country of a large number of small hoards is almost incalculable, as the recent history of France clearly shows. It is not too much to say that the folly and extravagance of Imperialism plunged that country into misfortunes from which the thrift of the working class extricated her. There are no such hoards in England. If we had an indemnity to pay, we should have to make a hard bargain with those capitalists in whose hands the wealth of the country is accumulating with geometric speed. Is there a single working man in England who holds consols?

Cloth Jackets.

Braid and bias silk bands trim most cloth jackets, yet many imported garments are covered with embroidery. The Louis XV. jacket with a vest sewed in is a popular design for the wraps of young ladies and misses. These are made in diagonal, basket-woven, and matelasse cloths. Brown is the color preferred; then comes black, blue, and green; the merchants all announce these colors in the order given, but conclude by saying green will be the most stylish color of all. The French sack with a single seam down the back, quite short behind and long in front, will be a popular garment. The double-breasted English jacket will not be abandoned. Embroidered cloth jackets, embroidered in France, and their shape outlined, but not made up, cost from $18 upward. Some have wide Dolman sleeves. Others are so long in front and so short behind that they deserve to be called demi-polonaises. Long sack cloaks of silk lined with fur are more shapely than those of last winter; they vary in length, but the longer they are the better style they are considered. There are also many short jackets of silk lined with fur.

To Sell.

Robinson, of Winnebago county, Illinois, turned out to hear ex-Senator James R. Doolittle say that a married man ought to have two votes, because he always represents at least two in the interest of good government, and has had more experience than a single man in governing human society. Then Robinson went home, and as he kicked over the last batch of bread he was heard to remark that now a man could sell his vote to both candidates without going back on his party.

A Lesson in Life.

William S. Wood, president of the Greenfield (Indiana) Manufacturing company, a leading business man of Hancock county, registered at the Union Depot dining hall, Indianapolis, requesting that he might be given a room immediately, as he was not feeling well. He was shown to a room, and from that time until eight o'clock in the evening was seen about the depot and about the city visiting various insurance companies. He secured several policies of insurance on his life, and in favor of his wife and children. The next known of him was the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, when he was discovered in his room suffering from opium poisoning, and soon after expired. It seems that he deliberately took the poison, first inditing a letter which explained the reason of his taking off.

In this letter he set forth that he was ruined financially, and that to stave off the fatal day he had forged a large amount of paper then in the banks. He had used the names of his father, father-in-law and leading citizens. This paper was coming due and he could not meet it. He concluded his letter as follows:

"I am too brave to run away and leave my wife and three children never to know what has become of me, and to drag out a life of misery and longing to see and behold what dare not and cannot without suffering the pangs of an outraged law that would confine me for the remainder of a long life in prison walls. O God, may my sad fate warn any and all who shall hear of my terrible ending that the first debt made lays the road to ruin, that indebtedness begins to bring on crime, care and anxiety, all the social and moral sentiments of the best of minds. I earnestly ask of all that I owe anything to to wait with patience and not sue my sureties, as my affects and insurance, if properly handled, will pay all my indebtedness. I earnestly ask a generous public to divide its blessings by paying liberal prices for all my property. I have labored hard for the town of Greenfield and its moral good. Will you not do something to make what I have accumulated bring such prices that none shall suffer, but all, both those who held forged security and those who have only my own name, may realize what is justly theirs? My good, true wife has always been a pleasure to me, and begged me not to speculate as I have done. O, that I had taken her counsel. She has been my solace in affliction, my comfort in our married life, and in no way is she to be sentenced or scorned for my misdeeds and misfortunes. My dear children, Lord God, who doest all things well, bless them and make their lives pleasant and reconcile them and their mother to my fate."

Courtship in Greenland.

There is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given of the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solicitude than men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenlander, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl; and, if the parents are thus far agreed, the next proceeding is to appoint two female negotiators, whose duty it is to broach the subject to the young lady. This is a matter of great tact and delicacy. The lady ambassadors do not shock the young lady to whom they are sent by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of doing this, they launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendor of his house, the sumptuousness of his furniture, of his courage and skill in catching seals, and other accomplishments. The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadresses, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with disheveled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to submit to the detested union. In some cases, Greenland women faint at the proposal of marriage; in others they fly to the mountains, and only return when compelled to do so by hunger and cold. If one cuts off her hair, it is a sign she is determined to resist to the death. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery and privation.

The "Raisin Cure."

A Paris correspondent writing to the New York *Times* says: M. Thiers has gone to Ouchy, in Switzerland, where he will receive a visit from Prince Gortschakoff as soon as the latter has completed his "raisin cure" in the vicinity. The treatment of general debility by grapes is by no means new here, but it will probably appear a novelty on your side of the ocean. At certain towns in Switzerland grapes are grown solely as medicine, and the vineyards are put to no other use. Instead of drinking water, as at other places, the patient is sent out to eat grapes, and must pick them himself from the vines. Where the doctor ordinarily instructs the patient to drink so many glasses of water, he is here instructed to eat just so many bunches of grapes, and no more. It is assumed to be dangerous to go beyond the doctor's prescription a single grape. As strange as it may appear, invalids experience the best of good effects from the "raisin cure," or at least think they do, and go away very well satisfied. Another popular treatment is found at the mud baths of Schualbach and other places, where the patients are immersed in soft black mud up to their chins, and remain in the bank for some hours. Most of them have a floating table before them upon which they keep books, cigars, or refreshments, according to the tastes of the patient. After remaining two or three hours in the mud one is washed off with a hose pipe and put into a tepid bath, after which one is naturally supposed to feel a great deal better. If he does not, the operation is continued the next morning, and is repeated until the patient is cured or tired.

Punishment of Criminals.

There is one punishment permitted in the Albany penitentiary, says a visitor, namely, the dark cell or dungeon. Capt. Pilsbury has so great a respect for law that as long as he is legally restrained from corporal punishment he will not employ it secretly, but it is with great reluctance and only where it is positively necessary that he should do so, that he resorts to the dark cell as a means for the coercion of unruly convicts. Speaking with the weight of many years of experience, he declares the dark cell the most inhuman and injurious of all forms of punishment known in penal institutions. It breaks men down physically, he says, with fearful rapidity and certainty and is exceedingly liable to destroy their mental organizations. The "cat" or "paddle" would do infinitely less harm and be more radically effective as moral persuasives.

A FRENCH EPISODE.

A Chemist becomes Famous through a valuable Discovery and his wife a Raving Maniac.

A Paris correspondent tells the following touching story: The sad case of the insanity of Mme. Le Duc, wife of the well known chemist who has achieved such a wonderful thing in diamonds, is attracting much attention. The story is as follows: M. Le Duc is a chemist whose hobby has been diamonds for years. He was in moderate circumstances, yet with a fair prospect before him when he married the daughter of a well known silk dealer. Shortly after the marriage M. Le Duc commenced experimenting on charcoal, believing that he could discover the secret of creating diamonds from it. He worked night and day on this hobby, and, of course, spent all the means he had and all he could borrow to carry on his experiments. His family more than once was in very straightened circumstances, and his father-in-law discovering that all the money he gave his daughter was handed over to her husband to continue the experiments, endeavored to induce her to leave him and return to her home. The chemist had imbued his wife with his strange infatuation and she would not leave.

M. Le Duc discovered after several years, what others had discovered before, the fallacy of his attempts, but he also made a discovery of no slight importance, that he could harden crystal to about the consistency of diamonds and plate these crystals with real diamonds. His process was similar to that of electrotyping, the battery being used, and the diamond dust or diamond chippings from diamonds being used as copper is, the result being that the crystal was diamondized, if I may use the term. He made somb of these mock diamonds, and taking them to a broker the chemist was delighted to find that his work was taken for the real jewel. M. Le Duc's father-in-law died a few years ago and his wife inherited some two hundred thousand francs. This she turned over to her husband willingly, and it was devoted to the laboratory. The poor woman was as fully carried away as the chemist, and her desire that he should succeed, with her fear of failure, and with failure that her children should suffer from poverty, worked seriously upon her mind. Of late she has evidently suffered much, but she kept her grief from her husband, and hoped for the best.

When the chemist finally succeeded in his scheme and turned out stones that even the brokers believed to be real diamonds, he rushed with the glad tidings to his wife. She partook of his joy, yet her mind had been so strained that the blow, joyous as it was, was too much for her, and she, after listening to the exclamations of her husband, broke out into an unnatural peal of laughter, which was followed by tears and cries. It was evident that she was insane; that she had suffered too much, and reason had deserted its throne. At times her mania was of a quiet kind, but often it was of the most violent description, bursting forth into terrible expressions of rage. On several occasions she attempted to take the life of her youngest child, declaring that all their property was gone and only poverty stared them in the face, and it became necessary to remove her to a private madhouse, where she is now confined, subject to the most terrible ravings.

Poor M. Le Duc! On the very day that he became famous in Paris has this terrible affliction befallen him.

A Swindle, of Course.

Notwithstanding the fact that every lottery or gift concert scheme results in fraud, lotteries still reign supreme in the United States. They rise up in a day, take in thousands of dollars of the hard earned money of the people, a drawing is held, and the result is—a swindle. The result is the same whether the lottery be in aid of a public library, backed up by the leading men of a State, or for some asylum. Some long-headed rascal steps in and reaps the benefit, and the purchasers of tickets are swindled.

It would seem as though people who are so anxious to bite at the tempting baits offered and to get rich in a day would learn in the course of years, but they do not appear to.

The last lottery dodge is the Female Humane Association lottery of Alexandria. It was advertised all over the country and thousands of tickets were sold. It was ascertained that the arrangement of the drawing had been intrusted solely to parties from New York, who make it their business to be engaged in all these schemes, and that all the money obtained from the sale of tickets, except some $6,000 or $8,000, had been left in New York, and was not subject to a draft of the officers of the association. The parties present appointed a committee to proceed at once to New York and endeavor to recover such of the money as could be obtained. It is believed that not a single dollar was drawn by any *bona fide* ticket holder, but that the whole of it has been retained by New York sharpers. About half a million dollars' worth of tickets were in this lottery. Now for the next scheme and the next grand swindle.

The Emblematic Eagle.

The Etruscans, says Appletons' "American Cyclopædia," revised edition, were the first who adopted the eagle as the symbol of royal power, and bore its image as a standard at the head of their armies. From the time of Marius it was the principal emblem of the Roman republic, and the only standard of the legions. It was represented with outspread wings, and was usually of silver, till the time of Hadrian, who made it of gold. The double-headed eagle was in use among the Byzantine emperors, to indicate, it was said, their claim to the empire both of the East and the West; it was adopted in the fourteenth century by the German emperors, and afterward appeared on the arms of Russia. The arms of Prussia are distinguished by the black eagle, and those