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Mosaics.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain;
None but the brave deserve the fair.

There was a sound of revelry by night;
On Linden when the sun was low
A voice replied, far up the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,
Whatever is is right;
Things are not always what they seem;
My native land, good night!

Rest.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed—
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain—
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my day is hard to bear—
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pined for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

Waiting for an Answer.

My story? my life? Oh, it has been too uneventful, too simple in its incidents. I could tell you the sorrows of others, but my own—well, well! as you will. You shall hear. The wound has never healed, and if I put my hand above it the place still throbs, even as it will beat and ache till kindly nature says to me: "Sleep, poor weary one, and rest." And then peacefully, trustingly, and with a simple hope of forgiveness, may I sleep that long sleep which they say so flippantly has no waking, but which has a waking, as every lesson which we learn in life persists in teaching us.

Jack and I were engaged. It was all such a simple homely affair. We had known one another for years—the children of neighboring farmers. Jack—I still call him by the simple old pet name of those days—Jack had been away at a good school, and being bright and shrewd and clever he had won his way on, taking to engineering instead of his farmer's farm life, and now it had come to this that he had been staying at home for a month previous to going out to a good appointment in Melbourne.

That month in spring, how it passed! We had met again and again, and in his honest, manly way, he had asked me to be his wife.

"You know, Grace, that I have always loved you," he said; "and now I have hopes and prospects, it cannot be wrong to ask you for your promise."

We were walking by the river side as he said this, and how well I can picture it all—the soft gliding water mirroring the trees on the opposite bank, the young green buds just breaking from their cases, and, above all, the soft tender blue of the spring sky—the blue, he had told me, that was like my eyes."

"Do you want me to promise, Jack?" I said, simply, as I looked up in his face.

"No, darling; I am satisfied," he cried, as his strong arms held me to his broad breast, and that was all. No oaths could have bound be more tightly to him. I felt that I was his wife when he should come to claim me.

We were late that evening, and entered the house shyly, for there had been so much to talk of and plan. In a month's time Jack was to sail for Melbourne; then he was to work very hard for three years, and come and fetch me to be his wife.

That month glided by, and the last day had come. It was, as I told you, springtime—joyous springtime, with the hawthorn's showy blossoms, the apple trees pink and the pear trees pearly with their pyramids of flowers. Every meadow I passed was starred with golden buttercups, and from every spray the birds thrilled forth their merry songs of hope and love.

I could not feel sad, even though I was going to meet Jack for the last walk before he went away; but, as I said, mingled with the feelings of ecstasy there was a strange tearfulness of eye, and my breath would come at times with a sob.

He was by the stile, waiting for me—the stile down by the long mead, half-way between the two farms—and as he took my hands in his, we neither of us spoke, but stood gazing away over woodlawn and meadow, all clad in their wondrous beauty, and listened to the birds. Now it was the soft tender coo of the stock dove from the wood, now the twittering song of the linnets; then, soft and mellow, from the thick hedge-rows floated towards us the fluty notes of the blackbird, while far on high trilled away the larks, singing one against the other to their mates, sitting in the tall grass of the golden meads.

We could not talk, our hearts were too full, for Jack was to be off at day-break the next morning. But there was no need for words. We loved each other in the simple nature-taught way that has been since the world begun, and we knew that every joyous song around that thrilled upon our ears meant love, and even in our sorrow we were happy.

"Only three years, darling," Jack whispered to me," "and then"—

The tears rose to my eyes as I tried to answer him, but I could not speak a word.

"And you will let me find a long letter when I get there?" he said, tenderly.

"Yes, Jack, I promise," I said, and then it was time to return, for the hours had glided by, how we could not tell.

Jack spent the evening with us at home and then left us hurriedly, for our farewells had been said in the wood, and it was one hearty kiss, given and taken before the old people, and then good-bye."

But I saw him pass soon after daybreak and he saw me and waved his hand, for I had sat by the window all night, lest I might let him go by and I asleep.

And then time glided on sadly, but pleasantly as well. Mine was a busy life, for soon my father took to his bed, ill—a bed he never left again, for he gradually sunk and died, leaving my poor mother in very indifferent circumstances.

It was a hard blow for us both, for he had been one of the kindest and truest of men, but while poor mother pined and waited, I had my hopeful days in view, and from time to time letters from dear Jack, all so true and honest and full of trust in the future, that I felt as if I could not repine even when greater troubles fell upon us.

For at the end of two years I was standing by the bedside where lay poor mother, sinking fast. She had no particular ailment, but had literally pined and wasted away. The bird had lost its mate of many years, and when at last she kissed me and said "Good-bye," it seemed to me to be in a quiet, rest seeking spirit, and she spoke like one looking hopefully forward to the meeting with him who had gone before.

But she could think of me even then, and almost the last whispered words were:

"Only eleven months, Grace, and then he will be back to fetch you."

Poor mother! she would not have passed so peacefully away if she had known that which I withheld—namely, the news that came to me from our lawyer. For, through the failure of the enterprise in which my father's savings had been invested, and which brought us a little income of £60 a year, I was left penniless—so poor in fact that the furniture of the cottage in the little town, to which we had moved when we left the farm, had to be sold to defray the funeral expenses.

It was very hard to bear, and for a month I was terribly depressed; but there was that great hopeful time ever drawing near—the end of the three years, when Jack would come to make me his wife.

It was now for the first time that I remember feeling particular about my personal appearance, and I studied my glass to see if Jack would find me looking careworn and thin, and my glass told me truly—yes.

But I had to be up and doing, and before another month was over, through the kindness of people whom we had known, I was placed where I could work contentedly for the bread I must earn till Jack should come to fetch me away.

It was at a large West End dressmaker's, and it was hard to get used to the hurry and excitement of the place, where there were twelve girls living in the house and as many more came every day.

There were all kinds of petty pieces of tyranny to submit to at first, and I suppose some of the foolish girls were jealous of me and my looks, so much so that I found they nicknamed me "The Beauty." Poor girls! If they had only known how little store I set by my looks they would have behaved at first as they did later on.

The first thing that won them to me was when Mary Sanders was taken ill with a terrible fever. Mme. Grainger was for sending her away at once on account of her business and the infection, but the doctor who was called in, a young, impetuous, but very clever man, told her that it would be at her peril if she did so, for Mary Sanders' life was in danger. So the poor girl was shut up in her bedroom without a soul to go near her except a hired nurse, and after the first night this woman stayed away.

No one dared go near the poor girl then, so I timidly asked leave to nurse her, for I felt no fear of the infection, and it seemed so hard for her to be left there alone.

I obtained leave and went up stairs, staying with her until she recovered; and from that day there was always a kind look for me and a kiss from every girl in the place.

What was more, oddly enough, perhaps because I was so quiet and restrained, first one girl and then another came to make me the confidant of her love secrets and ask my advice.

I gave it, such as it was, though heartsore myself, for Jack's letters to me had suddenly ceased. We had corresponded so regularly; but it had struck me that his last two letters had been formal and constrained; they were full of business matters, too, and he had hinted at its being possible that he should not be able to keep time about the three years in consequence of some contract.

I did not think this when I first read these letters, for then I had kissed and cried over them; but when no reply came to my last, I reread them, and the coldness seemed apparent.

But I waited and waited, and then news came from the country. Jack's father, a widower, had died suddenly; and I said to myself, with throbbing heart, as I longed to be at his side to try and comfort him in his affliction: "Poor Jack, he will come home now."

But he did not come, neither did I get any reply to my last two letters. Ano her month and the three years would be up; and as I sat over some work one spring morning by the open window, with a bunch of violets that one of the girls had brought me in a glass, the soft breeze that came floating over the chimney pots and sooty roofs wafted to me the scent of the humble little blossoms, and my eyes became full of tears, for in an instant the busy workroom had passed away, and I was down home by the river side listening to dear Jack as he asked me to be his wife.

Only a month! only a month! my pulses seemed to beat; and as it happened we were all busy upon a large wedding order, and I was stitching away at the white satin skirt intended for the bride.

I tried so hard to bear it, but I could not; the rush of feelings was too great. Another month and he was to have fetched me to be his wife, and I had not had an answer to my last two fond and loving letters.

As I said, I tried hard to bear it, but I could not, and stifling a sob I hurried out of the workroom to reach my attic, throw myself upon my knees by the bed, and burying my face in my hands I sobbed as if my heart would break.

For a terrible thought would come now, fight against it as I would—"Jack has grown tired of waiting, and has married another."

I fought so hard with the disloyal thought, but it would come, and I was sobbing passionately, when I felt a soft arm steal round my neck, a tender cheek laid to mine, and I found my poor tear-dewed face drawn down upon the bosom of Mary Sanders, who had stolen out of the workroom, and come up to try and comfort me.

"Pray, pray, don't fret, my darling," she whispered. "Madame will be so cross. Those wedding things must be in by to-night, and they want you to help try them on."

I don't know how I got through that day and night, but I believe I did such duties as were expected from me mechanically, or as if I had been in a dream, and at night I lay wakeful and weary, with aching eyes and heart, thinking of that dreadful idea that was trying to force itself upon me.

I waited till the three years had expired, and then, with what anguish of heart no words could tell, I wrote to Jack again—my fourth letter—begging him, imploring him, to answer me, if but to tell me he was weary of his promise and wished to be set free; and then, making a superhuman effort over myself, I waited, waited, month by month, for an answer, though I knew that it must be at least six months before one could come.

I had given up expecting one in the interim, and I was too proud to send to his relatives—distant ones, whom I had never seen, and who had probably never heard of me. The thought had taken root now and grown to a feeling of certainty, but I waited for my answer.

Three months — six months — nine months passed away, and hope was dead within my heart. They said I had grown much older and more careworn. Madame said I worked too hard, and the sharp business woman became quite motherly in her attentions to me. But I would not take any change, for work was like balm to me; it blunted my thoughts; and knowing that I was daily growing pale and thin, I still waited.

I knew the girls used to whisper together about me and think me strange, but no one knew my secret—not even madame, who had more than once sought my confidence; and so twelve months passed away—four years since Jack had left me.

It was not to a day, but very nearly to the time when he had parted from me, and it was almost two years since I had heard from him. I was trying hard to grow patient and contented with my lot, for Mme. Grainger had gradually taken to me, and trusted me, making me more and more her right hand, when one glorious spring morning, as I was coming out of the breakfast-room to go up stairs to work, she called me into her little snuggery, where she sat as a rule and attended to her customers' letters, for she had an extensive *clientele*, and carried on business in a large private mansion in Welbeck street.

"Grace, my dear," she said, taking me in her arms and kissing me, "it worries me to see you look so ill. Now what do you say to a fortnight in the country?"

A fortnight in the country! and at her busiest time, with the London season coming on.

I thought of that, and then, as I glanced round at the flowers and inhaled their scents, the bright fields near Templemore Grange floated before my dimming eyes, a feeling of suffocation came upon me, and the room seemed to swing round. I believe that for the first time in my life I should have fainted, so painful were the memories evoked by her words, when a sharp knock and ring at the door echoed through the house, following instantly upon the dull fall of a letter and the sharp click of the letter-box.

It was like an electric shock to me, and without a word I darted into the hall, panting with excitement and my hand at my throat to tear away the stifling sensation.

But it was a letter. I could see it through the glass in the letter-box, and I seized it with trembling hands, inspired as it were by some strange power.

"Jack! dear Jack at last!" I gasped, as I turned it over and saw it was a strange, blue, official looking letter, formally directed to me.

Even that did not surprise me. It was from Jack, I knew, and I tore open the blue envelope.

Yes, I knew it! The inner envelope was covered with Austrian postmarks, and, ignorant as I might be of its contents, I was raising it to my lips to cover it with passionate kisses when I saw it was open.

Then a mist came over my mental vision for a moment, but only to clear away as, half stupefied, I turned the missive over and over, held it straight for a moment, and then, with a sigh of misery and despair, I stood mute and as if turned to stone.

"Grace, my child! In mercy's name tell me"—

It was madame, who passed her arm round me and looked horror-stricken at my white face and lips. The next moment I dimly remember she had caught the letter—his letter—my letter—from my hand, and read it aloud: "Mr. John Braywood, Markboro, R. county, Melbourne," and then, in her excitement, the great official sentence-like brand upon it: "Dead!"

That was the beginning of my first and only illness, during which madame tended me like a mother, even to giving up her business afterward, and retiring to live with me here in this quiet street, where she died, and left me well to do, as you see. I have grown old since then, but I am not unhappy, great as was that trial, and it has led me into what, I hope, has been a useful life. And, besides, why should I sorrow, knowing as I do that which came to me years and years after—that Jack died with my name upon his lips—died true to her he loved? and I am but waiting till we shall meet again.

A President's Descendants.

In the woman's department of the Centennial buildings, at Philadelphia, there is a case containing flowers or fruit, or some other sort of woman's work, marked as for sale, with the addition that they are made by the descendants of Thomas Jefferson, who earnestly solicit orders. Foreigners may read in this little card a significant commentary on the gratitude of republics, and no doubt they will read it. The great estates and titles of European nations belong to the descendants of men who in some way served their king or country, won a decisive battle perhaps, or proved useful companions in dissipation to some jolly prince. To Thomas Jefferson we owe the ennobling principles which lifted the Revolution above the level of a mere mercenary insurrection. His fortune was sacrificed, as we all know, in entertaining the hordes of admirers who came to Monticello, as to another Mecca, to pay homage to him. After they had literally eaten him out of house and home, their homage was paid in no other way. Jefferson before his death felt the pinch of want, and in a letter to his daughter, referring to the fact that the country had so soon forgotten him, he says: "Probably I have overrated myself and the service I have rendered." When the grandchildren of this man come with a pitiable appeal to the public to keep them from need, it is little wonder that meaner men in office make haste to provide for their families by fair means or foul.—*New York Tribune.*

It's Too Expensive.

He was in the morning of manhood, his eye clear and bright, his skin of a warm, ruddy glow, his step buoyant and elastic, and his spirit bounding and healthful. Said a friend to him:

"Come in, Harry, and take a drink."

"No, Tom, it's too expensive. I can't afford it."

"Oh, pshaw! Come and drink with me—at my expense."

"No, Tom—I wouldn't drink at your expense if I could; but that thing cannot be done. He who drinks must do so at his own expense."

"Nonsense! If I invite you in to drink, and pay for it, what's the expense to you, Harry?"

"Ay, Tom, dear boy, I wasn't thinking of the money part. As for that, I fancy I could afford the expense better than you could. No, no—the expense which I cannot afford is of another kind. The peace and happiness of my mother I cannot sacrifice; my own health, and strength, and mental and moral vigor, and my self-respect, I cannot foolishly expend and cast away. And, dear Tom, there is another—God bless her!—your sweet sister, Lillie—have I a right, since our betrothment, to endanger the heart and the life I have pledged to her?"

A tear stole down Tom's cheek. He took Harry's arm, and walked away from the gilded saloon, conscientiously reflecting upon the better way of life.

MEXICO AT THE CENTENNIAL.

A Button Worth Having—Beautiful Specimens of Marble—Other Products.

Mexico has been late in making her display at the Centennial, but now she occupies a large space in the Main building, with an ornamental inclosure, and everything within is arranged skillfully and in good taste. What first attracts attention is a huge button of silver weighing about 4,000 pounds, and worth $72,000. This seems extraordinary; but Nevada intends to have a mass weighing several tons more on exhibition, while weekly shipments from silver mines in Utah and other Western regions are in the shape of buttons of about 500 pounds each, all of which, for several years, have been sent to Connecticut to be worked into silverware. Next are most beautiful and polished slabs of variegated marble, with green as the predominating color, and blushing streaks and clouds through the stone, making the resemblance to agate almost exact. In fact, one might suspect them to be a species of petrifaction. Some heavy sales of these slabs have already been made to European potentates.

The various cities of Mexico, such as Puebla, La Magdalena and Mexico, present a great variety of manufactured goods, including plain cotton cloth, kid leather and gloves, woolen flannel, blankets, coarse carpeting, cassimeres of low grade, and cotton yarn suited for domesting weaving. There is a large display of native wines, and a fair one of chemical preparations and extracts of fruits and roots. Some silk fabrics look well, and there are stuffs woven in gold that resemble Egyptian work. Ladies' shoes and fancy articles look well, but they do not present the finish given by the French shoemakers, nor even by those of Massachusetts. There are many specimens of Indian manufacture, such as pottery, braiding, and coarse cloth.

The implements exhibited are few and poor, but the mining tools seem to be excellent. There is some iron in heavy square bars, and many specimens of gold and silver ores. Samples of coal are shown, but they do not indicate high quality nor deep veins. A section of a large mahogany tree shows that it was hauled like a sled from the forest to the shipping port. There are many fiber plants, and they ought to have large commercial values, for they grow spontaneously and the yield is heavy.

The cotton on exhibition is not remarkable for length of staple, nor for strength; but the deficiency is as likely to arise from want of good improved seed as from adverse climatic conditions. The planters of our Southern States have taken great pains to cultivate and introduce the best varieties of cotton, and their seed has been in demand both in Egypt and India. The Mexican maize or Indian corn is decidedly inferior, though it makes much of the bread of the people; but undoubtedly they should have a better seed. Fine masses of sugar are shown, much of it in the shape of our old sugar loaves; but it has a brownish color, proving that they do not yet clarify well. The many samples of coffee are good. Several hundred samples of forest woods indicate that they have a great variety of valuable sorts ranging from pine to lignumvitæ. The specimens of raw silk are not remarkable. The wheat is really number one, and oats and barley are good. The wheat flour has a rich golden hue.

None of their mechanical work is superior. Horseshoes and other iron-ware are forged by hand. The government is an exhibitor of leather and paper and the qualities are fair. None of the other exhibits are so exhaustive as that of cigars and it may be presumed that the quality can scarcely be excelled. Mexican wool never had a high reputation and the fleeces on exhibition do not change one's opinion. Fine specimens of honey are shown and it is likely that Mexico is the best country for honey in the world.

The only countries represented at the Centennial in which crops must be grown wholly by irrigation are Egypt, northern Italy, Peru, Colorado, and Mexico. The annual rainfall is sufficient to mature wheat in California, Turkey, Spain, Palestine, India and in most parts of China. There irrigation is only necessary for gardens and orchards. In the countries first named the rainfall of the whole year, if coming at the most seasonable times, would be scarcely sufficient to grow wheat; but as it comes out of season it is of little value. In some of the western portions of Mexico, however, rains are more frequent; still, there is a deficiency. The mountains have great elevation and snow water fills thousands of creeks and rivers. A photograph of a Mexican farming scene represents a large number of men and teams at work in an irrigated field, and the water comes on abundantly. The laws that govern irrigation in Mexico, and they are severe and well fixed, were derived from the Moors, and have been transferred to Arizona, Colorado, Utah and Montana.

Mexico is the southern extension of the eastern Rocky mountain slope, the same as the Black Hills country is the northern extension. The mountains present a full face to the plains; every few miles streams and rivers issue through canyons, their floods being high during the heat of summer; and these waters are conducted by irrigating canals into ditches that water all the gardens and fields. Seldom is the sun clouded, and outside the water courses the whole country is brown and sere, in winter as well as summer, though it furnishes a rich grass sufficient to support thousands of sheep and cattle.

Mexico needs nothing so much as cheap transportation. There are mining cities high among the mountains containing from 20,000 to 50,000 inhabitants, to which all kinds of supplies and goods are carried on the backs of mules; and it costs more to take a pound of their silver to market than it costs an Ohio farmer to take twenty pounds of wool. But a railroad is gradually working its way thither and from the heart of the continent. The Denver and Rio Grande now extends nearly 300 miles south of Denver; it has crossed that great obstruction, the Green Horn range, and reached Trinidad, and it is now ready to debouch into the valley of the Rio Grande that forms the boundary of Chihuahua and New Leon, regions where the orange always blossoms.

Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

A German paper relates the following anecdote: In an imperial city, lately, a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a strong itching to play at ninepins. When the sentence was pronounced he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more his favorite game at the place of execution, and then, he said, he would submit without a murmur. As the last request was granted. When he arrived at the solemn spot he found everything prepared, and the pins being set up and the bowls ready, he played with no little earnestness.

A Literal Application.

Professor H., one of the oldest tutors of one of the oldest colleges in the country, was as eccentric as he was learned. His judgment anywhere in the field of natural science and philosophy was to be taken as law. No one ever thought of questioning it. The mathematical knot was never wrought which he could not sever. On a certain occasion Professor H. wanted a servant. Several applicants presented themselves—were tried, and discarded. Finally one came whose looks the pedagogue liked.

"Now look ye, my man," the *savant* said, "if you can remember and carry out one course of procedure, I think we may get on. I cannot afford to waste words, nor can I afford to find thoughts for a stupid servant. You must do your own thinking, and understand my wants at a hint. For instance: When I say—'Bring me a razor,' you will comprehend that I am going to shave, so you will understand that I want hot water, soap, towels, comb, brush, and so on. And so with everything. My initial order you will take as a cue, and of your own thought supply all possible accessories and contingents."

The new servant proved himself equal to the occasion, and his master was more than satisfied.

One day the professor came home pale and shaky. Said he to his servant:

"John, I am not feeling well. Go and call the doctor."

The man bowed, and departed.

An hour passed—two hours—and yet no doctor, and no servant. Finally, however, the doctor arrived, and in a moment more in came the servant.

"How is this, John?" demanded the professor. "Why have you been so long?"

"You told me to call the doctor, sir."

"Aye, you could have done it in ten minutes!"

"But, sir, you told me you were not well. I took your simple order as a cue to all that you might need. I found the doctor absent, and left word for him. Then I went to call watchers in case you should require attendance through the night. Then I called upon your lawyer, in case you should desire to make your will. And then, sir, I had to hunt up the undertaker, that he might have all in readiness in case"—

"Stop, stop, John! That will do. Bless me! you can be literal in your application of a hint."

"Yes, sir. Any further orders, sir?"

"Not now, John. You may go."

The professor is still living, and John still serves him.

Wanted a Farm.

A Detroit real estate agent was waited on by a tall man with a weed on his hat, who said he had the cash to pay for a farm, provided he could get one to suit. The agent smiled him to a seat, and brought out his register of descriptions. He had several farms registered on his books, and he had no doubt that he could suit the would-be purchaser. The stranger remarked:

"What I want is a farm of about three hundred acres."

"I've got it," replied the dealer.

"I'd like about six big hills on it."

"Here she is—here's a farm with exactly six hills on it."

"And I'd like a lake near the center."

"Here you are. Here is a farm with a lake exactly in the center."

"And I want a big natural cavern in one of the hills."

"Here you are. There's a cave on this farm which can't be beat."

The stranger drew a long breath and went on:

"I want a farm of three hundred acres, but one hundred acres must be marsh land."

"Here she is," was the ready reply. "Just three hundred acres in the farm, and just one hundred in marsh land."

"I must have a waterfall twenty-six feet high on the farm," continued the stranger.

"Here you are. This farm has a natural waterfall of twenty-five feet and eleven inches. I don't suppose an inch, more or less, on a waterfall amounts to much."

"Well, no, but I want a windmill on one of the hills."

"That was put up last year," was the calm reply.

It was some time before the stranger thought of anything else, but finally said:

"There must be a church right across the road from the house."

"One built there last summer, sir."

"It must be a brick church."

"So it is."

"Has it an organ?"

"It has."

"Then I can't buy the farm of you," said the stranger, rising to go. "If there is anything I hate, it is a church organ, and you can see for yourself that I would be in a state of continual misery. The farm suits me first-rate, but I can't go that organ."

Just what estimate those two men placed upon on each other's veracity as they separated will never be known.

Deranged by the Bite of a Hog.

Some weeks ago Peter Harris, living on the Belair road, just back of the Baltimore cemetery, and in the employ of Mr. Chester, blacksmith, was bitten by a wild hog, which had been roaming about that portion of the city, resisting all endeavors to trap him. Mr. Harris suffered severely from the bite, and soon began to exhibit all the symptoms of hydrophobia. He foamed at the mouth like a mad dog, became hysterical, smashed chairs and looking-glasses, and wanted to hit his friends. Measures were being taken to remove the unfortunate man to quarters where the lives of other people would not be endangered, when, suddenly, he mysteriously disappeared, and has not been heard from since. The conjecture is that Mr. Harris has died, or he would have been heard from somewhere ere this, as he was at the time of his departure a raving maniac. He was attended by Dr. White, who states that hogs, as well as dogs and wolves, are subject to hydrophobia, taking the disease themselves without having been bitten.

A Sad Fate.

There is something peculiarly mournful in what the editor of the Fort Dodge (Iowa) *Messenger*, a personal friend of Mrs. General Belknap, says: "So she has been sitting at home all these months in the bitterness of anguish, daring not to go on the street, where she would be subjected to indecent badinage, having no way to be heard, being the subject of gossip in every newspaper in the land and in almost every home, knowing herself the victim of abusive criticism and ignorant falsehood and yet having to sit still and endure it all."

Egyptians in Abyssinia.

A special dispatch to the London *Daily Telegraph*, dated from Alexandria, says: The fate of the Egyptian army in Abyssinia is exciting a great amount of comment, and various unfavorable rumors are afloat. There can be no doubt the war is over, but perhaps it will never be known at what expenditure of men and money. About eight thousand soldiers have arrived at Suez, and three steamers are now due with troops. Some three or four thousand are still at Massowah, and these, making about fifteen thousand who have returned, are said to be all that may be expected. This leaves about fifteen thousand unaccounted for.

Several thousand of these were doubtless killed in the first and second battles; the remainder are unable to leave on account of their wounds and the rainy season having set in. The condition of these poor men can easily be imagined. The fierceness and cruelty of the Abssinians are said to have been fearful. The battle of November last is described by an eye-witness as a total annihilation of the Egyptian forces, and in corroboration of this I hear of one regiment, leaving Suez six hundred strong, represented by eight men on their return. All sorts of means are adopted to prevent the truth being told, and the nakedness of the land from being known. The soldiers as they arrive at Suez are conveyed to Cairo by train at night. Orders have been issued in the towns and villages prohibiting mourning for the dead.

I give you all this as the common talk of the bazaars, and if some particulars are exaggerated the government have only to speak out and let the worst be known. One thing is certain, there will be no more Abyssinian wars, and the army has been so reduced that there will be a considerable saving in the war minister's budget. Several millions of money and several thousands of men have been sacrificed, but much as this is to be regretted *per se*, the lesson taught has perhaps not been dear at the price.

The Irrepressible Potato Bug.

Q. A. R., New York, writes to the *Times:* From all indications the country is likely to be widely pestered this season with this wholesale destroyer of the potato. Walking along the sandy beach of Rockaway these incrusted semi-globular zebra-striped little creatures are to be found by the millions, perfectly lining the extreme hem of the crested wave, and apparently lifeless as they are washed ashore. It is apparent that some incalculably vast multitude have been overtaken by a pitiless storm and driven to sea, and a proportion of their number have thus come to a watery grave. Strange to say, however, many seemed to resuscitate under the potent influence of the pleasant sunshine.

Remarks.—Our correspondent has fortunately only a partial knowledge of this unwelcome visitor to the east. Instinctively working eastward from his original home in the Rocky mountains, he has found a barrier to his further advance, and plunges headlong into the ocean, where he seems as much at home and as invulnerable to fate as upon land. As they do not seem capable of drowning themselves they may possibly reach the shores of Europe, and carry terror to potato growers there. But although he has spent one season with us, yet potatoes are selling at seventy-five cents a barrel, and we have learned to dread him as little as the Western farmers have any time the last ten years. He succumbs to paris green at last, after having escaped the dozen or more natural enemies which waylay him upon his chosen field of industry. He will live in history, for although we may miss him bye-and-bye, yet he is writing his memorial in the future slates and sandstones which will be formed hereafter of the mud and sands of the Atlantic beaches in which he is now being buried in vast quantities. Future geologists will chip him out of these rocks, put him in cabinets, and probably call him as we do, *decem-lineata*, because of his ten black stripes.

Build Up a Homestead.

The feeling that you are settled and fixed will induce you to work to improve your farms, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to inclose pastures, to build comfortable outhouses, and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home better than grogshops, and prefer farming to measuring tape or professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your families. Make your home beautiful, convenient, and your children will love it above all other places; they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, seek their chief happiness around their home fireside.

Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than of corn and cotton spread out all around them. Their love for the beautiful must be satisfied. Their tastes must be cultivated; their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts provided, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be both sunshine and shade, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and heart as well as the fields must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes contentment.

A True Hero.

An instance of remarkable self-control and presence of mind under sudden and intense suffering recently occurred in Belgium. Two workmen were employed at Ville-sur-Oarthe, in fastening a lightning conductor at the top of a steeple seventy feet from the ground. One man stood upon the shoulders of the other, and a sudden gust of wind caused him to spill some of the molten lead he was using. It fell upon the hand and arm of the other, and he had the nerve to stand still while the hot metal burned into the flesh. The slightest movement might have thrown the man on his shoulders to the ground. The hero who saved this life deserves to be recorded, and we print his name below, that if there be any immigrant in America who recognizes it he may be proud of his countryman. To face danger deliberately for the safety of others is high courage. But to do this while suffering from intense pain, when physical nature instinctively flinches, shows a degree of fortitude as well as courage which well deserves to be called heroic. The name of this man of nerve and courage is M. A. Karis.

The Chinese Question.

The eleventh section of the platform adopted by the Republicans at Cincinnati sets forth as follows,

It is the immediate duty of Congress to fully investigate the effect of the immigration and importation of Mongolians on the moral and material interests of the country.

Mr. Pierce, of Massachusetts, moved to strike out the reference to Mongolian immigration, which he denounced as a departure from every Republican platform, from the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the law of Christian love, which makes all men, Jews or Gentiles, equal.

Mr. Axtell, of New Mexico, opposed the amendment. He said the people of the Pacific States, irrespective of party, all desire the investigation of this Mongolian immigration, which is believed to be not in good faith, but used simply as a cover for the importation of servile coolie laborers, and by their pagan customs and filthy habits to degrade American labor.

Mr. Jones, of Nevada, said the question is of great importance to the people of the Pacific coast. He described the degraded character of this Mongolian immigration—of a people who recognize neither honesty among men nor virtue among women. They contribute nothing to the churches or the schools; they can work for ten cents per day in competition with American laborers, who support families, schools, churches, and other institutions. There is but one opinion in the Pacific States as to the necessity for an investigation by Congress to inform itself as to the real facts in the case, in order that it may see whether something is not necessary to be done to remedy the evil of which they complain.

Mr. Curtis, of New York, urged that in the beginning of a new century the Republicans of America should not depart from the principles of the Declaration of Independence. His remarks were received with applause.

A delegate from Tennessee demanded the previous question, which was sustained. The question was taken by States, on Mr. Pierce's motion to strike out, and it was rejected. The resolution was then adopted.

An Inhuman Father.

One of the most horrible outrages that it has been our painful duty to chronicle, says the New York *Herald*, and one that has justly called forth the righteous indignation of every one who has heard of it, occurred about three miles from Allen Springs, Ky. David White, a man who was believed by many who knew him to be of a brutal nature, was, with his little daughter, twelve years of age, in a field some distance from the house, planting corn. When the hour of twelve arrived, and they started for their dinner, Mr. White forbade his child riding the horse with which he had just been plowing, telling her the horse was poor and tired, and that she was more able to walk than the horse was to carry her. The child left the field, leading the horse in the direction of the barn, but after going some distance, and probably feeling a little weary, childlike, led the horse to the fence and mounted him. Her father, seeing what she had done, and being controlled more by a spirit of malevolence than affection, rushed to the spot where she was and jerked her from the horse, and, in a manner more like a fiend than a father, beat her unmercifully. The child, on arriving at the house, informed the rest of the family of what had occurred, when the father renewed his assault, knocking her down a number of times, and stamping and kicking her in the region of the stomach, despite her cries for mercy, with such force and rapidity as to soon cause her to become insensible, when at last his hellish hate seemed satiated, and he stopped his brutality. The child was taken to her bed, from which she never again arose, and the general belief in the neighborhood was but corroborated by the last words of the dying girl, which were: "Father killed me." The neighborhood is very much incensed at such an inhuman outrage, and it is hoped that immediate steps will be taken to bring to justice the perpetrator of this, one of the most heinous crimes that has been recorded for years.

Iron and Steel.

The American Iron and Steel Association has received full statistics of the production in 1875 of pig iron, iron and steel rails, etc.; also returns showing the quantity of pig iron in stock at the close of the year. The following table shows the total production for 1875 compared with that of 1874:

Products.	1874. Tons.	1875. Tons.
Pig iron	2,689,413	2,266,581
All rolled iron, including nails	1,839,560	1,890,379
All rolled iron, including nails, excluding rails	1,110,147	1,097,867
Rails of all kinds	729,413	792,512
Bessemer steel rails	144,944	290,863
Iron and all other rails	584,469	501,649
Street rails	6,739	16,340
Kegs of cut nails and spikes	4,912,180	4,726,881
Crucible cast steel	36,328	39,401
Open hearth steel	7,000	9,050
All other steel	6,353	12,607
Blooms from ore and pig iron	61,670	49,243

The decrease in the production of pig iron was all in anthracite and charcoal pig iron, there being a slight increase in bituminous and coke. The stock of unsold pig iron at the end of the year was 760,908 tons. The total value of imports of iron and steel during the year was $15,273,315, a decrease of $9,327,405 from that of 1874.

The Largest Swamp.

The surveying party sent out to survey the Okefenokee swamp report that it measures 142 miles in circumference, and, with the sinuosities, 180 miles around. This vast formation, thirty miles long and seventeen miles wide, is the largest swamp in the United States. It lies in the southeastern part of Georgia, but partly in north Florida. Here is the Suwanee river, made famous by the negro melody of the "Old Folks at Home." It traverses a large section of upper Florida, is bordered with valuable cypress and other timber, and empties into the gulf at a point eighteen miles above Cedar Keys. Okefenokee swamp was for generations a refuge for runaway slaves. Indians have lived there until recently, cultivating gardens; and in the depths of the jungles and forests are thousands of bears, and a great many Florida "tigers"—the cougar, or American panther. One curious experience of the surveying party was to find themselves at one time, while in the middle of a great swamp, suffering for water. The discovery of a lot of mounds, "probably built by a race of men existing before the Indians," is also reported. Several skeleton were taken out of them, but some crumbled as soon as exposed to the air.

How People Will Be Swindled.

"Address with postage stamps," etc. This simple form of words is found at the end of more than half the advertisements that are printed nowadays. It has become one of the grand formulas of the modern epoch. Sometimes it is varied with "Send stamps for circular," but the desire for stamps is always expressed. There is always a certain amount of spare credulity in the world, over and above what is needed for the ordinary transactions of life, that cannot remain latent. It has got to find vent somewhere. In the years gone by it spent itself in religious superstition, but now it goes into postage stamps, forwarded for pamphlets and circulars which tell how to get rich, how one may take his future into his own hands, how to renew one's youth, how to escape the terrible results of youthful indiscretion, etc. All these things may be very desirable to know, and what is the loss of a few cents in postage stamps, anyway?

Not long ago three French journalists were discoursing of human credulity in a cafe, and the question, Where is its limit? was raised. One of the three maintained that human credulity had no limit. It was finally agreed that each of the trio should insert in the newspapers an advertisement, the most eccentric, improbable and absurd that it was possible to devise—each advertisement to be accompanied with a demand for stamps—and watch the result; The first of the trio published the following extraordinary announcement:

THE HAND IN THE HAIR. Send one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps for the theory of an entirely new sensation. It gives love and freshness. Address A. B., post-office.

The second conspirator, taking advantage of an old and familiar superstition, advertised as follows:

RETURN FROM THE OTHER WORLD. Send one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps. Accurate news from the better land. Mysteries revealed. Everything made clear. Address B. C., post-office.

The third, abandoning all subterfuges, advertised boldly as follows:

I PROMISE NOTHING; I ENGAGE TO perform nothing. But send one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps. Perhaps there is a little surprise in store for you. Who knows? Address C. D., post-office.

These advertisements produced a result far greater than the conspirators had hoped. Postage stamps rained for several days. And when the people found that they were not receiving their *quid pro quo* they sent on more postage stamps. And the most successful of the three advertisements was the last. Finally the three journalists turned over their ill-gotten gains to a charitable society and told their story in a newspaper, in order that the dupes might know what had become of their postage stamps. They had satisf