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In the Long Ago.

Cool, salt air, and the white waves breaking
Restless, eager, along the strand;
An evening sky and a sunset glory
Fading over the sea and land.

We two sitting alone together,
Side by side, in the waning light;
Before us the throbbing waste of waters,
Behind us the sand heaps, drifted white.

Ships were sailing in the distance,
Down to the lands where the sun has gone;
The rough, fresh wind blew o'er our faces,
And the shadows of night crept slowly on.

It is a dream that I remember—
Some ghost of a hope that will come no more;
We two sitting alone together,
Hand in hand on the ocean shore.

Woman.

An angel wandering out of heaven,
And all too bright for Eden even,
Once through the paths of Paradise
Made luminous the aurora's air,
And walking in his awful guise
Met the Eternal Father there—
Who, when he saw the truant sprite,
Smiled love through all those bowers of light.

The while within his entranced spell
Our Eden sire lay slumbering near;
God saw and said it is not well
For man alone to linger here—
Then took that angel by the hand
And with a kiss its brow he pressed,
And whispering all his mild command,
He laid it near the sleeper's breast,
With earth enough to make it human—
He chained its wings and called it Woman.

And if perchance some stains of rust
Upon her pinions yet remain,
'Tis but the mark of God's own dust,
The earth mold of that Eden chain.

—*T. B. Read.*

THE MOTHER'S STRATAGEM.

One sunny morning, a few years ago, Jan Kammerick came up from the cabin of his barge—which his men were slowly working through a lock near the quaint and ancient city of Antwerp—and set his huge feet upon the deck. His first act was to bellow ferociously at the good natured fellows who were doing their best to get the barge through without even so much as scraping the fresh paint on her sides; his next was deliberately and cruelly to kick a small boy who was lying on his back, and looking up at a carved wooden figure whose grotesque head grinned from a side rail.

Many of the loungers along the banks of the lock knew old Jan Kammerick for a mean and cruel Flemish boor, who maltreated his wife, his children, his bargemen, and who sometimes flew into such terrific fits of anger that he thrashed his own sides with his round fists. No one in Antwerp—not a market woman on the shore of the Scheldt, nor a bargeman on river or canal—liked the choleric and brutal Jan Kammerick; many times the wretch had narrowly escaped a ducking at the hands of a mob because of his cruelties; and on this occasion, seeing the poor child who was kicked begin to cry and to crawl away toward a refuge under a pile of rope, every one shouted:

"Jan Kammerick! Jan Kammerick! you are a mean, bad man, and no one will be sorry when you come to harm!" or "Jan Kammerick! you shall be complained of to the judge of the district!"

The women shook their fists at him, and the men muttered that the boy must be taken away from his cruel father and cared for. Kammerick's poor wife, who was washing her pots and kettles on deck, looked as if she in wardly sympathized with the people on shore; but she trembled, and dared say nothing.

Jan was in such a dreadful temper that the cries of the people on shore made him more furious still.

"It's none of your business," he shouted, "how much I pound and kick this brat! He is good for nothing but whittling and breaking knives. If he craves any more of his pudding faces out of my boat rails, I'll send him adrift. Then you will have what you want! Then, neighbors, you will have a pauper on your hands; and when you feed him in your kitchens, he will carve doll puppets out of your table legs."

Then he vanished down the hatchway, followed by the maledictions of the bystanders.

"If I were you," cried one of them to the boy, "I would run away."

The barge went on through the locks, and the boy still crouched in his corner. The tears yet dimmed his eyes, but he had already forgotten his bruises. There was no resentment in his heart toward his wretched father. His mind was filled with a thousand beautiful and fantastic images—delicate fancies which he now and then sought to embody in bits of wood that he laboriously carved with clumsy knives or chisels. He longed to be free from the rude work which he was compelled to do upon the barge, and to study, that he might become a great sculptor in wood. When the barge passed near some of the curiously adorned old houses of which there are so many in Antwerp—houses whose roofs, whose arches, whose doors were richly and profusely adorned with carvings of birds and foliage, of beasts and dragons, of mystical figures from mythologies, or comical transcripts from every-day Dutch life—he studied them carefully and with deep adoration. He had never been allowed to go into the streets, and look at them for hours at a time, as he could have wished to do; for old Jan, who plied to and from a little village on the banks of the Scheldt, at some distance from Antwerp, would never allow his child to go on shore during his tri-weekly visits to the city. He yearned for a sight of the grand churches of which his mother had told him—cathedrals in whose solemn stillness he could stand undisturbed all the day long, drinking in beauty at every pore. The harshness and hardship of his life, the beatings of his unnatural father, would have been as nothing to him if he could have been allowed to learn something of art. But old Jan not only refused to allow him to work, but had thrown into the river many beautiful images of saints, of birds, of dragons, which the child had carved by stealth when the bargeman was not near, and had then offered to the boor, asking him to sell them and buy tobacco for himself with the money.

"No child of my shall waste his life over such mummeries," said old Jan.

While the boy was musing bitterly on his lot, his mother, who had finished washing her pots and kettles, came to him, and while she wrung out her dish-cloth with her lean and blistered hands, she said, in a low voice:

"Jan, boy, you are small and feeble, but you are now thirteen, and I think you would be brave and resolute. The good soul down stairs" (she always called Father Jan good soul, because she knew that he was an old brute) "the good soul has made up his mind that you are to be a bargeman, and he is stern, as you know. Now—do not speak—we must try a new way to get you launched in the world." (Here the mother's tears begun to fall fast, and she thought of the beatings which she might receive if she carried out her plan.) "My child, you must leave us; you must run away!"

The boy's eyes flashed; he rose, and limped toward his mother.

"Never!" he said. "I cannot leave you motherkin! Leave you with that man!"

"Listen, child!" she said. "We will try a little way which the good God has put into my head. You will be a genius, my son—one of those great people who can express just what they want to say. You will carve out your thoughts in wood—in stone, perhaps. To-night, when the barge stops near the lock, I will make an errand for your father on shore. I will give you a few pieces of money out of the sum which we had saved for Bertha's dowry, and you shall fly. Your father will not hunt for you; his heart is hard, and he will say that he is glad you are gone."

The boy looked at his mother with wonder in his eyes. But there was no longer any sign of tears in them. A new fire lit them up.

"Go," she continued, "to Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's. There take a chamber, and may God be with you! Now and then, perhaps, I may come to see you. But it is better that I should not, and that your father should think you gone away, no one knows where. But—and now listen earnestly—in a year from this day, toward sunset, I will bring your father to Saint Andrew's church. It was there that he first saw me, twenty years ago; there by the great carven pulpit, which you, poor child, have never seen, but which will delight your eyes. Jan, one year is not a long time but you have already done much, and perhaps, before twelve months have passed, you will have done a noble work. Meet us, then, by the pulpit in St. Andrew's church in a year from this day, at the sunset hour. Bring with you some delicate carving as an offering to him, and at the same time say that you wish to return to us. Perhaps his heart will have been softened by your absence;" and the good little mother almost smiled, and looked very wise through her tears.

"Motherkin," said Jan, "I will obey you."

Then the poor child begun to tremble at the thought of going out alone into the world. But his courage came to him finally, and he kissed his mother again and again.

"If anything dreadful happens I will let you know," said she, "but father Jan must not hear from you, nor see you, until a year from this day."

"Farewell, then, motherkin," said the child; "farewell for a long, long year. By the carved pulpit in Saint Andrew's, in a twelvemonth!"

They took their farewells then and there, lest old Jan should suspect them, if they were crying toward evening.

At nightfall, as the barge approached the lock again, after its station near a market all day, the mother went on shore to get a pail of clear water; old old Jan followed her, storming and threatening, as she knew he would because supper for the workmen was not ready. The boy took the little bag of clothes and the money which his mother had prepared for him; as the boat grazed the side of the lock he jumped out, and was speedily lost to view in the crowd.

Two hours later, he had been received at the house of Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's church. He slept in an old carven bedstead, whose headboard was a pictured history of the destruction of Pharaoh's host, whose feet were griffins' claws, whose curtain posts were lovely angels with uplifted faces.

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A year brought sad changes to old Jan Kammerick. At first when he learned of his son's flight, he ascribed it to meddlesome neighbors, and his rage knew no bounds. He stoutly insisted that he would never try to bring back the vagabond wood-hacker. He would not hear the boy's name spoken. Sometimes, when he saw that the mother looker paler than was her wont, and that she wept silently when she was polishing her pots and kettles, his conscience smote him. But he would never have been really sorry if misfortune had not come upon him. One of his bargemen, whom he had once beaten, scuttled the barge and fled. Jan and his wife had a narrow escape from drowning, and, had it not been for friendly aid, would have lost all their pots and kettles. Young Jan had been sent away to Brussels by the good Gasker Willems, a few days before this, and knew nothing of it until many days afterward. He was busy with his art, in which he made astonishing progress.

The next misfortune which befell old Jan was the loss of his little house on the banks of the Scheldt. A fire burned out the interior, and cracked the stone walls. Old Jan had not money enough to rebuild it. Then his limbs began to fail him; they shook and trembled. The neighbors said: "It is because he kicked and beat his son!" And old Jan himself began to be very much of their opinion. He had now only a small barge; was obliged always to live in it, and was very poor and discouraged. Sometimes his heart was softened toward his patient wife, and he would say:

"You will be the first to be killed by my poverty. It would have been better for you if I never had seen you in St. Andrew's church."

Then she would answer: "No, indeed! Our fortune is yet to come out of that church, Jan."

She said this so often, and with such emphasis, that one day he looked at her curiously and said:

"Why, Anneken, what do you mean?"

"To-morrow," she answered, "we shall see. Jan, it is many years since we have taken a holiday. We are as good as the rest of the world; let us live our youth over again; let us stay in Antwerp, and at sunset to-morrow let us visit St. Andrew's church, and stand by the carven pulpit where"—

"Stuff!" the old man was saying, when the mother put her hand upon his mouth. He no longer threatened or beat her; his punishments had sobered him; his heart almost yearned for his lost son.

"By the carven pulpit," continued the mother, "where we may say a prayer for our lost son."

"Well, if you will have it so, Anneken," he answered, almost gently.

* * * * * *

In the Netherlands there are many churches filled with rare and exquisite carvings, with altar pieces, shrines, pulpits, choirs, vestries, fonts, and sacristies laden with a wealth of intricate work, done in wood by skillful hands; and in Antwerp the richest specimens of this curious labor are to be found. In the great cathedral of St. Jacques, where Peter Paul Rubens, the painter, lies buried, there are hundreds of rich and fantastic carvings, out of which the fancies of the elder artists peer curiously at the prosaic present. Sometimes the birds are a little too odd to be real, the dragons are almost too funny for a cathedral, and the flowers and leaves are not constructed strictly in accordance with botany; but, on the whole, you feel that if things in nature are not like those in the carvings, they at least ought to be—so charming, so droll, so satisfactory are they!

In St. Andrew's church, of which young Jan's mother had so many tender memories, stands a large carven pulpit, of a peculiarly daring design for artists who work in wood. It represents a rocky crag near the seashore. Just beneath the crag lies a fishing boat, in which stand the figures of the Apostles Andrew and Peter. Behind them, on the right, their fishing nets hang upon a tree. The apostles are looking earnestly at a figure of the Savior, which stands in an attitude as if beckoning them; as if saying: "Follow me, and I will make ye fishers of men." Two of the cleverest artists in the Netherlands gave much time and talent to this delightful carving. Van Hool did the foliage, the nets, the rocks; Van Gheel the figures of the apostles and the Savior. The latter figure seems to have genuine inspiration in it; the sculptor has wrought marvelously, bringing effects out of stubborn wood rarely obtained before. When evening light—last ray of the declining sun, reflected through the stained glasses of the church, and softened to the delicacy of summer twilight—falls gently upon this group, the sacred figures seem to have all the supreme finish of marble—nay more, they appear to live!

So thought the good mother Anneken, as on the appointed day, one year from the time when she had sent forth her child into the world to give genius scope, and to escape from his hard hearted father, she led the feeble and now quite subdued old Jan Kammerick into St. Andrew' church. As the couple came in view of the pulpit, memories, endearing and solemn, came to them; the specters of their vanished youth rose up before them, not in mocking shape, but as good spirits, come to cheer them on the path of life. Old Jan remembered how he had seen the fair maiden standing near the pulpit with her hands folded and her eyes closed in prayer, and how he had sworn to win her as his wife. He was glad he had come into the church, and then—he thought of his son.

At that moment there was a joyful cry from the mother, and young Jan, wonderfully improved in voice, in manner, and in health, rushed into her arms. A hundred kisses, and a half a hundred words sufficed for them; for the good little mother had kept herself informed of all her son's progress, through the medium of old Gasker Willems. But the father was astonished beyond measure. He stepped back, trembling; and, shading his eyes with his hands, he looked long at the youth.

"Hey day, son!" he cried; "we thought we had lost you! But here you are back again, and no word of repentance!"

Old Jan tried to be severe, but his voice softened at every word.

"Father," said the youth, "I bring you a peace offering."

Just then Gasker Willems came hobbling up, bearing a large box, which he placed upon the cathedral floor. Young Jan opened it, and took from it a piece of wood carving.

"Quickly!" said Gasker Willems, after he had been greeted; "look at this before the beadle sees us, for it is time when many stroll into the church. Quickly, and then let us all go to my house."

Young Jan stepped to a point near the pulpit, where the light still fell with some sharpness, and held up the carving. Then the astonished parents saw that it was an exact reproduction, on a tiny scale, but done with surpassing finish, of the pulpit before which they stood at that instant. But this was not all. In front of the miniature pulpit, stood a maiden, with eyes downcast, and hands folded in prayer; and near her, watching her reverently, with parted lips and expectant air, was a brave young bargeman, exactly like those one may see every day on the Scheldt. In this carving old Jan and his wife saw the story of their first meeting told, as the mother had so often told it to her son.

"Father," said the youth, "this, and another like it, have been my year's work. The fellow to this has been sold to a prince for a large sum of money; and the prince wishes to help me to study until I can help myself more. But I shall not need him; and neither mother nor you will ever work more, for the prince's bounty, with my future work, will be enough for us all. Father, will you take my offering?"

Old Jan bowed his head, and took the carving. He set it down upon the cathedral floor, and took his son to his arms.

"I was an old brute," he said; "how did I ever become such a scoundrel?"

On the way to Gasker Willems', where the party took supper, the good mother told the husband of her stratagem to help her child. Old Jan said but this: "A good wife is a good thing; but I have not merited one!"

Gasker Willems, who was bringing up the rear with the carving in his arms, said:

"Say rather that you have merited nothing like the rest of us; but that God is good, and moves in mysterious ways; and that your tough heart could only have been softened by the stratagem which He sent into the mother's mind!"

"Well, well!" said old Jan, "I must try and get grace enough to thank Him properly."—*St. Nicholas.*

Mind Your Own Business.

When you first begin life make two resolutions, and stick to them: First, to mind your own business; second, to let the business of other people alone.

Those people who are always meddling with the affairs of others are a nuisance, and ought to be legally abated like any other nuisance.

We would rather live near a soap fat boiling establishment or a petroleum refinery than near one of them.

If you belong to that class of nuisances we pity you, for your life is an uneasy and unsatisfactory one. You can never be happy, because it is utterly impossible that you can ever find out everything that is going on in your vicinity.

What is it to you if your neighbor does bring home a brown paper package and a covered basket? You will live just as long if you never know what they contained. It is none of your business.

Suppose Mrs. B. has a new bonnet, how does that concern you? Your life, liberty and sacred honor are in no way injured by the fact. Suppose she did pay $10 for it. The money did not come out of your pocket, and consequently it is none of your business.

What if the minister does call on Ann Eliza Smith twice a week? Why exercise your brain over it? What if he is courting her? Let him court away. Suppose she has an awful temper and powders her face, as you say she does, her temper will not trouble you.

Don't be forever poking your nose into everybody's business. If one young lady "cuts out" another young lady it is nothing to you. He isn't making love to you nor any of your folks.

What if they do have three pairs of stockings apiece over at Squire Hill's. Haven't they a right to? As long as you don't do the washing it need not trouble you at all. If Hill's shirts are three inches longer than common, don't excite yourself about it. If you hadn't been watching the clothesline you never would have known anything about it, and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The Jains of India.

The Jains of the East Indies are very peculiar in their ideas of animal life. They constitute, perhaps, the most efficient "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals" in the world. It is a cardinal duty imposed by their faith to preserve and care for the lives of the brute creation. Animal food they will not partake of on any account. They have erected hospitals for sick and maimed animals in many places, and devote a great deal of money and time to this excessively benevolent object. Their "Pinjrapol," or animal hospital, at Bombay, is a large and conspicuous building in the center of the Black Town, which bears comparison, in point of architecture and spaciousness, with many of the Hindoo temples. The Jain who, as he passes along the city street or country road, finds a wounded beast or bird, is impelled to take it up tenderly, to carry it home and minister to it, or to convey it to the Pinjrapol. This institution is conducted much as are human hospitals. The four-legged patient is kept and nursed until it is cured; or, if its injuries are permanent, the hospital is its residence for life. Rousselet's brief and picturesque account of a visit to the Pinjrapol is curious and amusing: "You go, in the first place, into a large court surrounded by sheds, in the midst of which are kept a number of oxen. There is nothing more curious than this assembly of sick quadrupeds. Some have bandages over their eyes; others, lame or in a helpless condition, are comfortably stretched on clean straw. Their attendants rub them down, and bring the blind and paralyzed their food. From this court we pass into another of less extent, containing dogs and cats in the same pitiable condition. A little further on is an inclosure reserved for bipeds. Aged cows spend their lives peaceably in company with bald vultures and buzzards that have lost their plumage. At the other end of the court a heron, proud of his wooden leg, strutted about in the midst of blind ducks and lame fowls. All the domestic animals, and those that dwell in the vicinity of mankind, have here their representatives. Rats are to be seen in great numbers, and display remarkable tameness; mice, sparrows, parrots, peacocks, and jackals, have their asylum in this Jain hospital. However ridiculous this institution may seem, it is yet an example of the kindness and humanity of these people, whose charity would not allow any being created by the Almighty to suffer; and we can forgive what appears to us an absurdity to those men who can boast that they have covered India with their 'dharamsalas' for poor travelers, and have enriched the hospitals by their princely donations."

Made in Egypt.

Egypt furnishes an illustration of her own somber architecture. There were many plaster casts of Egyptian sculpture, queer brass ornaments, old armor, unfamiliar Eastern products. The sentimental effect was marred, however, by the cards of prices affixed to many articles. A still greater departure of my mind from retrospective thought, a correspondent says, was caused by what I saw in one of the glass cases. The article to which I allude is labeled: "Night Shirt—price, $70—Sold to Miss Ordway." The privilege of selling any article on exhibition is accorded by the managers, the only restriction being that a delivery to the purchaser cannot be made before the close of the show and that the regular duty must be paid. Miss Ordway's night shirt is beautiful, peculiar and open to objection for use in this changeable climate. The texture is like a web, so slight that it will interpose no barrier to sight or cold. Mosquitos will reach between the threads and bite Miss Ordway if they are not too polite. Every breeze will blow upon her body unchecked. Hand worked upon the gossamer fabric are fanciful figures in gold thread, and the foundation being so slight, they look at a little distance as though entirely unsupported. Miss Ordway, when arrayed in this night shirt, will depend largely upon herself for the beauty of the effect. The cloth will not cover her more thickly than a veil, and the embroidery will seem to rest upon her flesh. She will have old leaves and vines on her back, a cluster on each shoulder, another on her breast, and vines will trail down her arms. The effect will be at least unique. In the subdued light of her sleeping room—clad only, to all the intents and purposes of appearance, in a few gold leaves and vines—she will depend for beauty, as I remarked before, entirely upon herself. Coming down to a practical consideration, I wish to record my prediction that she will catch cold. The garment is unsuited to any but Cleopatra's scorching clime. It will cost, with the duty, about $100, and is short for the price. It must hang in the case until October, to be admired by thousands of women. Miss Ordway, I learn by inquiry, is a beautiful girl of Reading, Pa.

Transfusion of Blood.

Frank Gray was stabbed in the neck by Thomas Kerwin, at Georgetown, Colorado. He bled so that it was not believed he could live, and lay in a semi-unconscious state. The attending physicians determined, as a last resort, to try the effect of transfusing blood into his system. Kerwin, who stabbed Gray, agreed to supply the blood, and the experiment was made.

The poor fellow seemed in the very grasp of death before the operation commenced. Physicians could detect no pulsation whatever at the wrist; his hands and feet were cold and clammy, like those of a corpse; the eyes had only a vacant stare, betraying no intelligence; and when spoken to he appeared entirely unconscious of the import of the words spoken to him.

Blood was drawn from Kerwin's arm and kept at the temperature of the body by immersing the bowl containing it in water, the temperature of which was regulated by a thermometer. The fibrine or clot was then carefully removed, an incision made in a vein of the right arm and the blood forced into the incised vein through a small syringe.

About four ounces of the blood drawn from Kerwin's arm were injected into Gray's and in a short time the pulse was quite perceptible, the extremities resumed their normal condition and became warm, consciousness returned, and although he did not attempt to speak he evinced a knowledge of what was said to him and replied to questions by manual signs. The strength given him by this accession of blood probably prolonged his life some hours, but about one o'clock the next morning he breathed his last.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.—On a tombstone at Shutesbury, Mass., is the following epitaph, dated 1793:

Hie Jacet Johannes Straw,
Who forty years followed the law;
When he died, the devil cried
"John, give us your paw!"

A Railroad King.

American rich men are of all races. Girard was French; Hopkins was English; Jacob Barker was Yankee; the Livingstones were Scotch; the Barrons were Spanish; Astor was a German; and Stewart, Irish; Vanderbilt and Garrison were Dutch, of Holland stock. Commodore Vanderbilt, without going far from home, and merely improving the century's great opportunities as they begun and consolidated in the waters of New York, gained a gigantic fortune. He took to the water in childhood, arose in the infancy of steam navigation, and lived the whole period actively between the eras of Robert Fulton and George M. Pullman, between the stage coach and the palace car. The extent of railroads in America in the commodore's eighty-second year of age is 75,000 miles; the earliest American locomotive engine builder, Peter Cooper, is still alive. A train has just passed in eighty hours from New York to San Francisco, or less time than was commonly required to go from New York to Washington when Vanderbilt begun steamboating. There are in 1876 80,000 miles of railroad in North America, and 184,000 in the world. The heir of the Ptolemies has failed as the owner of a railroad and a realm, and his sultan is deposed. India is full of British railways, and so was Polynesia.

Length of days and opportunity count vastly in the returns of a merchant's life. The steamboat was invented in the sight of Vanderbilt's birthplace, on Staten Island, and he saw and probably knew Robert Fulton. Up to that time he had been a mere waterman and sloop captain, sailing no further than New Brunswick, on the Raritan, or Shrewsbury, or Kingston. His knowledge of the waters led him to be employed by the steamboat rivals of Livingstone and Stevens as early as 1816. He was more properly a product of Long Island than of Staten Island, and of New Jersey than of New York. It is fourteen miles from Staten Island to New Brunswick, six miles to New York, one mile to Elizabethport, and eight miles to the open ocean. Within these limits the young Vanderbilt knew every shoal, current, and sounding. He was besides intelligent, bold and athletic; so he was immediately needed when capital and invention were prepared with the steamboat. Elizabethport was the end of the main road across New Jersey to New York, rocks and marshes intervening above that point so that no road was fit for travel beyond it, when Washington, proceeding to New York to be inaugurated, took a barge from Elizabeth point to the first capital. The man who administered the oath to Washington on that occasion introduced Fulton and the steamboat to America.

"Vanderbilt's confidence was seen in his driving," says one who knows him. "He was so blind he could hardly see the hair on his horse, and yet he rode out every day, being several times thrown into the road. He had just sense enough to believe that if he kept the middle of the road people would get out of his way. That's the course he took in all things; he never turned out unless compelled to."

The grandeur of Vanderbilt's financial transactions was shown in his Harlem corner at the close of the war. The stock was selling at forty in the market, par at fifty. If there were 70,000 shares it required only $2,800,000 to buy the whole stock. At par Vanderbilt & Co. bought up the whole stock, while the "shorts" offered sixty. Having got the stock, it went up gradually to $180, at or about which figure the brokers and their principals had to settle or break, making a profit to the Vanderbilt pool of say nine millions, or nearly three times the whole amount of the investment. One of his greatest days was late in December, 1868. He had purchased or controlled about 130,000 shares of New York Central stock. Getting together a quorum of directors in night session, they declared a dividend of eighty per cent. and announced it next morning. The stock almost instantly jumped from 120 to 165, and the short interest had to pay over five millions of dollars to the commodore's coterie. His great age befriended him; for he made the bulk of his fortune after he was seventy years old.

In a Boy's Pocket.

A teacher's letter contains the following: A noise one day breaking the silence of the schoolroom, the offender was swiftly brought to justice, and his spool confiscated. Another minute, and another noise from the same delinquent—this time a file. Reflecting that economy of time might be useful in the case, I desired Master George to bring me all he had, and reluctantly there was poured forth such an unending stream of treasures that I dispatched an assistant for the saucer of a flower pot in which to place them. A list is in order: A rubber ball gnawed at one side, four yards of twine, three peewees, two slate pencils, a piece of soap, a copper, six board nails, a pickle, a fishhook, a bun, a letter which had once been pink, but now, alas!—five lozenges, a top, a doll's boot with the handle in it, a gold stud weepingly confessed to be "My mammie's," a patent lock, key attached, a piece of gum with tooth impressions, a leaf from a speller round a treacherous piece of tar, two kite-knobs, a scissor, a watch key, a pipe bowl colored and scented after the latest epicurean style, a shoestring, a whistle, four scarlet beans, an inch doll, two bobbins, an Irishman's jackknife, a lampwick, three pieces of rainbow coal, five jackstones, a photograph, a tack hammer, a ring, a skillet leg, a metal toe, a rabbit's tail. Total, sixty-five!

Floating.

These plain directions from the *Sanitarian*, if remembered, may save the life of one who falls into deep water, even if he has not learned how to swim: Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs, as in the act of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes.

Floods in Switzerland.

Eastern Switzerland is suffering severely from floods caused by heavy rains and melting snow. The canton of Thurgau, which is entirely inundated, is 384 square miles in extent, and has about 95,000 people. The serious damage the railroads have suffered is one of the worst effects of the mountain torrents, since it will retard the aid that is sent to the homeless.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Fight with the Sioux on Rosebud Creek—A Desperate Conflict—The Sioux Prepared for Desperate Fighting.

An important battle has been fought at the head waters of Rosebud creek, between the hostile Sioux, numbering 2,500, under Sitting Bull of the North, and the column under the command of Brigadier General George Crook, composed of 1,300 mounted soldiers. The fight lasted five hours, and resulted in the discomfiture of the savages, although not before they had inflicted on the troops a loss of ten killed and twenty wounded. On their own side they sacrificed by the bold attack which they made about one hundred warriors and an equal number of ponies, but thereby saved for the time being their village, which, according to the guide, lay a distance of only six miles from the battlefield. Details of the battle are given as follows:

The troops left the camp early in the morning and had marched about ten miles up the valley of the creek, when a sudden halt was made at a wild signal of the friendly Snakes, with the troops galloping up and shouting: "Sioux! Sioux!" at the same time shots were fired rapidly beyond the low hills bordering on the stream.

The Snakes and Crows, numbering 250, with the troops could not be kept back but dashed forward at once against their ancient enemy, charging the Sioux, and on the first onset made them rapidly recede. Then ensued a desultory fight for half an hour, the troops in the valley being delayed from rendering support by the necessity of saddling their animals. Captain Kane's infantry company was the first to advance to the crest of the ridge north of the valley and there opened fire. Seeing the Crows and Snakes pressed back by the masses of Sioux and flying before them—a high, steep ridge being peopled by them, and their fire deadly—the infantry charged directly up the narrow backbone, stopping at every crest to level a volley at them, but saw them retire only to hold against them still higher points beyond.

The Sioux had taken a magnificent position on the stream, commanding the ravines through which the troops would probably have passed, and where they might have been slaughtered like sheep before a charge could have been made. The conflict was almost a hand to hand fight, the Sioux confident in their large numbers and the position which they held. At a moment when the advanced line of troops had gained a decisive advantage and the soldiers were eager for a charge, an order came from Gen. Crook to fall back and connect with the right of the line, so as to concentrate and make a general advance. This movement was disastrous.

The Sioux held all the highest ground, and from several points swept the lower ridge in our rear with a terrible enfilading fire which pressed the line of retreat. As the cavalry retreated slowly on foot and skirmishing, the Sioux made repeated charges on the flank and were repulsed by the resolute courage of the men, who, although principally recruits, stood their ground as bravely as veterans. In forming a junction with the main command a wide hollow must be crossed, which was swept by a rain of fire from the bluffs, and the Sioux were already preparing to charge from both ends. They made every exertion to keep the command divided, and their fighting at this moment was masterly. Colonel Royall sent to General Crook to ask support, but before an infantry company took position to protect the retreat he was pressed back so that his men found themselves suddenly in the hollow, the Sioux charging upon them on two sides and a dropping fusillade cutting them down. Nine men were killed here and twenty wounded.

Captain Henry was horribly wounded in the head. The infantry, taking position behind the west incline of the ridge, opened fire. At this moment Captain Handall, seeing the peril of the cavalry, set the Crows and Snakes at full speed into the hollow and the latter fought the Sioux nobly. One of them, after Captain Henry had fallen, stood and protected him until the soldiers made a dash and bore him off. Sergeant Von Moll separated in the retreat from his company, and, surrounded by Sioux, was rescued by Old Crow, single handed. As soon as the junction of the line was effected the Sioux began to yield, and the infantry, under Majors Burrows and Burt, drove them at last from the high cone which they had held so long. The Snakes caused their final flight and pursued a party of four Sioux two miles, killed them all and took their scalps. At one o'clock the firing had ceased, and the whole command followed in pursuit; but after moving three miles forward the country appeared so dangerous that General Crook determined to fall back to the point where the battle begun.

Meanwhile the Crows were counseling on a bluff about the circumstances of the fight, and expressing the belief that the soldiers had not promptly supported their first advance against the Sioux (which was true), and had determined to return home. The ammunition, only one hundred rounds to the man, was half exhausted, and General Crook concluded to return to the camp and make another advance after giving rest to the troops, meanwhile hoping to conciliate the discontented Crows. In this he did not succeed. They left for their village, which they fear the Sioux have visited during their absence. The Snakes still remain, but their steadfastness cannot be relied on.

Some of the minor incidents of the fight were horrible. A small squad of cavalrymen, acting as a rear guard on the march, were ordered to hold a point on the left. The Sioux surrounded them and shot them in the face, only two escaping.

Private Richard Bennett's body was disemboweled by the savages and the hands and feet cut off.

The troops behaved gallantly in rescuing their dead and wounded.

A corporal of T company, Third cavalry, made a gallant charge to rescue a comrade from the scalping knife. The Sioux only obtained one scalp, while the friendly Indians captured thirteen of the Sioux, who dragged many of their dead from the field behind their ponies.

General Crook reports nine white men killed and fifteen wounded in the Third cavalry, two wounded in the Second cavalry, three wounded in the Fourth infantry, and Captain Henry, of the Third cavalry, severely wounded in the face. The loss of the Indians cannot be estimated, but thirteen dead bodies were left on the field and many had been removed.

HOW TO CRYSTALLIZE FRUIT.—Pick out the finest of any kind of fruit, leave on their stalks, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, lay the fruit in the beaten egg with the stalks upward, drain them and beat the part that drips off again, select them out one by one and dip them into a cup of finely powdered sugar; cover a pan with a sheet of fine paper, place the fruit inside of it, and set it in an oven that is cooling; when the icing on the fruit becomes firm pile them on a dish and set them in a cool place.

A Forced Execution.

Near Clermont Mills, in Hartford county, Md., Almira Street, the youngest daughter of Roger Street, was murdered by Christian Klotz, a youth from the Maryland house of refuge. The Streets are one of the largest and most respected families in Hartford county. Miss Street was seventeen years of age. Her body was found at the foot of the cellar stairs of the house about half past seven o'clock, with the head nearly severed from the body, and an ax, with which the deed is supposed to have been committed, lying near by covered with blood. The victim had been engagaged preparing breakfast and had gone into the cellar for something, when she was attacked by the young man with the ax, who dealt her repeated blows, as was shown by several gashes left on the neck of the corpse.

Before the arrival of the sheriff and State's attorney, Klotz confessed the crime and said he had no motive for killing Miss Street, but that he committed the murder out of pure wickedness.

A rope was procured and Klotz was taken to the woods, about one hundred yards from the house. The rope was placed around his neck, the end of the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree and he was pulled up from the ground. Some persons in the crowd objected to hanging him and he was cut down before he was strangled. Klotz, seeing that death was inevitable, asked for a gun that he might shoot himself. It was then suggested by him that he might just as well hang himself, and he agreed to do so. He climbed the tree unaided and placed the rope around his neck. He then asked if it was properly adjusted. Upon being informed that it was, he coolly tied the end of the rope around the limb on which he sat and saying "good-bye," let himself drop.

Granite in Shirts.

A letter in the London *Monetary Gazette* says: I was walking along the canal banks in the town of Bolton a short time ago and my attention was called to a barge load of a pearly white substance. On examination it proved to be china clay, and in my innocence I asked where the porcelain works were located, as I take great interest in such manufactures. My inquiry was received with loud laughter, and I was informed the kaolin was consigned to Messrs. ——, a well known firm of cotton spinners. *Apropos* of this little incident, and somewhat of a commentary thereon, let me add that a gentleman who professes to be ultra religious told me the other day that an eight-pound shirting now never contains more than six pounds of cotton, and on my asking him if he traded in this fashion he piously added: "We must go with the stream." Perhaps the *machinistes* (sewing machines) are not aware that the frequent breaking of their needles is mainly caused by the resistance and friction of this mineral adulteration, which is found in abundance in almost all the cotton they sew. Geologists tell us that china clay is decomposed granite; no wonder, then, that it should be gritty and break needles. It also makes eminently unhealthy the occupation of the mill hands, a fact which I recommend to the special attention of the society of the protection of women and children. Manchester, Manchester! this china clay adulteration will be thy death!

The Tree Question.

Notwithstanding the heat of India, there is, incredible as it may appear, a daily growing demand for fuel in that country, and it is suggested by the Indian agriculturists that some law should be framed for counteracting the effects of the wasteful destruction of trees for burning and constructive purposes. In some countries the laws enforce the duty of planting trees. In Japan every person who cuts down a tree is required to plant another in its stead, while in Bissay a land owner has to put down two plants for every tree he may fell. In Java a fruit tree is planted on the birth of each child, and is carefully tended as the record of his or her age. In the districts of Azimghur and Gorucknore the late Mr. H. C. Tucker greatly encouraged the cultivation of trees by suggesting to the land holders that they should plant six trees on the occasion of every marriage and two trees on the birth of every child. Such a practice, if enforced by law or encouraged by advice, would commend itself to the population of India, whose natural tastes incline them to it, and in the end lead to beneficial results, especially if the more valuable description of timber trees were cultivated.

The Battle of Waterloo.

Sixty-one years ago on Sunday, June 18, 1815, the Emperor Napoleon attacked the Duke of Wellington at the Belgian village of Waterloo, on the very same ground where a large French division had been cut off from the main army by the Duke of Marlborough on August 17, 1705. The allied forces numbered 67,664 men with 156 guns. The English resisted the fierce French onslaughts from ten A. M. till five P. M., when 16,000 Prussians reached the field, increasing by seven o'clock to 30,000 with 104 guns, with Field-Marshal Blucher at their head. The French were completely routed amid immense carnage; so fierce was the struggle that the allied armies had nearly 23,000 men placed *hors de combat*. The changes since that day are great. But few of the surviving veterans graced the Waterloo banquet with their presence in London. Not only the principal actors in that great historical tragedy are long since gone, but a second French empire and another Napoleon have been overthrown. Let us hope, too, the world has grown a good deal wiser and better.

A New Industry.

The employment of corn cobs for fire lighters has given rise to quite a considerable trade in France, one of the establishments for manufacturing them—that of La Societe des Alhanettes Landaises, in Paris—employing a large number of workmen to produce the immense quantity of the article demanded, these lighters being employed with advantage and economy both in private houses and for lighting furnaces. In one of these processes, they are first steeped in hot water containing two per cent. of saltpeter, and, after being dried at a high temperature, are saturated with fifty per cent. of resinous matter. By another process, the cobs are immersed in a mixture of sixty parts of melted rosin and forty parts of tar, after which they are taken out and allowed to dry, and then subjected to a second operation, which consists in spreading them out on a metallic plate heated to a temperature of 212 deg. Fah. They are finally assorted according to size, and tied in bundles for the trade.

A Beautiful Love Story.

The young lady was Miss Mary M. Cochran, of Boston. She is a remarkably fine looking person, apparently twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. She was very stylishly dressed, and presented a most interesting appearance.

It seems that two years ago this spring Miss Cochran, accompanied by her mother and a number of friends from Boston, went to Europe to spend the summer. During a brief stay in Carlsruhe, Germany, Miss Cochran became acquainted with a young German named Charles A. Brandenburg. He was a young man of great ability, well educated, and of respectable parentage, although they were quite poor. The many noble qualities of heart and head completely won the heart of the young American, and she fell desperately in love with him. This feeling was mutual, and during the interview this young man related the condition of things at his father's house. The family was in the hands of a cruel house owner, who not only owned the small house in which they lived, but was also proprietor of the mills in which the father, son, and brother