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### Wayside Poems.

Up through many a stony crevice
Peep the tiny blades of grass,
Breathing out a benediction
On the travelers that pass.

Careless feet may tread them under;
To their message ne'er give heed;
Only yes that are anointed
Can the hidden gospel read.

Even a weed may tell the story
Of a love in heaven that springs,
Far above our comprehension,
Reaching down to common things.

And the heart, whose larger garden
Early met with storm and blight,
Gathers up these wayside poems,
And interprets them aright.

### The Fair Tambourinist.

With feet half naked and bare
And dress all tattered and torn;
With a penny here and a mockery there,
And floods of derision and scorn,
She wanders the street, wherever her feet,
Weary or willing, are borne,
With an eye as bright and cheek as fair
As the earliest blush of the morn.

Wandering up and down,
And driven from door to door,
A jest for every idle clown
And a butt for every boor;
While the velvet slippered, in satin and lace,
Go rustling by her side,
With a chilling look and averted face,
And a lip all curled with pride.

So beautiful—yet so frail;
So willing, and yet so weak;
Oh, what if the heart should fail
And a heavenly purpose break,
And the dens and kennels of vice
Another poor victim should hold?
A celestial spark be quenched in the dark
And an angel be bartered for gold?

No wonder the heart should fail,
And a heavenly purpose fade;
The eye grow dim, and the cheek grow pale,
When none stand ready to aid!
No wonder the lairs and cradles of sin
So many poor victims should hold,
While the good are content to worship their God,
And the rich to worship their gold.

Move patiently on, oh, earth!
Till mercy's wondering dove
Shall fly to the rosy realm of its birth,
And rest in the bosom of love.
Move patiently on till the Crucified
Shall gather His radiant crown
From the lowly flowers and bleeding hearts
That the world has trampled down!

### Reforming the Household.

"Just what I have been expecting for about seven years," said Miss Pauline Worthington, looking up from an open letter in her hand with a frowning brow.

"Is not your letter from Herbert, Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a tiny, silver haired old lady, with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother, Essie is very ill with low, nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay till she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock, mother." Then, more emphatically: "I think it is about time Bert's tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He is killing her."

"Lina! He is your brother."

"I can see his faults if he is."

"I never heard Essie complain."

"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago, when she married, she was a living sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former summer brightness! Now she has broken down. You have never seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change?"

"Yes, dear, she has changed; but family cares"—

"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her oldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen years. She took all the household cares, and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the merriment of girlhood was gone.

"Henry appreciates Louie!" said Lina; "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not so good a housekeeper as Louie. Herbert may have cause to find fault."

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina."

"Because Louie and I thought it better not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. I intend to give him a lesson. I do, indeed. That is, if you can spare me to go?"

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen mile drive to her brother's home. It was most unlike a house wherein any evil spirit of repining or fault finding should have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well trained servants, and all comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portals of the eternal home. There was a baby, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick-room, having the doctor's authority for saying the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence begun Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert, the two older children and the household, determined to show her brother how far he carried his habit of absurd fault finding. With all her severity, she did believe he was himself unaware of the frequency of his querulous complaints and the exaggeration of his fretful statements.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by its habitual frown. Harry and Louie were seated.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dish water!"

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, to the servant, before Herbert could lift the ladle; "take that tureen to the kitchen and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the really delicious dish were tantalizing. All dinner time Lina kept up a ding-dong at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination detecting a burnt flavor in the pudding, he could not refrain from mentioning it, and before he could remonstrate, that dish had followed the soup,

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply. "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper than Essie? Why, I have not a friend who does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and my dinner table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was ever anything fit to eat on the table."

"One doesn't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But not an hour later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room, he declared emphatically it was not fit for a pig to live in. What was the consequence? Coming into it the next morning, he found the curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor littered with pails, soap and brushes, and Lina in a dismal dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women, who were scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious, Lina!" he cried, "what are you doing?"

"Cleaning this room."

"Why, Essie had the whole house cleaned only the other day," he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly, "I thought this room a marvel of neatness myself, but when you said it was not fit for the pigs I supposed you wanted it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply. "For mercy's sake don't turn any more of the house upside down."

At breakfast a tiny tear in Louie's apron caught her father's eye, and, by his own angry statement, "she never had a decent stitch of clothes, and he did wish somebody would see to her."

Two days after a formidable linen draper's bill was sent to him, and Lina explained it in this wise:

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent stitch, and you wished somebody would see to her, so I bought her a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called my attention to the poor neglected child."

"Poor neglected child!" echoed astonished Herbert. "Why, Lina, Essie fairly slaves her life out over those children. I am sure I never see any better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Louie and her mother, while Lina ruled Herbert's house with a rod of iron. Herbert begun to experience a sick longing for Essie gentle presence. Lina took him so very literally in all he said, and yet he could not rebuke her for doing exactly what he openly wished.

An arm chair with a tiny spot of dirt being declared absolutely filthy, was upholstered and varnished at a cost of ten dollars. A dozen new shirts, Essie's last labor of love, being said to "set like meal bags," were bestowed upon the gardener, and a new set obtained. Every window was opened after a pettish declaration that the "room was as hot as an oven," and an hour later the grate was fired up to smothering heat because he declared it "cold enough to freeze a polar bear."

In short, with apparently an energetic attempt to correct all shortcomings, and put the housekeeping upon a perfect basis, Lina in one month nearly doubled her brother's expenses, and drove him to the verge of distraction.

But Essie, well and strong again, was coming home. On the day of her expected arrival Lina, with a solemn face, invited her brother into the sitting-room for a few moments of private conversation.

"Herbert," she said, very gravely, "I have a proposition to make to you. You are my only brother, and I need not tell you I love you very dearly. It has really grieved me to the heart to see how much there is to find fault with in your beautiful home." Herbert twisted himself uneasily in his chair, but Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent upon me, Louie having the house and children to care for, but I think she would sacrifice her own comfort for yours. So if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently, to keep things in order for you."

Here Lina was obliged to pause and strangle a laugh at Herbert's expression of utter horror and dismay.

"You are very kind," he faltered, the instincts of a gentleman battling with the strong desire to tell Lina she would certainly drive him into a lunatic asylum by six months more of her model housekeeping.

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage certainly needs all the aid and sympathy his family can give him."

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke hotly: "You are entirely mistaken, Lina. I have not made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was blessed in a wife, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert!" Lina cried, in well feigned astonishment.

"I don't see why you should be surprised. Essie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model mother and a perfect home angel—God bless her!"

"Herbert, is that true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"I cannot believe it!" was the slow response.

"Cannot believe it! Why?"

"Because"—and Lina dwelt impressively upon every word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting here frequently, I have never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise to Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort upon your face. Continual fault finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy girl to a pale, careworn woman. Even her last illness was but the unspoken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure and constant striving for the approbation never given. And you tell me now she has never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere, Herbert."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity, sent every word home to the young man's heart. He spoke no word of self-defense as Lina slowly left the room. In the profound silence that followed conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had spoken only the truth.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault. Essie shall hear no more fault finding, and if I see her drooping, I will send her to mother, and have Lina here to keep house."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie. The children were unchecked in their loudest demonstrations of delight. But Lina had to rush into the hall to hide her merry eyes when Herbert, kissing Essie, said:

"We must let mother have Lina now, dear. She has been very kind and worked hard for my comfort; but there is no home fairy like my Essie."

The quick, glad look in his wife's soft eyes told Herbert one step had been taken in the right direction. As the days glided by, and Essie found appreciation meeting every effort to add to home comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph of cookery or needlework, her pale face grew bright with happiness, and Herbert found his own heart lightened by the cheerful voice, the sunny smile, the bright eyes of the Essie he had wooed years before.

And Lina, making a visit six months later, told her mother on her return:

"Herbert learned his lesson by heart, mother. He appreciates Essie now at her value, and lets her know it."

THE CENTENNIAL.—The value of the Centennial buildings is put at $5,949,000, and of their contents, $104,820,340. A large portion of the exhibits, which are not taken into account, are not of intrinsic value, though probably they could not be purchased for all that the rest of the Exhibition is worth.

### THE CENTENNIAL DOG SHOW.

#### Its Extent and Variety---Value of Some Animals Present---Curiosities to be Seen.

Of all the international gatherings, conventions and congresses, special exhibitions and side shows of this centennial year, the most curious is the dog show open at the live stock exhibition grounds at the Centennial, on Belmont avenue. For the accommodation of the canine wonders nine long sheds with double rows of stalls are provided. These stalls differ only from those ordinarily used for the exhibition of cattle at State or county fairs, in having their floors placed two or three feet above the ground. The dogs, singly, in pairs or families, are chained or tied in their places, and supplied with straw beds and plenty of biscuit and water. There are about six hundred of them here, of all kinds, from the rough bulldog and the common rat terrier to the thoroughbred English or Irish setter, and the slight and graceful Italian greyhound; and of all sizes, from the diminutive toy black-and-tan terrier to the massive Siberian bulldog and the mild eyed Newfoundlander.

Long before the visitor reaches the show he is greeted with such a medley of dog voices as he has assuredly never heard before. From the deep bay of the fox hound to the sharp yelp of the terrier, from the full tone of the English mastiff to the uncertain squeak of the poodle, there are numerous gradations, with variations for each mood of the dog mind. The whining of some of the petted lap dogs exposed to the cool wind, as well as homesick, and perhaps hungering for the dainty food to which their fair owners have accustomed them, is really pitiful.

Setters are more largely represented than any other variety of the dog race, and there are many fine, highly bred animals. There are some excellent red Irish setters, including a few that are valued at 200 guineas apiece, and some black-and-tan Gordon setters so finely marked that they would form fine subjects for the animal painter. Many English setters are exhibited, and some of them not only show the points of good dogs, but have pedigrees of remarkable extent. Most noticeable among the latter are two dogs recently imported from England, late the property of Edward Laverack, of Shropshire. They are descended from stock which Mr. Laverack obtained in 1825, and which it was supposed had been pure for thirty-five years. He has kept a continuous strain of pure blood since that time. The pedigree of the dogs for nine generations is shown, and the number of names in it is adapted to give a person an enlarged idea of the dimensions of the graveyard which might contain the bones of his ancestors. Some wag has burlesqued the pedigree mongers by issuing the prospectus of the full pedigree of a dog, giving its descent from one of the Biblical dogs that licked Lazarus' sores. There are comparatively few pointers, but some are good animals. Some Irish terriers are shown of a very high strain of blood, as may be judged from the price, 200 guineas in gold, asked for one or two of the best. Very curious in appearance are the Irish water spaniels, with long curly topknots and shaggy ears. There are quite a number of dachshunds, a medium sized dog with singular crooked forelegs. Among the other canines are English fox terriers, used to unearth the fox when the hounds have run him into his burrow; many Skye terriers, Scotch terriers, black-and-tan terriers, poodles and lap dogs, Spitz dogs, Siberian bloodhounds, a fine English mastiff, English and Italian greyhounds, Chesapeake bay duck dogs, vicious looking bull terriers, English pug dogs, sheep dogs, and two queer hairless Mexican hounds.

This is the first extensive dog show ever held in this country. Such shows have, however, been of pretty regular annual occurrence in England and France for some time past.

### The Explosion at Hell Gate.

General Newton has recently stated that the great explosion at Hell Gate will take place shortly. The excavations have been complete for some time past, but delays in passing the appropriation bill by Congress checked further operations, and for this reason the blow-up did not occur on the fourth of July, as for a long period was contemplated. Those who expect to witness a gigantic column hurled hundreds of feet into the air, or look forward with some trepidation to the effects of fearful concussion on adjacent buildings, will hardly find their anticipations realized. The mine will be flooded previous to the explosion; and with the possible exception of jets forced through seams in the rocks there is no reason to believe that any very remarkable exhibition of the tremendous force of the explosives will be manifest. From a scientific point of view the occasion will be of considerable interest, as the earth in the vicinity will be shaken by the communicated vibrations, which are likely to travel over a long distance. An opportunity will thus be afforded for measuring the velocity of sound waves through earth, and preparations are being made by scientific men to observe the same at points at distances two hundred and three hundred miles away.

The arrangements to guard against any possible danger are being perfected, in utter disregard of the desires both of those who hope to see the great blast, and those who aspire to profit pecuniarily through the popular curiosity. Steamboats and other craft will be warned away, so that a view from the river will be out of the question; the authorities have been requested not to grant passes to would-be spectators on Ward's island, the best point of observation; and a bluff of earth and the buildings near the works prevent seeing the operation from the rear, so that the expectant populace will probably have to satisfy themselves with a distant view from the high land on the New York shore.

How much powder, etc., will be burnt is not yet definitely stated. An approximate idea of the quantity may be gathered from the fact that there about 4,000 drill holes, each three inches in diameter, and varying from seven to thirteen feet in depth. Each will be charged with a separate canister of dynamite, vulcan and rendrock powder, and the simultaneous explosion will be effected by the current from a battery of 800 cells. About two pounds of powder are used to one of dynamite, and the charges are inserted in the 172 piers of rock and in the roof supported thereby. It is estimated that 30,000 cubic feet of broken rock will be left under water, and this will have to be removed by dredging so as to secure a channel twenty-six feet in depth. The total length of tunnels, galleries, etc., excavated, is 7,425.67 feet. The amount thus far expended is $1,686,841.45.—*Scientific American.*

ADAM DEFINED.—A Scotchman, being examined by his minister, was asked: "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Oh, just like ither folk." The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the catechumen, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, naebody got ony thing by him, and many lost."

### The Population of Turkey.

The war in Turkey has had the effect of discovering to the majority of newspaper readers their ignorance of its geography, history and population. Especially with regard to the races subject to the sultan and the inhabitants of tributary states included in maps as parts of the country does a general ignorance prevail. It may not, therefore, be presumptuous in us to present on this subject some recent and authentic information. The population of European Turkey, exclusive of tributary states, is 8,430,000. Adding to these the number of inhabitants in Servia, 1,340,000; Montenegro, 125,000; and Roumania, 4,500,000, the total population is 14,395,000, of whom about forty-two per cent. are Mohammedan. The Greeks, Albanians and Roumanians are of the Greco-Latin race; and the Servians, Bulgarians and Russians, of the Sclavonic. Besides these are represented in smaller numbers Armenians, Jews, Gyspies, Circassians, Arabs, Magyars and foreigners; the Circassians, who are the most numerous of this group, only numbering 144,000. It is calculated that of the Greco-Latin race in Turkey the Greeks number 1,137,000; the Albanians, 1,011,000, and the Roumanians, 200,000; and of the Sclavs, the Servians, 1,388,000; the Bulgarians, 2,877,500, and the Russians, 10,000.

To localize these numerous peoples is a work of considerable difficulty; but roughly it may be said the Turks are the majority in Constantinople, and in the sanjaks of Serayvo, Prizrend, Divra, Berat, Drama Ras'chuk, Tulcha and Varna. The Greeks, of whom many are thought to be nothing but Greczied Sclavs, are stronger in the Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, Thrace, and along the shores of the Black sea. The Albanians, a fine, warlike race, live principally between the Epirus and Montenegro; 723,000 of them are Mohammedans, 200,000 Roman Catholics and 88,000 belong to the Greek church. The Roumanians are of the bulk of the population of Wallachia and Moldavia. Most of the Servians are members of the Greek church, but a large number having turned Mohammedan to save their lands from confiscation, there are now about 463,000 Servian followers of the prophet. Over 60,000 are Roman Catholics. The Moutenegrins and Herzegovinians are Sclavs.

### The Prevention of Crime.

Mr. Angell, of Boston, spoke before the Social Science Association on "The Prevention of Crime." Mr. Angell begun by giving some instances and statistics showing the rapid increase in the number of criminals, and said there could be no doubt that the remedy for many financial and moral crimes may be found in European habits of economy, a knowledge of domestic industry, and a reformed public opinion which shall make it more respectable to be married and live in a small house than to remain single and board in a large one. Coming down to the practical details of the question: "How shall we stop crime?" Mr. Angell said: The first step, in my judgment, is to organize societies for the purpose. Let each of those in our cities establish an office, and put into that office an energetic, clear headed, practical man, with such assistance as he may need, whose duty it shall be first to aid, protect and advise the poor, and gather and publish information and promote plans calculated to benefit them; second, to see that proper laws for the protection of the public health and the security of property and life are not only enacted but enforced. For the present relief of the poor there should be in our cities and larger towns "temporary industrial homes," where any one can obtain a bowl of soup and a clean bed, paying the value in money or labor, and where fuel can be bought in small quantities at low prices. For the permanent relief of poverty and prevention of crime two things are needed: First, constant remunerative labor; second, places where the poor and the unemployed, and the inebriates who are trying to reform, can pass their evenings. He would have day or evening schools where the poor of both sexes can be taught various trades and branches of industry to make them self-supporting. He would have farms where young men can be taught agriculture, and places where young women can be taught sewing and domestic industry, and how to nurse the sick and how to prevent sickness by observing sanitary laws. In answer to the question of how to provide labor for the unemployed, he urged their colonization upon the cheap and fertile lands of the West.

### Simian Sagacity.

The sagacious monkey, who, according to the time honored story, used the reluctant paw of a cat to withdraw hot chestnuts from the fire, is outdone by the performance of another member of his tribe, which is recounted by a French resident of South Africa, in a letter to *Les Mondes*. The writer is the possessor of a large coffee plantation, and his crops have suffered severely from the ravages of a large species of baboon, which greedily devours the fruit of a small tree which grows among the bushes. The best safeguards against the depredations are the wasps which make their nests in the lower part of these trees, for, of the fierce attack and painful stings of these insects, the baboons have a wholesome fear. One morning, a hideous chorus of yells and howls was heard from a portion of the plantation where the wasps had most thickly congregated, and where the fruit trees consequently were heavily laden. On searching for the cause, the writer saw from afar a venerable and ancient baboon busily engaged in throwing infant monkeys at the trees. These living projectiles thus knocked down the nests and of course were objects of the keen attentions of the infuriate occupants. Meanwhile the baboon quietly made his way to the upper branches, gorged himself, and then added insult to injury to the badly stung monkeys by pelting them with the rinds and pits of his repast.

### Cotton Gunpowder.

One of the most recent important discoveries is that of a new explosive, known as cotton gunpowder. The first process of its manufacture, which is carried on at Oare, in England, is to steep cotton in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid. After the acid has been pressed out, the cotton is dried and triturated (reduced to powder), and mixed with certain ether chemicals. To show how safe it is, not to explode with fire or pressure, the following experiments were lately made. Two barrels of the powder were placed in the middle of a roaring bonfire. The barrels were consumed, and the powder blazed away without exploding. Then an iron pile driver, weighing half a ton, was allowed to fall fifteen feet on a box containing ten pounds of the powder. The box was simply crushed, and the powder scattered about. Exploded with a fuse, the cotton gunpowder broke four steel ingots, weighing several hundred-weight, in pieces; and when under water, sent up a column of water two hundred feet high. It was also made to explode when wet with twenty per cent. of water.

Four quarts of milk are required to make one pound of cheese.

### A Case of Female Roguery.

Celia Logan tells the following story of romance in a letter to the San Francisco *Call*: An instance of female duplicity has lately come to my knowledge which greatly resembles the New Magdalen story, with the advantage of being true. A man—Wilkins we'll call him—of wealth and influence had a brother who immigrated to the West when young, and whom he had never seen afterward. He (the brother) died, and also all his family, with the exception of a daughter, who came to New York to seek a home with her uncle. She was armed with facts of family history, letters, and every credential to prove her identity, which was not disputed. She was young, beautiful, amiable, and soon made herself beloved by the Wilkins family. She was surrounded by every luxury, introduced into society, and soon married well—a rich society man, by whom she has now two children. Her character is irreproachable, and her manners good. She is not, however, quite as well educated as her uncle could wish, but she pleads as her excuse that her father was poor and kept her working on a bit of a farm when she should have been at school. And now, after four years of happiness, another woman appears in the Wilkins' household, asserting that she is the veritable niece, and the other is an impostor. Lydia, the new comer, tells a strange story. She says that when her parents died, she took what little money the farm was sold for and set out to find her rich uncle in New York; that in a village on the road she was taken seriously sick and was carried to a hospital. The young woman—the hired nurse of that institution—was much above her station in life, was kind, attentive and sympathetic. Naturally she confided her history to her, also her letters, photographs and money to be taken care of until her recovery. She recovered her health partially, but her mind was found to be so unhinged that she was removed to an insane asylum, where she had been all this time. At length she was discharged, cured. The hospital nurse had disappeared, along with all the effects intrusted to her care. The wronged woman managed to get to New York, only to find that her place had been usurped by the treacherous attendant.

The first woman takes the matter very coolly, alleging that she was the one who fell sick on the road; that the other is the nurse, who got possession of her history, and is now trying to make capital out of it. The uncle unhesitatingly believes in the first woman, but the husband is much disturbed in mind, each story being so plausible and so well sustained that he cannot decide which is Wilkins' niece, and which is not; but his wife says: "What does it matter, anyhow, whose niece I am? I am your wife, that's certain, and the mother of your children."

If an impostor, she has fixed herself very comfortably in life, while the defrauded woman wanders about almost in beggary, for the Wilkins utterly refuse to countenance her. She has, however, appealed to several of their aristocratic friends, and so the story got out.

### After Sixteen Years.

In the year 1860, says an exchange, Mr. Joseph Evarts carried on the business of a butcher in the town of Guilford, Connecticut. It was a successful business and earned for him a wide reputation. One morning during the summer of the year referred to Mr. Evarts was making his usual round with a meat cart, when, on approaching a citizen's residence, he was attacked by a savage dog of the mastiff species. During the encounter the dog bit Mr. Evarts in the left leg, inflicting a serious flesh wound. Soon after the attending surgeons learned that their patient had been in contact with an animal suffering from the worst form of hydrophobia. All that skill and medicine could do was brought into requisition to drive the poisoned virus from Mr. Evarts' system. He ultimately recovered, declared he felt no inconvenience from the bite and went on attending to his business as usual. A few years later he removed to Branford and engaged in the meat business, where he has been ever since. The adventure with the dog was forgotten and never alluded to, from the fact that the condition of his body and mind were so uniformly natural until about six weeks ago, during the heated term, when his friends noticed peculiarities in his actions. He would suddenly appear agitated and moan as if suffering bodily pain. Again he would growl and snap like a surly dispositioned dog and run wildly about as dogs do when first overtaken with rabies. These manifestations lasted a half hour or so, whenthey passed off, and Mr. Evarts would be himself again. But they increased in violence with each repetition, and ere long his friends were compelled to accept the terrible reality that Mr. Evarts was a raving maniac. He grew worse and worse and soon had to be tied to his bed to prevent his biting those in attendance. Even then he would break loose, so great was the muscular power which the disease enabled him to exert, and at times the united strength of six men was insufficient to hold him. During a spasm he would tear the bedclothes and gnaw the bedstead in a manner frightful to behold. The affliction is undoubtedly the result of the bite sixteen years ago, and the attendant physicians are of the opinion that it is a case of fully developed hydrophobia. The unfortunate man is thirty-five years of age, unmarried, and in his sane moments speaks of his wretched physical condition, gives directions as to his personal affairs and expresses himself as conscious that the end of all things, for him, draws near.

### Weighing a Beam of Light.

Mr. Crookes' apparatus for weighing the beam of light is an exhausted glass chamber in the form of a horizontal cross, with arms of circular cross section. Inside the larger arm is a glass fiber maintained in a uniform state of tension by a spiral spring at one end, and by a glass stopper at the other end, which stopper is capable of rotation. The shorter arm of the cross contains in a like manner a stouter fiber beam of glass secured at the point of crossing to the longitudinal or torsion fiber, and having at one extremity a pith surface of two square inches area, and at the other end a little cup. Inside the chamber is a loose particle of iron weighing 1-100 of a grain, and outside the stopper is a counter recording the number of torsions or turns the glass fiber makes. The method of procedure is as follows: The position of a dot of light from the little mirror placed at the intersection of the two glass fibers having been noted, the little iron weight is lifted by means of a magnet, and placed in the cup, which, when thus weighed, descends. Torsion is then applied to the glass fiber until the beam is lifted, and the dot of light returns to its former position. This may be called the zero of the machine. This exact amount of torsion having been determined and its equivalent in weight ascertained, the torsion is removed, and the ray of light is then made to fall on the disc, which causes a depression of the glass beam. The calculation of the absolute pressure of the sun's radiation on a square foot of the earth, when carried out to the square mile, gives a force of fifty-seven tons.

### A REMARKABLE STORY.

#### How Boss Tweed Arrived in Cuba.

A *Herald* reporter, ascertaining that a merchant of New York city, well known in the Cuban trade, had received letters from William M. Tweed, paid him a visit. When questioned the merchant admitted that he had received a letter from John Secor, that Secor was Tweed, and that the letter had been written in Cuba under promise that his name would not be divulged. The gentleman gave the following interesting and graphic details of Tweed's movements in Cuba:

Tweed was landed on a rocky promontory about ten miles from Santiago de Cuba, by a boat which took him ashore from an American yacht. I have also heard that the vessel which landed him on the Cuban coast was bound for Jamaica. This, however, is immaterial. Here, much fatigued and exhausted, Tweed was discovered by a fisherman, who volunteered to conduct him to Santiago de Cuba, and they marched along over the rocky paths leading to the city. Tweed was accompanied by a man named Hunt, who, if I mistake not, was a coachman for a long time in the service of Tweed, and was noted for his fidelity and honesty. Well, Tweed, owing to his heavy weight, had much difficulty in walking to the city of Santiago. He was terribly sunburnt, his face being as brown as a berry and very much blistered. The fisherman who accompanied them received a gold "ounce" for his trouble, and led the wandering pair, not to a hotel, but to police headquarters. Had Tweed and his follower been discovered by the Spanish troops on the beach they would undoubtedly have been shot, after a drumhead court martial, as American filibusters just landed from Jamaica *en route* for "Cuba Libre."

I cannot tell you what date this was, as my letter does not give it. The police authorities not being satisfied with the fisherman's explanation, or Tweed's statement, naturally made in English, that he was an American citizen, sent him and Hunt on board the Spanish man-of-war stationed in the harbor as prisoners. Tweed and Hunt were accordingly marched off to the vessel and there detained. While on board Tweed sent for the United States consul at Santiago de Cuba, Mr. Young, and demanded the protection due to an American citizen. Mr. Young, who is a very fine fellow, instantly interested himself in the case, and took into his counsel Mr. Ramsden, the British consul. Tweed's passport was found to be in order as "John Secor," likewise that of his companion in exile, "Hunt." Their release was formally demanded and granted, and Tweed took up his residence at the Hotel de Shy, kept by Madame Adelia, under police surveillance. Here he lived very quietly. Meanwhile Consul General Hall entertained a suspicion that there was something wrong about "Secor," in spite of his passport being *en regle*. Telegrams passed frequently between him and United States Consul General Hall at Havana. Tweed feeling that he was looked upon with suspicion was restless to be off, and engaged a passage in the bark Carmen, bound for Vigo and Barcelona.

Tweed, through not having his passport *vised* by the Spanish authorities on the twenty-second of July, caused the Carmen to be detained till the twenty-sixth, he paying demurrage for the delay. The night before his departure Mr. Young telegraphed to Consul General Hall at Havana that it was William M. Tweed who was using the name of "Secor," but the dispatch arrived too late at Havana. Mr. Hall immediately took a carriage and went out of town for a distance of eight miles to find Captain General Jovellar to ask him to send an order to detain Tweed, *alias* Secor. The dispatch was sent but arrived too late, the Carmen having sailed. The authorities, however, both at Santiago de Cuba and Havana were made acquainted with the facts in the case and the news was consequently telegraphed over to Madrid. The rest you know.

### A Rise from the Grave.

Prof. Nixon had advertised in Charleston, S. C., that he would allow himself to be placed in a coffin, screwed down, and buried in a grave six feet deep. He was to remain there for one hour and a half, and then rise from the grave through the soil. The grave was dug in Belvidere, and he said that if he failed he hoped the crowd would be large enough to insure a respectable legacy to his wife and children. Upon approaching the grave Nixon was seen on a platform performing juggling tricks. He was dressed in a bright yellow coat, pink trousers (short), and about eleven brogans. Mr. Nixon claims to be an Egyptian. If the Egyptians ordinarily dress in that costume, Moses was justified in getting out of the country at all hazards. An Egyptian taskmaster with a brogan like Nixon's must have been able to administer a fearful kick. Nixon soon approached the grave, and made earnest appeals to the crowd to get away from it. The coffin was brought forward, and a committee was selected to see that there was no deception. Nixon now pulled off his shoes, and stood on the coffin, holding in each hand a vial. His voice assumed unnatural solemnity. He said that he wanted silence for a while; that this was a life and death matter; his voice became husky, and perspiration began to start upon his brow. He paused a moment. A look of grave determination settled upon his face, and with a tremulous sigh he hastily swallowed the contents of the vial. In a few minutes his face assumed a deathly pallor, and dark rims appeared beneath his eyes. The spectators thought he was going to die. He lay in the coffin and the lid was screwed down. The coffin was rapidly lowered into the grave, and the earth shoveled in. The excitement increased as the time for which the professor was to remain under ground (thirty minutes) passed. At twenty-eight minutes the excitement communicated itself to the judges, and they issued orders for the horn to be blown, which was to summon the buried man forth. As the first note of the instrument rung out the assembly became frantic. Soon a scream rose as the earth began to crack, and Nixon came up into sight with a load of dirt on his head. Then a howl was caused by the discovery that the professor's appearance had been made through a neatly covered chamber, which was divided only by a thin partition from the head of the grave. He had burst the head out of the coffin, crept into the shaft, and emerged from it at the sound of the horn. He bowed his thanks and withdrew.

### Servians Mutilating Themselves.

A special dispatch from Belgrade to the London *Times* says: Before the publication of the order rendering soldiers mutilating themselves, to escape service in the army, liable to the penalty of death or imprisonment for life, many Servians had already been executed for that offense. On one occasion as many as forty in a batch were executed. I have been told that there are hospitals in which more than half the patients are of this class.

### The Bottom of the Sea.

Professor Huxley, speaking at a dinner in Edinburgh of the result of the Challenger expedition, sent out to obtain more accurate information of the physical characteristics of the sea and of the animal life in it, gave the following interesting facts as examples of what has been discovered:

Some of the discoveries which have been made by the Challenger are undoubtedly such as to make us all form new ideas of the operation of natural causes in the sea. Take, for example, the very remarkable fact that at great depths the temperature of the sea always sinks down pretty much to that of freezing fresh water. This is a very strange fact in itself—a fact which could not have been anticipated *a priori*. Take, again, the marvelous discovery that over large areas of the sea the bottom is covered with a kind of chalk, a substance made up entirely of the shells of minute creatures. The fact has been known for a long time, and we were greatly puzzled to know how these things got to be there. But the researches of the Challenger have proved beyond question, as far as I can see, that the remains in question are the shells of organisms which live at the surface and not at the bottom, and that this deposit, which is of the same nature as the ancient chalk, differing in some minor respects, but essentially the same, is absolutely formed by a rain of skeletons. These creatures all live within one hundred fathoms of the surface, and, being subject to the fate of all living things, they sooner or later die, and when they die their skeletons are rained down in one continual shower, falling through a mile or couple of miles of sea water. How long they take about it imagination fails one in supposing, but at least they get to the bottom, and there, piled up, they form a great stratum of a substance which, if upheaved, would be exactly like chalk. Here we have a possible mode of construction of the rocks which compose the earth of which we had previously no conception. But this is by no means the most wonderful thing. When they got to depths of 3,000 and 4,000 fathoms, and to 4,400 fathoms, or about five miles, which was the greatest depth at which the Challenger fished anything from the bottom, they found that, while the surface of the water might be full of those calcareous organisms, the bottom was not. There they found red clay. This red clay is a great puzzle, a great mystery; how it comes there, what it arises from, whether it is, as the director has suggested, the ash of foraminiferæ; whether it is decomposed pumice stone, vomited out by volcanoes and scattered over the surface; or whether, lastly, it has something to do with that meteoric dust which is being continually rained upon us from the spaces of the universe. Which of these causes may be at the bottom of the phenomenon it is very hard to say; it is one of those points on which we shall have information by-and-bye.

### The Fashions.

Brown, slate, dark blue and cardinal red are the most fashionable colors in the new hosiery. When stripes appear they are formed by the ribbing only, or in hair lines of contrasting color.

The new French coiffure, consisting of puffs of hair on the back of the head, and a water wave held in a catogan loop by a silk braid net which covers all the puffs and the loop, is to be seen.

Ball and evening dresses are cut low in the front and back, and given a square effect by broad shoulder straps, which do duty as sleeves, coming high on the shoulder, and hanging like an epaulette over the upper part of the arm.

The new pockets on polonaises are placed low down and far back on either side according to the caprice of the wearer, and they are of all sorts of fanciful shapes: funnel and fan formed, halberd shaped, square, triangular and hexagonal.

Elegant and reasonable priced opera, Saratoga and Newport shawls are shown in stripes of zepped silk, alternating with raw silk *natte*. They come in all colors and pure white. They look Oriental, but are French.

In America and England the right hand is no longer useful to ladies, it being required to hold up their dresses. In Paris this is thought economical, and therefore base, and the train is allowed to sweep the street like a broom.

American women refuse to follow French styles in the arrangement of the hair. In Paris a great deal of false hair is necessary in the composition of the present style of coiffure. Here the neat, compact but severe fashion of the French twist prevails for this moment.

The range of fancy in hosiery is greater this season than ever. Some of these fancy silk stockings are literally covered with vines, leaves, butterflies, flowers, bees, true lovers' knots, and other devices in colored embroidery that extend all over the stocking, from the rise of the instep to the knee; others have the sandal straps and bands around the ankle defined in flowers and vines, while others are embroidered in self or contrasting color of any kind, on grounds of black, white, and all shades of every color of the rainbow. And all these are imitated marvelously in the cotton and raw silk hosieries.

### An Accomodating Man.

Some carpenters who were repairing a building in Detroit called upon a pedestrian to help hoist a long pole which was to form a scaffold support. When it was up he was asked to steady the pole, and, unknown to him, it was made fast at the top with a rope. The carpenters went out on the other side of the building, going to dinner, and said nothing to the accommodating man in front. He thought they were a good while getting ready, but he kept his brace against the pole for a long half hour, fearing each moment that it would overpower him and fall across the street. At length a boy came along, saw how things were and cried out:

"You can't steal that pole unless you untie the rope at the top."

The accommodating man stepped back, realized his position, and the way he kicked a bunch of shingles to pieces forced the boy to exclaim:

"Well, now, I've seen a good many men get mad, but I never saw a mad man's teeth hang out as his do."

### Novel Treatment of