Forsaken.

"Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled."

If even Thee, the righteous and the holy,
These did forsake,
What wonder human hearts, loving as lowly,
Do sometimes break?

All stand far off in the dark hour of trial,
Just before sleep:
Neath the lip's smile we feel the soul's denial,
And turn and weep.

Thou wept'st not, Lord! John had thy breast for pillow,
Thou the hard cross;
Yet our weak bosoms heave like sobbing billow
At each light toss.

Sweet summer friends, farewell! Your fligh you've taken—
Small blame, God wot!
In the lone hour of death, Thou, once forsaken,
Forsake us not.

—*Miss Mulock.*

A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE'S STORY.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but, as I never saw, myself, any one so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject."

The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me the doctor turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience. It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but, as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted—I to commence practice in an eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the west. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt, reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following interesting episode:

"It is nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a wake in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattering houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after he had gone out, so that, if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger who awaited him; and, after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral, and very soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons.

"But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck twelve, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, donned a *robe de chambre*, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently await and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate latch and the well known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed with the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange tourner of itself, began to conjure up vivid fancies without ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to "wake," who had been killed by an accident at the saw mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections, I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes were fixed on the window blind. I saw the slats move slowly and cautiously, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. Oh, horror! who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move; I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footsteps came toward the door. 'Merciful heaven!' I cried, in a horror stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, 'the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interrupting his wife, and looking far more excited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed, my dear."

"I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statue, I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never beheld before. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gaberdine, and a black velvet skull cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, and the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"'Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard (hereupon he again bowed profoundly), has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive,' he added, glancing at my negligee robe, that you were expecting me.'

"'No,' I found voice to stammer. 'The doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night.'

"'Ah! he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension,' he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. 'You have a remarkably fine physique, madam,' he observed, quietly; 'one that might deceive the eyes of the most skilled and practical physician. Do you suffer much pain?'

"Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"'Ah!' he continued, reflectively, 'your husband may have mistake an tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse,' he said, rising and bending over me.

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where, on the table was an open case of surgical instruments.

"'Do not be alarmed, madam,' he said to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

"Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried:

"'Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!'

"'Madam,' he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, 'you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation upon your breast,' and, before I could make the slighest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where there was a long table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and, holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth from some hidden recess in his gown several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"'Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation.'

"At this I gave a long drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"'But,' he continued, 'I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you can see for yourself; reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, and then replace it again.'

"He then began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

"'The mechanism of the heart is like a watch,' he resumed; 'if it goes too fast, the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired, and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the *post-mortem* examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polypi, between which it was wedged like as if in a vise; but I was called too late. The king and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation.'

"He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. 'Oh, sir, give me an anaesthetic, that I may not feel the pain!' I pleaded.

"'Indeed, indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season.'

"As he said this, he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an energy powerful as compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"'Doctor,' said I, with assumed composure, 'I have the utmost confidence in your skill—I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau.'

"'Ah, madam,' he said, shaking his head sagaciously, 'I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty.'

"Then placing his hand on my bosom he added with horrible *espieglerie*:

"'I'll scarcely mar that skin whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster.'

"'Oh, God!' I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

"Quick as thought a heavy woolen piano cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly around him. As quickly was I released, and the thongs that bound me soon held the maniac.

"My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and taking the horror of my situation in at a glance, had by the only means at hand secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me and said: 'Madam, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!' I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to that table my hair was as black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full blown cotton."

A Lobster's Sagacity.

A striking instance of the sagacity in a lobster is recorded by Mr. Barker, of the Rothesay aquarium, in a letter to one of the Scotch papers. It seems that three lobsters were placed in a tank previously occupied by flat fish, and in which inadvertently a flounder had been left buried in the shingle, where it died. One of the lobsters, "a veteran of unusual size," soon discovered the dead body of the flounder, and dragging it from its resting place, retired with it to a corner of the tank. Shortly afterward it was noticed that the flounder was missing. It was impossible that the lobster could have eaten it in the water, and the handle of a net revealed the fact that upon the approach of the two lesser lobsters he had buried the flounder beneath a heap of shingles on which he now mounted guard. Five times within two hours was the flounder unearthed, and as often did the wily lobster rebury it with his huge claws, each time ascending the pile and turning a bold front to his companions. This story shows conclusively what a vast amount of quenched intelligence may sometimes lie concealed in a salad.

Merchant Fleets of the World.

The bureau veritas, of Paris, has just published its general report of the merchant navies of the world for the years 1876-77. These navies are comprised in 5,771 steamers, representing in gross 5,686,342 tons (net tonnage 3,748,529 tons), and 58,208 sailing vessels, representing a tonnage of 15,553,888 tons. In these figures only seagoing vessels are included. The sailing vessels of the merchant navies of the world are distributed as follows:

Flags.	Vessels.	Tons.
Great Britain	20,065	5,807,375
United States	7,288	2,936,521
Norway	4,749	1,410,969
Italy	4,601	1,292,076
Germany	3,456	375,995
France	3,259	7,5,543
Spain	3,915	557,3.0
Greece	2,121	426,905
Holland	1,543	399,990
Sweden	2,121	389,128
Russia	1,783	291,598
Austria	993	338,604
Denmark	1,348	188,958
Portugal	456	107,052
South America	273	59,458
Central America	153	69,944
Turkey	265	49,920
Belgium	68	23,344
Asia	42	16,019
Liberia	3	454
Total	58,208	15,553,588

A Warning.

Opium eaters had better take warning rom the experience of Mrs. Sarah A. Davis, of Boston, lately arrested for stealing $280 worth of silverware. The defense was that she had been for years addicted to the excessive use of opium; that this produces epilepsy, which often results in a loss of moral sense, a destruction of the ability to discern between right and wrong, and a decrease of will power; that it promotes a tendency to deceive and falsify, and that all these results were apparent in the defendant. Medical evidence was given sustaining the defense, and Mrs. Davis was sent to an insane asylum.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

Trouble exists between President Diaz, of Mexico, and Gen. Mendez, his secretary of war. Orders have been issued for the arrest of President Lerdo..... A powder mill near Santa Cruz, California, containing nine towns of powder, exploded with terrific force, killing one man and doing great damage..... The entire history of Wm. M. Tweed's escape from Ludlow street jail, New York, two years ago, has been published in *Harper's Weekly*, under Mr. Tweed's supervision. It transpires that when the Tweed was in jail, he was greatly worried on account of the heavy shrinkage of his property, owing to the panic and the immense drafts he had been forced to make on it for legal expenses, and feared he would become bankrupt if obliged to make further sacrifices. In this state of mind he formed the acquaintance of a famous bank robber in the jail, who proposed that Tweed escape, and offering to furnish the means of putting him on Spanish soil for a certain sum the arrangements for the escape were made and carried out by a band of bank robbers, Mr. Tweed to be passive in their hands. He accepted the proposition, and on going to his house on Madison avenue, in company with his keepers, one evening, discovered the mark on the steps, which indicated he was to escape that night at eight. At the time specified, Mr. Tweed stood upon his front step, and on the instant a covered grocery wagon drove up, the signal was made and recognized, and the fugitive entered, to be driven by a circuitous route to the North river, where he embarked in a rowboat for the New Jersey shore. Arriving at the foot of the Palisades, he again entered a covered wagon and was driven to a road about a few miles back, where, in the disguise of a wig, and with shaven face, he lived for three months, under the name of Scott, deeply interested in the daily reports of the city papers concerning his escape, and in the $6,000,000 suit against his estate. The sickness of Chas. O'Conor, left the case of the people in the hands of the junior counsel, and Mr. Tweed had strong hopes of his attorneys defeating the city, in which case he was resolved to return to his old home, which he could view from his elevated retreat. The recovery of Mr. O'Conor however, thwarted this project, and sent Tweed to Staten Island, where he occupied a fisherman's hut, on the shore, until a small schooner could be fitted out, in which he embarked for Florida. Here he dispensed with his watchful robber companions, and, accompanied by the the man Hunt, who was subsequently arrested and tried, he sailed for a few weeks in the interior of the State. Tiring, at last, he took passage for Cuba in a coasting vessel, was overhauled by the authorities on account of his passport, his identity discovered, and his person kept under close surveillance until his arrest at Sligo, Spain, as reported at the time.

A schoolhouse in the Norwegian village of Ellengso was burned. Sixteen children perished in the flames..... A Kansas detective arrested a family at Alma, Arkansas, claiming they are the famous Bender family of murderers who fled from Kansas a few years ago, when the exposure of their crimes were made. Capt. Frederick Lahrbush, a native of London, died in New York city at the advanced age of 111 years and twenty-five days..... A new bridge between New York and Brooklyn will be commenced shortly, with the central span on Blackwell's island..... Jessup & Moore's large paper mills at Augustice, Del., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $100,000..... An unknown white man quarreled with an octoroon girl in a house of ill fame, in Memphis, lighted match at her, which set her light clothing on fire, and she ran screaming into the street; being burned so terribly as to die shortly after..... The entire Republican State ticket was elected in Rhode Island, for the first time in three years..... Yellow fever prevails, United States steamer at St. Johns, N. B., went to Providence, R. I., on business a month ago, and has not been heard of since, and fears are entertained that he has been foully dealt with..... Hon. A. Oakey Hall, ex-mayor of New York city, whose disappearing mysteriously and eluding detection for three weeks, has been discovered living in London, England, under the name of Garbett. Mr. Jennings, formerly editor of the Tribune, has granted an interview in and described him as a man very much broken in mind and body, to whom it would be a charity to mention as little as possible.

The forty-fifth call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of the issue of May and November, 1862, has been put forth by the secretary of treasury. It calls for $9,500,000 coupon bonds and $500,000 in registered..... Owing to the scarcity of funds in the Navy department, Secretary Thompson notified the officers that they would be obliged to wait for their pay for the months of April, May and June, until an appropriation could be obtained..... The latest news from Mexico confirms the reported unpopularity of Diaz and the probability of his speedy overthrow..... A passenger train on the Central Pacific railroad drawn by two locomotives, ran into a special freight train also drawn by two engines, while passing through a snowshed. Two of the engineers and one fireman were killed and the others severely scalded. The passengers were uninjured beyond a few bruises. Sitting Bull, with 1,500 warriors, is reported anxious for peace and willing to surrender; but Sitting Bull is defiant, and will probably make his way into British possessions..... Turkey is dissatisfied with the protocol, and the war cloud hangs more black and strong..... By the explosion of a twelve-pound hand grenade in the private office of John Jewett and Sons, white lead dealers, in New York, Geo. W. Jewett and Orville D. Jewett, two of the partners, were killed, and Jas. A. Dean, another partner, seriously injured. The facts of the case are unknown, as the two principals were killed, and Mr. Dean, the only other person present, professes ignorance. Orville D. Jewett was being forced by his partners to retire from the firm on account of extravagant and fast habits, and as the act of dissolution was to be signed that day, the introduction of the hand grenade and subsequent fatal explosion are considered to be due to him. The clerks, on running to the room after the explosion, found two of the partners with a knife on the floor, which only increases the mystery, as they would indicate a quarrel between the partners, while the clerks in the next room declare they heard nothing of the kind.

Orders were received from Washington discharging all hands in the construction and repairs department of the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard..... Investigators claim there is a deficiency of $50,000 in the accounts of Theodore Hancl, clerk in the office of receiver of taxes, Philadelphia. The money is supposed to have been used for speculative purposes..... The Texas cattle drive for the coming season is estimated at 250,000 head..... The volcanic eruptions in the Sandwich islands have ceased..... Sweetzer's block and Washington hall, Lynn, Mass., with 300 shoes, destroyed by fire. Loss over $100,000; partial insurance. One hundred and sixty hands were deprived of employment by the conflagration..... During the past three months 105 persons, mostly women, in Brooklyn, New York, were reported to the authorities as missing. Of this number thirty-four were found by detectives, thirty returned voluntarily, eleven were found dead, either from suicide or murder, and thirty are still missing..... The government of Vermont, receiving new evidence in the case of John P. Phair, under sentence of death for murder, granted a reprieve until May 4. The news of the postponement reached the prisoner twenty-five minutes before the time set for his execution..... The king of Dahomey, who was so defiant to the English government, and who was chastised by a British gunboat, has made overtures of peace. He declares his inability to pay the fine of 500 puncheons of palm oil imposed by the English commodore, and asks to have the number reduced to 125.

Rev. Wm. Augustus Muhlenberg, D. D., died in New York, aged eighty-one years. He was the founder of St. Luke's hospital, and various other charitable institutions in New York, and spent his long life in benefitting humanity. He was the author of the hymn "I would not live alway."..... The walking match of six days for $5,000 a side between O'Leary and Weston, in London, England, resulted in a victory for O'Leary, who walked 520 miles against Weston's 510. At 2.50 P. M. on Saturday O'Leary had completed 500 miles, Weston was then twenty-two miles behind..... The Sixth national bank of New York city was robbed in daylight, on a Sunday, of $2,000 in silver coin, by men who gained an entrance to the basement, cut a hole through the bank flooring, and forced one of the safes; this, too, on a well patronized thoroughfare, and notwithstanding the office was open to view on three sides..... The schooner Maud Thompson, from Bonaire for Providence, while laying by in Flushing bay, L. I., was run into and sunk by an unknown vessel. Four of the Maud's crew were drowned..... The strong pressure being brought to bear on Prince Bismarck to induce him to forego his intention of leaving the Prussian council for a year for relaxation, will probably prove successful, and the chancellor content himself with a four-month vacation..... The peaceful Indian chief Spotted Tail, who went among the hostiles to make peace, succeeded in bringing in Crazy Horse and 1,500 of his followers, who surrendered at Cheyenne..... Mrs. J. Conner and wife were driving home from church at Upper Lime Bridge, Pa., the horse took fright and jumping into the canal, overturned the carriage and killed both occupants. Mr. Conner was vice-president of the Bucks county agricultural society..... Robert Hill, a prominent farmer of Harmony township, Pa., while trying to rescue some money from his burning residence, was caught by a falling chimney and burned to death in sight of his wife and children. Besides the money he was endeavoring to save, $600 in his pockets was consumed.

The melting of snow caused the Barachois river, Canada, to rise twenty feet, overflowing its banks and doing an immense amount of damage..... A defective railway bridge near Malvern, Ohio, gave way as a train was crossing, and the engine was precipitated into a creek. The engineer and fireman were killed..... The cattle plague is breaking out in new places in England..... A heavy northeast storm at Norfolk, Va., drove the incoming tide before it far into the town, inflicting damages to the amount of $10,000..... The coal companies have agreed to advance the price of coal fifty cents per ton on June 1st..... Cornelius Scanlon, living in one of New York's tenement houses, was bound hand and foot and thrown from a third-story window to the stone pavement below, causing death. A party of Italian rag pickers were arrested for the crime..... The New York Medical College and Hospital for Women graduated nine students ....As Hon. Sam'l J. Tilden was riding in New York, his horses became frightened, and getting the upper hand of their driver, ran furiously through the streets..... Mr. Tilden sprang from the carriage and was unhurt. A few seconds later the vehicle was completely demolished by colliding with another..... Ex-President Grant was welcomed back to his former home in Galena, Ill., and made a short speech to the assembled friends..... International relations are creating considerable disturbance in Italy ....The sixth report of the government inspector of the Eads' jetties, at the mouth of the Mississippi, shows that much benefit has been already derived from the improvement..... In consequence of the war rumors from Europe, breadstuffs in New York advanced in price..... Two colored men confined in jail at Congress, Ga., set fire to the place in hope of escaping during the excitement, but perished miserably before aid could be rendered.

The Cry of "Dead Heads."

In a long article on "Journalism and Reporters," the New York *Evening Mail* says thus: It is the people and not the journalists who are "dead heads." In case anything more serious than stubbing the toe befalls a man, he hastens to the nearest newspaper and demands that the editor shall wield the pen and shed ink in his vindication or defense. And if the jaded editor does not with alacrity espouse the cause of his "patrons" he will make an enemy for life. "Members of the press" are literally hunted down by all sorts of people who have axes to grind. The managers of a public meeting who do not find the reporters at the table, suffer stings of disappointment; the judge, who sonorously blows his nose before reading his opinion, looks anxiously for the stenographers; the preacher who descants upon some special subject, loses spirit if the representatives of the press are not there; even the burglar on the way to the State prison covets a talk with the "newspaper" man. Yet the outside barbarian thinks all newspaper men are dead heads, and envies them the fine times they have in the way of free dinners and free tickets to all manner of shows. There never was a greater mistake. People do not seem to realize that, on the part of the journalist, it is merely a matter of business; that the reporter goes to the places, so attractive to outsiders, much as the horse goes to the plow—because he must do so. We venture to say that four-fifths of these entertainments are to journalists intolerable bores. The press is the victim of the public's rapacious and unceasing demand for services without pay. Let us have the boot on the right leg.

A Paper Making Spider.

Spiders have been noted so long as spinners of the finest of silk, that it strikes one a little oddly to think of one as a paper maker. But hear this true story that has just been told to me.

In the heart of the African continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat surface about an inch and a half square, on the inside wall of a hut, the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this glues the square carefully around the edges.

When all is done, the spider—which is quite a large one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother spider leaves her nest in the daytimes to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves. —*St. Nicholas.*

On Sable Island.

Many years ago, the government of Nova Scotia assumed the project of placing a number of sheep or swine on Sable island to avert the danger of starvation to which seafarers escaping from wrecks had been exposed. But these animals could not subsist on the only shrub which thrives in the sands of the otherwise barren isle of Sables. An old French doctor suggested a trial of the tough and shaggy little horses known as Canadian ponies, and forthwith a detachment of them was forwarded in the government steamer to Sable island. The unfamiliarious ponies took kindly to the solitary shrub, made the island their home, and became wild in time. Recent exports from the isle of Sables, or Sable island, as it is variously called, show that the ponies are becoming almost extinct, owing to the frequent capturing of large numbers of them for use on Atlantic coast island, and for sale among settlers in the interior of Newfoundland and distant hamlets of Novia Scotia.

Another Call.

The secretary of the United States treasury has issued the forty-fourth call for the redemption of five-twenty bonds for 1865, May and November. The call is for ten million dollars, of which nine and one-half millions are coupon and one-half million are registered bonds. The principal and interest will be paid at the treasury on and after the twenty-seventh day of June next, and the interest will cease on that day. The following is a description of bonds: Coupon bonds, $500, Nos. 42,301 to 46,000, both inclusive; $1,000, Nos. 121,001 to 132,000 both inclusive; registered bonds, $500, Nos. 7, 494 to 7,600, both inclusive.

Distribution of Silver Coin.

A new regulation has just been made by the United States treasury department to facilitate the distribution of silver coin. Any broker depositing $1,000 or more in national currency at the nearest government depository will receive at his place of business the same sum in silver coinage upon receipt of the notice of deposit here. Hitherto the treasury has required customers to get silver at national depositories. The distribution of silver coin c[illegible]es without check at the rate of a qu[illegible] of a million a week, or about twelve millions a year.

Insincerity of Asking Advice.

Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; while yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives it repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him, by a seemingly disinterested zeal, while he seldom means anything by the advice he gives but his own interest or reputation.—*Rochefoucault.*

The Grand Central Hotel, New York.

During the winter, without disturbing the guests, fresh decorations have been added in every direction. New designs in fresco work have been finished throughout the halls, parlors, principal staircases, grand dining-room and exchange. Standing in the rear of the grand exchange, facing Broadway, the *feed room* is magnificent—unrivaled in Europe or America. The floor spreads out before you like a lake of marble, an entire block in length and many feet in width. Above, the richly frescoed ceiling is supported by a dozen ornate carved Corinthian columns, while the massive suspended chandeliers gleam at night, like a sheen, with the glitter of a hundred white globes of light. Wander where you will, all is in keeping with taste and beauty. The Grand Central is hardly approached in style and appointment by any other hotel in New York, and yet its rates are from one to two dollars less than other first-class hotels, being $2.50 and $3.00 per day. Mr. Powers, its proprietor, seems to have solved perfectly, for the public, the problem of moderate rates and luxurious surroundings.

Veterinary surgeons all over the country are recommending *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* for the following trouble in horses: Loss of appetite, roughness of the hair, stoppage of bowels or water, thick water, coughs and colds, swelling of the glands, worms, horse ail, thick wind and heaves.

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