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The Spring.

The spring was falling from the rock,
Drop by drop to the awful sea.
The ocean, grave of the pilot, called:
"What dost thou wish of me?

"I am the tempest and the dread;
I finish where the heavens commence;
Dost thou think I have need of thee—
I who am the immense?"

"I give thee, without praise or fame,"
Answered the spring to the troubled brink,
"That which thou lackest, O vast sea!
A drop of water that one could drink."

—*Translated from Victor Hugo by Miss S. C. Aikens.*

A Picture.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl,
Wandering on to the foot of the hill,
Bashes of green and blossoms of pearl
Laugh at themselves in the roadside rill.
Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay,
Bathed in the light of a flattering ray,
Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid,
(Beechen branches twisted above,)
Picking the daisies which sprinkle a glade,
And trying their luck at a game of love;
"This year!" "Next year!" What do they say?
And out of the beeches the curious jay
Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, and the end of the day
Follows them home to the end of the hill;
One late gleam which has wandered astray
Breaks from a copse and dimples the rill.
Autumn leaves are strewing the way,
And hoarse from the larch the hungry jay
Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some day!"

Two poor souls, in the dead of the night,
Side by side, lie stiffened and still;
And the winter's moon just softens her light,
As it solemnly rests at the foot of the hill.
Remembering the bees and the buds and the May,
The summer gold and the autumn gray,
And the warm green lane where the beetles play,
In the crisp cold night the shivering jay
Creaks out of his dream, "Some day, some day!"

THE STAIN OF PARENTAGE.

In the woods forming what remains of the forest of Ardennes, about a mile from a small village called Solenthel, a narrow path leads to a high spot once occupied by charcoal burners, but now abandoned. It was a gloomy place. The ground for about an acre was black, where charcoal had been burned and stored, while a small fringe of green grass stretched itself forward from the road, and commenced regaining the lost ground. In the center was a deep hole, to be entered only on one side by a path of narrow dimensions. In this was a small hut, of wretched aspect, one of the millions in France, where glitter and glory hide misery worse than that of Ireland in her worst days, where sound and show conceal from us 16,000,000 of paupers. This hut had no window. It was curved in shape and closely resembled a wigwam of the poorest class. It consisted of three poles stuck in the ground, meeting at the top, these tied together, and then, of course, thatch and mud. A hole was left in the top for the smoke to pass through. The floor was of mud. In one corner was a pile of straw, which, with two chairs and a table, formed the whole of the furniture. It was occupied by two women and a large dog. At the moment when our narrative commences only one was at home. She was about fifty, poorly but not meanly clad. She was clean, neat and tidy, and she plied her needle with unceasing energy. She was sewing for a livelihood.

A short distance off, on the edge of the wood, another woman, or rather a young girl, dressed in the same manner, was picking up wood and laying it in an outspread cloth on the ground. She, too, plied her work industriously, for until sufficient fuel had been collected she could not cook their humble dinner. Presently she seemed satisfied with what she had done, and was about to proceed, when two horsemen issued from the wood and came along, walking their horses slowly. One was a young man, about five-and-twenty, rosy-cheeked, handsome and full of health; the other was ten years older, and evidently an habitue of the boulevards and the cafes of Paris. His pale face, made paler by his thin black mustache and jet black hair, his hollow, sunken eyes, spoke of the man of late hours and pleasures. His face was cold and repulsive, while that of the other was open and frank.

"What a wretched occupation for so pretty a girl," said the young man, riding quickly on, so as to speak first; "surely, *ma chere*, you might put your taper fingers to a better use. Here's will buy you firewood for months."

And he cast a double Napoleon at her feet.

The girl raised her angelic face to his sadly, reproachfully. She was about eighteen. Her white skin, her blue eyes, her curly, golden hair, her simple, child like manner, was something he had never seen before. Her expression was timid, and yet proud, and looking into her eyes, the young man was not surprised at the reply he received.

"Monsieur, I have done nothing to give you a right to insult me. What you have done may have been meant kindly, but I ask alms of no one."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," exclaimed the other, confused and stammering. "I meant no insult. Pardon me, mademoiselle. I pray you. I thought you poor, and my impulse was to aid you."

"Thank you, monsieur, for the first kind word I have heard these fifteen years, except from my own mother," said the young girl. "But go your way, or else the whole country will shun you too."

"Begone, wretch!" exclaimed the other, riding up and raising his whip menacingly; "begone, viper, and dare not speak to an honest man."

The young man listened in amazement.

"I did not speak to monsieur; monsieur spoke to me," said the girl gently, with, however, a smile of pity and contempt.

"Raise your accursed lips to me again," cried the other furiously, "and I will scourge you with my whip.

"Monsieur is perhaps a coward," said the gentle girl, stung to anger for once, turning at the same time to face his insults.

"What! you dare answer me," and he raised his hand again.

"Nay, Edward, you would not hit a woman?"

"A woman! Do you call Madeleine de Pierrepont, the child of the assassin of my uncle Dubois, a woman? Say, rather a fiend," screamed the usually calm dandy.

"Madeleine de Pierrepont," replied the other, staggering so that his friend had to turn his assistance to him. "Madeleine de Pierrepont? And this is Madeleine de Pierrepont! Truly," he muttered, as he remounted his horse, "she is not a woman."

The other imitated him, and they rode off, leaving the young girl to weep alone. In a few minutes, however, she wiped her eyes, and then, fearful she might be suspected of appropriating the gold piece, she took it up, wrapped it in a piece of paper, with the intention of returning it to its owner. She then lifted up her bundle and walked slowly towards the hut.

"Tell me the story of this girl, said the young man, gravely.

The other told it: "Fifteen years before, the father of Madeleine de Pierrepont and a Monsieur Dubois, a rich proprietor, had been intimate friends. De Pierrepont was comfortably off, from the fact of his having several occupations. He was collector of the rent of a rich member of his noble family; he was tax-gatherer and *adjoint* to the *Maire*. The *Maire* was M. Dubois, a rich man, but somewhat of a miser. It appeared that one afternoon Dubois asked Pierrepont to walk over to a small town at some distance to receive with him a large remittance, with which he had to pay a body of workmen employed on public works, and other expenses incurred in the building of a church and schoolroom. Dubois felt safer with a companion. It was afterwards proved that they received the money, dined together at the Soleil d'Or, drank rather more than they were used to, and then, despite every representation, set out to walk home, though De Pierrepont wished to hire a gig. Next morning the body of Dubois was found about a hundred yards beyond the house of De Pierrepont, which was at the foot of a hill that led up to the village. All his money was gone as well as his watch and rings.

"A search took place instantly, and De Pierrepont as his companion, was visited by the police agent. De Pierrepont deposed that Dubois, on reaching his house, bade him go in, for that he could go the hill safely alone; but still he requested him to keep a bag of 1,000 francs in silver, because it was so heavy, until the morning. This 1,000 francs he gave up to the police. Of 16,000 francs in notes he solemnly declared he knew nothing. On this he was arrested as the assassin, tried, found guilty and sent to the galleys for life. His wife solemnly declared that she heard Dubois wish her husband good-night, and say, laughingly: "I'll send a cart for the silver in the morning." But instead of benefiting him in the eyes of the world she became his accomplice. To avoid being hooted at in the streets, she left the village, and every penny being spent ere her husband's trial was over, she obtained reluctant permission to dwell in the charcoal-burners' deserted hut. But all shunned her and her child as they would lepers, and to live she was obliged to walk nine miles in search of work of the coarsest description. Leave he country she would not, because she was born there, and she felt convinced that her husband would be ultimately pardoned."

"And you join, Edward, in the infamous persecution. Supposing the father guilty (which to me is not clearly proved—and you know I am a lawyer), why should this poor child suffer for the sins of her father? Why, the savages of North America, where I have just come from, are more civilized than you. I see in this heroic couple subjects of wonder and admiration, but not of hate. Poor creatures! Fifteen years of misery have not satisfied you all, but you must still treat them as outcasts."

"My dear Arthur; you have just come from America, where it appears to me you pick up very singular notions. For my part the wife and daughter of an asssassin, and the assassin of my uncle, are detestable wretches whom I must hate," said the other in his usual cool way. His fit of anger was passed.

"Injustice, infamous injustice! I think I see her meek face now, looking at me so proudly and yet so sweetly. I never saw anything so lovely in my life."

"Why, the man's in love!" exclaimed Edward Dubois, the heir to the murdered man's property.

"Half; and what's more, Edward, do you know I'd marry that girl to-morrow if she'd have me, but I know she would not."

"By my faith," said Edward, "you amaze me; and I am not easily amazed. Of course you are joking."

"Time will show. But now, my dear follow, adieu; you follow that path in search of pleasure, I this on business."

"Adieu, *a demain*."

"Yes. You breakfast with me at the little inn, you know."

"Agreed, my philosopher. Adieu."

And Edward Dubois galloped down a narrow path leading to the chateau of a certain Count de Jesson, who that day gave a grand dinner and evening party. As soon as Arthur saw that he was out of sight he turned his horse's step and galloped hard toward the charcoal-burner's hut.

When Madeleine returned to the hut and began making a fire, she told her mother what had passed and showed her th gold piece. They were used to this kind of treatment, and the mother did not feel it much now. The scorn of fifteen years had made her despise the world. But Madeleine seemed hurt.

"I do not care," she exclaimed aloud, at last, "for what young Monsieur Dubois said; but I can reveal that the good-looking stranger should have said that I was not a woman."

"You are not a woman, but an angel," exclaimed Arthur, solemnly. He had approached on foot and had heard a portion of their conversation.

The mother and daughter stood still in dumb amazement.

"You seem surprised, madam," said the young man, address-ing the mother. "You will be still more so when I add that I have returned with the deliberate intention of imploring you to give me your daughter's hand in marriage; not now, instantly, but when you know me better."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the mother, indignantly, "this is too much. Go. The felon's daughter is still too good for insult."

"Madam," said Arthur, respectfully, "perhaps your astonishment will cease when I add that your husband is innocent, and that I have come sixteen thousand miles to prove it."

"You are—speaking—seriously?" gasped the poor woman.

"On my soul and conscience," said Arthur solemnly.

"Oh joy! oh joy!" shrieked the girl, clasping the stranger round the neck; "the savior has come at last."

"Be calm, my dear young lady, and I will tell you my story in a few words. You will then understand my motives in coming here. I scarcely expected to find you here at Solenthal, but at last determined to try. I came yesterday night, and I soon heard of your heroic resignation and courage. Be seated, dear girl, and listen to tidings that will be joyful indeed to your filial heart."

Madeleine blushing, her color going and coming, obeyed, and seated herself on a log near the young stranger.

"I am a young Frenchman, and about seven years ago I immigrated to Peru in search of fortune. I started as a lawyer and found business plentiful enough. I knew many Frenchmen in the place, but a merchant of the name of Gaillard was my most intimate friend. He was twice my age, grave, even sullen and saturnine; but he had quaint ways, was very charitable, and I liked him. Besides, the others were married, had families, and he was alone. We used to meet of an evening at a cafe, play piquet, and then walk home together. He was rich and lived in great style, but not in any way up to his income. People wondered he never married; but he said he had been married, and was not inclined to try the experiment again. He looked with alarm at the prospect of my settling in life, and did all he could to reserve unto himself one bachelor friend.

"About a year ago he fell ill, and the doctor at once intimated to him that he would not recover. Apart from the disease it was a general break-up of nature.

"When he found there was no hope he sent for me.

"'Versan,' said he, 'listen to a dying man, and interrupt me not. You see on this bed an assassin, a thief, a murderer. Fourteen years ago, sitting in a hotel, I saw two men dining, one of whom had just received sixteen or seventeen thousand francs. A dreadful thought came into my head. I was not poor, but I was wicked. I followed these two men. They walked on their way to Solenthel together. I dared not attack both, and once or twice I thought of giving up my fearful design. But at the house of one De Pierrepont they parted, and my victim, Dubois, advanced alone

"'I was monster enough to think that heaven gave him up to me. I bounded after him; I gave myself no time for thought; I stabbed him in the neck; killed him; took his money and fled. I spare you my thoughts and my fifteen years of suffering. I fled my country; I became a merchant—rich—respected, but I have never had one happy moment. Not only had I murdered him, but Pierrepont was suspected, and sentenced or my crime, only not to death, because the jury hesitated. I thus ruined an honest man, and sent his family to beg their bread!'

"He paused. I spoke not; too absorbed in my horror.

"'De Versan, listen to me, my friend. Do not turn against me. I have left you my sole heir.'

"'Never will I'——

"'Hark; you must and you will. Take my property, and think when you enjoy it with pity on its guilty present owner, and I will make a public confession, pay the heirs of Dubois their 16,000 francs, and, by proving my own guilt, obtain the pardon of the innocent De Pierrepont. Refuse and I will die impenitent, for my only friend will have deserted me.'

"I accepted."

"And may heaven bless you!" said the weeping and sobbing mother, while Madeleine laid her head in her mother's lap.

"An hour later, in presence of the French and English consuls—four Englishmen and four Frenchmen, two priests and the alcade—Gaillard, or rather Mesnard, made his solemn confession, which was signed by all present, sealed, and one of two copies given to me. That copy is now in the hand of the minister of justice, and here," drawing forth a letter, "is a copy of your father's free pardon."

A wild shriek from both women was his reply.

"And now, Madeline," said he, taking the girl's hand, "before I have the chance of rivals may I renew my request for your hand and heart?"

"Monsieur, no man on earth can ever do for me what you have done. In an hour I have lived years of joy; that joy I owe to you. Give me my father, and the love of my whole life, if you value it, shall be your reward."

This sudden resolution of the young girl, so natural under the circumstances, was approved of heartily by the mother. Next morning there sat in a small inn in Solenthel, waiting for breakfast, a man, not old, but bowed by years of woe, gray-haired and pale. On each side of him sat a woman—one his wife, the other his daughter. They had been talking for hours, and were not yet wearied. A young man sat opposite, his face beaming with delight. Several times the waiter had announced breakfast, but the young man had always bade him be quiet and wait still awhile.

At length a hurried step was heard, and the young Edward Dubois entered. He started as if bit by a snake, and would have left the room.

"Stop!" said Arthur, sternly, as he caught him by the wrist. "Rather kneel and ask for pardon than fly. Read this, man," and he put in his hand the printed bill proclaiming the injustice of Pierrepont's sentence, his free pardon, and containing the certified confession of Mesnard.

Edward Dubois read it in silence. When he had finished he turned and grasped the convict's hand.

"No apology can make up for my conduct," he said, "but what I can do I will. This bill will satisfy the whole country."

"Monsieur," replied De Pierrepont, in husky tones, "you did but as the world did. Appearances were against me and all condemned me."

"Edward, my friend," said Arthur, "you see the danger of judging from appearances. Had De Pierrepont been truly guilty, his wife and child should have been pitied, not scorned. As it is, a vile prejudice has made these two women for fifteen years outcasts and pariahs."

Edward made no reply, as the breakfast came in. He, like all the county round, was horrified how they found how unjust they had been; and never was wedding more tumultuously hailed and feted than that of Arthur de Versan and Madeleine de Pierrepont. Still I have not heard that one man, women or child in the forest of Ardennes has been cured of the evil habit of judging always from appearances, and visiting on the innocent the sins of the guilty.

A Printer's Fight With Dogs.

A short time ago Mr. R. H. Hawthorn, a job printer of Duane street, New York, had a desperate encounter with two savage dogs in New Jersey. They attacked him while he was on his way across the Hackensack meadows after dark. As he was a long distance from any house, the dogs met him on the highway, and one of them at once sprang at his throat. He was entirely unarmed, and had it not been for a package of dry goods that he carried in his hands he would probably have been torn to pieces. As the first dog jumped for his throat he thrust the package into the animal's mouth. Hardly had this dog recoiled before the second dog came on with savage fury, and was met by Mr. Hawthorn in a similar manner. Thus the unequal contest went on, the dogs growing more furious as they were repulsed.

Strange to say, this fight was kept up for nearly two hours. At intervals the man shouted at the top of his voice for help, but none came. At last his voice failed him, and he could only meet the assaults of the dogs, with a grim hope that some one would pass by and relieve him from his perilous position, although it was night, and the road was unfrequented at that hour. At last the dogs, tired of the useless contest, went away.

Mr. Hawthorn made his way to his home, two miles distant, and reached there in an exhausted condition. It was several days before he fully recovered from the effects of the terrible encounter.

Statistics of Religions.

Whittaker's *London Almanac* presents the following estimate of the numbers adhering to the several forms of religious faith held by the English-speaking peoples all over the world: Episcopalians, 17,500,000; Methodist, 13,500,000; Roman Catholics, 13,250,000; Presbyterians, 10,000,000; Baptists, 8,000,000; Congregationalists, 7,000,000; Unitarians, 1,000,000; minor religious sects, 1,500,000; unclassified, 7,000,000. This makes a total of 78,750,000. The Lutherans are, however, omitted, who must have in this country a population of over 1,500,000. According to the same authority, there are registered in England and Wales 150 (in rough numbers) religious sects, and 19,486 places of meeting for religious worship. The state church has two archbishops, twenty-eight bishops, thirty deans, seventy-four archdeacons, 610 rural deans and 23,000 clergymen of every class. The number of benefices is 13,000; the annual revenue of the church is estimated at £8,000,000. The state church population of England is put at 12,500,000.

A BULL'S FIGHT WITH A LION.

A Sunday Scene in the Capital of Peru—A Matador Kills a Bull—A Bull Whips a Bear—Then a Bull Whips a Lion, and Four Bulldogs Kill a Lioness—The Crowd Break Into the Arena—Slaughter by Soldiers.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* furnishes that paper with an account of the "amusements" indulged in by the people of Lima, Peru, on a Sunday. He writes: On a beautiful Sunday morning recently I saw the announcement conspicuously posted in the public square of Lima that a grand bull fight would take place that day at the Plaza de Acho. Securing a carriage, I was speedily driven to the plaza, which I found densely crowded with a motley assemblage of humanity, embracing almost all nationalities. On the way I passed numerous splendid private carriages, occupied by richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, chatting merrily. Obtaining a ticket, I entered the enclosure and viewed the building and its surroundings. It is evidently very old, having been built during the Spanish occupancy of Peru, and presents much the appearance of a Spanish fortress. A strong guard of soldiers lined the passageways to preserve order. The walks around the building were lined with booths for the sale of refreshments, tended by stalwart sons and daughters of Africa, who did a thriving trade with the younger portion of the visitors.

As my ticket entitled me to a seat in one of the balconies, I made my way to that portion of the house, and had hardly been seated when I heard my name pronounced in a soft, feminine voice in one of the adjacent boxes. Turning my head in that direction I was greeted by the smiling face of a young Peruvian lady to whom I had recently been introduced, and who was the daughter of one of the leading families of the city. Quickly making my way to her side, I was courteously invited by the fair senorita, her mother, and sister to share their box during the entertainment. The building was thronged, as the president of the republic and his family were expected, and the enthusiastic assemblage were patiently awaiting their coming for the entertainment to commence. Suddenly the band struck up the Peruvian national hymn, and the president accompanied by his wife and son, made his appearance. The signal for the commencement of the performance was now given, and several mounted picadores, their horses splendidly caparisoned, entered the arena. These horses are fine specimens, and are carefully trained for their dangerous profession, many of them having served some fifteen or sixteen years. The duties of the picadores are to worry and annoy the bull, thereby making him more ferocious. At one side of the arena is a gate through which the bull enters.

At a given signal the gate opened, and with a terrific roar the animal sprang into the circle. Now all was excitement. The people held their breath and gazed spell-bound at the combatants. The bull was gayly decorated with scarfs of various hues, and on his head was fastened a beautiful boquet of flowers. When the animal entered the arena he suddenly stopped. His pause, however, was of short duration, for, perceiving the mounted horsemen, he furiously dashed at them. But the horses are so well trained that his efforts were entirely futile, as when the enraged animal almost reached them, and the spectators held their breath expecting to see the noble animals gored by the bull, they suddenly and quickly wheeled to one side, thereby escaping the attack. It frequently happens that the bull, meeting no resistence in his headlong speed, stumbles and falls forward, breaking his legs, when he is immediately despatched.

Another signal was now given, and the picadores were ordered to annoy the animal. This was done by shaking a red cloth before him. The red cloth made him more furious, and he dashed first at one and then at another of the horsemen, until at last, exhausted with his vain efforts, he paused, glaring wildly around. The horsemen retired, and several picadores on foot entered the arena, dressed in different-colored costumes, and all wearing a red cap. The bull, having recovered his strength, and seeing these new enemies, renewed the attack with increased vigor, darting furiously from one to the other, and perfectly wild with rage. But the wily picadores easily evaded his charges. The men were armed with spears, the points of which were filled with an explosive substance, which, striking the bull, left gaping wounds. The matador, whose duty it is to slay the bull, stepped into the middle of the arena, armed with a sword, and having bowed to the president and then to the audience, prepared to engage the animal. The scene was now thrilling and exciting. The audience watched the combat with breathless attention. The picadores tried to attract the attention of the bull to give the matador an opportunity to use his sword, but the bull, having caught sight of the latter, suddenly dashed toward him. He sprang aside with lightning rapidity, and then the sword was driven between the shoulders of the animal, killing him instantly.

The building shook with the thunders of applause that greeted the victorious hero. Handfuls of silver were showered upon him, and one enthusiastic spectator presented him with $1,000.

The next scene on the programme was an encounter between a bull and a bear. Looking down into the arena, I saw an attendant leading by a strong rope a small bear, which he securely fastened in the middle of the arena. The bull was let in, and tremendous applause greeted his appearance. The animal at first did not take any notice of his tied antagonist, merely snuffing the air and then dashing away. The picadores appeared, and attempted to attract the bull toward the bear. This they succeeded in doing, and as the animal, now furious, spied its enemy, he dashed toward it with head lowered, and catching it on its horns, threw it violently into the air. The bear made no resistance except to growl fiercely, and tried to escape from its assailant. Again and again was it tossed into the air, until the attendant, seeing that the fight was entirely one-sided, led both animals away amid shouts of laughter from the spectators.

An encounter next took place between a bull and a full-grown lion. An iron cage containing the lion was drawn into the middle of the arena. The bull was quickly put in, the grated door closed, and the two animals stood glaring at each other. The bull was the first to advance to the attack, and charging furiously at his opponent succeeded in driving his horns through the jaws of the lion, from which the blood flowed freely. The lion, however, nothing daunted, fought desperately with his claws, fastening them in the sides of the bull and lacerating the flesh, terribly. The bull had the advantage, and although he tried in vain to shake off his antagonist he succeeded finally in worrying him out, the lion dropping from sheer exhaustion on the floor of the cage. The fight lasted about five minutes, and at its conclusion the victor was greeted with thunders of applause by the excited spectators.

The closing scene was to be a fight between a lioness and four small but ferocious bulldogs. The cage was turned and we saw a large, full grown lioness of ferocious aspect, while at the same moment an attendant appeared leading by a chain four small dogs of the bull species. They were immediately let into the cage, and with fierce growls instantly sprang on their foe. It would seem almost impossible for four such insignificant animals to be victorious in an encounter with an enormous lion, but the result showed how mere brute force falls a prey to cunning stratagem. The audience were now worked up to a fever pitch of excitement, and hundreds sprang into the arena to obtain a closer view of the combat. The soldiers were ordered to clear the arena, and charged with fixed bayonets on the crowd, wounding several in their efforts to force them back. This so infuriated the mob that knives and pistols were drawn, and a fierce encounter took place between the military and the rabble, resulting in the killing of several of the former. The soldiers were first ordered to fire into the air, but this proving futile a volley was poured into the mob, killing several and wounding others. The crowd, threatening dire vengeance, retreated, leaving the space clear.

During the excitement caused by the collision between the soldiers and the mob, the fight between the lion and the dogs had ended in the latter being victorious, and as we looked toward the cage we saw the dogs standing over their prostrate foe, lapping its blood, and apparently little the worse for the encounter, though subsequently three of them died from their wounds. This closed the entertainment, and the enormous throng of spectators left the Plaza de Acho well pleased with what they had witnessed. Receiving an invitation to spend the evening with the family of my lady friends, I gladly accepted, and was soon ensconsed in their hospitable mansion. The conversation naturally reverted to the scenes we had that day witnessed at the Plaza de Acho. The ladies stoutly defended their national amusements, although I pointed out the fact such barbarous spectacles did not tend to elevate the morals of a people, and instanced the bloody affray between the military and the mob. Still they were unconvinced, declaring that no country in the world afforded such exquisite entertainments as their own beautiful Peru.

Birds of Paradise.

The birds of New Guinea present a larger proportion of brilliantly plumaged species than those of any other part of the world. To this result the birds of paradise largely contribute. Of this family twenty-four species are known, all confined to the Papuan islands, with a single exception, a *Manucodia*, which has extended its range to northern Australia, and which is without the characteristic plumes of the true paradise birds. Whether for singularity or beauty of plumage, the birds of paradise are without rivals in the bird world. Most of them have superb tints of feathers issuing, not from the wings, but from each side of the body, forming sometimes wavy silky plumes of considerable thickness, sometimes fans which spread on each side of the breast, sometimes shields or long trains behind the wings; while the central tail-feathers are often produced to a great length, elongated into wires, twisted into fantastic shapes, or terminated by lustrous spatules, and all adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. There is scarcely a hue among the colors of nature which is not found in the endless variety of the painting of the paradise birds, not only the lustrous metallic tints of the humming birds, but yellows, reds, blues, and greens of every degree of intensity. Yet these fantastic freaks of coloration and feathering are confined to the males; the females are all clad in the most sober browns, and are the most unattractive of birds. Doubtless this provision of nature is intended as a protection from observation during the nesting season. Strange notions formerly prevailed among the vulgar as to the birds of paradise. As until recently no European had been able to observe them in life, all our specimens were supplied by the natives, who always cut of the legs from the skins, on which account they were reputed to be without feet, whence the name of the best known species, *Apoda*. Peculiar and strange are these creatures, yet there can be no doubt that their nearest allies in nature are a family marked by an extreme uniformity and sombreness of plumage, and by the absence of any difference of coloration in the sexes—the crow tribe, between which and the starlings the paradise birds are naturally placed.—*Good Words.*

A Tree that Bore Bears.

The St. Louis *Republican* says: We have received a communication from a correspondent of Pendleton, Umatilla county, Oregon, recording a recent exploit of Mr. John McCracken, an Illinoisan, who is now herding sheep in the wilds "where rolls the Oregon." McCracken left his sheep one day for a ramble in the Blue Mountain, with his trusty gun on his shoulder. He had not gone far when he was faced by a very large gray she-bear. The bear was so "unacquainted with man" that she made for McCracken without hesitation, but soon reconsidered her motion when she discovered that the man didn't scare. McCracken cracked away at her. She retraced her steps and commenced climbing a tree near by. Another shot brought her down all in a heap at the foot of the tree. McCracken reloaded and crept up softly to see if the bear was quite dead. He heard a noise overhead, looked up and saw another big bear coming lumbering down the tree for business. He waited for a dead shot and fired both barrels for a sure thing. The second bear came down with accelerated velocity and fell all in a heap at the foot of the tree. Another noise overhead. Eyes up. Another big bear was scratching bark, coming down to see what was the matter with the others. McCracken had no more loads—had no time to load and he ran away from under that bear-bearing tree. He made rapid tracks to camp, and reloading, mounted his horse and rode back to the slaughter of bears. The other fellow was still around, and having ascertained the fate of his fellows—and observing the reinforcement of the enemy—he took to the tree. McCracken drew a bead on him, fired and the third bear fell all in a heap at the foot of the tree. There were no more bears to come down, but there were three dead bears lying all in a heap under that bear-bearing tree.

Hydrophobia from a Cat Bite.

The Reading (Penn.) *Times* of a late date says: Laura Desch, a daughter of Mr. George Desch, of Macungie, Lehigh county, aged twelve, was bitten in the finger by a pet Maltese cat six weeks ago. The cat died next morning. The child's finger healed up, and nothing further was thought of the matter until Saturday last, when the child began to feel ill. She continued to grow worse, and on Sunday morning she showed unmistakable signs of being afflicted with hydrophobia. Foam gathered on her lips, and her quick, frightened glances at friends and strangers were unmistakable signs that her blood had been poisoned by the bite from the cat. The young girl suffered much pain and agony until Sunday evening, when she expired. The animal was mad when it bit the child.

BURIED ALIVE.

Some Strange But Well-Authenticated Cases.

It is always with a feeling of horror that we read of a grave being opened and the finding of the fact that a burial had taken place before death had actually claimed its victim; and yet such cases are of more frequent occurrence than is generally supposed.

Some very strange cases of persons being buried alive and the manner in which the facts were brought to light, have recently been made public. A few of the most remarkable of these are now presented as showing to what an extent this blundering has of late years been carried on in the United States. The last truly horrible case was that of a lady, by name Mrs. Roberta Ainslee, of New Orleans. The lady had been sick for some time with a malarial fever, and was at the end of ten days pronounced dead by her physician, as all signs of animation seemed to be suspended—the body was cold, the pulse stopped, and the lips were bloodless. Mr. Ainslee was himself sick at the time and could not attend the funeral of his wife; but in a few days afterward he called the old colored woman who had attended her in her last illness, and made her give him a detailed statement of the facts. After listening to her story, Mr. Ainslee stated that he had had a strange dream in regard to his wife, and he was firmly of the impression that she had been buried alive. So strong a hold did this dream take upon his mind, that as soon as he was able, he, in company with a few friends and an undertaker, went to the vault in which the body had been placed, and opening the large box in which the coffin was confined, that receptacle was found to be sprung at every joint, and the top almost pried off. Upon opening it the body of Mrs. Ainslee was found to be lying on its face, and the terrible expression the face had upon it gave evidence of the struggle that must have been made for freedom. Scarcely less mournful are the consequences of the sad discovery. Mr. Ainslee is now a raving maniac.

A short three years ago Miss Addie Carter, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, in middle Tennessee, to all appearances died, and was buried. The young lady had on her hand at the time a beautiful diamond ring, the gift of her betrothed, and it excited the cupidity of a man on the farm, to such a degree that he made up his mind to possess it. This he could not do without exhuming the body, and that he did late at night. It seemed that after he had burst the coffin open he was, on account of the swollen condition of the finger, unable to pull the ring off, so, taking out his knife, he attempted to amputate the finger. The lady, who it seemed had only been in a trance, was brought to consciousness by the cutting, and giving a scream, so scared the man that he fled. Miss Carter then, after many painful efforts, succeeded in getting free from her grave and in making her way home. The effect upon her family can be imagined, and her lover, upon hearing of the case the next day, at once made her his wife, and she now presides at his table as Mrs. Collins, with nothing to remind her of her dreadful fate but the scar upon her finger.

One of the most painful cases of antemortem interment took place a few years ago in Philadelphia. The lady, a young Quakeress of good family, had apparently passed from this world of sin and sorrow, and was in an open coffin placed in a vault amid the relics of her ancestors. Nearly six months afterward the vault was opened to receive another tenant, when a sight met the eyes of those present that will never be forgotton by them. On the steps of the vault sat, or rather reclined against the wall, all that was mortal of the young lady. She had waked from her trance, and being unable to find her way to earth again, had sunk in helpless despair upon the steps.

A very singular case occurred to a minister some two years ago in Monmouth county, New Jersey. After a short illness he was thought to be dead, and preparations were made for his funeral. But it was not to be—the man was only in a trance; and as the undertaker was making ready to screw down the lid of the coffin, he discovered a twitching of the supposed dead man's eye-balls, and upon proper remedies being applied, the gentleman was restored to full life and vigor. He describes most vividly his feelings at the time, as he said that he could hear all that was going on around him, but could not move until the last moment.

The Earthquake of 1868.

The region shaken by the earthquake of 1868, for instance, was equal to at least a fourth of Europe, and probably to fully one-half. From Quito southward as far as Iquique—or along a full third part of the length of the South American Andes—the shock produced destructive effects. It was also distinctly felt far to the north of Quito, far to the south of Iquique, and inland to enormous distances. The distributing force which thus shook 1,000 square miles of the earth's surface must have been one of almost inconceivable energy. If directed entirely to the upheaval of a land region no larger than England, those forces would have sufficed to have destroyed utterly every city, town and village within such a region; if directed entirely to the upheaval of an oceanic region, they would have been capable of raising a wave which would have been felt on every shore line of the whole earth. Divided even between the ocean on one side and a land region larger than Russia in Europe on the other, those volcanian forces shook the whole of the land region and sent athwart the largest of our earth's oceans a wave which ran in upon shores 10,000 miles from the center of disturbance with a crest thirty feet high. Forces such as these may be fairly regarded as cosmical; they show unmistakably that the earth has by no means settled down into that condition of repose in which some geologists still believe.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Siamese Floating Houses.

A traveler in Siam describes the floating houses: We hugged the shore closely and passed within a few yards of scores of floating houses, whose owners looked at us with the calm nonchalance of the Orient. Perhaps you may not understand a floating house; it is built on a raft of bamboo poles and securely moored to strong posts in the mud or on the bank. It is a perfect house, rooms, roof, and all, and its floor is about twelve inches above the water. There are thousands of these houses in Bangkok, and they are not to be despised, as they have a never-failing supply of water, are excellently drained, and are very easy of access. One of their drawbacks is the facility with which the numerous water-snakes of the Meinam gain an entrance; the Siamese never have snakes in their boots, for the reason that they don't wear any, but they frequently find them in their beds or about their apartments. The floating houses had their origin at a time when the land bordering the river was very unhealthy, and the king gave the order to build upon the river itself and not along its banks. The hollow joints of the bamboo specially adopt it to the construction of rafts, and it is said that this tree first gave the Chinese the idea of building boats in compartments.

Dogs and Dog-Sledges of the North.

We take the following description of dogs and dog-sledges, used in the far North, from the letter of a Winnepeg (Manitoba) correspondent to the New York *Evening Post*: But here comes the winter vehicle of the North. The Hudson's Bay dog-sledge consists of a board, usually not more than half an inch thick, twenty to twenty-four inches wide, ten feet long, and turned up at the front end two and a half feet, on which is built a box of very light wooden framework, so covered with parchment or dressed skins as to resemble the front of a shoe. A sufficient space is left behind behind for the traveler's baggage, or upon which the driver may occasionally stand when tired of running. Generally speaking, such passenger sledges are attended by two drivers, one going before the dogs to guide them, the other following the sledge to steady it and keep it from upsetting. The freight dog-sledge is simply two thin oak or birch-wood boards lashed together with deer-skin thongs; turned up slightly in front, like a Norwegian snowshoe, it runs over hard snow or ice with great ease; its length is about nine feet, its breadth sixteen inches. Along the outer edges runs a leather lashing, through the loops of which a long leather line is passed to hold in place whatever may be put upon it. From the front, close to the turned-up part, the traces for draught are attached.

Dogs in the North are harnessed in a number of ways. The Esquimaux run their dogs abreast. On the coast of Hudson's Bay they are harnessed by many separate lines into a band or pack; while in Manitoba and the Saskatchewan they are driven tandem. The number constituting a train is generally four, though three and even two are used. The train of dogs are attached to the sledge by means of two long traces, between which the animals stand in line, the head of one dog being about a foot behind the tail of the dog in front of him. Each one is fastened to the traces by a round collar of moose-skin, which slips over the head and ears, and rests upon the swell of the neck. This collar buckles on each side of the traces, which are kept in position by a back band of leather, buckled under the dog's ribs or stomach. The back band is generally decorated with little bells, as is also the collar, and many ribbons, porcupine quills, fox tails and beads upon it. Great care is taken in turning out a train of dogs in good style. Beads, bells and embroidery are freely used to bedizen the poor brutes. A most comical effect is produced by this finery placed on the person of a dog new to the harness, when he is invariably the picture of fear; and the ludicrous effect is intensified when the victim happens to be young in years, and still retains the peculiar expression of puppyhood. It is safe to assert that, in the North, the whole canine race haul a sledge during the winter months. There is no exception of age, sex or condition; from the miserable mongrel to the thoroughbred Esquimaux, all are destined to howl under the driver's lash, to tug wildly at the moose-skin collar, to haul until they can haul no more, and then to die.

An Ovation to the Czar.

A New York *Herald* special dispatch gives the following account of the scenes which took place in St. Petersburg recently upon the return of the czar from the seat of war: The scene is one that cannot be forgotten while the present generation lives. St. Petersburg is early awake. All the reports make it certain that the emperor will arrive in the morning. Daylight finds the city dressed in bunting and evergreens. The streets are spanned by triumphal arches at frequent intervals, and bands of music parade. Everywhere the lately sombre city presents glowing evidences of thanksgiving and joy. Upon his arrival at the railway station a tremendous ovation began. The pupils of the conservatoire sang a hymn of welcome and presented his imperial majesty with a crown of laurel, which was accepted in a few happy chosen words of thanks. Amid the roar of artillery and the wild clanging of bells the emperor of the Russias drives to Kazan cathedral. Tiers of crimson seats, erected in the open space in front of the cathedral, are filled with prominent citizens of the capital. Many people have slept all night on the marble floor of the cathedral in order that they may be there to see when the great moment shall come. Peasant women and princesses bend before the shrine together. The cathedral blazes with splendor and light; the altars are aglow with diamonds. Vast as the cathedral is there seems no niche in which even another waxen taper could be burned. Accompanied by gladsome cheers, which drown for the time the sobs in undertone of mothers bereft of sons, wives mourning for husbands, sisters wailing for brothers—all lost on the battle-field—the doors are flung open. In solemn majesty the emperor enters. The noise is only partially hushed as the czar walks with solemn tread to the altar. Suddenly the vast cathedral becomes silent as a sepulchre. The czar advances to the altar and kisses the Holy Virgin. On his return to the floor of the cathedral the crowd breaks all restraint. It envelops him. The people fall down and kiss his garments. So great is the pressure that it is with great delay that his imperial majesty can reach his carriage. The emperor drives to the winter palace amid the wildest cheering of the vast crowd which lines the entire road. All day long multitudes che