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The Organ Grinder.

An organ droneth high and low
Above the sounds that ebb and flow,
And faint through all the pale and din,
Its plaining comes to me within.
"In the Sweet By-and-by"—that hymn
We used to sing when day grew dim;
Fit song to jeer me with—whose life
Expectant only is of strife.

And as I list, I see again
The pathway of an orchard lane,
Where lags a little brook at ease
Under the blossom-laden trees.
I know not if it be a dream:
I almost see the winding stream,
And hear one voice—oh, heart of mine!
Crouch down, nor think what once was thine!

The Way of the W'rld.

Whene'er we see a man
Who's wise beyond the rule:
We ask who is there can,
We ask who is there who'll
Take his place another day,
When his soul has passed away
Out of all this world of clay—
When the weird fates his life-thread sever
And he is lost to us forever?

To us it seems as though
The world could scarcely stand—
The course of things scarce go
Without his guiding hand;
Strong the wide world to d rect,
Reconciling every sect,
Keeping evil courses checked—
A hand that's strong enough, and clever,
To keep the world's course straight forever.

But when he gains the bound.
When runs his earthly race,
Another man is found
Straightway to fill his place;
Just as though it were to prove
Others can the world make move
In its old accustomed groove—
The world, that would survive him never,
Still rolls on just the same as ever.

We learn a lesson here;
We find we, after all,
Who think ourselves so dear,
Are only very small.
Though we do our best to-day
That our praises men may say,
And we remembered aye;
Yet, notwithstanding our endeavor,
Our deeds and we are missed scarce ever.
—*Domestic Monthly.*

Our Little Servant-Maid.

I never thought so little of Barbara Darling as I did that July afternoon when she stood by the window with a pout on her lips and a frown on her brow, looking out on the road with eyes that saw nothing, and utterly obvious to the fact that her dear, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little sister was tugging at her skirt with one small hand and holding up her doll with the other, while she piteously complained, "There's sumfin bery awful wrong er matter wif my baby, Baba; her's broke in her inside, an' can't cry any more to sabe her life," until the speaker, as though to make up for this deficiency on the part of her "baby," burst into a loud, long and tearless cry herself, and even then Barbara only pulled her dress out of the dimpled little hand, and said, in a decidedly unamiable manner, "Oh, bother!"

Barbara Darling was not pretty, that is, not very pretty—at least there was a diversity of opinion about her. The young men, alluding to her eyes and hair, spoke of violets and buttercups, the young women, on the contrary—young women are so unpoetical when by themselves!—sneered, "Blue china and molasses candy;" the young women said it was "awfully babyish;" the young men called her "a fairy," the young women "a dwarf."

She was the eldest of eight children; had no accomplishment, unless singing a ballad or two passably well could be called one; was eighteen years old, poor and—and—well, to tell the honest truth, rather high-tempered. And yet she had for a lover handsome, talented, proud, wealthy Anthony Ditto, the match that all the girls in her circle had been making eyes at for a year before he, with heart still untouched, had met "wee Bab," as he called her.

How he came to notice her at all goodness knows, unless the comicality of the introduction struck through the dignity which enveloped him as a mantle, and softening his heart, let her steal into it, and then being a burry sort of a little body, he couldn't get rid of her afterward.

"Miss Barbara Darling," said the provoking Ned Parker, "Mr. Anthony Ditto;" and we (yes, we—I'm Bab Darling) burst out laughing, the names were so odd following each other in that manner, you know; and from that moment we were excellent friends until the day we ceased to be friends and became overs.

Papa and mamma were delighted with the engagement, and so was I, for of course I loved him dearly; and yet for the life of me I couldn't stop what he called "flirting," though I'm sure I didn't mean it for that. You see every body is so very kind to a little woman that it is almost impossible for me to be dignified. She gets used to being treated like a child, and accepts pet names and bouquets and bonbons and gloves and the best of every thing, and talks and laughs and sings with pleasant people of the opposite sex just as a child would.

Now Anthony didn't like it—absurd fellow! wasn't I going to marry him?—and he used to look, oh! so very grim and ogreish, and lecture me on the impropriety of my conduct, until I felt myself the most miserable of sinners; but—I don't know how to account for it—I always forgot the lecture as soon as it was over, and was in disgrace again immediately.

"Well, the other evening—Fourth of July evening it was—a party of us young folks went to the village green to see the pyrotechnic (I had to consult the dictionary before I ventured on that word) display, and arriving there rather late, found ourselves the last comers, and consequently on the outside of the crowd. Ned Parker and I tried to push our way to the front, but we couldn't; and I didn't see a thing, excepting a few rockets and blue-lights, until the very last, when Ned lifted me in his arms so that I might at last catch a glimpse of Washington blessing his countrymen and women with one fiery hand, while he pointed to a Roman candle that had just gone up with the other.

Anthony was a few feet away, talking to Netta Brooke; and when I joined him, expecting to meet with a terrible frown, he greeted me with a charming smile. And all the rest of the evening he was as amiable as possible, and though he had several five-minute chances to scold me, never said a reproving word—never even referred to the George W. episode, but he did worse—he flirted himself.

That I had never dreamed of, and I must say that I thought—at the time—it was a real mean thing for a great tall fellow like him to do to revenge himself on a mite like me.

Yes, he flirted for two long, very long, hours; and when (the party ended at our house) the children proposed a kissing game, he, my haughty, reserved lover, joined in with that bold Brooke girl, and chose her for a "partner" every time, kissing her on the mouth—and she has a pretty mouth—as he did

I should have liked to box her ears, and his too for that matter—but I didn't of course not. I sauntered about with Ned Parker, and looked up into his face as though every moment I discovered some new beauty in it; and when Netta bade me good-night (Anthony could find no excuse for offering to walk home with her, her brother Dick being there), I kissed her, and hoped she had enjoyed herself.

"Oh! very much—very, very much, indeed," said she, flinging a look which she meant to be tender, but it wasn't—she has big, black, shallow eyes—at Anthony. "I never enjoyed myself so much."

But as soon as the garden gate closed behind them I took my engagement ring from my finger and flung it upon the ground, and I actually, I'm ashamed to tell it, but I did—made my hand into a fist and shook it at my promised husband. What would mamma, the dear, meek darling—I don't get my temper from her—have said if she had seen me?

As for Anthony, he wasn't the least bit frightened, but caught the fist, and shut it up in his strong right hand like something in a box.

"I hate you?" I cried. "Nobody ever treated me so before."

"But how many have you treated so?" he asked, with a smile; and I couldn't help thinking how handsome he looked in the silver moonlight.

"Everybody has always done whatever I wanted them to do," I went on, stamping my foot.

"And consequently spoiled you," said he.

"What did you love me for, if I'm not—not nice?"

"Because I knew the moment I saw you, you wee thing, you were my fate. I thought you were nice then, and wanted to take you in my arms the moment you smiled on me."

"And now?"

"And now I think you a bad-tempered, selfish, willful, unreasonable girl."

"Indeed!" and I wrenched my hand away, but not before he had kissed it with the most provoking coolness.

"Then we'll part, unless you change your opinion immediately, and promise never to speak to Netta Brooke again.

"I shall make no such silly promise, Barbara." Good gracious! the idea of his calling me Barbara! "I have promised to drive her to the depot to-morrow."

"You return to the city together?"

"We return by the same train, as we have done a dozen times before."

"Go," said I, almost beside myself with rage. "I never want to see you again."

"Are you sure, Barbara?" he asked—"quite sure? I think you had better wait for a day or two before you banish me. If by the day after to-morrow—your birthday—you still 'hate' me, send me word to that effect, and I will, the moment your note is read, accept a position offered me this morning, and start for a home beyond the sea. Good-night, Miss Darling."

"Good-night, Mr. Ditto."

And he strode away up the road, and I picked up my ring and stole into the house, and cried as though my heart would break. It was so cruel of him to be unkind to a poor little thing like me.

The next morning, as I sat on the front porch darning the children's stockings—dear me! it seems to me every time stocking-darning time comes around that there never could be another family with so many legs as ours—Anthony drove past with Netta Brooke at his side.

I hid behind the stocking basket until they were out of sight, and then I flew to my desk and wrote as bitter a note as a woman twice my size could have written, and I sent it to the village post-office that very evening by our little servant-maid

Our little servant-maid is a pretty little maid, with large honest gray eyes, a small red mouth, bright chestnut hair, a pleasant smile, a neat, plump figure, and a remarkably cheerful disposition. And a clever little maid she is, too—can wash and iron and cook, and do a hundred other things; but she possesses one taste which interferes sadly with the performance of her domestic duties—the most insatiate hunger for literature, which she gratifies whenever she finds an opportunity, in season or out of season, morn, noon, or night.

Potatoes and stews are burned, bread, cakes, and pies baked to cinders, doors left open all night, breakfasts delayed, lunches forgotten, dinners served too early or late—all on account of this love of reading which characterizes our little servant-maid.

She nearly drowned baby once, while giving her her bath, by letting the darling's head slip under the water, while she devoured a story in a *Harper's Weekly* she had taken from a table near by. She let my canary escape while she removed his empty seed cup with one hand, and held Helen's Babies in the other, her eyes being fixed on the book. She spilled the soup one dinner-time over papa's immaculate white vest while trying to peep at the magazine he was glancing over. She set the hot flat-iron on our best damask table-cloth, and left it there to indelibly imprint its triangular portrait, while she hastily read a murder case in the morning paper.

She could scarcely be got out of bed mornings, because she was tired and sleepy from reading the book she had abstracted from the book-case the night before, and when she did get up she actually sat before the dreary-looking stove for half an hour or so, intently perusing the various scraps of newspaper with which she should have been lighting the fire.

In short, if she had not been the most devoted, sunny, unselfish, fond-of-us-all little creature, it would have been utterly impossible for us to have stood the many mishaps and disasters that sprang from our servant-maid's devotion to literature. As it was, papa said to her when she drenched him with soup: "Another occurrence of this nature, and you go." And mamma said to her when she nearly drowned the baby: "Really, Eleanor, if any thing as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And I said to her when she freed my song-bird: "The very next wrong thing you do while reading—" and I made a significant pause and looked.

"Yes, miss," said Nellie, meekly, with the tears in her gray eyes, which didn't prevent her, as soon as she reached the kitchen, bursting out with "Why, why, why didst thou leave me?" to a tune made up of a strange combination of "Old Dan Tucker" and "The Russian Hymn."

But with the exception of a turkey nicely roasted and sent to table retaining its crop and one or two other superfluous appendages to a turkey when roasted, on account of "Red as a Rose is She," and forgetting to put the yeast in the bread one night because "East Lynne" lay beside the bread bowl, Nellie had got into no trouble for several months, and had gladly said to me, the morning of the very day I sent that horrid letter: "So, miss, I shall be with you another birthday, after all; and isn't that "Monarch of Minking Lane" lovely? I read a little bit of it when I was dusting the parlor, miss."

Well, to go back to naughty Barbara, standing by the window, and gazing out into the street.

Oh, how my heart ached! How sorry I was for quarreling with my dear, good, splendid Anthony! The first thing this morning, my birthday morning—Last year I was scarcely through my breakfast when he came, bringing me the lovliest set of pearls—he will get my cruel letter, and then, before I can send another to beg him to forgive me, he will have started for that dreadful place away off goodness knows where.

"What possessed me," I said to myself, wringing my hands in despair, "silly, wicked little thing that I am, to break my own heart and wound him so deeply? He loves me, I know he loves me dearly, and he never, never, never would have flirted had I not set him the example;" and I heaved a deep sigh, which was immediately echoed behind me, and turning, I saw Nellie laying the table for dinner, with a most woe-begone expression on her round rosy face; and as I turned toward her, two frightened imploring gray eyes met mine. For a moment I forgot my own trouble.

"Why, Nellie, what is the matter with you?" I asked.

"Oh dear! oh dear! how can I tell you? And out of this house I must go as soon as you know. And I love your ma, and I almost love your pa, and I adore all the rest of you. Oh! oh! oh!"—bursting into sobs and tears.

"Take down your apron this minute," said I, firmly, "and tell me what you have been doing this time."

"Well, miss," said Nellie, giving a great gulp, and coming and standing before me, "you know, miss, last evening I went to the village, and it was an elegant moonlight night, miss; and, oh! miss"—twining and untwining her fingers nervously—"I can't bear to go out into a cold and heartless world. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I got my paper—*The Weekly Roarer Avis*, you know, where they're printing 'The Vow of the Glass Fiend; or, the Glittering, Gleaming Girandole.' And oh! miss, what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I opened the paper in the store just to see how Stephauyer Alveretter got out of the enchanted cave, and I came out into the road a-reading it. Oh, miss, it's most awful interesting!" And Nellie, completely carried away by her subject, unclasped her hands, and continued in as bass a voice as she could assume, "The dragon belched forth streams of fire." And then suddenly changing to a high, shrill tone, "Rudolfer sprang between her and the monster-r-r. 'Saved, saved, saved,' she cried," cried Nellie, at the top of her voice, entirely lost to everything but the "most awful interesting" story.

"Good heavens! Nell," said I, "you will have ma tumbling down stairs, thinking it's tramps. Forget the 'Glass Fiend,' or whatever it is, for a few moments, and finish your own story."

The frightened look came back into Nell's face. "Well, miss," she said, slowly, "I got my paper, and, oh! miss—"

"Go on!" said I, stamping my foot. I had made up my mind never to stamp my foot again, but the girl was so provoking.

"And, miss"—with desperate calmness—"I forgot to post your letter."

I flung my arms around her and gave her a hug and a kiss, promised her a whole year's subscription to the village circulating library, and left her with round eyes and mouth wide open in wonder, while I flew to the door to answer the ring of—

"Barbara Darling," said he.

"Anthony Ditto," said I.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Russia.

"Her vast territory contains not less than 6,750,000 square miles, or more than one-sixth part of all the land of the globe. Russia is connected with the commerce of the world by the Baltic sea with Europe and all countries bordering on the Atlantic; eastward to Japan, China, the Pacific islands, and the entire western shores of our own continent. Her vast territory is traversed with rivers, lakes, and inland seas, through which the commerce of the outer world may be transported into the very heart of the country. A distinguished writer has said, 'It is apparent that nothing more is wanting but the possession of Constantinople, and the control of the Dardanelles, to complete a territorial outline of the most imposing character that earth has ever seen in possession of a single power.'

"She now sustains a population of one hundred millions. In an interesting calculation of Sir Archibald Allison, in which he rejects two-thirds of Asiatic Russia as unproductive, he proceeds to show that if Russia in Europe were peopled as Germany now is, it would contain 150,000,000 souls; if as dense as Great Britain, the number would be 311,000,000. That portion of Asiatic Russia which is capable of cultivation, if populated as densely as Great Britain, will sustain a population of 500,000,000. Thus there is sufficient good territory in Russia to sustain a population, if as densely settled as Great Britain, of more than 800,000,000. Her vast forests and mines will furnish timber for her ships, and iron to bind them together, and fuel for her population for generations to come. The Muscovite empire is in the hands of one dominant race, whose 'social affinities are strong enough to produce one compact national unity.' Russia's military and naval powers, her educational institutions, her rapidly advancing civilization, and the immense influence of the Russian Church in molding the great empire of the north, present the spectacle of an empire hardly equaled by any in ancient or modern times."—*Exchange.*

A Chinese Temple of Horrors.

A traveler thus describes a representation of the punishment of the wicked after death according to the Buddhist theory, which he witnessed in the suburbs of Canton: After a walk of about a mile, we came to the "Temple of Horrors." This is a horrible place—that is, the scenes are hideous. The intention is to represent what a bad man would suffer after death. It is composed of ten different groups of statuary, made of clay, and many of them are crumbling to pieces. The first group represents the trial of a man; he is surrounded by his family and friends, who are trying to defend him; the second, where he is condemned and given over to the executioner; in the third he is undergoing a semi-transformation from the man to the brute; the fourth, where he is put into a mill, with his head downwards, and is being ground up; his dog is by the side of the mill licking up his blood. In the fifth scene he is being placed between two boards, and is being sawed down lengthwise; sixth, he is under a large bell, which is rung until the concussion kills him; seventh, the man is placed upon a table, and two men are paddling him with large, wooden paddles; eighth, he is upon a rack, and the executioners are tearing his flesh with red-hot pincers; ninth, he is in a cauldron of boiling lead; the tenth scene represents him upon a gridiron, undergoing the process of roasting. In all these scenes his family are present; also large figures who represents the judge, executioners, little demons, and various instruments of torture.

British India.

A statistical abstract relating to British India, just issued by order of Parliament, shows that the area under British administration is 909,834 miles, with a population of 191,065,445. The native states comprise 573,052 miles and a population of 48,233,978. Including the French and Portuguese possessions, the total area of all India is 1,484,150 square miles, with a population of 239,970,595 Of the 191,000,000 inhabitants of British India, the religious denominations are given as follows: Hindoos, 139,343,820; Sikhs, 1,174,436; Mohammedans, 40,867,125; Buddhists and Jams, 2,832,851; Christians, 879,682; others, 5,417,304, and "religion not known," 532,227.

GREENWOOD'S MONUMENTS.

Some of the Prominent Monuments in the Celebrated Cemetery Described.

Among the prominent monuments in Greenwood (Brooklyn, N. Y.) is a statue of De Witt Clinton, which is considered a striking likeness. The bronze tablets on either side of the pedestal are illustrated with the great work of the deceased statesman—the building of the Erie Canal. On one tablet the canal is seen in progress—the survey, the excavation and the teams—and on the other the canal in full operation. The bustling scene around the boats and the dock is happily contrasted with the idle group of Indians, who seem to be looking on in sadness at the enterprise before which they and their bark canoes were soon to fade away. The monument to Miss Charlotte Canda, though eclipsed of late years by still more ambitious and magnificent structures, will always continue to be an object of attraction. Time and the elements have destroyed the lustre and the whiteness of the marble, but the beauty of the design remains the same. The tenant of the tomb had a sadly romantic history. Her father fought with Napoleon at Waterloo, and she herself was a reigning belle in New York and engaged to be married, when, on the eve of the wedding, the horses of her carriage took fright on Broadway and she was thrown out against the curbstone and expired soon after at a hotel to which she was taken. The idea of this monument, in its general features, was, singular to say, conceived and sketched by Miss Canda herself, and meant as a tribute to a beloved aunt whose death occurred a few months before her own. She little dreamed the marble design should be made to hand her own name down to posterity. Birds, flowers, butterflies and angels are the marked features of the monument, typifying well the youth, beauty and joyous hopes of her to whom it is dedicated. A few of the lines of the epitaph run as follows:

So vanishes that meteor fair.
The morning cloud in empty air;
So flits on vapory wing away
The diamond dewdrop from the spray;
So fades, so falls, the opening rose,
Snapped timelessly before it blows;
So sinks from sight eve's golden star,
Lost in the watery depths afar—
Yet still does the bright planet burn;
Not hopeless is our Charlotte's urn.
In God's own morn her orb will rise
Once more a star of Paradise.

The statue of Captain Correja, representing that famous old salt on the deck of his ship taking an observation of the sun at meridian, has always attracted attention. When alive he came often to see it, and would listen with the greatest complacency to the remarks passed upon it by wondering strangers. An humble tombstone, transplanted from the old Dutch Reformed church on Brooklyn Heights, bears the name of Edward Nosely, "Master of His Majesty's ship Rhinoceros," He died in 1734. On Locust avenue is the singular monument of "the ancient sisters," Sarah W. Cairns, aged 117 years, and Elizabeth Cairns, aged 100 years. The firemen's monument is a conspicuous landmark in Greenwood. It occupies a very fine site, and consists of a pyramidal column of marble resting on a massive pedestal of the same material, with a granite base below. The figure of a fireman on the summit is well executed. One arm surrounds and supports a child just rescued from the flames, which still pursue it. His right hand holds a trumpet, the attitude being spirited and the general effect good. Upon four of the pilasters of the pedestal and upon its upper surface appear various representations, in relief or in full, of implements and articles appertaining to the fireman's calling—the swinging engine lantern, the trumpet and cap, the hose and hydrant and the hook and ladder. One of the earliest structures in the cemetery was a mound and a monument, which the curious invariably seek for, to the memory of Do-hum-mee, an Indian girl. She was a sachem's daughter, of the Sac tribe of Indians, and came to Washington with her father in a delegation of Sacs and Iowas. Before reaching New York she was married to a young Iowa chief. Here they attracted much notice. Great attentions were lavished on them and balls were held for their special delectation. Poor Do-hum-mee, unaccustomed to artificial and fashionable life, took cold at a midnight hop and death soon closed her bright and brief career.

Highland Revenge.

On the shores of Mull, one of the western islands of Scotland, a crag overhanging the sea is pointed out as the scene of a tradition which would form an excellent subject for either a picture or a poem. Some centuries ago, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a great hunting excursion. To grace the festivity his lady attended, with her only child, an infant then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, fled to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing, but the animals rushed with such impetuosity that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but this punishment was commuted to a flogging in the face of his clan, which in those feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and a fierce desire for revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff protruding over the water. The cries of the agonized mother and the chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expessed his deep contrition for the degradation he had, in a moment of excitement, inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only condition on which he would consent to the restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back and consent to be flogged as he had been. In despair the chief consented, saying that he would consent to anything if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore his insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous position with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and, lifting the child above his head, plunged with him into the waters below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and which still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.

Ages of Prominent Poets.

Dr. Frederick R. Marvin, himself a poet, lecturer and preacher, has prepared a table, which we give below, of the ages of the poets:

Wm. Cullen Bryant	80	Philip J. Bailey	61
Victor Hugo	71	James R. Lowell	58
H. W. Longfellow	71	Walt Whitman	58
Jo. G. Whittier	70	Julia Ward Howe	57
Alfred Tennyson	67	R. H. Stoddard	52
Oliver W. Holmes	67	Bayard Taylor	52
Alfred B. Street	66	Matthew Arnold	51
Robert Browning	64		

"THE GENTLE CRAFT."

Shoes, Ancient and Modern—Shoemakers Who Have become Famous.

Shoes date from a very remote period, and the shoemaker is a relic of antiquity who lived and had his being in very early times. The Jews wore wooden shoes long before the age of Augustus, and sometimes lèather shoes are mentioned. The Jewish soldiers covered thair feet with copper or with iron. The shoes of the Egyptians were of *papyrus;* the Chinese and the Indians manufactured theirs of silk, of bark of trees, of brass, gold or silver, according as their fortune permitted or their fancy dictated. At Rome, as in Greece, leather was the material which covered the feet of most every one. In classical times the Romans wore cork soles in the shoes to secure their feet from water, especially in winter, and as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies, who wished to appear taller, put plenty of cork under themselves. The Roman ladies wore white shoes; the common people wore black, and the magistrates and those of exalted rank set their feet off with red shoes and employed the crescent as an ornament—they were often very costly. The custom of making shoes right and left was common in classical times. Only one instance is drawn of an ancient monument exhibiting shoes with separate heel pieces. The streets of Rome in the time of Domitian were blocked up by cobbler's stalls, which he therefore caused to be removed.

The fashion of boots and shoes has undergone innumerable changes. Under William Rufus, son of the Duke of Normandy, who conquered at Hastings in 1066, a fashion was introduced by wearing long pointed shoes with upturned toes curved like a ram's horn and stuffed with tow. In the fourteenth century they connected these points with tne knee by chains of gold and silver—they were called cracows. Buckles were also worn in this century. The laboring classes wore them of copper. Other persons had them of gold and silver. Not long after shoe rosettes came in fashion. In the last century, the high heels of ladies' shoes became a monstrosity. In our day the general disuse of the shoe proper, and the introduction of short ankle-boots, form the chief change of fashion.

About a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork, in an amusing paper in the *Connoisseur*, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and to be served for supper. "The cook set himself seriously to work upon it; he pulled the upper part, which was of fine damask, into shreds, and tossed them up in a ragout, minced the soles, fried them in batter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu." Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose foot was as pretty as her face, was drunk in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of.

The patron saints of shoemakers are St. Crispin and his brother Crispian, who supported themselves by making shoes while they preached to the people of Gaul and Britain. In compliment to these saints, the trade of shoemaking is called "the gentle craft." The craft is rich in names which have become in greater or lesser degree household property, among which may be found Haus Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg and the friend of Luther, the eccentric Lackington, who, in the title page of his autobiography, says that he came to London with $5 in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of 100,000 volumes; Richard Savage, the poet Bloomfield and his brother, and a whole constellation of minor bards, headed by James Lackington, of the Temple of the Muses; Sir Cloudesly Shovel, the redoubtable admiral; Sir William Reed, the powerful Gifford of the *Quarterly;* the radical Hardy and the astrological Partridge, Sir Simon Eyre, Benedict Bandora, Jacob Boehman, Samuel Drew, George Fox, the real original Friend, William Huntington, John Pounds, John Brand, Hans Christian Andersen, Dr. Carey, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, Dr. Marshman, Dr. John Kitto and many others—all shoemakers before they turned their thoughts and energies into literary channels.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the trade of shoemaker was somewhat comprehensive. He manufactured and supplied ankle leather, shoes, leather hose, bottles, bridle-thongs, trappings, flasks, boiling vessels, leather neck pieces, halters, wallets and pouches.

In the United States the manufacture of shoes has attained the highest perfection, chiefly in Massachusetts, and in Philadelphia, also, the shoe manufacture has attained considerable importance, and the sole leather and the morocco of Philadelphia are far-famed.

The antiquity of the art of leather-dressing dates far back. The seventeenth book of Iliad speaks of tanners preparing skins to make leather of them. Over three hundred years ago the tanners composed a very important body in England. An account is given of a furious quarrel which broke out in Queen Elizabeth's time, between them and the shoemakers.—*Troy Times.*

Legal Courtesies.

They had a very interesting trial at the United States land office, in Los Angeles, Cal., the other day, the case being Ketchum vs. The State of California, with Messrs. Gould & Blanchard as attorneys for plaintiff, and Judge Widney for defense. Mr. Gould called Ketchum and asked:

"What became of Lachenais?"

"He was hanged by Judge Widney and some other persons," said the witness.

Judge Widney quickly arose and drew a pistol from his pocket, and holding the muzzle down, addressed Ketchum substantially as follows:

"You say I murdered a man. You lie, you purjured villain! I was in the county court-room trying a case at the time Lachenais was hanged, and knew nothing whatever about it. If your crowd are armed to assassinate or murder me, draw your pistols and go on."

"We are not armed," said Mr. Gould.

"Then I will put away my weapon," said Judge Widney, "as I will not use it on an unarmed man."

The case then proceeded without interruption until the noon adjournment, when Judge Widney asked Mr. Gould if his party intended coming armed or unarmed in the afternoon, as he would be governed by their action. He said he only wanted a fair show, but did not intend that any one should get the drop on him. Mr. Gould made no definite promise.

Matrimony among deaf mutes has its disadvantages as well as its sweets—at least so thinks the husband in Lafayette, Ind., who, returning home late, found his door locked against him. No amount of pounding was loud enough to arouse his sleeping spouse, and he was forced to smash a window and crawl into his dwelling.

CONDEMNED BY THEIR COMRADES.

A Reminiscence of Andersonville, Told by a Prisoner.

An old survivor of Andersonville in a talk with a representative of the *Evening Post* says: There was an episode during my life at Andersonville that stands out in my memory above all others. While Andersonville developed examples of as noble heroism and self-sacrifice as the world probably ever witnessed, it served also to bring out upon the part of some of the inmates many of the most abhorrent and despicable traits of human nature. The greatest luxury that could be enjoyed by a prisoner was a warm blanket. Yet men were found among the prisoners base enough to rob their fellows of these comforts. A gang of robbers was organized who went around the camp at night and tore blankets and clothes off from sick and dying men, kicking and beating those who made any feeble attempt at resistance. Money was also taken from the prisoners, or anything of value that could be found upon them. In a little while the robberies became so frequent as to be the worst of our troubles. A perfect reign of terror existed, and we did not know what to do. Finally, after consultation, we asked permission of Wirtz to investigate and see who were the perpetrators of these outrages, and punish them. Wirtz granted it, and I thank him for it to this day. We picked out six men for trial before a tribunal of our own selection. It sat outside of the stockade under a confederate guard. A judge, jury, prosecuting attorney and clerk were appointed, together with a counsel for the defence. Evidence was heard from many of the prisoners, and the accused were all identified as among the parties guilty of the robberies. A verdict of guilty was found, and they were sentenced to be hung, and the entire proceedings approved by Wirtz, who ordered the lumber to be furnished us for a scaffold. We built one sufficient for our purpose in a few hours. It consisted simply of a cross-beam, supported by two uprights. A platform was constructed about three feet from the ground, the first plank, laid at right angles with the uprights and parallel with the cross beams directly above it, being so adjusted that it could be withdrawn from its position at a moment's notice. The six condemned men were escorted to this scaffold by a guard of about three hundred prisoners, armed with sticks and clubs. They were placed on this plank. In lieu of the customary black cap we encased their heads in flour sacks.

Notwithstanding this absence of ceremony the scene was an impressive one. The gallows stood near the top of the hill, and nearly all the thirty-eight thousand prisoners were gathered to witness the execution. They maintained perfect silence, refraining from any insults to the condemned, but their hollow eyes, pale, pinched faces, their savage expression of countenance, were a sufficient indication that not one should escape. The ropes were carefully adjusted, with the knot in each case under the left ear, and, by a signal, the board withdrawn from beneath them. There was a drop of two feet, and the bodies swung about a foot from the ground—all but one. The sixth man, a former sailor in the navy, was perceived to have fallen to the ground. The rope had broken.

In an instant he was on his feet. He started to run down the hill. The crowd, comprehending his intention to escape, followed with a wild yell in pursuit. It was a flight for life. He had the start by a few seconds and he made the most of it. I never saw a man run as he did. He went down to the morass with nearly thirty-eight thousand men close upon his heels. Not finding him there we looked up and saw him running up the side of the other hill. We followed. He made for one of the huts or sheds, but as soon as he heard us coming got out and again started on the run. Widening the distance between us he again sought refuge in a dugout, and a second time had to abandon it as we came up. It was twenty minutes before we had him fast. He begged piteously for his life, but we had no mercy. We had to drag him down the hill through the sand, thence through the swamp, and up the other hill to the scaffold. He was held by three men on the platform while the rope was adjusted the second time, after we had spliced the rope. He trembled in every limb. At the given moment the men pushed him from the scaffold, and he swung clear from the ground two feet. The robberies never occurred again.—*St. Louis Evening Post.*

Washington's Prediction.

In the March number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* B. Phillips prints a paper on "Some Unpublished Letters of Washington," and among the letters there for the first time printed is one written by Washington himself, but for and in the name of his wife. In it he playfully speculates upon the time of his own death, and curiously enough guesses within sixteen days of the actual date, although the letter was written in the year 1797. We copy the passage:

"I am now, by desire of the general to add a few words on his behalf; which he desires may be expressed in the terms following, that is to say,—that despairing of hearing what may be said of him, if he really shall go off in an apoplectic, or any other fit, (for he thinks all fits that issue in death are worse than a love fit, a fit of laughter, and many other kinds which he could name)—he is glad to hear beforehand what will be said of him on that occasion;—conceiving that nothing extra: will happen between this and then to make a change in his character for better, or for worse—and besides, as he has entered into an engagement with Mr. Morris, and several other gentlemen, not to quit the theater of this world before the year 1800, it may be relied upon that no breach of contract shall be laid to him on that account, unless dire necessity should bring it about, maugre all his exertions to the contrary.—In that case, he shall hope they would do by him as he would by them—excuse it. At present there seems to be no danger of his giving them the slip, as neither his health, nor spirits, were ever in greater flow, notwithstanding, he adds, he is descending, & has almost reached, the bottom of the hill;—or in other words, the shades below."

Long-Sighted Ones.

It is an interesting fact that there are very few persons in the world possessing a peculiar keenness of vision enabling them to see certain planets with the unaided eye. People with the ordinary power of sight usually see six of the stars of the Pleiades; Kepler mentions one person, who, with the naked eye, could see fourteen, and Littrow another who saw sixteen. Dr. Dawes, an English clergyman and astronomer, was remarkable for his powers of distinguishing very faint spots of light; and Mr. Q. M. Ward, an amateur astronomer, in the north of Ireland, is known among scientific men for having viewed two of the four moons of Uranus with so small and simple a help as a four-inch telescope. In this country, Mr. S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, is noted for the particularly acute vision which reveals to him double stars. The astronomers of other lands often call upon him to decide vexed questions relating to these stars.

A LIFE OF PERIL.

Thrilling Adventures of a Veteran Diver—Corpses, Sharks, and Other Submarine Horrors—A Rub With Death.

The assistant superintendent at the police headquarters in Toledo, Ohio, is "Old Jack" Campbell now nearly sixty-five years of age, and who has been, and still proposes to be, a submarine diver. To a reporter he has related some of his thrilling adventures. He gave a graphic description of the appearance of the first sunken steamboat into which he ever went. It was about two miles from shore that the vessel had gone down. He went into her for the purpose of recovering her cargo. The bodies were of no consequence, he stated. "It is a singular fact," said he in substance, "that the corpses of women in a sunken vessel always lie face upward, while men are invariably face downward. The cabin of the vessel presented a horrid appearance. The bloated bodies all laid up next the ceiling. Some were clasped in each other's arms. One mother had in her arms her baby. A husband and wife were clasped in each other's embrace so firmly that they could not pull them apart.

"I dove once in Mobile bay, where I put over three thousand chains under an iron-clad. The greatest annoyance that we had there was sharks. They didn't hardly dare tackle us because with our armor we looked more like scare-crows than anything else. They would come sailing along and gradually swim up toward us with their great big mouths wide open, but when within a few feet of us they would stop and lay there flappin' their fins and looking, it seemed to me like the very evil one himself. Finally we devised a way to scare them off that never failed to frighten them so that they would stay away an hour or longer before they dare to come back. The armor that we wear is air-tight, you know. Our jacket sleeves were fastened around our wrists with an elastic, so that the air could not escape. By running my finger under the sleeve of my jacket I could let the air out, and as it rushed into the water it would make a sort of hissing noise and a volume of bubbles shoot up. So, whenever those sharks would come prowling around me I would hold out my arm toward them and, putting my finger under the elastic of my jacket-sleeve, I would let a lot of air out and send a stream of bubbles into the shark's face, with a hissing noise like steam from a gauge-cock. The way that those sharks would go scooting off was funny to behold.

"I have had several narrow escapes from drowning," said Jack, as he relighted his ancient and much-tanned pipe, "but about the closest call was when I was workin' in the waterworks crib in Cleveland. You see, much depends on having a good signal-tender. I can tell when some one else besides the regular signal man steps up and takes hold of the line. So can any good diver for that matter. There was the diver that worked for the Lake Shore Railroad Company when they were building the abutments of their new bridge here across the Maumee. He, by the way, was paid $40 a day for 100 days. He was working one day, shortly after he had begun on the job, and I went down to see him. The signal-tender asked me if I would take hold of the line. I did so, and gave it three or four little shakes that a good diver always understands. He immediately answered back, and let me understand that he knew I was there. But I was going to tell you about that narrow escape. I had a signal-tender who didn't hardly understand his business. The mouth of the crib had become stopped up with dirt, and I was clearing it out. I had crawled through the entrance, a sort of a door, and was outside of the crib. My life-line and hose chafed against the top of the door, and all at once when I went to turn around, I pulled my helmet off. There I was out in the water, where in a short time I knew I would drown. I pulled twice on the life-line for the signal-tender to pull me up, but he didn't do it. I felt that I was filling up with water fast, and I pulled again. But still he did not understand. Of course all my armor had filled with water, and as there was no air in it, I was held down by tons' weight. Suddenly George, who I was telling you about, and who had just come down to see me, stepped up and took hold of the life-line, shook it and asked me what I wanted. I had just strength enough left to give two hard pulls, which meant 'Pull me up quick.' George, I afterward heard them tell, yelled to the signal man and told him: 'Help me to pull in that life-line, and pull for all you're worth, for Jack is drowning.' They hauled me up out of there mighty quick, now I tell you, and it took lots of strength to do it, because my armor was full of water. When they got me to the surface I was clear gone, and it was more than an hour before I came to enough to speak.

"The deepest water that I was in was 168 feet. When one is down so low it is hard work to get air. I have had the air-pump manned by six men working with all their might, and still I've been obliged to keep pulling on the life-line and calling for more air."

Jolly Tars on a Land Cruise.

During the autumn of 1836, a first class frigate was paid off at the Washington navy yard—an unusual thing, because it was not a depot. The city was taken by storm by the discharged men, and one may say that business was suspended for a week. A party would hire a hack, fill it, and two or three climb upon the roof, or as they termed it, the deck, and ride about town occasionally stopping at a groggery to "stow ballast."

Of course they attended the theatre. The old National, now no more, was then in its glory. One evening the play was "The Bleeding Nun." When she come upon the stage, and, alluding to the murderer, exclaims: "Alas, he has escaped!"—"No!" sang out a sailor in the pit, "there he is behind that door! we'll catch him for you!" and with that, leading a forlorn hope, he rushed on, captured, and dragged the trembling disciple of Thepsis to the footlights, and the interference of the manager only prevented them from summarily punishing him.

President John Quincy Adams was a warm friend of the drama. At this time he was a nightly attendant. The tars found out, some how or other, that he was in the house, and cheers were proposed. The cheering lasted an hour; when, lo! a commotion was heard at the door, and in comes Jack with a waiter covered with cakes and all sorts of confectionery—after him another, with a waiter of ices—then four or five, bearing waiters with every kind of liquors, all of which were passed up to the President's box. The old man declined as long as he could, but had to partake. Then the provisions were passed around the audience; the play was disregarded, and loud cheering for the crew of the ——— followed. Mr. Adams slipped out as soon as possible, but the theatre was not closed until three o'clock in the morning.

That evening the danseuse came very nigh making her fortune, from the showering of gold pieces on the stage. She danced between the pieces, and was encored thirteen times! The night will never be forgotten in Washington.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Dairy Interest.

From the address of Mr. J. Reall, of New York, before the annual convention of the American Dairymen's Association, we present this extract: Mr. Reall contrasted the prosperity of the dairy industry with other branches of farming, business and manufacturing which had outrivaled all. Cheese and butter were now bringing relatively higher prices than ever before. The export last year to Great Britain, our chief customer, had amounted to 110,000,000 pounds worth over $13,000,000, a large increase over the past, and susceptable of still greater enlargement. Butter had also been exported to the amount of 14,000,000 pounds. It was a known fact that the home consumption is not commensurate with the foreign demand for cheese, but it is because the best grades were sent abroad and the poorest quality forced upon our own people. If the American consumer were given a fine full cream cheese instead of an article skimmed to death, it would become popular as a wholesome and nutritious food. It was the skimmed cheese which naturally lies like a grindstone on the stomach, and give our people the opinion that cheese was indigestible. A mild rich kind was demanded by the home trade and wo ld be appreciated as highly here as in England. In reference to butter a stale article, however fine, was no longer wanted. The public taste had become so well cultivated that fresh flavored butter was demanded at all seasons of the year. To meet this demand the system of winter dairying, so successfully practiced in Illinois where the finest stock is made at all seasons of the year, must be extended. Creameries or the associated plan of butter making must take the place of private dairies, because a much higher price is realized for the product and much waste and labor is saved the dairyman. Besides, all classes should have the opportunity to enjoy fine butter, at reasonable prices, as well as all other articles of food.

Dairying gives its followers both physical and intellectual food. No class think more or discuss more. This was attested by their conventions which should continue to be encouraged. They had been of vast benefit not only to their members but to the entire dairy community.

An important feature of the dairy industry has been the successful establishment of two distinct dairy fairs the past year. One at Meadville, Pa., and the other at Chicago, the results of which would be of lasting benefit. Dairy fairs were of long establishment in England, where two had also been held within the year. In that country the leading men of the nation took a pride in participation in meetings of dairymen. At the fairs, dukes and lords and members of Parliament officiated. The Prince of Wales prides himself on having the finest dairy in England.

Medical Hints.

FOR INVALIDS.—Crust coffee is an excellent substitute for tea and coffee; brown the crusts in the oven, pour hot water on, and let it stand for an hour on the back of the range; use milk same as for other coffee.

FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Burn alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days probably will answer; but take it until cured.

DIPHTHERIA.—Sulphur used as a gargle is said to be a sure cure for diphtheria. This disease is only an accumulation of fungus in the throat, and sulphur is a specific for every species of fungus. If the patient cannot gargle, put the sulphur on a live coal and let it burn under his nose.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—To stop bleeding at the nose, says an exchange, exercise the jaws as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a child give it something to chew—a piece of paper, for instance. The motion of the jaw will soon stop the flow of blood. It is a sure remedy, simple as it seems.

CURE FOR INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.—Live temperately, avoid liquor, take a daily sponge bath, wear flannel next the skin, and take every morning one-half pint of fresh milk from the cow, mixed with a wineglass of the expressed juice of green horehound. A person who has tried this remedy says: Four weeks' use of the horehound and milk, relieved the pains of my breast, and gave me the ability to breathe deep, long and free, strengthened and harmonized my voice, and restored me to a better state of health than I had enjoyed for years. The remedy to be effective must be continued for some time.

To Clean Black Thread Lace Veils.

Many a person has spoiled a comparatively good black tnread lace veil in trying to clean it. Such a veil can be made almost as good as new if you mix bullock's gall with sufficient hot water to make it as warm as you can bear your hand in, and pass the veil through it. It must be squeezed, not rubbed; and it will be well to perfume the gall with a little musk. Rinse the veil through two cold waters, tinging the last with a little blue. After drying, put it into some stiffening made by pouring boiling water on a very small piece of glue; squeeze it out, stretch it, and clap it. Afterward pin it out on a linen cloth to dry, laying it very straight and even, taking care to pin the edge very nicely. When dry iron it on the wrong side, having laid a linen-cloth over the ironing blanket. Any article of black lace may be washed in this manner. Some people prefer to use spirits of ammonia, and it cleans very well.

Wonders of the American Continent.

The *American Enquirer* thus catalogues a few of the wonders of the American continent: The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave, of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The largest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard college for orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. Its length is forty and one quarter miles and it cost $12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

Items of Interest.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

Chicago papers say that no man's life is safe in that city.

Stanley's African name is "The Little Man with Much Face."

The first hours of slumber are the sweetest. If ever a man sleeps the sleep of the just, it is when he's just asleep.

A Michigan paper says Tramps out this way live on the choicest meats. Every one of them gets warm tongue at most every house.

At Tracy City, Tenn., recently, John Mangus, a baker, closed himself up in his own oven and was baked to death—cremated to a cinder.

The Atlanta *Constitution* thinks that the gold yield of Georgia, which is now half a million a year, may be raised to the same amount monthly.

Immense beds of copper have been found at Blue Hill, Me., and in the neighboring town of Sedgwick silver veins of much promise have been uncovered, the ore assaying from $100 to $300 a ton.

The former private secretary of President Polk has been discovered, old and poor, in Santa Fe. He was well acquainted with Andrew Jackson, and relates how he once saw him praying at the grave of his wife.

One of the largest shoe firms in Boston has just concluded an arrangement with the Peruvian government to furnish 35,000 pairs of men's shoes. The firm had previously filled an order for the same government for 10,000 pairs of shoes.

What a beautiful example of simplicity in dress is shown some of the followers of fashion by that domestic animal the cat, which rises in the morning, washes its face with its right hand, gives its tail three jerks, and is ready dressed for the day!

An exchange says a good way to manage a fierce dog is "to seize him by the under jaw, with a stiff thumb under his tongue." As an amendment we would suggest that the dog be a very small one, and not old enough to have any very definite ideas as to the use of teeth.

Gilmanton, N. H., has a lady farmer, Mrs. J. D. Piper, who, though over sixty years of age, owns and manages a farm of seventy-five acres. The past summer she has herself done all her farming, planting, hoeing, harvesting and other farm work, with the exception of haying.

TWO REASONS.

When I kiss thee on thy lips,
'Tis my own love to impart;
For between those sweet rose-buds
Lies the doorway of thy heart,

When I kiss thee on thine eyes,
'Tis to bid thy love-tides roll;
For beneath those velvet lids
Are the fountains of the soul.

A schoolboy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of pins produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. The boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing them."

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call the operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerably easy, but if you're shaving, it goes rather hard."

In 1876 snakes and wild animals in India killed 19,273 persons and 54,830 head of cattle. There were slain 23,549 wild animals and 212,371 snakes, rewards to the amount of $62,287 being paid for their destruction. There were killed by snakes 15,946 persons, by elephants 52, by tigers 917, by leopards 156, by bears 123, by wolves 887 and by hyenas 49. The animals destroyed were: Elephants 4; tigers 1,693; leopards 3,768; bears 1,352; wolves 5,976 and hyenas 1,585.

Walter S. Harley and Robert Fishburne, of Walterboro', S. C., were brothers-in-law. They quarreled in consequence of some opprobrious language addressed by the former to the latter. Fishburne sought to make Harley withdraw the offensive words. He declined to do so, and a challenge followed; they met at a point a few miles from Savanah; Harley discharged his pistol in the air, and Fishburne sent a bullet into Harley's body, inflicting a mortal wound.

A narrow escape from a singular accident occurred in the hunting field in England the other day. The Atherstone hounds, a celebrated pack, were in pursuit of a fox, which tried to escape by leaping into a stone quarry, eighty feet deep, but was killed by the fall. The leading dog of the pack also leaped in and was dashed to pieces, and the others would have followed had not the men employed in the pit, seeing the danger, formed a line upon the brink and driven the dogs back.

Cotton seed some years ago was considered worthless, and immense piles of it accumulated on the Southern plantations. For a number of years it has been utilized, however, and has become a valuable source of income. It yields per ton about seven hundred pounds of cake or meal and thirty-five gallons of oil. The meal is worth $18 per ton, the "cake" from $24 to $28, and the oil in its crude state, thirty-eight cents per gallon. Much f the "cake" is exported

For many years past in an eastern city a letter addressed to "Philip Gregory, Esq.," has been dropped every day into the mail, with no indication of the place of residence of the person for whom it was intended. All began, "My own darling Philip," and ended, "Your faithful and affectionate Mary," and expressed the writer's undying love and confidence that her lover would return. Now suddenly the letters have ceased, and the clerks in the dead letter office at Washington really feel lonesome and sad.

Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed on to the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common silvered sheet glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.

Mrs. Angela Podesta-Onetta died recently in Cincinnati at the remarkable age of one hundred and nine years and one day, after being confined to her bed only three days. For about three months previous she had been ailing somewhat, but she did not take to her bed until the Wednesday preceding her death. Her last hours were painless, and her death came as calmly as if she were going to sleep. Mrs Podesta-Onetta was born Jan. 10, 1769, in the village of Vignoio, Italy. At the age of twenty she was married to Podesta, by whom she had eight children, four boys and four girls. Her second marriage was to a wandering musician named Onetta, when she was eighty-six years of age. When 100 years old she danced all night at a ball in Cincinnati.

The Rain Tree.

Among the many virtues of the eucalyptus or blue gum tree is the property of absorbing moisture, and instances are related in which moist and marshy places have been made comparatively dry by planting trees of this species upon them, although the method of draining has not yet come into general use. There is another tree whose properties are as wonderful as the blue gum. It is the rain tree of Peru; and it is said that moisture drops from its leaves and branches all the time, and that in some instances the ground around it becomes a swamp. It would appear from these facts that by a judicious use of these trees, which are so opposite in nature, the wet places of the earth can be made dry and the dry places wet—that deserts may be turned into swamps and swamps into deserts. The rain tree, whose peculiar property is said to increase in the dry season, might be made useful for irrigation in this State.