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Friendship and Flattery.

I.

When Friendship first came down to earth,
With heart of generous mold,
And soul of truth and heavenly worth,
'Twas in the age of gold.
She taught the love that came from God
For all humanity;
Sweet Pity in her footsteps trod,
With Faith and Charity.

II.

But Flattery, as the world grew old,
Stole Friendship's honest face;
When Truth's stern accents grew less bold,
And Falsehood taught grimace.
Th' indignant martyr did not wreak
Her vengeance upon men,
Nor soar on refulent wing to seek
Her home in heaven again.

The White Czar.

[The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, *Father dear*, and Gosudar, *Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.]

Dost thou see on the rampart's height
That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!
It is not a wreath of mist;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead;
The drums, and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street;
He is awake! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries
Of his people: "Awake! arise!"
He has rent the gold brocade
Whereof his shroud was made;
He is risen! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don,
He has led his armies on,
Over river and morass,
Over desert and mountain pass;
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain chain
Toward the seas that cleave in twain
The continents; his hand
Points southward o'er the land
Of Roomelee! O Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips
"I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these seas
To the Pillars of Hercules!
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free;
It shall make room for me;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarred before my fleets,
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul!
I swear it! I, the Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!"

Henry W. Longfellow, in the Atlantic Monthly.

His Landlady's Daughter.

"Yes, Mr. M'Govern, she is coming home to-morrow."

"No? Really—ah! I mean—exactly—yes!"

"Ah, Mr. M'Govern, if you could know how I've toiled and slaved and pinched that that girl could have an education! I never had no learning myself."

"Precisely—just so."

"And I made up my mind that Annie should be a lady, and she is, sir, she is—"

"Certainly—no doubt. Really the fact is—Would you mind?—I am very busy."

Now the fact was that Mr. M'Govern was determined not to take the slightest interest in the world in his landlady's daughter. And at this moment he was, also, engaged upon a piece of work that not only absorbed all his energies, but apparently presented difficulties that he was not likely to overcome.

The case lay just here. Mr. M'Govern, salesman and commercial traveler for a large dry-goods house, had recently made the acquaintance in an adjacent town, not as large, but fancying itself quite as important, as New York, of a young lady who had suddenly inspired him with the exaggerated sentiment we commonly call love. At least he thought so. And now the problem lay, how to awaken a corresponding emotion in the heart of the fair being to whom he felt anxious and desirous to offer the devotion of a lifetime. If he had been rich, he might have overwhelmed her with boquets such as can only be produced by a metropolitan florist. But he was not rich. On the other hand, if, as he expressed it to himself, he "had been one of those newspaper chaps, who are always saying things and writing things, you know, and walk into a girl's heart when they haven't even a respectable pair of boots, or a shilling to get their hair cut," even then he might have done something. But, as it was, what could he do?

Finally an idea occurred to him. Brilliant in epigram he was not, and certainly could never hope to be; but somebody had surely once said that "genius is only indomitable perseverance," and there was the hare and the tortoise, and the little busy bee, and there was no knowing but that if he gave a month to it he might yet manage to get up something she would like to read—he could certainly write as good a business letter as any fellow in the office. But then it ought to be in rhyme. And here another difficulty presented itself. Her name was Arabella? Yet Petrarch had certainly been in the same scrape; there isn't a word in the language that ends like Laura.

So he set valiantly to work, and on the morning when Mrs. Gibson invaded his sanctum to announce her daughter's expected return, he had got just this far:

"Midst roses fair, oh! lovely Arabella—"

Stop! there was cellar. But how to work it in? And here Mr. M'Govern was met by a difficulty that has oppressed many a great poet.

His landlady had broken the chain of inspiration; besides, it was nine o'clock; he couldn't do better than go to the office, for there was a fresh consignment of goods that he was expected to dispose of. In the evening he would go out and call upon Arabella; which he did, and at midnight he returned to his grimy apartment on Mrs. Gibson's third floor, more in love than ever.

But on the following evening, when he came home from the office, he remembered Mrs. Gibson's announcement, and at the tea table he looked for the young lady in question. Not that he cared what she looked like, but then—"Hum! not a pretty girl, by any means!" but somehow he looked again. There she sat, a soft little body in a grey merino dress, with a pair of very pretty hands placidly folded in her lap. What was the impression she gave him? Ha! he didn't know. Now he had it: she seemed so very, very—funny word, wasn't it? well, there was no harm in thinking it—clean, that was it. Perhaps it was the awful grime of Mrs. Gibson's front basement did it. Contrast is every thing, you know. But ah! she wasn't like the divine, the beautiful—

"Mr. M'Govern, will you have another cup of tea?"

My! what a sweet voice!

Now what was it made the old boarding-house day by day so much less intolerable than it used to be? Perhaps it was the dust; Somehow the universal dust had ceased to assert itself as formerly, and became conspicuous by its absence. Every thing in Mr. M'Govern's room by some magic got into its right place. Inanimate things may be totally depraved, but somehow his showed an evidence of reform that argued the existence of saving grace somewhere. Where on earth were the holes in his stockings? He missed them. Certainly a hole in one's stocking is more honored in the breach than in the observance; but what a peculiar experience for a clerk, in a boarding-house!

One day Mr. M'Govern happened to remember what his landlady had said to him about her daughter's "education." (Poor woman! he didn't wonder some big words bothered her; every now and then he came across one that puzzled him.) It might be that Annie would be nice to talk to. But he must get a safe subject. How would politics do?—here he was tolerably strong himself.

It is a humiliating confession to make regarding one's hero, but no sooner had Clarence M'Govern begun to talk politics with Annie than he speedily made up his mind that the administration of our Republican government was the one thing on earth that he knew nothing about. How humiliating it was! The same thing over again. "If you ain't a rich man or a newspaper chap, what can you do with a girl? They get their heads packed full of things at school that a fellow who's got his living to earn can't know anything about, and if you haven't got any money— This world's a beastly hole!" concluded Clarence M'Govern; and in that statement he embodied the sentiments of many a wiser man.

But in this case it was too bad. Now with Arabella, rich, beautiful and well-born, it was different; but to be extinguished by Mrs. Gibson's daughter! he, Clarence M'Govern—abominable! Was he not a rising man, and were there not indications of good birth in his every feature and in his very name? To be sure, he hated to attempt tracing his lineage; it would bolt up against a tailor's shop in the Bowery in such an aggravating manner. But clearly names sprung from something. Why should his ancestors have been named M'Govern if they had never had anything to govern?—impossible! But such a plebeian name as Gibson—bah!

But there was something very delightful in Annie's society when he kept out of deep waters; and when one day she asked him, very sweetly: "Who is Arabella?" Mr. M'Govern felt that his cup of happiness was full. With Arabella for a sweetheart and Annie for a confidante, what man could want more? The flood-gates of his soul were opened. He certainly lacked the eloquence of that much-to-be-envied newspaper chap; but Annie was sympathetic, and she got a notion of his longings, his doubts, his aspirations, quite as correct as if they had been more elegantly expressed. Then came the story of the sonnet that wouldn't allow itself to be written, and the stupid, uncontrollable, contumacious behavior of that awful pollysyllable Arabella.

"Don't put it in at the end of a line," suggested Annie. "Get over it at once, and have it out of the way."

"Capital!" said Mr. M'Govern. "Could you, Miss Annie, give me an idea, a suggestion, a line or two perhaps?"

"What style will you have it in?"

"Well, something a little like Tennyson, with a dash of Shelley, just a trifle of Swinburne possibly." He had evidently been reading up.

"How would this do?" suggested the accommodating Annie, with a twinkle in her eye that somehow made Mr. M'Govern blush to the roots of his hair.

"Arabella, gaze upon me
With thy soft and gentle eyes,
See the wrong that thou hast done me:
All my troubled spirit lies
Fainting with its deep emotion,
Pulseless as a tropic ocean.
And I seem as one who lieth
Low upon his couch and dieth."

"Beautiful! Go on."

Now the result of all this was that within the next three weeks Miss Arabella received no less than nineteen love poems, all signed "Clarence M'Govern" in that gentleman's best style, with a flourish underneath at least four inches long.

But somehow this partnership in poetry did not seem to agree with Annie, and before long she announced her intention of visiting a friend in the country. She "needed a change," she said.

Curiously now, the holes in Mr. M'Govern's stocking began to re-appear; the dust resumed its normal sway, and the only line of poetry the young man could remember was

"Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,"

which he whistled so lugubriously that one morning, out of pure sympathy, Mrs. Gibson put her head inside his door and whispered, consolingly:

"Lor' bless you, yes, she will, Mr. M'Govern; she's only gone for a month."

Then Clarence began to wonder where his thoughts had been straying; and as poetical effusions were no longer a possibility, he resolved to see Arabella at once, and put his fate to the touch, and win or lose it all.

It was a night of wind and rain and sleet as Mr. M'Govern left the station and approached the Lockwood mansion. Miss Arabella would see him in a few moments, and in the meantime would he wait in the library? Fancying himself in solitude, he selected the easiest chair, and was just composing his address to the fair object of his affections, when a small voice appealed to him pathetically:

"Pleathe, thir, thith ith too thick, it won't twithht."

"What is it, my child?" inquired Clarence, affectionately, seating the small petitioner on his knee.

"I'th makin' lamp-lighterth. Thithter Bella gave me all thith white paper. I wanted new, but she thaid it wath good enough for me; there wath nothing on it but some thilly vertheth that big fool—she thaid hith name, but I forget—had written to her. Don't pinch me tho; I'll thcream."

Oh agonies of unrequited affection! There, curling gracefully around a lamp-lighter, destined perhaps to light one of his rival's cigars, were the tender lines:

"Arabella gaze upon me
With thy soft and gentle eyes."

The rest were gone, unless they might be discovered on the vicious morsel of paper that "wouldn't twithht."

In less than two minutes Mr. M'Govern was in the street. Oh, the dismal, dreary, sleeting iniquity of that night! Where was the station? It had disappeared. Down in torrents came the rain, freezing as it fell; slippery and more slippery grew the pavement; only a cat or some animal with claws could have maintained a systematic perpendicular. Suddenly down went Mr. M'Govern. Perhaps it was a blessing, for the sudden application of cold ice to the back of his head restored his consciousness of where he was, and he turned toward the railway station, having in his excitement wandered half a mile in the opposite direction.

Had that partial bath suddenly cooled his passion? Clarence could not have told, but somehow he did not feel as miserable as he had expected, only very wet, and the ride home seemed interminably long.

Two or three days passed by, and even yet Mr. M'Govern was in a remarkably serene frame of mind for a disappointed lover. A week passed away, when suddenly he began to feel a serious distress in his left ankle. This struck him at once as peculiar, as, according to all precedent, the anguish should have proceeded direct from his heart.

But pretty soon the invisible tweezers of a most malignant imp began to wrench him in the knee; before long the grip was upon his arm; thence it struck to his hip; and utterly in the power of the enemy, Mr. M'Govern awoke one morning and found himself, not like the Philistines dead, but unable to move a limb, and helpless before the eyes of Kitty, the waitress, who, late in the morning, poked her head into the room and inquired if he were ever going to get up.

"Get up?" no! Not for weeks upon weeks did Mr. M'Govern rise from his bed. They blistered him, they poulticed him, they dosed him, they drugged him; but all to no effect. The fever would have its way in spite of the whole materia-pharmacopœia. First of all, they placed him in the charge of a monstrous male nurse, whom Clarence, in his impotent fury, mentally denominated a "great hulking brute," but without whose assistance the unfortunate victim of his attentions could not even turn in bed. How he grew to hate the horrible creature who stood over him day and night! Even Mrs. Gibson's creaking boots and high-pitched voice became a blessing when, in the intervals of her domestic labors, she looked in upon the sufferer. But Annie—if he could have had Annie! Finally, in his semi-delirium he began to call aloud for her; and Mrs. Gibson, whether out of the motherliness of her own heart, or because she had her own ideas about Annie and this thriving young dry-goods salesman—too much cannot be expected of landladies with marriageable daughters—promised him that Annie should be sent for.

At last she came; and whether the strength of the enemy was spent, or whether he did not dare apply his freezing, burning implements of torture in Annie's gentle presence, the demon of rheumatism was exorcised and peace began to reign.

Mr. M'Govern began to fancy that he had lapsed into paradise, such was the glory of convalescence. And Annie was everywhere. Once more the dust disappeared, and Clarence himself witnessed the magical gestures through which it suffered annihilation; he also saw the very process by which all holes depart from a stocking, save the one by which the foot enters it. Annie's fair fingers, that only wrote poetry under compulsion, seemed to luxuriate in the composition of broths and soups and jellies.

And then, while the fresh air of the spring-time stole in through the flowers that Annie had placed in the window, and Mr. M'Govern lolled upon the sofa in all the enjoyment of valetudinarian luxury, a great strife arose in his mind. He was thinking—of Annie? No; of Mrs. Gibson. Could he; could he?—the blood of the M'Goverps!

But when Annie came once more, and her little hands were busy around his refractory pillows, he found he could; and he did.

"Annie, Annie, I love you."

"And Arabella?"

It was a cruel blow, and the spirit of the invalid was roused. Excitement began to gleam in the great hollow eyes, and he had just time to ejaculate, "Confound her!" when Annie's hand was over his mouth, and Annie's soft voice reiterated the doctor's injunction to "keep very quiet." Then, in a meek voice, "Say yes; won't you, Annie?"

"I haven't been asked anything."

"Then put your arm under my head, and let me go to sleep. If you don't, I'll go into a rage, and make myself sick."

Annie did as she was bid.

Some two hours afterward, when Mr. M'Govern condescended to awake, his first distinct articulation was, "And Annie, a-about—your—your mother?"

Annie withdrew her arm, and began to look severe. "Not a word about mother. There isn't such a cook in the universe."

"No; that is true." And sundry visions of the days when he had an appetite began to rise before Mr. M'Govern's eyes. "Annie you are right. She shall live with us."

And Annie, who had remembered what she had suffered from Arabella, replaced her arm, and, like a true woman, answered, "Of course." — *Harper's Weekly.*

Chained Amid the Flames.

A recent fire in a Terre Haute (Ind.) cattle yard resulted in the burning to death of a large number of cattle. A local paper says: The fire had not been burning many minutes until the men were at work taking the chains rapidly off the cattle in both the old and the new buildings and driving them out by hundreds into yards south of the sheds. But after getting into the dry old loft the fire swept over the hay like a flood, licking up the dry boards with a fierce roar. Very soon it was so hot that the stock men had to get outside to save their lives, and abandoned to their fate nearly 200 of the poor beasts, chained fast to the solid beams, standing closely together in long rows. For a short time they bellowed in the agony of the horrible pain, then inhaled the stifling gas and sank down writhing and dying. About a dozen jumped out of the west side. Of these three were seen to swim across the river; a fourth tried to do it, but was so weak that it stuck fast in the mud on the bank. A fifth rushed back into the fire and perished. Among the herd in the yards were many which were conspicuous for their red and blistered backs, and some were walking about with the skin peeled off in scorched tatters. One great steer rushed out of the south end of the building long after it was completely enveloped in flames, bounded through the crowd and staggered away, his eyes burned out of their sockets, his nose burned away, and his whole body steaming like a hot kettle as he got into the cool air. Another, in the extreme southeast corner was unfastened by the fire and was dragged out by the tail, but could not rise, and was knocked in the head. The whole number of cattle lost was in the neighborhood of 185 or 190. They were worth forty to sixty-five dollars apiece.

Some Busy Workers Underground.

It is not generally known to what extent we are indebted to worms for the productiveness of our gardens and fields. It has been found, by a series of experiments carried out by a German naturalist, that the tunnels made by worms into the earth are frequently of much service to plants whose roots occupy the channels that have thus been made. The mold of our gardens, and fields, too, is improved to an almost inconceivable extent by the burrowings of this humble insect. Each worm in less than a week passes through its body its own weight in mold, and the soil thus produced is fine and light, and extremely helpful to the growth of plants. When it is remembered that there are in every acre some 34,000 worms, and that in addition to forming every day about thirty-seven pounds of fine mold, they open up the subsoil and render it fertile, we shall gain some slight conception of our indebtedness to these apparently insignificant and generally unthought-of little workers.

Life-Saving Service.

The general superintendent of the United States life-saving service has submitted his annual report of the operations of that service for the last fiscal year. The report shows that there have been during the year 134 disasters to vessels within the limits of the operations of the service. On board these vessels there were just 1,500 persons. Estimated value of the vessels, $1,986,744; and of the cargoes, $1,306,588. Number of lives saved, 61,461; lost, thirty-nine. Amount of property saved, $1,713,647; amount lost, $1,579,665.

AN EGYPTIAN MARRIAGE.

Curious Customs that Prevail in the Khedive's Kingdom.

The following interesting account of an Egyptian marriage is taken from Dr. Klunzinger's book of "Upper Egypt:" When their young son wishes to have a wife, the father and mother set out in quest of a bride for him. Both young people have also to acquiesce in the arrangement, they cannot be forced, and the marriage is not valid until on the "uncovering and unveiling" the pair feel a mutual pleasure. The search for the bride is generally unnecessary, as in two-thirds of the cases it has been previously settled that the young fellow is to marry his female cousin, and if he has none, more distant relations are applied to, and last strangers.

On the evening of the wedding day is held the marriage banquet, on which great sums are often expended by the more wealthy. Everybody in the place is invited to the house of the bride's parent's. Whole hecatombs (this is often literally correct) of sheep are slaughtered and devoured with a rapidity that has become proverbial with the most voracious appetite. Only the very poorest confine themselves to inviting none but the members of their intimate family circle. In the course of the day the bride and bridegroom frequently take a bath, to which they often proceed in grand procession. The chief festivity does not take place, however, until nightfall. Under the red glow of crackling pitch torches, amid the unmelodious noise of copper hand drums, the joyful toot of a double reed pipe and the hymns chanted by the schoolmasters and other pillars of the faith, followed by half the inhabitants of the town, the bridegroom walks from night prayer in the mosque to his own dwelling. Here the procession halts. The singers form a ring and sing around the hero of the wedding, for whom the marriage torches form an illumination. A transparent vernal down is springing on his full, smooth cheeks; his stature gives hope he will grow for some years still. His voice, as it is heard now and then, sounds childishly delicate or struggles painfully with the voice of manhood. The immature form of youth is clothed in a coat of scarlet cloth for the first time, the manly turban rises on his head, and by his side hangs the marriage sword. Solemnly, seriously and slowly he passes onward in the midst of a few of his companions. The procession halts before this or that house, and the chief personages or musicians are regaled with the sweetened coffee and sherbet, musket shots sound in the stillness of night, till at last his father's house is reached. Hither the bride has already come in another direction from the house of her parents, from the crown of her head to the soul of her foot enveloped in a cashmere shawl, which, like the red coat of the bridegroom, is generally for this day only. She is embraced and almost carried by two wives and followed by a crowd of women and girls uttering cries of joy. The house of feasting is lighted up outside with gay lamps and lanterns, and here the people amuse themselves with the dancing girls, singers and buffoons, or, if more seriously disposed, listen to the mysterious words of the Koran or tire themselves out in zikrs, while the bridegroom mounts to the chambers of the women and lifts the veil of her who has been chosen for him, and when he has never yet seen, unless tormented by impatience, he has already, on the occasion of the procession from the mosque gone through this momentous proceeding in the house of the bride. There she stands before him the little, tender, lovely maiden, her eyes deeply blackened with kohl, her hands colored red, her face dotted over with beauty spots; her tender limbs can scarcely support all her heavy ornaments of gold and silver—her armlets, bracelets, anklets, crowns, hair chains and other trinkets. The doll bride blushes in childish modesty, and, instead of her husband, not seldom wishes—her playthings. He, however, intimates to her, in the name of God, the all-merciful, that he has become her husband. If the bridegroom has had reasons to be satisfied with his bride, the women who have been in attendance on the pair utter cries of pleasure, and the joy passes through the whole house and extends to the people collected below.

Living by Steam.

A theory which has frequently been before the public of late years, and which relates to an important question of domestic economy, has apparently been solved at Lockport, N. Y., and in favor of the theory. The matter refers to the heating of buildings by wholesale, instead of singly, as is now the custom. According to a Lockport paper a large school building, the largest hall in the town, with other rooms in the same building, and forty large dwellings, are all heated by steam made in a single boiler five feet by sixteen in size, and beside this two steam engines, one of them more than half a mile from the boiler house, are run by steam from the same boiler. About three miles of street mains have been laid, extending through fifteen streets and supplied with steam at a pressure of thirty pounds to the inch. The total space warmed by this single boiler is more than one million of cubic feet. The originator of this system claims to have proved that a district of four square miles can be economically warmed from one central point. The company lay the pipes in the streets and collect from their customers the expense of laying the service pipes from the curbstone. The style and expense of the radiators in the houses are determined by the taste or means of the householders. The steam supplied by this company may be put to the following practical uses: "The warming of dwelling houses; the cooking of food; the washing and drying of clothes; the running of steam engines and the extinguishment of fires." Both pure dry steam for heating purposes, and hot water from condensed steam for laundry purposes, are delivered in every dwelling. The apparatus in each dwelling is under ready and perfect control. The condensed steam furnishes to each house an abundant supply of pure and soft water.

The cost of heating buildings in this manner is not given, but it is probably much less than the ordinary expense. The fuel, being used in large quantities, can be bought at wholesale prices, and being used at one central point there must be a saving in transportation, while the saving in manual labor in the care of fires must be very large.

The Batavian Way.

The Malay policemen of Batavia, in the island of Java, are armed with a singular weapon—pitchfork. It is not, strictly speaking, a weapon at all, either of offense or defense. It is the policeman's aid. When at night he meets a drunken sailor, noisy and obstinate, the policeman puts the fork around "Jack's" neck, and makes him walk along. That Jack may move along willingly, the points of the fork are curved inward. If he tries to escape, or moves his head violently, he tears his neck. He may advance slowly, but move he must, and in the way the propelling policeman directs.

Simple Remedies.

In country neighborhoods it is often necessary to send miles for a doctor, while even in the city the family physician is not always to be had on the instant. Therefore it is well to be familiar with the many simple remedies always at hand in every household—the prompt use of which may frequently save pain, and sometimes life itself. Of these hot water probably deserves the first rank, since the facility with which it is to be had is not unfrequently a matter of life or death. In convulsions from teething, or in violent attacks of croup, the physician when he comes will probably at once order the hot bath. The water for this should be just hot enough to bear the hand in for a few minutes, and the patient should be immersed for only a moment or two, taken out, wrapped in a blanket, and the operation repeated as often as necessary. For a sprain, however severe, water as hot as can possibly be endured is among the best of applications, and should be resorted to at once. Hot lye and water is even better than water alone, and a plaster of lye and red mud is in great favor with old-fashioned nurses after the hot lye and water has been used. Salt is another efficient remedy in many cases. Salt water, used as a lotion, is excellent in cases of poisoning from poison oak or ivy, and for the bites of wood or seed ticks. For this it should be strong, while weak salt water is good for weak or inflamed eyes. We know of an old French lady who at sixty was able to read and sew without the aid of glasses, and who attributed the preservation of her eyesight to the regular application of French brandy and salt, night and morning, just before going to bed and immediately on rising. The proportions were a gill of brandy to a teaspoonful of salt—the application to be made with the tip of the finger on the lid of the closed eye, along the lashes, keeping the eye closed until the brandy dried. In households where bodily infirmity or disease calls for hot rocks or hot bottles, a bag of hot salt will be found useful in their stead. The salt should be heated in the oven, and poured into the bag, which is then sewed up. It retains its heat longer than either water or stone, does not scorch, and of course cannot break and wet the bedding. In addition, the fact that besides the heat which it affords, the salt is itself of value as an outward application in cases of neuralgia or rheumatism. A roasted onion wrapped in brown paper or in a newspaper, and laid over the ear as hot as can be borne, will relieve the most intense earache when arising from cold; and we have known it successful where the pain came from a rising inside the head, and other remedies had failed. Slices of raw onion laid on a plate in the chamber of a patient ill with infectious disease, acts as a disinfectant—and we have seen it stated that when the disease was small pox, they turned black and decayed in the course of two or three hours, thus proving how much atmospheric poison they absorb. An exchange is responsible for the statement that sliced raw onions placed under the arm-pits, will relieve sycope; act as an antidote to poison which has been taken internally, while no one needs to be told of their virtues as an antiscorbutic. Wet soda will instantly relieve the pain caused by the sting of a hornet or bee—the explanation being that the sting poison is an acid and the soda an alkali. Of course hartshorn is, for the same reason, even better in such cases; but the soda is often at hand when the hartshorn is not. And when the sting is received out of doors, away from the house, fresh earth will be found to mitigate the pain until other applications can be used. Mustard and warm water stirred together is an excellent emetic, and when ipecac or tartar emetic is not at hand it should be given at once. Warm soapsuds will serve the same purpose in an emergency—when nothing else is to be had—and a life may often depend upon the prompt action of an emetic. Most country housewives are familiar with the virtues of boneset, horehound, wild cherry bark and the like. Many a country beauty dutifully drinks sarsaparilla tea every spring for the sake of her complexion. The success of many a patent medicine is due to the healing properties of these old-fashioned roots and herbs, and where such are needed it is surely better to use them in their purity at home than combined with we know not what nostrums when bought from the druggists.

A Romance From Far Alaska.

A young man who was in Alaska some four years ago fell in love with the only young lady on the island, a girl of fifteen, who was possessed of extraordinary beauty, and whose hair fell below her knees. But he was unable to communicate the "old, old story" to her, for she did not understand a word of English, nor did he speak Russian. In his dilemma the arrival of the priest on his once-in-two-years visit was a godsend, and to him he made known his love. The priest, knowing the young man to be possessed of a high character and a fair fortune, thought it was a lucky chance for the young lady to escape from a life of such isolation, and he willingly persuaded the girl's mother (her father was dead) to consent to the match, but the young lady herself was not to be persuaded. She argued that she had never spoken to the young man who expressed such a desire to be her husband, and only seen him twice, and he had been on the island only forty-eight days; but her objections were overruled, and the marriage took place. After living in Alaska for several months, the young man brought his bride to his home in Cleveland, O. She was astonished at the fashions she saw, and declared that nothing would induce her to wear her hair otherwise than flowing—as she had always worn it. But before twenty-four hours had passed her mother-in-law had persuaded her to try the effect of braids around her broad and shapely head; and now she dresses as much in the fashions as any lady in Cleveland. Last year her husband went to Alaska again and brought home the younger sister, who is eleven years of age, and promises to be as beautiful as the elder. The mother, bereft of both her children, still clings to her home on one of the islands of Alaska.

His Chief Anxiety.

Wednesday evening a boy about eight years old, who had become bewildered down town and whose ear had been nipped by the frost, was taken to the central station to get thawed out and cheered up. The men in charge talked to him in a fatherly way, put liniment on his ear, and the boy seemed to be full of grit. After a time, however, the big tears were observed rolling down his cheeks, and the captain said:

"Why, bub, I wouldn't feel bad. It isn't much of a frost-bite."

"But it shows, don't it?" tremblingly asked the lad.

"Why, yes, a little bit; but I wouldn't care for that."

"Maybe you w-wouldn't!" gasped the boy, "but you h-hain't engaged to—to be married as I am, and that makes a b-big difference!"

They couldn't argue against that, and the boy wept bitterly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Swiss Peasantry.

One million cows inhabit Switzerland. About three millions of people, also; one cow to three people. Each family is entitled to free pasture for one cow on the parish lots. I put the cows and the people into this association because the cows are the wealth of the people, and the word *Alps* means high pasture. A cow is worth here and now, a hundred dollars, gives thirty pounds of milk daily, which produces two hundred-weight of cheese in a season. These cows are driven up the mountains as the season advances, and down when it is time for them to descend, and so they get all there is to be eaten as it grows. Three persons are assigned to every forty cows; they milk them and make the cheese for the whole number of owners, and when the product is sold, the profits are divided among them according to the number of cows of each. The term *chalet* is properly applied only to the lodgings of these cow-keepers, but it is also given to Swiss dwellings generally. The small buildings scattered over the fields are for hay, cheese, and shelter. The cows are petted and carefully attended to. Perhaps none of them became so intelligent as to read their names on a card posted at the stalls they are to enter, as it was jestingly affirmed of my friend Mr. Starr's cows, at Litchfield, Echo Farm. But each canton has his *Ranz de Vaches*, a melody that the peasant sings on the hills and respond from the vales, which is merely a cow-call; in German a Kuhreihen; "rows of cows" in English, because they come in a row in answer to the call. As the making of butter and cheese is the great business of the people, the raising of grass for winter feed is a matter of prime importance, and to it they bend all their energies and ingenuity. The smallest and most obscure spot where grass can be made to grow is carefully tilled, and the produce transported on the back or head of the peasant, man or woman. Where we would think it unsafe to go, they work without fear, and are satisfied with the pittance of hay they carry to the barn.

The Swiss women work in the fields, but the men are not idle. They are ingenious as well as industrious, making the works for watches by hand, carving wood into the most fantastic as well as useful shapes, turning out toys for foreign children, and doing anything to earn a little money. The time was when Swiss men hired themselves freely to the kings of other countries as soldiers, but they have ceased to seek money by such pursuits. They are wide-awake to the education of their children, and we meet the girls and boys going from school with their satchels filled with books. Many of the young men go to foreign cities seeking their fortunes; and the financial, scientific and learned world, has often heard of their bankers, and merchants, and scholars. The teachers of Switzerland have their conventions, and are quite as enthusiastic in improving the modes of education as teachers in the United States.

They take pains to make their dwellings comfortable, and some of them are models of neatness as well as convenience. But there is the same difference among them in this matter as in all other countries. The thrifty people keep things in good order; repairing, enlarging, embellishing, and making such improvements as their taste and means permit. The number of new houses going up is surprising. One would think something had occured to give a new start to business here, when it is depressed elsewhere. But the less thrifty and more shiftless of the people have the house, the barn, and the cattle shed all under one roof. How is it possible for the family to have health in such circumstances? The women, exposed to the weather and many hardships, have complexions almost the color of leather, and very few of the peasant women, whom we see in the fields or the streets, are in any sense good-looking, but, taken as a nation, the poor people show plainly that they are hard-worked and ill-favored.—*New York Observer.*

A One-Legged Railroad.

The "one-legged" railway in the Bradford (Pa.) oil region is attracting a good deal of attention. The construction of the road is simple, rapid and easy. On the hard ground logs six feet long, and from a foot and a half to two feet in diameter are placed at right angles to the line, and from twelve to fifteen feet apart, the distance varying. In these logs vertical sawed posts, fourteen by fifteen and one-half inches, are dovetailed and wedged. These verticals vary in height, and by their length the grade of the road is regulated. On the top of these verticals the horizontal pieces to which the rails are spiked are laid, with their ends squarely against one another. These sleepers are ten inches by fifteen and one-half in thickness. By a proper arrangement of vertical and horizontal pieces of timber, the timbers on which the rails are laid are kept firmly in position, and two wooden rails, three feet and a half below the top of the iron rail, and twenty two inches apart, are spiked to the vertical posts. Across streams and swampy ground piles are driven. On this one rail a saddle-shaped car is mounted and supported by two wheels, double flanges. The gondola car now mounted on the portion of the road completed is twenty-two feet long, nine feet wide, and weighs over 7,000 pounds. The car is a double-decker, there being room for freight in the body of the car and on each side of the saddle. Twenty-two inches below a plane tangent to the upper wheels, at the lowest point of their circumference, four smaller wheels are placed in a horizontal position, and in the same plane, their circumferences being twenty-two inches apart. These run against the wooden guide-rails, and keep the car in position. The wheels are attached to standards connected with the iron framework of the car.

Twenty Impolite Things.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Talking when others are reading.
4. Cutting finger nails in company.
5. Joking others in company.
6. Gazing rudely at strangers,
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. Making yourself hero of your own story.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
11. Leaving church before worship is closed.
12. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
13. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
16. Not listening to what one is saying in company.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
20. Laughing at the mistakes of others.

"Surely you must be tired, aunty. I can't think how it is you are able to work so long." "Lawks bless you, my dear, when I onst sits down to it like I'm just too lazy to leave off."

An Extraordinary Escape.

In the winter of 1873 a very unseaworthy merchant sailing-vessel (a Siamese), the Tye Wat, set out from the north of China to Siam, with a cargo of bean-cake, etc. The weather became excessively stormy, and at last the old vessel actually went to pieces many miles from land in the Gulf of Pe-che-le. The crew consisted of eight Malays, who worked the ship; the captain, an Englishman; and in addition was one Chinese woman. They had no boats on board, no time to make a raft or means of doing so; and, as the vessel was rapidly sinking, the wretched people looked around in despair, when a hope of escape struck one of them as his eye lighted on a large wooden water tank which was on deck. This tank was strongly made, about six feet long, five feet across and five feet high, with a large hole at the top into which a man could squeeze, and a tight-fitting cover. There was not a moment to lose; a hole was bored in the bottom to let out the water it contained, then quickly plugged, and all ten squeezed themselves in hurriedly, put on the lid, and awaited their fate. In a quarter of an hour after they were thus packed the ship sunk under them. They first whirled round, and then floated off freely, and felt themselves rolling and tossing about frightfully on a stormy sea. The weather was intensely cold—so much that the icicles had hung from the rigging of the sunken ship the day before; and being so tightly packed, perhaps it was fortunate the weather was so cold. In their haste to save life, they had brought only part of a ham which the captain had snatched up, and a bottle of brandy; and thus these poor creatures were tossed about from day to day, hungry and thirsty, jostled like potatoes shaken in a barrel; now and then, when they dared, letting in a little air by raising the lid. The situation strongly reminds one of Gulliver in his box when the eagle carried him out to sea from the land of the Brobdignags.

On the fifth day the Malays said they must kill and eat the English captain; but the Chinese woman (to the credit of her sex) vehemently opposed them, and succeeded in saving him for that day. On the sixth day the Malays said they must eat her; but the captain in turn saved her for that day. It is difficult to imagine a more horrible situation than that of this poor Englishman, surrounded by eight starving men, determined to eat him—which they certainly would have done had not an English vessel rescued them on the seventh day. It happened thus: The captain of that vessel sighted a large box tossing on the waters, and at first never thought of minding it, only supposing it part of some wreck, as the weather was so bad; but as he looked, to his utter surprise a head popped up through a hole in the centre and then vanished, to be followed by another figure, making frantic gesticulations. With much difficulty this strange box was got alongside, hauled up, and its poor inmates dragged out to light, barely alive, and emaciated fearfully, finding the man-hole easier to pass out of than to get into; which was reversing the fable of the weasel who got into the barn. The captain of the rescuing vessel was a kind Englishman, and did all in his power to restore his guests. They were still in the Gulf of Pe-che-le, and did not reach the port of Swatow sooner than six days, where a doctor was called in to visit these liberated "Jacks-in-a-box." He said they were a singular proof of how much human beings can endure. All lived and recovered perfectly. Certainly they were all young people. The Malays went home. The English captain went to Singapore, and showed himself really grateful to the poor Chinese woman who had saved him from the jaws of the Malays—*Chambers' Journal.*

Camel's Hair Shawls.

One of the most popular, if not the most popular, of ladies' wraps is the camels' hair shawl. These shawls are made of the wool of the Thibet goat, which is a native of the mountains and valleys of Tartary. From the mountain goats come the coarser wool, while the fleeces of all the animals are sent to Cashmere, where they are cleaned, spun and dyed. After the yarn has been carefully sorted it is given to the weavers, who are furnished with the designs to be followed, and these designs have been changed but very little during the lapse of ages. The labor upon a single shawl is very great, as sometimes a shop full of operatives is busy upon it for an entire year, and although the District of Cashmere can produce 80,000 shawls in a year, the yield from its looms falls far short of that number. There seems to be no exclusive market for their sale, and the consequence is that merchants in Calcutta or Bombay find them constantly accumulating on their hands, and it often happens that an American commission house will receive an invoice of these shawls, which they endeavor to dispose of to dry goods dealers. Large consignments are sent to London, where they are annually sold at auction, and where agents from all parts of the world come to buy. As the purchases are all based upon private opinions, the estimates made vary widely, and the agents often ruin the houses for which they act. In spite of the panic, there has been a steady increase in the demand for cashmere shawls. They are being sold, however, for less than their cost, and this is due to the fact that there has been a gradual accumulation of them. Leading firms are selling camels' hair shawls today at a price which, if the cost of transportation and importation were removed, would hardly, if traced back so far, allow a margin of $15 for what may have been the work of several people for months. Shawls that many years ago would have cost the importer $150 are now being sold for $50 over the counter. Consequently, where one shawl a day was considered a good show, half a dozen a day, during the busy season, are what firms dealing in them now attempt to sell at retail. In consequence of the present unprofitable nature of the business, the Cashmere manufacturers have almost ceased making shawls. America at present ranks as the country importing the largest number of shawls, and Boston has the credit of disposing of more, proportionately, than any city in the world.—*Ex