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Where?

Where does the winter stay?
With the little Esquimaux,
Where the frost and snow-flake grow?
Or where the white bergs first come out,
Where circ les make haste to sprout,
Where the winds and storms begin,
Gathering the crops all in,
Among the ice-fields far away?

Where does the summer stay?
In distant sunny places,
Where they spin the cocoa thread,
Where the generous trees drop bread,
Where the lemon groves give alms,
And Nature works her daily charms,
Among the rice-fields far away.

—*Mary N. Prescott in St. Nicholas.*

The Lost, Lost Days.

Aye, happy are the nodding flowers
That, tasseled hang from yonder tree;
Their leaves all beauty, wear their gold
In summer crowns of purity.
But man, oh, man, what costly tears
Bedew thy cradle, as thy grave;
What griefs enseam thy course of years
And break the rest we vainly crave.
It pain would be the nodding flowers,
Which one bright summer morn arrays,
Then in a wintry noon of life
Sit down to count the lost, lost days!

Aye, happy are the bursting buds,
Aye, happy are the birds of song;
'Tis only man whose discontent
Disturbs the earth with railing tongue.
He mourns for childhood's artless joys,
And youth's and manhood's visions fled;
While by the embers of old age,
He mumbles only of the dead.
Whence is it that frail man alone
Should fill the earth with grievous lay
Always a story of regret.
And wasted life, the lost, lost days!

Pause, listen to that singing bird,
He trills not for a vague applause;
He but obeys his Master, God,
And sings in cadence with His laws.
I hate the bitter lies of art,
Melodious fraud that fills our ears;
The servile school where men are taught
To mould in song pretended tears,
I fain would be the bird who sings
With fearless throat, his honest lays,
Nor heeds nor knows to-morrow's dawn,
Nor yet regrets the lost, lost days.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"I am not sure that it redounds much to our credit. I will tell it, however, as a warning."

So our guest, answered an inquiry made by a young and, it must be confessed, somewhat conceited member of the little party gathered together one winter evening around our dining-table.

"Hang the credit!" that person replied. He was rather uplifted, for he thought he had that evening won distinction in the sight of a lovely pair of eyes, then wasting their sweetness in the drawing-room. The owner of the lovely eyes had been a widow for some years; she was rich, elegant and clever. There was a humorous wrinkling about the mouth of our middle-aged guest, as he answered:

"Hang the credit! So I can say now with a light heart. Then the credit was of more importance to me. However, you shall judge. You have heard," he went on, turning to the gentleman who headed the table, "that in the early days of our settlement we were a wild lot. Large fortunes had been made by the first settlers; and it got abroad at home that gold was to be had simply for the asking. Adventurers poured in. The native war brought in adventurers of another kind—men whose lives had been played out in the old country, and who were ready for any kind of devilry. Oh! I can assure you there was at times a singular collection in the settlement. I could tell you one or two tales that would surprise you. This, however"—turning to the person whose remark had provoked his tale—"is not of so desperate a character."

You must understand that, at the time of which I speak—things are much changed now—we had neither library, nor theater, nor concert-room, and were driven, now and then, to queer devices for killing time. Some few of us took up with practical jests but, after a time, even these palled. Every one in our community became so wide-awake that the most artfully-constructed scheme broke down. If it did succeed, on the other hand, the vengeance taken was so dire as to be alarming. We were sorely in need of a pastime.

It happened that, at this time, a young solicitor whom fortune had not favored at home, taking it into his head that competition was slaying his talent, determined to try his fortune among us. He was certain—and he was not far wrong—that in such a community cases for litigation would abound.

He was slightly acquainted with one of my friends, and wrote to him of his intention, asking him at the same time to be so kind as—in the poor fellow's own words—"just to let the people know, you know, that I am coming."

The letter was shown about, and that same evening my friend and I, with two or three others whom we let into our secret, went out together, armed with large pieces of chalk. In the morning there was much questioning in the community, for on every bit of boarding, every blank wall and gate, was posted up in gigantic letters: "He is coming."

Again and again were the notices expunged by indignant householders. Again and again were they imposingly reproduced. The police were set on the watch; we either browbeat or bribed them. People began to think that there was something mysterious in the business. We, of course, kept our own counsel, and, at last, one fine morning, a second advertisement appeared. It was to this effect—"He has come."

In the interval our friend had heard again. "I shall arrive by steamship Benares," our solicitor wrote. "I hope you have let the people know." We had let the people know to some purpose. It began to be rumored abroad that a joke was on foot, and the whole community flocked to the landing-place.

To preserve the delusion we had paved the jetty with scarlet cloth, and decorated it with flowers. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor, my friend and I put off in a small boat to receive and bring to shore our distinguished guest.

He was a small, delicate looking man, with a face as refined as that of a woman. I had slight prickings of compunction when I met him. He was so delightfully frank and confiding. "I say," he said to his friend, as we neared the decorated landing-place, "do they expect any swell?"

"They expect you, my dear fellow," was the reply. "I let people know, you know."

"You must be a jolly hospitable set. But what am I to say to them all?"

"No necessity to say anything. Just bow as you pass through."

"Oh! I scarcely like—"

"You must, my dear fellow, you must. Not to acknowledge this brilliant reception would stamp you at once as a churl."

The young fellow's color rose. He was as shy and sensitive as a girl, but rather than appear ungrateful he would have gone through any ordeal, and presently—oh, dear! I can see it now—he was stepping out on the scarlet cloth and bowing graciously to his right hand and his left.

No need for us to wink and nod behind his back. It was understood that a butt was being brought into the community. The bows were gravely returned; and as, like an honorable bodyguard, we formed round the new-comer to escort him to his hotel, the crowd that had gathered to receive him fell into procession behind us.

It was the cold season, and we called on him the next morning to take him for a ride. He was full of his pleasant reception, and anxious to become personally acquainted with those who had so interested themselves in him.

"Oh! you'll know them soon enough," my friend said. "Shouldn't wonder if you find when you go back, that half the community has been calling on you." And sure enough, when he returned, there was his table heaped high with visiting cards. His eyes glistened.

"I've heard that people abroad were hospitable," he said, "but, upon my word, this kind of thing I didn't expect."

My friend glanced over the heap of cards.

"Ah!" he said, "The most influential names. They don't often call on newcomers. I suppose you impressed them favorably yesterday. Sharp set of fellows, too! You had better lose no time in returning their civility."

"I will make my return calls this afternoon," he said, warmly. "Can you give me an idea of the addresses?"

"No need. Everybody knows everybody here. You have only to ask. I wish I could accompany you, but I shall be busy this afternoon."

"So shall I," said I, "but we will look in upon you later."

"Oh! and stay to dinner, do!" replied our young friend, and we readily agreed.

To one of us, as it happened, the offer of a dinner was not a thing to be lightly treated.

We were not surprised when, at the proper hour, we made our appearance, to see the young new-comer look weary and depressed. He brightened when he saw us.

"So kind of you to come!" he said. And presently—"Either I must be stupid at understanding directions, or everybody does not know everybody in your settlement. Such a wild-goose chase as I have this afternoon!"

"What!" cried my friend with well-assumed surprise. "You didn't find them?" And his voice so clearly commented, "You must be a foolish fellow!" that the young man's color rose.

"I must have another try," he said.

"But was not this strange? I showed one of the names to a member of your police force. He directed me to the road leading out of the settlement, and I walked on for about an hour, expecting of course to reach some house. All at once I found myself at the cemetery."

My friend laughed. "That man was a wag; not a doubt of it. However, wait a few days till you know the place better."

As you may have guessed, more than half the cards, dropped by our orders at the young man's door, bore the names of men either dead or departed. But a long time passed before he found this out; he might have never found it out at all, but for—however, I must not anticipate.

To give in detail the practical jokes we played on our new-comer would be impossible. One I must tell you, for it very nearly had a tragic ending.

Two or three of us had started with him on a shooting trip up the river. It had pleased one of us, his first friend, to feign a deep melancholy, from which our new-comer sought in vain to rouse him. The young fellow spoke to me in private on the subject. "Our friend," he said "ought to be watched. Men in his state of mind have been known to do strange things." I, of course, encouraged his fear. We were neither of us then much surprised when, one evening, the melancholy man, after hastily wringing our hands and murmuring that "it could be borne no longer," leaped into the river. What followed helped me afterward to understand the sequel of this story. Without a moment's hesitation that brave young fellow threw off his coat and boots, and dived after his friend. He was not a strong swimmer, however, and that little trick was near being our last. When we fished him up he was half drowned.

He rose in our estimation from that moment, though it was not in the nature of things that we could give up our diversion, and we were still plotting against his peace when hazard called me away from our settlement to a little place at some distance. I went willingly, for the house at which I was to be entertained was presided over by a young lady whom it always gave me great pleasure to meet. She was the daughter of the merchant I went to see; a bright, clever and intelligent girl, and to my taste peculiarly handsome. It had struck me, moreover—no harm in confessing it now; there is an age, you know, when we read volumes in a smile—it had struck me then that the beautiful Eleanor Hartley had a special kindness for me.

But on this occasion it seemed to me that something was wrong with Miss Eleanor. She sustained her part in the conversation only with effort. She was languid and depressed.

"This detestable climate is telling on her," was my conclusion, and I outdid myself in my efforts to be amusing.

At such times, as we know—if, that is to say, we are not born talkers, like our friends of the Emerald isle—there comes the moment when everything is used up. Neither joke, nor pun, nor lively anecdote will visit the distressed brain. Nothing remains but to choose between naked commonplace and doleful silence. To me, one evening at dinner, such a moment came. Up to that time (for our host was a silent man) I had done all the talking, and Miss Eleanor's eyes had often mutely thanked me. I could help her now no longer. In the silence that followed on this dreary conception she raised her gentle voice. What a plaintive look there was in her face! How hard she was trying to be animated; and how I felt for her! Happy thought! Had I been alone I should have cut a caper. It struck me all at once that I had not yet told them about our new-comer and the tricks which we had played upon him. This, if only properly managed, would afford of food for laughter and amusement for days.

"Oh! by the by," I began, "I have not told you about the new fellow who arrived at our place the other day."

Certainly Miss Eleanor's eyes were fixed on me with an interest such as she had not hitherto accorded to any of my stories, and, thus encouraged, I proceeded boldly, telling them, only with much more gusto, what I have just told you, about the letters and advertisements, the dead men's cards and the false suicide. I was so much taken up with my own cleverness that I did not notice the way in which my story was being received by my hostess. Judge, then, of my astonishment and dismay when, as I ended with an inane little chuckle, she suddenly burst out:

"And you call yourselves men! Do you know what I call you?"

"My dear Nellie!" said her father.

I was speechless. She fixed her eyes on my face, and the position, I assure you, was a singularly uncomfortable one.

"I call you cowards," she went on, "and—and—" evidently she was at a loss for an expressive word.

"Miss Hartley," I said, deeply penitent, "if—"

"Pray say no more," she answered coldly. "Papa, I will leave you to your coffee."

I did not see her again during my stay, which, as you may guess, was not prolonged beyond the time absolutely necessary. This abrupt and mysterious interruption of an acquaintaneeship that had promised to prove interesting cut me up more than I can well express.

I returned to my own quarters, where, as I presently found, events of an exciting character were under discussion. Miss Hartley, I was told, had come to pay a visit to her married sister, who lived in our settlement. As we were not cheered by the presence of any unmarried ladies, this was, of course, an occurrence of the first magnitude. But further, a large dinner was to be given at our club, to which all the ladies and our new-comer were invited. He had been persuaded that the dinner was given in his honor, and was to be beguiled into making a speech, from which much fun was expected. I threw cold water on this scheme. I was afraid, you see, that Miss Hartley would see in it another malicious trick and be further incensed against me. But once a ball of such sort is set rolling, it requires a hand of peculiar force to stop it. Mine was not able for the feat, and my friends arranged their plan of action without me. After all, I think I was not sorry that he should make a fool of himself publicly before Miss Eleanor. It would be sure to destroy any sentimental liking she might have for him, so I held my peace, and the eventful day came on.

How nervous I was that evening! I remember I was obliged to call in the assistance of one of my friends to adjust my necktie, and he was obliging enough to tell me that I looked as yellow as a guinea. A comfortable assurance truly, when I had wished to look my very best, for I had not seen Miss Hartley since my unlucky story, and I wanted to make my peace with her. But when, with an apology on my lips, I drew near the sofa where she was sitting, I found, to my infinite regret, that no apology was necessary. She was as friendly in her manner as ever. She was exquisitely dressed that evening in—well, I can't exactly say what—some dead white material, that fell in delicious folds about her stately figure. That girl could always dress herself to perfection. She looked superb. Beyond a doubt, she was the queen of the party; certainly we all felt as proud of her as if each one of us had been her father or brother. She did not speak to our new comer, and this relieved me. But at the dinner-table I felt a little more uneasy. She and he sat at opposite corners of the table. It seemed to me that she was quietly watching him, from time to time, and at such moments there was in her face a wonderful light of happiness and pride. I understood it all presently.

The long dinner passed dessert was on the table; the usual toasts had been given and responded to. Then my friend rose, and in a few serious words which, as some of us knew, veiled a real irony, proposed the health of the youngest man at the table, our distinguished guest, whose arrival had been so long anticipated and so eagerly hailed.

All drank the toast, and there followed an awful pause. Every eye, Eleanor Hartley's among the number, was fixed on our new comer. He rose to his feet, and I ventured to glance at her. All was explained.

Oh, woman, what a strange being you are! Soft and yet triumphant was the beautiful face of our queen. She was bending a little forward; her eyes glistened; you would have said that she was listening to some exquisite melody.

About him, too, there was a change. I was excited, and, of course, what I saw and heard was colored in my mood, but I could have declared that the young man's form had expanded, and that an indescrible dignity had crept into his gestures. He stood upright, his voice was clear and unfaltering; he did not shrink from, he rather courted, the multitude of glances that were bent on him. As for his speech—sir, I have knocked about pretty much, as you know, and now and then at dinners and elsewhere I have knocked up against distinguished men, but I have never heard a speech to match this one. In substance it was a review of the time he had spent in the settlement. To hear him one might have believed that he had seen through our practical jests from the first, and, while seeming to be their victim, had been quietly amusing himself at our expense. Its manner, the delicate irony, the wit, the forcible piquancy, I should be glad indeed to reproduce, but of such an effort I am incapable. Here was a turning of the tables! My friends were bewildered; those not in our secret applauded vociferously. I alone knew who it was had planned the triumph; and I was not surprised when, a few days later, it was rumored abroad that Eleanor Hartley and our new comer were engaged to be married. Rumor, for once, told a true tale. Before that cold season was over I was invited by Eleanor Hartley's father to his daughter's wedding.

"And I would wager," said the gentlemen who had asked for the story, "that my lady kept him in order."

"On the contrary," replied our guest, "she was a model among wives—devoted, adoring. I believe she thought that man half divine. Well, poor fellow! he was always delicate, and, after two or three years of happiness, he died."

"And his wife?"

"I think you have met her."

"What! She cannot be—"

"I see that you have guessed. Thank me for giving you a peep into the character of Eleanor Walthingham."—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A Cold Winter Foretold.

The muskrat has been heard from just in time to prevent embarrassing mistakes. His architecture is of the lofty, Mansard roof variety, indicating plenty of cold to the square inch during the winter. Now, stock up your wood piles, for this is a sure thing.—*Sauk Rapids Press.*

The mountains are full of yellow jackets this summer. They sting the horses and cattle till the poor animals become furiously desperate. They gather about a person in the woods, as would a swarm of mosquitoes. If you let them crawl over you and bite pieces of flesh out of your hands and neck without attempting to brush them off they will not sting you. The average human being, however, feels irresistibly inclined to brush them off, and so gets unmercifully stung. Trout fishing has some days been unendurable, because a myriad of yellow jackets would cluster around the fisherman, and for every nibble received from the trout they would give him a dozen bites. Woodmen or railroad men who have happened upon nests have been stung so badly in instances, they were unable to work for a day or two. The butchers are compelled to feed these wasps with refuse meat in a certain portion of the shop, in order to keep them from covering the cutting blocks. There are hundreds and thousands and millions of them everywhere in the mountains around Truckee. They effectually kill off the flies. It is rare sport to watch their maneuvers when catching flies. They swoop down upon their victim as a hawk does upon its prey. Their aim is generally unerring, and the fly is carried off to the yellow jacket's nest. It is said to be an old and true saying among backwoodsmen that the more yellow jackets there are, the harder will be the winter. This being true, the winter will be about 5,000 times more severe than any of its predecessors. Thermometers will be entirely inadequate to mark the cold, and snow-plow men will not lack employment.—*Truckee Republican.*

A woman bearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves" put up some, but afterward told a neighbor they were not fit to eat, and she might as well have thrown her sugar away.

SNAKES IN HORSES' EYES.

Several Instances of this Kind on Record what the Horsemen Say About It.

A horse was recently discovered in Philadelphia which has excited much interest owing to the fact that he has a snake in his eye. The reptile is described as about three inches long, as big round as a pin, white in color, and without the aid of any artificial means can be plainly seen wriggling and twisting and swimming about within the ball of the eye, like a fish in an aquarium. The horse was raised near Rochester, N. Y. The "snake" in his eye was discovered twenty-one weeks ago last Sunday. It was then considerably smaller than it is now, but there has been no perceptible increase in its size during the past five weeks.

Mr. I. H. Flint, of this borough, says that when he lived in Bucks county, some years ago, his hostler called his attention to one of his horses, which was similarly troubled. The hostler regarded it as curious but not important, as the horse was not unfavorably affected. The snake was very small and white and could be plainly seen swimming on the lymphatic or liquid portion of the organ, apparently within the pupil and behind the cornea. It did not affect the animal's eyesight, either at that time or afterward, and Mr. Flint did not regard it as a matter of sufficient moment to be investigated. The horse retained his health, and he neither knows how the snake came there nor how it disappeared.

The medical authorities are divided in opinion as to the cause of these snakes or, rather, worms. Parasites of this kind are found in the tissues of many animals, and in the hog they are often so numerous as to render the flesh unfit for food. An instance is cited of a round worm, peculiar to the horse, which was found in the anterior chamber of a horse's eye as far back as sixteen hundred and something. Other instances are on record, but they are very rare. How the worm gets there has never been satisfactorily determined.

Judge Francis Hopkinson read a paper in the Philosopical society at Philadelphia on September 26, 1783, in which he says:

"A report prevailed last summer that a horse was to be seen which had a living serpent in one of its eyes. This worm was of a clear white color, in size and appearance much like a piece of white bobbin; it seemed to be from two and a half to three inches in length, which, however, could not be exactly ascertained, its whole length never appearing at one time, but only such a portion thereof as could be seen through the iris, which was greatly dilated. The creature was in a constant, lively, vermicular motion, sometimes retiring so deep in the eye as not to be seen at all, and at other times approaching so near to the iris as to become plainly and distinctly seen; at least so much of it as was within the field of the iris. I could not distinguish its head, neither end being perfectly exhibited whilst I viewed it; and, indeed, its motion was so brisk and constant as not to admit of so nice an examination.

"The horse's eye was exceedingly inflamed, swollen and running—I mean the muscles contiguous to the eyeball—and he seemed to be in great pain; so that it was with difficulty the eye could be kept open for more than a few seconds at a time, and I was obliged to watch favorable moments for a distinct view of his tormentor.

"I believe the horse was quite blind in that eye, for it appeared as if all the humors were confounded together, and that the worm had the whole orb to range in; which, however, was not of a diameter sufficient for the worm to extend to its full length, as far as I could discover. The humors of the eye were beginning to grow opaque, like a chilled jelly, and soon afterward became altogether opaque, we are informed."

Some of the most experienced horsemen in Norristown say that while small worms are occasionally found inside of the eyelid they never heard of one being found in the eye. The late Dr. Jones, of this borough, once extracted a small red worm from a horse's eye, but it had suddenly entered from the outside. In all cases where the worms have remained any time the eyes have become very sore.—*Norristown Herald.*

Marshal Saxe and the Blacksmith.

Marshal Saxe, the most famous general of the last century, prior to the appearance of Frederick the Great, was a man of remarkable bodily strength, of which he was far prouder than even of his well-earned fame as a commander. To astonish those around him by straightening a horse-shoe, or bending a bar of iron, was his greatest delight; and for a time his superiority in this respect was as unquestioned as his skill in war. At length, when a brief armistice between the French and English armies enabled the marshal to invite some of the British officers to dine with him, he entertained his guests by untwisting the links of a chain, and challenging them to do the like. The English general modestly disclaimed any pretension to rival his excellency's strength, but added that there was a Flemish blacksmith in one of the adjacent villages who might perhaps be capable of doing so. Saxe, kindling up at the bare thought of any man presuming to be as strong as himself, eagerly inquired where this athlete was to be met with, and riding thither next morning with several of his officers, bade the smith bring out one of his best horse-shoes. The man obeyed, but Saxe broke it with one wrench of his powerful hands, and treated a second and a third in like manner. "This is but poor gear of yours, my friend," said he; "it won't stand wear. However, I suppose it must be paid for." So speaking, he threw him a French crown. The smith took it between his finger and thumb, and cracked in two like a wafer. The marshal produced a second and athird, which shared the same fate. "This is but poor money of yours, mein herr," said the smith, grinning; "it won't stand wear. However, I suppose the cracked money must pay for the broken horse-shoes." The officers could not restrain their laughter, and Saxe, although somewhat mortified at having met his match, at last showed his appreciation of the smith's performance by enlisting him as farrier to the headquarters staff.

Charles Lamb vs. a Dog.

Charles Lamb's enjoyment of a long ramble, and his (usually) excellent powers of walking, are here denoted. He was so proud of his pedestrian feats and indefatigability that he once told the Cowden Clarkes a story of a dog possessed by a pertinacious determination to follow him day by day when he went forth to wander in the Enfield lanes and fields; until uneudurably teased by the pertinacity of this obtrusive animal, he determined to get rid of him by fairly tiring him out! So he took him a circuit of many miles, including several of the loveliest spots round Enfield, coming at last to a by-road with an interminable vista of up-hill distance, where the dog turned tail, gave the matter up and lay down beneath a hedge panting, exhausted, thoroughly worn out and dead beat, while his defeater walked freshly home, smiling and triumphant.

She Wouldn't Understand Him.

Coming down on the K. and D. M. R. R., the other day, a benevolent old gentleman, finding the car crowded, ambled up to a woman who was occupied by a baby, and in return was occupying two seats, one for herself and the infant to sit on, the other, with the back turned, for a bandbox and a few of the inevitable parcels which a woman always carries, because she always buys valises too small to hold what she wants to travel with, or travels with so many wants that she can't find valises enough to hold them.

The benevolent old gent ambled up to this woman, made his best bow, laid his hand on the seat facing her, and asked if it was occupied. The woman's look, as she glanced at the bandbox and parcels, said that it was, but her voice said "No," and the b. o. g., not being accustomed to reading looks, slid into the seat and beamed pleasantly on the lady. Presently silence grew monotonous, and the elderly individual, amid the clatter of the wheels and the rattle of the pails, spoke up and said:

"How old is your baby, mum?"

"Thank you, sir," said the woman, with a cold stare, "I can hold it myself."

The benevolent old gent was annoyed and slightly confused, but he recovered himself and said:

"Just so. I don't doubt that. I was inquiring about the number of years that s passed over its little head."

"Its ears," shrieked the woman, as she glared fiercely at the old man. "Its ears don't pass over its little head. They are not as large as yours, you"—

"Gracious goodness! madam," said the old gentleman, wishing he might slide out and be unobserved. "I—you misapprehend me; I simply asked the young person's age."

"Young person. Person. You. Oh you old brute. Call my baby a person. Oh, where's the conductor, where's the brakeman, send for the engineer, send for—"

"The deuce!" jaculated the old man, breaking out in a cold sweat and for the smoking car. And his remark sounded so peculiar that somehow everybody smiled.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A Blast-Furnace in Central Africa.

Mr. Stanley gives the following account of the manufacture of iron from ore on the banks of the Lualaba river in Central Africa, in his book "Through the Dark Continent:"

At Wane Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. Here were the broad-bladed spears of Southern Ureggs, and the equally broad knives, of all sizes from the small waist-knife an inch and a half in length to the heavy Roman sword-like cleaver. The bellows for the smelting furnace are four in number, double-handled and manned by four men, who, by a quick up-and-down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consists of tamped clay raised into a mound about four feet high. A hollow is then excavated in it, two feet in diameter and two feet deep. From the middle of the slope four apertures are excavated into the base of the furnace, into which are fitted funnel-shaped earthenware pipes to convey the blasts to the fire. At the base of the mound a wide aperture for the hearth is excavated penetrating below the furnace. The hearth receives the dross and slag. Close by stood piled up mat-sacks of charcoal, with a couple of boys ready to supply the fuel; and about two yards off was a similar smithy, where the iron was shaped into hammers, axes, war-hatches, spears, knives, leglets, armlets and iron beads, etc. The art of the blacksmith is a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants. The people have much traditional lore, and it appears from the immunity which they have enjoyed in these dismal retreats, that from one generation to another something has been communicated and learned, showing that even the jungle man is a progressive and improvable animal.

Words of Wisdom.

In every human countenance is either a history or a prophecy.

The vigorous idea keeps warm though wrapped in few words.

The heart has its reasons, which reason does not apprehend.

Would'st thou know the true worth of time? Employ one hour.

Happiness only begins when wishes end, for then content comes.

The world is up-hill when we would do, down hill when we suffer.

There is real love just as there are ghosts; every person speaks of it, few persons have seen it.

We should gain more by letting the world see what we are than by trying to seem what we are not.

Among those who labor for future happiness, he is greatest who lives well in his own household.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word.—*Robert Herrick.*

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of characters; even that of disinterestedness.

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

That family is the best who obtain not unjustly, keep not unfaithfully, and spend in a way that produces no repentance.

The mind is nourished at a cheap rate. Neither cold, nor heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise. Give, therefore, all you can to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age.

Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valor, which should be lifted up to such a height that holding all things under itself it should be able to maintain its greatness even in the midst of miseries.

Expressing the Message.

A writer to the Boston *Traveller* tells how the President's message was once, before the days of railroads, "expressed" from Providence to Boston—a distance of forty-two miles—in one hour and forty minutes.

It was done in this way. Post-boys were stationed along every mile. The message was tied around a whip-stick; the fleetest horses were selected, and the best riders. As the post-boy saw the messenger coming he started, got his own horse well going, and as the messenger overtook him he rode alongside, grasped the whip and urged his own horse to his highest speed; at the end of the mile delivering to the next. And so the process was repeated, the entire forty-two miles.

The message in the case was carried in about the time it takes the regular mail to go on the train between the two cities.

"How quiet and lovely!" remarked the tourist. "Surely, this might be a spot the poet had in mind when he said: 'silence reigns.'" Guide: "Ah! and ye may say that same. And thunders, too, yer honor!"

The Humming Bird.

The appearance of the humming bird s utterly unlike that of any other living creature. We are admiring some brilliant and beautiful flower, when there suddenly appears before us a small, dark object suspended, as it were, between four short, black threads, meeting each other in a cross. For an instant it shows in front of the flower; again, another instant, and, emitting a momentary flash of emerald and sapphire light, it is vanishing, lessening in the distance as it shoots away to a speck that the eye cannot take note of. Indeed, the little atom of life comes and goes with the rapidity of a gnat or a dragon fly. Audubon tells us that the small size of the ruby humming bird renders it impossible to follow its flight with the eye for more than fifty yards. A person standing in the garden will hear the humming of their wings, and see the little birds themselves within a few feet of him at one moment; the next they will be out of sight and hearing. Gould tells us that the tiny creature lives in the air, like a gnat or a butterfly. It often mounts up the towering trees, and then shoots off like a little meteor at a right angle. At other times it will gently buzz among the flowers upon the ground. The next moment it is hovering over a diminutive weed, and then it is seen at a distance of forty yards, whither it has vanished with the quickness of thought. Prof. Wallace has devoted a considerable period to minute study of the habits of the humming bird, and has come to the conclusion that it is a tropical swift, or swallow, modified in a long course of many generations from its original ancestor, but retaining its old characteristics of an essentially insect feeder. It is true that down to the time of Buffon it was believed that the humming bird lived solely on the nectar of flowers, but since then it has been ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt that it feeds largely, and in some cases wholly, on insects. The birds have been seen in winter picking dead flies out of the webs of spiders. Bullock, in Mexico, and Waterton, in New Guinea, saw them catch small butterflies, and found their stomachs filled with insects. Those who have watched their habits have observed them sitting like fly catchers on a twig, darting off and returning. Mr. Goss, one of our most accomplished naturalists, tells us that all the humming birds have, more or less, a habit when in flight of pausing and quickly turning in the air. "That the object of these quick turns," he adds, "is the capture of insects I am sure, having watched one thus engaged pretty close to me. I observed it carefully, and distinctly saw the minute flies which it pursued and caught, and heard repeatedly the snapping of its beak. My presence scarcely disturbed it, if at all." Moreover, is seems that however long may be the bill of the adult humming bird, the young bird has a little, short, broad, triangular bill, like a swift. It is evident, in short, that the swift is, to use Mr. Wallace's words, a pure aerial insect hunter, and that its short, broad bill and wide gape are essential to its mode of life. The humming birds, on the other hand, are floral insect hunters. They seek their prey among the gorgeous masses of creepers that hang from bough to bough in the trackless forests of the tropics. They dart in and out between bud and leaf, between blossom and stalk, as the dragon fly flits among the sedge and bulrush. But the fiction that they subsist on honey and nectar alone must be banished, like other pretty fables, to the region of myth. The humming bird is as ravenous a creature in its way as the robin. No doubt a robin in winter, when the ground is hard with frost, will not despise bread crumbs; but his real delight is in a caterpillar, or a fat earth worm, or a little plump slug. Similarly the exquisite, dainty humming bird is a carnivorous being.—*London Telegraph.*

Glassware at the Paris Exposition.

The display of glassware in the exposition (writes a correspondent) can only be described as being almost superhuman. Such a wonderful crystal exhibit has never before been seen. The delicate workmanship and artistic taste shown in their decoration and forms has been greatly advanced in beauty—if such a thing were possible—by a new process, by which they are made to reflect the colors of the rainbow—this, too, by disregarding the principles by which the flat side of a prism or a precious stone is made to reflect those colors. In these specimens of brilliant glassware showing prismatic colors, there is no alteration of form for the purpose of producing that effect. But there is the magnificent temple made entirely out of cut glass, which is really a thing of beauty—one upon which the eye loves to rest. The height of this interesting specimen of crystal architecture is about sixteen feet. The dome itself is five feet in height and eight feet in diameter, supported by fluted glass columns, nine inches in diameter and ten feet in height, with carved caps and pedestals, fashioned like elaborately-finished Grecian marble columns. This temple is surrounded by a glass fence eighteen feet in diameter and thirty inches in height, composed of glass pillars on heavy glass pedestals or bases, supported by six glass posts, each thirty-two inches high twelve inches square, and surmounted by a richly shaped glass vase. The beauty of this temple cannot be described—it will have to be left to the vivid imagination to obtain a idea of its effect.

In the British department there were exhibited three glass vases, with black background and exquisitely raised white figures, beautiful beyond description. The prices of them respectively were $500, $4,200 and $12,500. In the French department were immense plate glasses, over half an inch thick, thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet high, so clear that one is apt to walk through them if not warned.

An Authentic Sea-Serpent Story.

A correspondent tells the following sea-serpent story in the Boston *Transcript*: In 1851 I was on the voyage from India to New York, and in the South Atlantic, the ship being becalmed, we saw a sea-serpent lying apparently asleep on the water something more than a mile away. It was some thirty feet long, with numerous curves or humps rising out of the water, and its large head and mane slightly raised. Its motion was only what was caused by the slight swell. The water was perfectly smooth but for the swell, and we could see the whole form and length of the monster with perfect distinctness.

If the ship had been making any headway we should have brough home a well-defined and authenticated story of the sea-serpent, for all hands saw it. Being calm we lowered a boat and pulled for it, quite up to it in fact, to find—a monstrous piece of kelp, two rods or more in length, tapering to the end, at least five inches in diameter at the thickest, and with something, either leaves or roots, which made, at the distance we first saw it, an excellent head and mane. We cut a section from the beast, which was about five or six inches in diameter as well as I can remember, and more than an inch thick, being hollow like a bamboo. As I said, at the distance of a mile it was as nice a specimen of the sea-serpent as any man ever saw.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A large number of counterfeit United States trade dollars are in circulation in New York.

Dr. Blodgett, a missionary in China, estimates the number of deaths by famine in North China at 10,000,000.

The prize for the best bale of cotton exhibited at Paris has been awarded to Memphis, Tenn. The same bale received a grand testimonial as being the best ever raised in the world.

Christopher Columbus has not altogether been forgotten. San Francisco, San Jose and other Pacific cities recently celebrated the 368th anniversary of the discovery of America.

Santanta, the noted Kiowa chief who was sent to the Texas penitentiary about 1871, found his confinement unendurable and, after failing to cut himself so that he should bleed to death, recently threw himself from the third-story porch of the hospital and accomplished his purpose.

At Jamaica, L. I., a man shot a quail in violation of the game law. His neighbors threatened to inform the authorities, but he got the start of them by going before a magistrate and himself lodging information against himself. He was fined ten dollars, which he paid. He then demanded half the fine for giving the information, and five dollars was returned to him.

At the Ophir mining shaft in Nevada, two streams of water of considerable size (about such as would flow through an inch pipe) are turned in near the top and allowed to fall to the bottom, a distance of over 1,500 feet. This shower of falling water not only greatly cools the air, but also forces it out into the 1,500-level and adjacent portions of the mine.

Swindlers have no hearts. Just as men have been found in this country mean enough to rob the yellow fever sufferers, so in England a number of rascals have been making money be begging for subscriptions for the relief of the women and children made widows and orphans by the Princess Alice disaster. It is consoling to know that several of them who were caught received sentences which astonished them.

Postal cards give rise to peculiar troubles. A Rochester lumber dealer mailed a card to a discharged clerk, accusing him of swindling, and the clerk has obtained a verdict of $450 damages, based on the publicity of the charge while passing through the mails. A similar case is on trial in Pittsburgh, the plaintiff being a sewing machine agent, to whom his employer addressed an accusation of improperly retaining money. An Omaha clergyman publishes a card complaining that he frequently receives advertisments of wine printed on postal cards, and, as he is a total abstainer from strong drink, the impression might be wrongfully created that he is a buyer of the wine. A Boston landlady sends bills on postal cards to former boarders, accompanied by urgent requests for payment. One of the recipients began a suit against her for libel, but withdrew it, his lawyer advising him that, as the communication was a simple request to pay a just debt, he had no legal grievance. A Kansas City girl jilted her lover, and he retaliated by writing her amorous letters on postal cards. She did not invoke the law, but put a rawhide in her pocket, lay in wait for her annoyer, and whipped him.

He Had His Suspicions.

An elderly man wearing blue jeans, spectacles and a puzzled expression, stood on the corner of Fourth and Olive Tuesday afternoon for nearly an hour, gazing around abstractedly. Finally he stopped a gentleman who was passing and inquired:

"Stranger, who am I; or, rather, where am I?"

"You are on Fourth street."

"I had my suspicions. This isn't the right place. You see, I'm a stranger in the city—never was in St. Louis before."

And he started off, saying he had promised to meet a man on Fourteenth and Olive—"a splendid chap."

"Look here," said the gentleman, "do you know the man well?"

"Just met him this morning—not intimately acquainted, you see; but he's one of the nicest fellows I ever saw." And he trudged away.

About six o'clock in the evening the gentleman happened to run across his spectacled friend again and inquired whether or not he had found his new acquaintance, whereupon the old fellow raised his glasses slowly and remarked:

"Stranger, I have my suspicions. I lent this man twenty-five dollars this morning, and he promised to meet me on Fourteenth and Olive at five o'clock this afternoon and return the money, but he wasn't there, and the worst of it is, he is a minister of the gospel, at least he told me so, and he had a Bible. Good evidence, hey?"

"Well, my friend, you'll never get your money. You've been swindled by a sharper."

"Think so? I've had my suspicions. Fact is, however, I don't care so much about losing the money as meeting the old woman—she's up there in a boarding-house," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. "I tell you, she's a mouser and will find it out. Then won't there be a muss, though? I have my suspicions."—*St. Louis Republican.*

"The Chance of the Fork."

In no towns in the world, perhaps, except those of China, is the value of little things better understood than in Paris, and particularly in that essentially Parisian branch of industry which caters for the hungry man. Even in the lowest quarters of Paris people must dine, just as they must in the boulevards and the Palais Royal; but the modes of dining are so different, that they might belong to two different worlds. The expensive dinner has often been described, and in these days of quick traveling, when Paris is only eight hours from London, dining there is as familiar as dining in London; but few people have ever penetrated into the nooks and corners where customers measure their appetites by centimes, and very frequently can only gratify them in an unpleasantly intermittent manner.

In these establishments, plates of meat can be had for two sous (a penny), and one of vegetables for a half-penny, while some of the meats combine with the chance of getting something good to eat, the thrilling possibility of getting nothing. This is playfully called *l'hasard de la fourchette* (the chance of the fork), and consists in the player taking one shot for his money with a two-pronged fork into a seething caldron, and bringing up whatever he is able to stick the fork into. An old hand often succeeds in landing a succulent fragment of something unknown, but a novice finds the coveted morsel evades the prong, and leaves him despondent and dinnerless.

A Chinese Dentist.

The native dentists are the merest charlatans, and practice as magicians and curealls. They insert artificial teeth of the sea-horse, which are kept in place