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The Safeguard.

A baby crept to his father's knee,
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he,
And his little head fell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand, so soft and fair,
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said that when men drew near
To fierce temptation or deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or perilled their souls for worldly gear,
By a way unknown an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land,
Into the light of a nobler life.

The story is true for the world to-day;
We see no white-robed angels mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forget to pray—
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand,
The hand of a little helpless child.
—*Elizabeth W. Denison, in Sunday Afternoon.*

The Cause of the Rain.

Away by the shore of the ocean blue
In peacefulness known to the lonely few,
The wife and child of a sailor true
Lived and toiled together.
Full many a weird and pleasing tale
Was told the boy, of sea and sail,
Of floating berg and northern gale,
Of clear and cloudy weather.

Adown the west the king of day
Was hastening through the gates away,
In all his golden bright array,
When home returned the skipper.
At evening, strolling on the sand,
He told the boy of many a land,
And slowly traced with his brawny hand
The cross and the starry dipper.

'Twas midnight, and, unfit for rets,
The boy stole softly from his nest
To watch the moon in clouds of the west
Play hide and seek with the water,
To laugh at the wind in its wild, wild race,
And again the stars of the heavens to trace;
But he thought that the dipper was out of place,
And veiled Andromeda's daughter.

The sea was mad, for the wind was high,
The huge black clouds would soon go by,
But down fell torrents of rain from the sky
And woke the sleeping skipper.
And suddenly long and loud laughed he,
When the voice of his child broke forth in glee,
"Oh, father! the king of the northern sea
Has upset his starry dipper."
Emily Blake, in Boston Transcript.

How They Came Together Again.

"Now, Kitty, you don't mean so!"

"I do, Will."

"Then give me back that ring."

Quick as thought off came the ring from Kitty's tapering finger, and in another moment it flashed in the palm of Will Graham's hand. Then the two looked at one another aghast, as if a precipice had suddenly yawned between them.

"Time to leave the grove! Cars coming," said a voice, nearing them. "Oh, Kitty, quick, if you don't want to be left!"

And her sister, Nellie Barton, who had been searching for her, came forward to grasp her by the hand and hurry her off to the picnic train waiting for the flushed and tired party from the city.

"Hang the train!" said Will, reflecting afterward that it would be rather a hard thing to do. "What am I to do with this ring? I would like to crush it under those locomotive wheels. And Kitty! What have I done!"

The sequel was, that Will, sauntering along, was too late for the train, and had the pleasure of walking into town, ten miles.

"Good enough for him," said the vexed Kitty, in a thoroughly feline way, as she missed him in the train, pretending not to look for him, and yet constantly darting sly glances in every direction to see if he could be near. "Good enough for him," she said, when the cars started. More tender thoughts came at last. "Poor Will," she finally murmured; "when he comes round to-night, I'll make him comfortable in that big arm-chair in our parlor, and will fix everything all right. But will he come round?" A look at her naked finger sent a shiver over her, and the precipice yawning between her and Will in the grove seemed to yawn wider. "What have I said and done to Will? I wonder if he'll come to-night."

No Will came. The big arm-chair looked empty enough, and Kitty felt like tying a piece of crape to it. Will reached home thoroughly tired out by his walk, and thoroughly disgusted with himself for his treatment of Kitty.

"Fool," he said to himself, as he dropped asleep. And that was just what Kitty said to herself. They were foolish. At the picnic party there had been a little jealousy and then a little slighting of one another. Kitty thought Will cruel, and so the end was that Will walked ten miles that night with a plump little gold ring in his pocket. Both went to sleep, saying in self-accusation, "Fool!"

Both woke up with intentions to make reparation the next day. It is easier though to make a break in the dam than to mend it. When Will Graham went down to his late breakfast, he found a short but peremptory letter waiting for him. It was war time. Will was a lieutenant in his regiment. The letter was a summons back to his post, for the enemy were reported to be intending a serious demonstration. Every man must be in his place. The sentences of his letter ended sharp as pistol-shots, and Will was off by the next train. He sent a message by a lady friend to Kitty that he wanted her to write and he would as soon as possible answer it, and that she must not think anything of what had happened. Would she forgive him? he asked. But the lady friend, who chanced to be visiting in the place, was suddenly hurried home by symptoms of approaching sickness. The sickness proved fatal, and Will's words found a grave with her. As for Kitty, she wrote a note before leaving her room that morning saying she was sorry, and gave it to a little boy to drop in the office. The game of marbles played on the way sent into happy oblivion all thought of his errand, and when he did think of his note, he couldn't find it. It probably dropped out of his pocket in pulling out a bag of marbles and was finally picked up by the next enterprising chiffonier that went round crying "Rags, rags."

Will wondeerd why after his message, Kitty didn't send a letter, and Kitty wondered why after her letter, Will sent no message. The result was that a certain pretty little finger went minus a gold ring.

It was a weary autumn, and wearier winter Kitty thought, that followed. The dead leaves whirling in the wind never seemed so mournful, and the snow never seemed so much like a shroud.

"No Will," she said, "these long winter evenings! Nothing but war reports sounding like batteries going off all the time.'"

"What is the matter with Graham?" said Will's mess-mates, as they ruminated after dinner on the subject of his depression, sending up their inquiries toward the tent roof through dirty rings of tobacco smoke. And Kitty's friends wondered why she was so dull and averse to society.

"Oh, father and mother are both feeble and need me," she said.

Three weary years went by; Will having no heart to come home. In the meanwhile, Kitty married and left the place.

"Gone to T—," some one said; "married a rich old fellow that she didn't heartily love, all for the sake of making her father and mother comfortable."

It was just about so, but only when Kitty had grown heart-sick waiting to hear from Will. Reading at last in the evening paper that Lieut. Graham had been killed, she gave up all hope. She made a grave as she thought for the old love and gave herself away to a rich old friend of the family, a Mr. Carleton.

"'Twill be a good thing for father and mother," said Kitty. Mr. C—took his young bride to the city of T—. In two years, Kitty, found herself a widow. Mr. Carleton had been a kind husband, and Kitty though unable to give anything like a hearty love, sincerely respected him. Love, however, is a plant that can't live on respect alone. Kitty's affection had been given to somebody else, and that somebody else, though Kitty did not know it, was still alive.

"Almost dead," said Surgeon Dale to Will; "they say you were found after that last little skirmish. The bayonet wound you received in your eye, will finally, I am afraid, cause you to lose it. At any rate, you must wear a green patch for a long time."

Will's health recovered sufficiently to allow further service, and at the end of the war, he was sent home with a gold eagle on the shoulder and a green patch over the left eye.

When Will reached home, he said to himself, "The young woman who once wanted the little gold ring I carry in my pocket, surely won't want it now if she must take the green patch with it."

And sure enough, she didn't. Kitty's old home was as empty as a robin's nest in October. He heard heard she had gone somewhere and was a widow.

Col. Graham was rich, and why shouldn't he marry? Many a girl would have put up with that green patch for the sake of his warm heart and manly character. Add money, and the green patch was very attractive. In one little clique where Will moved, it is a wonder it was not adopted as a badge. But those works of green were never carried, though assaulted by many a fair raider. Will was given up at last, and venomously reckoned as a "crusty old bach."

The soldiers' orphans, and also the poor women that the war left penniless widows, knew the green patch, however, as the sign of a warm-hearted man who made children happy with candy, and their mothers happy with coal.

As a handsome little property in the city of T—, fell to him one day, the colonel concluded to move there. The property included a big, hospitable old mansion just suited to his tastes. It lay in a large garden. The trees were not close up to it, smothering it, but stood at respectful distance, so that the sunshine could pour around the old house depths of gold-color, bringing health and life. To outsiders in the street, so thick were the intervening trees, it seemed like a nest stowed away in the green foliage. Around the house went a broad piazza like a white ruff of the olden times about a lady's neck. Back of the house, there were long slopes of grass leading down to a river. In June, this river went like a minstrel past the mansions bordering it, singing beautiful songs of the summer as it purled along. At sunset, this princely troubadour brought out of his treasures all sorts of precious stones and spread them on the water's surface to tempt away his lady-loves wandering on the river's banks. Within the house, the rooms were of generous size, and yet cozy in their arrangements. The hall, furnished after the English style, was an ample, comfortable retreat, ever open to all soldiers whose stumps halted at the colonel's door.

"Oh, mamma," said little Kitty Carleton, now three years old, and Kitty Barton's only child, "somebody's tum, somebody's tum, over dere. See in de garden!"

Sure enough as Mrs. Carleton looked out of her windows, she saw that the adjoining mansion we have described was indeed occupied. Strolling under the trees she saw a finely-formed, stalwart man. The stranger turned his face toward Mrs. Carleton's home. "See," said little Kitty, "something geen in his eye."

"It is a green patch, darling, on his eye. It must be a poor soldier. Kitty must love the poor soldiers."

"I will, mamma, and won't you?"

"Yes," the widow replied, hardly conscious of any reference to the gentleman walking under the trees. "As long as I live," she said to herself, going to a drawer and taking out Will Graham's faded picture. "There, I thought I had got over that. It was never buried, after all. No, there are no graves for a true love."

Mrs. Carleton soon found that Kitty and the gentleman whose eye appeared habitually in green, were great friends. She would call upon him and bring home flowers or candy or toys. One day Kitty said she had found out his name, the name of that "nice" gentleman.

"What is your lover's name?" said Mrs. Carleton, smiling.

"It's a ham, mamma; some kind of a ham—Gayham."

"Graham, you must mean, child."

"And he's been a sojer; and somebody tame to see him and talled him Will."

"Will Graham, and a soldier. Well, that is a coincidence," thought the mother. And Kitty said she had told the strange man her name. "Kitty Barton Tarleton."

So that the colonel thought he had got hold of a coincidence. "Kitty Barton! Well, it can't be she!"

And Mrs. Carleton said, "Will Graham! It can't be he!"

Both wished from the inmost depths of their souls it might be so.

For several days the colonel missed his little pet. "Seem's to me the colonel's fussy," said his housekeeper, "wondering why that child don't come over, and saying every five minutes he must jest step over and see if she's sick. Tho', sartin, I do remember I've seen old Dr. Gay's gig there twice. I'll tell him, or he'll fidget into a fever."

"Is it the little girl, or do you suppose it is her mother?" said the colonel, emphasizing the mother. "I should hate to have the little girl sick;" and he added to himself, "I might feel worse if it were the mother. There, I will call over to-morrow and get light on this mystery."

"Do I s'pose it is the mother," said his housekeeper, vigorously. "I don't know nothin' about it. There," Mrs. Timmins said, away in the recesses of her own consciousness, "that man has been peekin' out of the blinds at that child's mother. He's old enough to do better."

That very day the colonel stepped out on his piazza dressed up for the proposed call. Looking opposite, he saw his little acquaintance running suddenly out of the house, and as he looked, he noticed a light wreath of smoke puffing after her.

"Oh, Mr. Gayham, Mr. Gayham, mamma's sick and house's afire. Tum quick!" she cried.

The colonel rushed over. He ran into the sitting-room. In a rocking-chair sat a lady in a morning-gown.

"Oh, excuse me sir! but the house's on fire and I am still weak from my sickness. I can't stir."

The colonel bent over her, took her in his arms, carried her toward the light. "Why, Kitty!" he said.

"Why, Will!" was the answer. Not another word was spoken.

"Well," said Col. Graham to himself, as his fair burden rested in his arms, "this is awkward, though delightful. Where shall I take her? Take her to your house, of course, simpleton," said an instinct within. Kitty had swooned, he saw, and in that unconscious state he bore her into his sitting-room, there to leave her and her child with the energetic Timmins. The fire in Mrs. C.'s house arose from a defective furnace flue, was spreading rapidly, and the colonel, who had gallantly returned to fight the flames, found the house could not be saved. The next morning Mrs. Carleton looked out from the guest-chamber at the colonel's only to see a charred heap of ruins.

"Why, mamma, we tan't go home and hadn't us best stay here!" asked Kitty.

"Hush, child, we must go somewhere." There was a knock at the door.

"Shall I bring your breakfast in now?" said Mrs. Timmins, making the following private remarks for the benefit of one Timmins: "I know the colonel wanted *orfully* to have her take her breakfast down stairs, but said she was an invalid."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Carleton, "I am sorry to trouble you. Could you order me a carriage after breakfast? I had better go to the hotel and not impose on your hospitality."

"Ho-*tel*?" said the really warm-hearted Timmins. "You are better fitted to take your bed than a carriage. No sick folks leaves *this* house in such a fix. If sojer-boys can stay, eating the colonel out of house and home, I guess a neighbor can."

There was another knock at the door. It was the colonel himself, and Timmins withdrew.

"She won't go," remarked Timmins to herself. "Peekin' through the blinds always did mean something."

"Why, how much the colonel looks like Will Graham of old," silently observed Mrs. Carleton.

"Kitty," said the colonel, blushing suddenly—"Mrs. Carleton, I mean, why must you go?" She had told him her intention. "She never looked so charming," thought the colonel.

"He never looked handsomer, in spite of his green patch," thought Mrs. Carleton. "Oh, colonel, I—I—I"—

"Kitty," said Col. Graham, stooping low and whispering, "couldn't you call me Will again?"

"Will," came back in a soft, low whisper.

"Here, little Kitty," said the colonel, blushing redder than ever, and taking Mrs. C.'s child in his arms, "wouldn't you like to stay here all the time?"

"Oh, yes; and wouldn't you, mamma?"

"Say yes, dear Kitty," whispered the colonel, stooping lower to Mrs. Carleton.

No microphone ever brought the faint answer to that outside public, whose greedy ear catches up every such thing eagerly; but in a few months there was a very happy wedding at St. Luke's, and little Kitty Carleton had a new father.—*Portland Transcript.*

Facts About the Indians.

The tenth annual report of the board of Indian commissioners to the President of the United States contains a comparative statement showing the condition of the Indians in 1868 and in 1878. Some of the more important items are as follows:

	1868.	1878.
Number of Indians in the United States, except Alaska	.....	250,864
Number of Indians who wear citizen's dress	.....	127,458
Number of houses occupied by Indians	8,646	23,060
Number of houses built last year	.....	145
Number of Indian schools	148	866
Number of Indian pupils	5,810	12,222
Amount expended for education	.....	$354,125
Number of Indians who can read	.....	41,809
Number of Indians who learned to read last year (five civilized tribes excepted)	.....	1,552
Number of church buildings on reservations	.....	219
Number of church members, about	.....	30,000
Number of acres of land cultivated by Indians	79,071	373,018
Number of bushels of wheat raised	169,365	770,615
Number of bushels of corn raised	520,079	694,001
Number of bushels of oats and barley raised	81,151	386,132
Number of bushels of vegetables raised	350,690	694,001
Number of tons of hay made	18,016	158,011
Number of horses and mules owned	78,018	226,011
Number of cattle owned	47,704	491,278
Number of swine owned	31,284	200,952
Number of sheep owned	7,955	594,574

From this statement it appears that more than one-half of the Indians have discarded the blanket and donned a civilized garb; that about one-half have moved out of their lodges and wigwams into houses, the number of which has increased nearly three-fold in ten years; that the number of pupils in Indian schools has more than doubled; that nearly one-sixth of the Indian population can read; that the numbers of acres of land cultivated by the Indians is about five times as great as ten years ago; that the production of wheat has increased nearly five-fold, of corn seven-fold, of oats and barley nearly four-fold, and of hay nearly nine-fold, and that the Indians own about three times as many horses and mules, six times as many cattle, seven times as many swine, and about seventy-five times as many sheep as they did ten years ago. They now own more than two head of sheep for every Indian man, woman and child in the United States.

Acute Rheumatism.

This is sometimes called rheumatic fever. Its medical term is *polyarthritis*. It is mainly a disease of the temperate regions, and prevails mostly from October to May. Persons specially liable to it are those whose calling exposes them to frequent changes of temperature, those who are insufficiently protected against sudden chills, and those who reside in damp localities, and especially those who sleep in damp rooms. One attack greatly disposes a person to a second.

The foremost exciting cause is a sudden cooling of the body when heated and exhausted by exertion—this, in the view of many medical authorities, developing lactic acid in the blood. The fever is proportionate to the number of joints attacked, and the intensty of the inflammation. It is accompanied with a sour sweat. Hardly any other disease presents so many complications. The younger the patient, the greater the liability of the heart's being affected. The liability after twenty-five is the exception.

As a rule, it runs it course in from three to six weeks. Convalescence is slow. Even after recovery, there is for a considerable time a tendency to renewed inflammation. It seldom terminates in death.

To avoid the disease, guard against all sudden and violent changes of temperature; wear woolen next to the skin; in case the skin is especially susceptible, harden it by cold bathing, exercise in the open air, etc.; if exposed to wet or chill when heated, keep up the circulation by active exercise till an opportunity offers for change of clothing.

A Moment of Horror.

A prominent fancy goods dealer of this city, whose neatness of attire is the envy of the less fortunate, stepped into his store Sunday to replenish the furnace. He laid aside his glossy silk hat and put on an old straw. Having arranged matters satisfactorily, he sauntered up Congress street just as churchgoers were coming down. Meeting a lady of his acquaintance, he gracefully lifted his hat, when, to his horror, he found that he had on the straw one aforesaid. He took the back streets and reached home as soon as possible.—*Portland (Me.) Argus*

FEEDING ON FELINES.

Sausages in New York that are said to be made of Cat Meat.

The New York *Mercury* asserts that some of the residents of that city are accustomed to buying sausages and other food partly made up of the flesh of young kittens. The *Mercury* says men go about at night hunting cats, which they put into bags as soon as caught. Its article continues:

When a sufficient number of victims has been obtained, the cat-hunter takes his homeward way and empties his bag of his evening's spoils. The largest and fattest having been selected, they are quickly killed, either being knocked in the head or having their throats cut, while those too lean are reserved to fatten for future use. The slaughtered cat is then skinned, the skin being of some value, especially the white and black ones, and the meat prepared for chopping. Mixed with a little bull meat, or sometimes alone, it is then chopped and made into the desired bolognas, and is ready for sale. Most of these cat-hunters manufacture the sausages and sell them themselves, thus combining the occupations of manufacturer and tradesman on the smallest scale, while others sell the meat to small butchers. The manner in which this business in cats was discovered and investigated is of interest. Certain officials, a few months ago, in a tour through the eastern part of the city in search of alleged abuses, were surprised to find evidence of this traffic in more ways than one. A reporter of the *Mercury* discovered three or four men who made a business of getting, keeping, and breeding cats. Two of these men manufactured and sold bologna sausages in quantities. A woman told the reporter, not knowing his errand, that a short time ago she had purchased one of these sausages, but its appearance and taste was so peculiar that she was afraid to eat it, and threw it away. It is most difficult to obtain accurate information, as these men are most reticent regarding themselves. Many of them do not speak any English, and are evidently afraid their business will be discovered. The cats, when caught, are sorted out, and those reserved for fattening are kept either in large boxes or in small yards adjoining their captors' houses. The advantage of the boxes is, that they can be more easily concealed and kept in smaller compass, sometimes in a small cellar room; but they are not preferred in such good condition in this way as when allowed more freedom, so it is not resorted to except in cases of necessity. The boxes have slats nailed in front of them, and the occupants are fed at stated intervals with some fattening compound. When a yard is used, the tops of the surrounding walls are smeared with a substance known to these cat-dealers which the animals detest and will not cross. A collection of cats thus imprisoned presented a most amusing spectacle when seen by the reporter. About a hundred cats, of all sizes and ages, were sleeping, eating, quarreling and caterwauling in various attitudes. All grades of cat society were represented, from the handsome Angora and Maltese, to the prosaic, homely backyard Tom, that makes night hideous with his yells, and murders sleep. Great care has to be used, it is said, to prevent the old Tom cats from eating their young. The "uncles, cousins, and aunts" could indeed be "reckoned up by dozens," and seemed to constitute anything but a happy family.

The Curiosities of Advertising.

Some persons find the advertisements the most amusing part of their daily paper. Advertising is a system barely 225 years old; the first authentic newspaper advertisements having appeared in England about 1658, in the latter days of Oliver Cromwell. At first two or three small insertions in the newspaper of the day were sufficient for the wants of the community. These only related to runaway servants, the apprehension of evil-doers, quack medicines, lost dogs, horses and hawks, and occasionally challenges. As, for instance, Edward Perry, July 1, 1658, is advertised for as "of low stature, black hair, full of pock-holes in his face; he wearsch a new gray suit, trimmed with green and other ribbons, a light cinnamon-colored cloak and black hat, and hath run away from his master." Here is another, evidently by the hand of the royal monarch himself, and printed by the honored editor in type extraordinary, June 28, 1660:

"We must call on you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel; no white about him, only a streak on his Brest, and a Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stolen; for the Dog was not born or bred in England and never would forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg."

Though great feats of feminine pedestrianism were reserved for our own days, the early part of the eighteenth century was in advance of us in female pugilism. Here is what the gentler sex proposed to do in 1722:

"CHALLENGE.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle."

"ANSWER.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no favor; she may expect a good thumping."—*Baltimore American.*

Gold and Silver in Bulk.

One ton (2,000 pounds avoirdupois) of gold or silver contains 29,163 troy ounces, and therefore the value of a ton of pure gold is $602,799.21, and a ton of silver is $37,704.84.

A cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,218.75 pounds avoirdupois; a cubic foot of pure silver weighs 656.25 pounds avoirdupois.

One million dollars gold coin weighs 3,685.8 pounds avoirdupois; $1,000,000 silver coin weighs 58,929.9 pounds avoirdupois.

If there is one per cent. of gold or silver in one ton of ore, it contains 291.63 ounces troy of either of these metals.

The average fineness of Colorado gold is 781 in 1,000; and the natural alloy, gold, 781; silver, 209; copper, 10; total, 1,000.

The calculations at the United States mint are made on the basis that forty-three ounces of standard gold or 900 fine coin) is worth $800, and eleven ounces of silver 900 fine (coin) is worth $12.80.

The Mahrattas had a simple but effectual method of discovering wealthy Hindoos. They poured water on the leaves the people use instead of plates to eat their rice from; if it ran off the man was rich, because he could afford clarified butter, whereas the poor have only salt.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The bone business is a big thing in western Texas. Cattle die and buffalo are killed, and their bones are gathered from the plains. A San Antonian shipped 3,333 tons at one time, receiving therefor $7.50 per ton.

The French armies no longer march beneath the imperial eagle. That noble bird has been deposed from his lofty perch on the standards of Napoleon, and the soldiers of the republic are to be led to victory by a laurel wreath encircling a dart of gold.

The monument to Victor Emanuel which Italy desires to raise, will cost, it is estimated, not less than $2,000,000. It is to consist of a colossal equestrian statue mounted on a triumphal arch, and the competition is to be thrown open to all the world.

Only thirty or forty miles distant from the City of Mexico are two of the best wheat-producing valleys in the world, and yet wheat costs at wholesale there from $1.60 to $2.40 a bushel, and flour retails for $1.75 per twenty-five pounds. The Mexican tariff on foreign wheat is about $1.15 a bushel, and on flour $8 a barrel. A barrel of flour, costing in New York $6, shipped to the City of Mexico, is worth $29 by the time it arrives, on account of duty, freight and other charges.

A correspondent of the Neilgherry *Excelsior* tells of a tiger cub which is in the habit of smoking up all his master's cigar stumps. He secures these luxurious bits as they are thrown away, and after his master has retired to bed "gets a light" from the kitchen, and enjoys a quiet smoke every night. "Mehemet Ali," he says, "used to have a tame animal of this irascible species to which he regularly handed over his hookah after enjoying his own after-dinner sedative. The animal waited patiently for his turn, and then puffed away."

During the last year the American Bible society has circulated about one million copies of the Bible, the British and Foreign Bible society of Scotland 36,000, and other societies more than one million. The total circulation since the formation of these Bible societies has been 82,000,000 by the British and Foreign, 35,000,000 by the American, 5,000,000 by the National Bible Society of Scotland, and by German societies 8,500,000, while the circulation of other societies has raised the total to about 160,000,000 copies of the scriptures circulated in various tongues by Bible societies during the last seventy-five years.

Not only is the story of William Tell attacked as a myth, but the monuments which have perpetuated it are in equal danger. The government of the Swiss canton of Uri, in which Altorf and other places associated with the name of Tell are situated, proposes to perpetrate an act of vandalism which ought, says the London *Times'* correspondent, to be prevented. They have resolved to pull down William Tell's chapel, on lake Lucerne; and, not content with the demolition of this interesting and romantic, if not precisely historic building, they have refused permission to the Lucernese artistic society to detach the paintings on the walls in order that they may be paced in the museum of Lucerne.

The Vienna papers tell of the narrow escape of an aged Hebrew of that city from being buried alive. "He had been bedridden for a long time, and being taken with violent convulsions, became stiff and cold, and was taken for dead. He was laid out, and two faithful believers were set to watch and pray over him until the close of the Sabbath. Toward dawn of Saturday, while the watchers were occupied with their devotions, Perjee Fischer returned to consciousness, and perceiving the meaning of his surroundings arose with rage, horror, and mad imprecations, while his terror-stricken attendants took to precipitate flight. One of them was so frightened that he fell sick and died, but Pejrez Fischer recovered from the shock to enjoy better health than he had before his supposed death.

The committee for encouraging the use of horseflesh as an article of food, have issued a return showing that the number of horses, asses and mules slaughtered in Paris for consumption in 1878 was 11,319, or 700 more than in the previous year. The continued increase in the use of horseflesh is, they say, a proof that the prejudice against it is being gradually overcome. A prize of 1,200f. was awarded by M. Decroix to the founder of the first shop for the sale of horseflesh in London, opened in May last. That venture, during the four months it was carried on, did not, however, meet with all the desired success, the chief reason for which was (the committee say) that the director was quite ignorant of the English language. The committee now offer a medal of honor to any English butcher who shall take up the trade and continue it for three months at least.

Utilizing a Rat.

Large sewer rats get into houses, and especially into public buildings in which suites of apartments are let to families and others. In such rooms, and in cellars, walls and pantries, these ferocious vermin are more destructive than a wild beast of prey—and more dangerous when cornered. One person, who had suffered much and long from their ravages, and whose occasional capture of one of their number had failed to make any impression on the general horde, resolved to try a new plan. It is known that nothing so frightens a rat as to hear the shrieks of one of its own kind in captivity. Having caught a vicious and lively specimen, the experimenter determined on the cruel expedient of starving him to death, and to make his squealing "tell" on the others. Caught in a box or wire trap, the rat was there kept, unharmed, except for deprivation of food and water—and he lived just two days and two nights. During that time, what with the pangs of hunger and thirst, and the added occasional incentive to vocal exercises in the shape of proddings and stirrings up with a long pole, the caged rat gave forth at sundry and divers times such piercing shrieks of rage and despair as only a rat can utter. Probably it wouldn't have been entirely safe, at that time, to have given him a chance to smell of your finger, or to get at your thumb; but one good result was certainly accomplished by that otherwise too cruel experiment—not a rat has been in that room or in those walls from that day to this, a period, we believe, of about half a year. A similar result is said to have been attained by catching a rat, dipping it into a pot of red paint, and letting it run; and also by shearing and singeing a rat, and then letting him go.

The Begum of Bhopal is a clever and energetic lady. She has built the best hospital in India, outside of Calcutta, is making excellent roads, and arranging for a railroad to her dominions.

THE ZULU WAR.

England's Trouble With the Caffre Tribe in South Africa.

The scene of the British military maneuver has shifted from Afghanistan to South Africa. It is in the later locality that the troops are now the most active, and the recent British reverses give renewed interest to the old story of misunderstanding with the natives of that part of England's extensive empire. Near the Tugela river, 20,000 Zulus annihilated a British column consisting of part of the Twenty-fourth regiment, a battery of artillery and 600 natives; 102 wagons, 1,000 oxen, two cannon, 400 shot and shell, 1,000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, 60,000 pounds of provisions and the colors were captured by the enemy. About 5,000 Zulus were killed and wounded, while 600 officers and men were lost on the British side. Subsequent attacks were repulsed, however, and the threatened destruction of the English forces and colony averted, although the governor, Sir Bartlet Frere, sent to England for re-enforcements, which were at once ordered to Africa to the number of 7,000.

England has had almost constant trouble with the natives ever since that section became a British colony. The first Caffre war broke out in 1811. The Prophet Mokanna headed an incursion in 1819. The second Caffre war was in 1828-31. The third in 1834, attended by diplomatic difficulties between the colonial secretary and the governor. "The War of the Axe" came in 1846, and another of more than two years' duration in 1850. In 1857 came the destruction of all their cattle and grain by the Caffres at the instigation of another "prophet," and a desperate and futile attempt to recover their territory, ending in death by famine. The Galekas rebelled in 1856, and nearly twenty years of comparative peace followed. An extensive war, with quarrels *ad libitum* among the English officials, came in 1877, and then succeeded the trouble with the Zulus, which had long been brewing, brought by animosities between the natives and the English and Dutch settlers.

The English proposed conditions of peace which would have destroyed King Cetywayo's royal prestige, so war followed. He has 300,000 subjects, 10,000 miles of territory, 140,000 men of arms, of athletic and stalwart build and capable of great endurance; 22,500 under thirty years of age, 10,000 between thirty and forty, 3,400 between forty and fifty and 4,500 between fifty and sixty, all well armed. Everything in the way of tactics and war supplies is very simple. To ford a swift torrent they form in a dense column and push each other across, many, of course, being drowned. They do not marry under forty, and the married men are distinguished by a monkish shaven crown.

The British force at the beginning of this war consisted of about 15,000 men, 5,000 being regulars, and the naval brigade is 300 strong, from the ships Active and Tenedos.—*New York Mail.*

The Country.

It is in the country that the soul expands and grows great. The town develops, cultivates and amplifies all the senses, but its tendency is to contract that incomprehensible impulse of being we call soul. Out where the rugged hills point heavenward with ten thousand sturdy evergreen figures; where stand the woods in royal majesty; where the brooks dance along and clasp hands with the rivers, and rivers sweep on with unimpeded flow to the bosom of the sea; where rocks rise like brawny giants, their nakedness covered with mosses, and drink in the sunshine and the rain proudly, disdaining to show how the elements caress them slowly into dust; where the birds sing their most jubilant songs, and the wild flowers wear their brightest hues; where the bees hum in lazy content from honey-cup to honey-cup; where nature rules supreme, and man becomes a pigmy—there the true soul, unbashed and undismayed, aspires to compass all the profound mysteries of creation, and reads eloquent lessons in everything. Where villages dot the hillsides and nestle in the valleys; where the throbbing clangor of the church-bell is the loudest sound heard; where the fields teem with homely promise of the coming harvest, and the voices of men are drowned in the prattle of nature—there are magnificent souls hidden beneath the humblest exteriors. The hand that grasps the plow and scatters the seed may be brown and hard, but there is a whole heart in its grasp; the face that has been snowed upon, and rained upon, and blown upon, is neither marred nor scarred, but brave and gentle; it shows in every lineament how ennobling is close communion with nature. The eye that sees the first tiny bud of the trees, the first blade of pale green grass, the first frail blossom of the woods, watches the covert approaches of spring with a glow and luster that we do not often see in the dissipated town.

A Vegetable Wax Tree.

The most important article for illuminating purposes in Japan is the candle made from the fruit of a tree about the size and appearance of the common sumac of this country. It is grown more or less extensively almost everywhere in Japan, and especially in the western provinces, from the south northwest to the thirty-fifth degree.

The tree has a quick growth, and attains the diameter of a foot and a half, and a height of twenty-five feet. The blossoms appear in June. They begin to yield berries the third or fourth year. The berries are the size of a small pea, of a white color, hanging in clusters, and contain the wax as thick white coating of the seed. The full-grown tree is said to yield about fifty pounds of seeds annually, nearly one-half of which is wax. It is a hardy plant, growing on indifferent soil, and living for many years. In Japan they are planted by the roadside, on embankments and out-of-the-way places.

The wax is obtained by the berries being crushed, steamed and then placed in hemp bags and pressed in a wedge press. It is also obtained by boiling the bruised seeds and skimming the wax from the top. The wax is a palmatine or glycerine; when first extracted it is of a yellowish-white color, and sometimes softer than beeswax. It melts at 127 degrees, and when formed into candles gives a fine, clear light. In ordinary candle-making the unbleached wax is used. When washed and bleached in the sun and air, it assumes a pure white color. It is said the tree is being introduced into California.

"Rome Sentinel" Brevities.

A pair of specs—:

A tight fit—Delirium tremens.

A little fresh heir—A new baby.

The only difference between a swine disease and an important part of a harness is, that one is the horse collar and the other is the hog choler-eh?

Men may come and men may go, the seasons may follow each other in regular succession, dust may return to dust, the sun may continue to shine upon the just and the unjust, but the world has yet to discover the man who has eaten a plate of soup and not burned his tongue.

Gallows Reminiscences.

We take the following from the reminiscences of a New York reporter, who has been present at thirty executions:

"I wonder if it hurts to be hanged?" said he who sat at the feet of this Gamaliel of the noose.

"Probably not, after the first twitch of the cord is felt, and, although I cannot claim any personal knowledge of that part of the business, my belief can scarcely be said to be purely conjectural. I once talked with a man who had been hanged by a party of blythe but hasty gentleman in California. They mistook him for a horsethief, an error for which they amply apologized in the heartiest manner when their attention was called to the fact that he was the wrong person, which, fortunately for him, was just in time to save his life. He said that his sensations were first a consciousness of a terrific crash, as if all created things, himself among the rest, had simultaneously exploded. That was probably when the mule was led out from under him. Then he seemed to be floating in a sea of red light, heaved and tossed upon glowing billows that swirled round and round, as if in a whirlpool, to the sound of a harmonious roaring. And after that he knew nothing until he found himself lying upon the grass, breathing with great difficulty and pain, bleeding from a little gash in his neck where they had cut the noose, and trying to understand the profuse apologies of the spokesman of his entertainers."

"It must be a horrible thing for a man to know that he is going to die a shameful death for a crime of which he is innocent."

"Theoretically, he ought to be sustained by the consciousness of his innocence. Practically, the horror of the situation depends upon the man himself—independent of guilt or innocence. The bravest man I ever saw die was one who avowed frankly the perpetration of the murder for which he was hanged. As to how really innocent men regarding the situation, I have not much experience upon which to base an opinion, as out of all the thirty that I have seen hanged there was but one that I deemed guiltless—the unhappy victim of a judicial murder. That was a poor wretch named Lee, if I remember aright, who was hanged at Waukegan, Ill., in 1865, as the supposed murderer of an old woman by the name of Ruth Briden. I studied well the evidence in his case, examined him, and did what nobody else seemed to have thought it worth while to do—sought out who else than he in the community had stronger reasons than he could possibly have had to wish old Ruth Briden dead. I satisfied myself that there was one man there—a rich and influential man—who would have profited largely through family connection by her death, and that man, I found, had been especially and remarkably active in pressing the prosecution and conviction of Lee. There was nothing about the condemned man's *personnel* or record to encourage suspicion of him other than that he was a shiftless, poverty-stricken, friendless vagabond, who sometimes got drunk; but he was the easiest man in the community to hang, somebody ought to be hanged, and so they strung him up. The deputy sheriff, to whom I expressed my conviction of the poor fellow's innocence, laughed at me. He was a big, good-hearted, rough man, who had been horrified by the atrocity of the butchery of Mrs. Briden, and was easily swept along with the tide of popular feeling against the prisoner, which had been artfully set in motion by interested parties. But, six months afterward, I met him in Chicago, and he said to me: 'What you said about that hanging of ours disturbs my mind a great deal, and I have spent both time and money in investigating that case for my own satisfaction. And I tell you now, I am convinced that we hanged an innocent man that day.' The tears stood in his eyes, and his voice trembled as he spoke. Unfortunate Lee; his last prayer was for his wife and little child, far away in the East; his last words calling upon God to judge his innocence. But he died courageously."

A Cheerful Heart.

A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the place where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

A Heart-Rending Story.

A heart-sickening story comes all the way from Wisconsin. According to the ch