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Which is Your Lot?

Some children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks, and dance and play,
While others drudge their lives away;
Some glow with health and bound with song
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon,
Make glad one little heart to day,
nd help one burdened child to play.
—*St. Nicholas.*

Funny Uncle Phil.

I heard the grown folks talking last night when I lay abed,
So I shut my eyes and listened to everything they said;
And first they said that Polly and Phil were coming here,
And a good old soul was Polly, but Phil was always queer.
And they never, never, never, in all their lives could see
How Polly came to marry him, nor how they could agree;
For she was just as bright and sweet as any flower in May,
But he was tight as a drum-head, and as black as a stormy day.
And his nose was always poking into other folk's affairs,
And he was altogether too fond of splitting hairs;
And he had so many corners you never could come near
Without your hitting some of them, or being in constant fear.
Well, I listened very hard, and I 'membered every word,
And I thought it was the queerest thing a body ever heard;
And in the evening, when I heard the chaise come down the hill,
I almost couldn't wait to see my funny Uncle Phil.
But, oh! what stories grown folks tell! He wasn't black at all!
And he hadn't any corners, but was plump and fair and small;
His nose turned up a little, but then it was so wee,
How it could poke so very much I really couldn't see.
And when he saw me staring, he nodded hard, and smiled;
And then he asked them softly if I was Elsie's child;
And when grandma said I was he took me gently on his knee,
And wound my longest curl about his finger carefully.
And he told me 'bout my mamma when she was a little girl,
And all the time he talked he kept his finger on that curl;
Till at last I couldn't stand it, and I slipped down by his chair,
And asked him how he came to be so fond of splitting hair.
My! how he stared! and Jimmy laughed, and grandma shook her head,
And grandpa had his awful look, and Uncle Sam turned red;
And then the clock ticked very loud, the kitchen was so still,
And I knew 'twas something dreadful I had said to Uncle Phil.
But I couldn't help it then, so I told him every word,
And he listened very quietly; he never spoke nor stirred,
Till I told him 'bout the corners, and said I didn't know
How he could have so many when there didn't any show.
And then he laughed and laughed, till the kitchen fairly shook;
And he gave the frightened grown folks such a bright and funny look,
And said, "'Tis true, my little girl, when Polly married me
I was full of ugly corners, but she's smoothed them down, you see."
And then they all shook hands again, and Jimmy gave three cheers,
And Uncle Sam said little pitchers had most monstrous ears;
And grandma kissed Aunt Polly; but then she looked at me,
And said I'd better "meditate" while she was getting tea.
That means that I must sit and think what naughty things I've done;
It must be 'cause I'm little yet—they seemed to think 'twas fun.
I don't quite understand it all; well, by and by I will
Creep softly up to him, and ask my funny Uncle Phil.
—*Amelia Dailey-Alden in Wide Awake.*

AN APRIL HOAX.

Looking at it from without, it does not appear very unlike its fellows, this little suburban cottage of the Roys, with its unpretending hooded porch, over which the ivy trails its dark green foliage, its two parlor windows in front, and its bay-window at the side; but within there is nothing commonplace. Every room, every corner, reflects the refined taste of Janet Roy, and the quaint fancies of her brother Dick.

Dick, the handsome, the talented, the gentlemanly—he is all this and more in his sister Janet's eyes—is sitting on the window-seat, the sun bathing his shapely figure in its impartial rays. He is reading the morning paper; with more interest probably than most men are wont to have, for he recognizes the mannerism of each writer on the editorial page—he is on the editorial staff himself—and takes pleasure in seeing how Smith treats the Eastern question, what Jones thinks of the condition of the Indians, and what Brown has to say on the presidential policy. He has not written a stroke for over a week himself. He has been quite ill; a heavy cold threatening pneumonia has kept him a prisoner at the cottage, and for seven mornings has the public been deprived of the pleasure and profit of perusing his timely and caustic remarks upon general topics. Only yesterday he stepped across the threshold into manhood; it was his twenty-first birthday: to-day he is a citizen of the republic.

The clock on the mantel-shelf tinkles forth eight silvery notes. Dick looks up from his paper with some show of impatience. Where can Janet be? As if in answer to his thought, the door opens, and Miss Roy, tall and graceful, in a dress of olive-green serge, in charming contrast with her light golden hair, comes softly in.

"Have you been waiting long, Dick?" she asks, in a pleasant, kindly voice. "I must have overslept myself."

"No," replies Dick, throwing down his paper and yawning languidly, "not very long; but I'm glad you've come, for I'm deucedly hungry. Rather a good sign, isn't it, Jean?"

"To be hungry? Yes; very good"—sitting down at the table and tapping the call-bell. "But it won't last very long. I'll venture to say that in fifteen minutes from now your appetite will be considerably diminished."

"Very likely," said Dick, as Sarah enters from the kitchen, bearing the coffee-urn in one hand and a dish of beefsteak in the other. "At any rate, I will see how far steak, coffee and hot biscuits will go toward diminishing it."

Presently there is a violent ring at the door-bell.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Dick, inquisitively. "I wonder if any of the boys could have come out to see what had become of me?"

"It sounds very like the postman," adds his sister; and the postman it is. Two letters are his contribution to the Roys this morning, both of which Sarah hands to Miss Janet, who hurriedly reads the addresses. One is for herself, the other is for her brother.

"'Here is a letter for you, sir, if your name is Horatio,'" she quotes, reaching it to him across the table.

"But my name is not Horatio," he replies, correctingly, as he takes it. "Are you aware that to paraphrase is perfectly allowable? 'If your name be Richard' would be much more appropriate, and would sound far better."

Janet scarcely listens to the prattle of her brother: the letter that has come for her is edged with black, and she is nervously tearing open the envelope in her haste to see what ill news it has brought, whose death it has come to announce.

Dick notices her agitation as she draws out the inclosed sheet, and wonders, even as she is wondering, what can be its message.

"Uncle Arthur is dead," she says, the next moment, giving a sigh of relief. "I saw it was in Harry's handwriting, and so feared it was Cousin Margaret."

"Uncle Arthur!" repeats Dick. "Uncle Arthur! He's one of my respected great-uncles, whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing: a California millionaire. I wonder did it ever strike him that a little of his wealth would be acceptable to his great-niece and great-nephew, who are battling with the world far away over here in the East?"

"Oh, Dick!" exclaims Miss Roy, greatly shocked, "how can you talk o the poor man's money when he is just dead?"

"*Poor* man!" says Dick, laughing. "I always thought he was a rich one."

"May I inquire," asks Miss Roy, meekly, when her brother had twice read the epistle he holds in his hand, and is about to begin again, "what Nell has to say that is so *very* interesting?"

A slight flush mounts to Dick's face as he hurriedly crumples the missive into his pocket.

"Nell!" he repeats. "How did you know it was from Nell?"

"I know her handwriting."

"But it's just like hundreds of others," continued Dick, buttering a hot roll in continuance of his breakfast. "All ladies write in the same style now-a-days. The letters are all very tall and all very thin."

"Each lady's hand has a peculiarity, nevertheless."

"'Which nobody can deny,'" quotes Richard. "Some hands are pink and some are white, some are fat and some are lean, some wear diamonds and some wear none."

"How you trip one up!" exclaimed Janet, smiling. "You know very well what I mean. Would you have me stumble over the whole length of 'chirography' every time?"

"By no means. It would only be a waste of breath, and would seem as though you were intentionally airing your knowledge of Webster's Unabridged."

Dick is beginning to congratulate himself on the masterly way in which he has turned the subject and escaped rudely telling his sister that the contents of Miss Nellie Taylor's letter are not for her ears, when she again refers to his remarks.

"By-the-bye," she says, as she draws from the urn her brother's second cup of coffee, "speaking of some hands with diamonds and some without, Nell doesn't wear one, does she? When do you propose presenting her with one of the gems?"

"I was not aware" (with mock gravity) "that young men are generally expected to provide their lady friends with diamond rings."

"Did the fact that there is such a thing as an engagement ring ever present itself to your enlightened intellect?"

"*Engagement!*" repeats Dick; "did I understand you to say *engagement*? Since when, pray, did you conclude that your respected brother had given his heart to another? I know of no engagement."

"Oh, dear!" says Janet, sighing melodramatically; "have I really been mistaken? And here I was already congratulating myself on so soon having a sister-in-law!"

"Do you remember the nursery rhyme?" asks Dick:

"'Can the love that you're so rich in
Build a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?'

I should hesitate, I think, to ask any one to marry me, for fear of having that couplet thrown in my face. Now if that dear old great-uncle of ours had only taken it into his aged head to leave us a few of his many thousands, then perhaps *I* might think of engagements and diamond rings and mothers-in-law; and *you* might begin to speculate on the comparative advantages of my various lady friends as a sister-in-law."

"Poor, dear old man!" Janet continues, kindly. "I can just remember sitting on his knee and playing with his long beard at the time he was on from the West. It's really a shame, Dick, our being so lively, and Uncle Arthur, grandfather's own brother, lying dead."

"Well, my dear, I should be lying *alive* if I said I was sorry he's gone; for while there's *death* there's hope, and who knows but he may have thought of us?"

"Oh, Dick!" beseechingly, "please don't joke about it. I really *do* feel badly, and Cousin Margaret and Harry must be so grieved."

"So they must," says Dick, apparently acquiescing in his sister's views. "I am sure we all do. Don't you think, Jean, we had better bow the shutters and hang out black bombazine?"

"I *shall* bow the shutters," adds Janet, feeling rather angry at her brother's continued joking. "It is the least we can do, and it shows some respect for our grandfather's brother," rising and leaving Dick still at the table.

"Our grandfather's brother!" repeats he; "what an awfully near relative! Surely he must have bequeathed something to his brother's grandchildren."

Dick is in his study now—a neat, cozy little room back of the drawing-room, which is in reality the library, but which Mr. Roy, he being a literary man, chooses to call his study. He is sitting at his table, with Nell's letter spread out before him, and is reading it for the fourth time. There is nothing very remarkable about it; it is not what one would style a love-letter, and yet Dick would not for all the world have his sister get a glimpse of it.

"DEAR DICK,—I have been looking for you to call, as you promised, and am much surprised at not having seen you. Your birthday, I think you told me, is about this time. Did you have a party? and are you so elated at having attained your majority that you are above visiting your friends? I cannot think that because you are now a *man* you have given up all the friends of your *childhood*. Please call soon, and tell me all about your presents. Ever your friend, NELL."

That is it; and in it Dick is trying to find traces of something more than friendship.

"Nell is an awfully jolly girl," he says to himself, leaning back in his chair and thrusting his hands into his pockets; "just as full of fun as ever she can be. I wonder whether she really does care anything for me? I'm not altogether a bad-looking fellow, if I do say it myself, and I fancy I can talk quite as well as the most of 'em. How is one to tell whether a girl cares more for him than for another, when she persists in being jolly with every one?"

Then he gets to thinking of some means to solve the problem. How shall he prove her? Presently an idea comes to him, first faintly, indistinctly; then more plainly and more vividly, until a plan—an excellent plan, he thinks—stands out before him in beautiful symmetry. Everything seems to have worked in favor of it, and he is naturally joyous over his discovery.

He opens one of the drawers in his writing-table and takes out a packet of letters. Through them he searches until he finds two that Janet wrote him while he was away on his midsummer vacation. These he spreads open before him, and taking a sheet of note-paper he begins to write, now closely studying his sister's letters, now slowly putting words upon the paper. Half an hour and he has finished. He folds the sheet, incloses it in on envelope, and addresses it as carefully as he has written it. Then he rises, and, unlocking the door, meets Janet in the hall. She sees him take down his hat to go out.

"Had you not better wear your overcoat?" she asks. "I'm afraid you might take cold again."

"I'm not going far," he answers; "only to post a letter."

"To Nell?" she asks, teasingly. "Are you not rather prompt in answering your correspondents?"

Dick, making no reply, goes out, while she, laughing to herself, hurries away to her numerous household duties.

The next morning is the 1st of April—All-fool's Day, with its temptations to practical jokes and its myriads of little innocent lies, when every one does his best to make a fool of his dearest friend as well as his direst foe. It is a bright, sunny morning, that swells the buds to bursting, and draws up the blades of fresh young grass as a magnet draws steel. Dick Roy is in the very best of spirits; he has persuaded Janet into believing that he has taken a fresh cold; has assumed a voice as hoarse as a veteran bull-frog; and has been looking the very picture of distress, until the arrival of the postman—just as he is creeping in to breakfast and adding to his sister's anxiety by his distressed countenance—causes him to brighten up, and in the clearest tone remark, "'Pon my word, Jean, my cold's gone. Did it strike you this was the first day of April?"

An expression of relief mingled with annoyance mounts Miss Roy's countenance.

"You awful boy!" she exclaims. "You should be ashamed of yourself, trying to fool your own sister."

"And *succeeding*, too," laughs Dick.

The only letter this morning is one for him. It is hidden by a large yellow envelope, and addressed in a bold heavy hand that gives one an impression of important business at once. As Dick opens it and catches sight of the heading, his face brightens in expectation, and continues brightening until he has read it quite through, when he is wearing the broadest of smiles.

"Hurrah!" he shouts, his boyishness making its appearance through his newly acquired manhood—"hurrah for Uncle Arthur! Hurrah! Jean, we've been left a fortune!"

Janet looks at him unbelievingly. She has been fooled once this morning, and does not intend to submit tamely to what she considers her brother's second attempt.

"If you must joke, Dick," she says, calmly, her voice and manner strangely contrasting with his excitement, "pray don't take such a subject. You are playing your part very well, I admit; but still I remember now what day it is."

"But I'm not joking; it's a fact. Here is a letter from the dear old boy's lawyer. Look at the postmark; look at the letter-head; read the message," he goes on, excitedly, running around to his sister's side of the table and spreading the envelope and its contents before her.

He is certainly not fooling her now, as she is compelled to admit when she is thus presented with the evidence. The same heavy style of writing that was without is within.

"*Richard Roy, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR" (it begins),—"I have pleasure in informing you that the will of the late Arthur Roy, Esq., of this city, bequeaths to his great-nephew and great-niece, Richard and Janet Roy (yourself and sister), each the sum of fifty thousand dollars. These amounts are invested in United States government bonds, and shall be forwarded to you in due course.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"J. MADISON PERRY, Executor."

The effect of the reading on Janet is quite the reverse of that on her brother. Instead of breaking forth into joyous shouts, her sensitive nature causes her to burst into a flood of tears.

Dick looks at her in astonishment. What can she be crying for? he thinks. A legacy of fifty thousand dollars he does not consider a cause for weeping, and concludes that his sister has become mystified in regard to the time to weep and the time to laugh.

"What is the matter with you?" he asks, when the first outburst has subsided into occasional suppressed sobs.

"Oh, Dick!" cries Janet, wiping her eyes, "I believe you have no feeling at all. Just to think what a dear, kind uncle we have lost! How good of him to remember us!"

"Very good of him, indeed," adds Dick; "but I can't see that that ought to make one sad. Rather a cause for rejoicing, I should say. Poor fellow, he was so old he couldn't enjoy it, and I dare say he's better off where he is; that is, if he was as good as his will makes me think he was."

Janet is really grieved. Her nature is so intensely sensitive that a great kindness invariably has this effect upon her. She refuses any more breakfast, and goes hastily up to her room, where she spends the morning in trying to picture her uncle as he was when, so many years ago, she sat on his lap, and child-like ran her tiny fingers through his long gray beard.

All through the morning, as, thinking thus, she sits diligently sewing, tears ever and anon well up in her eyes and go trickling down her cheeks before she is aware of their presence. As a natural consequence, twelve o'clock finds her with very red eyes and nose, and a general appearance of having gone through a most heart-rendering affliction. This is her condition when Sarah knocks at the door, and on entering announces that Miss Taylor is in the drawing-room.

"Oh, what *shall* I do?" exclaims Janet, in perplexity, as soon as the maid is out of ear-shot. "She will see that I have been crying, and will want to know all about it; and I really can't talk of it now. I wonder where Dick is; he might go and see her, and explain that I'm not well; but dear me"—getting up and smoothing back her hair with both hands—"I suppose he's out somewhere. He never is about when he's wanted, but is sure to be here when he's not." So, wiping her eyes for the hundredth time since breakfast, and giving her nose the fiftieth gentle blow, she goes softly down to the drawing-room in search of her visitor. Nellie Taylor—a rather short, plump girl, with a charmingly pretty pink and white face—rises quickly as Janet comes in.

"Oh, Jean!" she says, going to meet her, and presenting a countenance that for signs of weeping is not a whit better off than Miss Roy's, "I do *so* sympathize with you!"

Janet is much surprised at these words. On what account does she sympathize with her? Surely she cannot know why she has been spending the morning in tears.

"Come and sit down by me," Nell goes on, taking her hand and drawing her to a sofa. "Trouble comes to all of us some time, you know."

"But," begins Janet, thoroughly puzzled, as they sit down together, "my dear Nell"—

"There, now," interrupted she, "don't speak to me of it: don't tell me how much worse you feel than I. I know you think so; but, indeed"—and the tears began to trickle down her cheeks again—"you don't know how I loved him."

"Nell, what are you talking about?" Janet asks, excitedly, her grief having given way to astonished curiosity. "It is evident there is a misunderstanding somewhere."

Nell looks at her curiously.

"Are you angry?" she asks, in a hurt tone; "would you not have approved of his making me his wife?"

"You marry Uncle Arthur!"

"Uncle Arthur!" repeats Nell. It is she who is surprised now. "Who is Uncle Arthur?"

"The dear, kind old gentleman who has just died."

"But I have been talking of Dick. You must have known I was. Poor dear Dick!" and again she is weeping as though her heart would break.

"But Dick is not dead?"

Nell looks up in incredulous, glad surprise. There is a movement of the *portiere* which covers the entrance to the library.

"Nor likely to be soon," shouted Richard, running forward from his hiding-place, where he has heard all the conversation, his pleasant face wreathed in smiles.

The next moment he has caught Nell in his arms and is kissing away the remaining tears.

"You darling good girl!" he says, passionately, "now I believe you do care a little bit for me."

"But I cannot understand it," says Janet, in wonder. "What ever could have caused you to think Dick was dead?"

"The idea of asking me, after the letter you wrote!" replies Nell. "Didn't you tell me so? I didn't think, Jean, that you could perpetrate such an awful joke."

"But I wrote no letter," adds Janet.

Nell puts her hand in her pocket and draws forth an epistle.

"Read it," she says. "If you didn't write it, who did?" And Janet read:

"*Friday morning.*

"MY DEAR NELL,—I have very sad news for you. Our darling boy is no more. At twelve o'clock Wednesday night he breathed his last. Oh, how can I write it? I can scarcely realize that he is gone. Please do come out and see me. I know you thought a great deal of him, and can sympathize with me.

"Ever yours, JANET ROY."

Suddenly it comes to Janet that perhaps her great uncle was related to the Taylors also.

"Was he"—she begins; but before she can finish the question Nell answers her:

"Yes" (sobbing). "Didn't you know it? Oh, why didn't some one let me know that he was so ill? I would have so liked to be with him!"

Janet looked pityingly at her young friend. Surely her uncle must have been a very lovable old gentleman to inspire this affection.

"But how strange it is," she thinks, "that I never knew we were even distantly connected with the Taylors. Perhaps Dick knew it, but I'm sure he never told me." Then she begins sobbing again for mere sympathy, and for a moment not a word is spoken.

"Was he so very dear to you?" asks Janet, bringing the cambric into play again.

"Oh, Jean," Nell answers, also wiping away the tears, "you cannot imagine how we loved each other. There was no time set, but then it was understood that it was to come off as soon as his salary was sufficient for him to"—and then she burst into tears again.

"What do you mean?"—in surprise. "What was to come off?"

"We were engaged, you know," Nell says, looking up.

"Engaged!"—with great astonishment.

"Did you not know it?"

"But it is not my writing," says Janet. "I never make my e's like that, nor sign myself 'Ever yours,' and, besides, there was no black on the door."

"It is very like your writing, and I never thought of the black. Who could have sent the letter if you didn't?"

Dick, who is still standing with his arm about Nell's waist, bursts into a hearty laugh. "I am the author," he says. "It was a little April hoax, and it worked admirably—far better than I expected."

"You awful boy!" exclaim Nell and Janet in chorus.

"The boy is dead," persists Dick.

"But what a frightful story you told!" says Nell; "and how terribly I was worried!"

"It is all true," says Dick. "There is not an untruth in the whole letter: the boy *is* no more; the boy *did* breathe his last. I am a *man* now. Thursday was my twenty-first birthday."

"But you forged my name," says Janet.

"I put my initial below, if you notice," replies Dick. And sure enough, there it was. "And our wedding will be just as soon as you can get ready," he adds, turning to Nell. "The interest of fifty thousand, which you must know the puzzling Uncle Arthur just left me, plus my salary, is all-sufficient, isn't it? and I say, Jean, how do you like the prospect of a sister-in-law? It was rather a pleasant April-fool after all, wasn't it?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Article VII.

Ephias Jones was a little old man, his face as wrinkled as a walnut and his voice as pipy as a tin whistle. He was brought in for disturbing the peace on the street. He was so cranky that he elbowed and kicked pedestrians and refused to "move on" for street car or carriage. Bijah had hard work to get him a cell, and twice as hard to get him out. He had to bring him in his arms, and the old man kicked and scratched like a boy of ten.

"They can't nobody shove me around!" squeaked the little old man as he was dropped before the desk.

"Has anybody abused you?" mildly inquired the court.

"No, because they dasn't do it. I'm little and old, but I won't take a word of sass from any man in the State of Michigan."

"Do you want to go home?"

"If I want to go I shall go. If I don't I won't."

"Have you a family?"

"I won't tell you."

His honor saw that he had an original character to deal with, and he said to Bijah:

"Take this nice old man into the corridor and read him Article VII, and let him out by the private door."

Uncle Ephias was carried away, kicking and clawing. No man outside of two has any idea what occurred in thes corridor. It is known that Bijah brought down four of his best spankers the other day, and he has often been heard to express his opinion that certain old men deserve a certain line of treatment when they get to carrying on as this one did. The newsboys who were packed in next to the wall affirm that they heard old familiar sounds, well laid on, but it is a mystery that may never be unravelled. When the old man was let out he jumped clear into the gutter with a yell, and a close observer could have detected splinters from a pine shingle hanging to his coat tails.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Jests from French Papers.

A gentleman finds himself in the hands of two highwaymen, with which Paris has been infested for several weeks, who vainly search his pockets.

"What an ass you are," they exclaim, "to go out at night without your watch. The idea of your believing these stupid newspaper reporters!"

A well-known politician was formerly a doctor, and poor one at that. He was talking the other day of people's ingratitude:

"You can't imagine," he said to an acquaintance, who remembered his being a doctor, "the number of people that are indebted to me for their positions."

"Their horizontal ones, you mean?"

Extract from a new novel: "Takin, a pen he sat down and wrote to a friend rubbing his hands sleepily together as he proceeded."

One of the new Republican officials saw in his room a big, well-dressed fellow standing with his arms crossed and doing nothing. The third day he went to him and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am your second secretary," replied the young man, not in the least disturbed.

"Indeed, and what are your duties?"

"Always to be on hand in case you may want me."

A retired milkman sent his son to travel, telling him to take notes and write home what he saw. He crossed a Spanish river dry shod, and wrote: "It would be impossible to carry on the milk business in this part of the country."

A Lucky Holder.

A San Francisco correspondent writes: There are so many curious turns of fortune's wheel on the Comstock. I heard only yesterday of a case where cold-blooded persistency of purpose and tenacity of grit in face of most discouraging circumstances won a big fortune; and the case is the more remarkable because, knowing the parties, meeting them almost every day, being familiar with their surroundings, etc., I never before heard of it. It leaked out only by accident. Mr. Root is the man who designed all the machinery, laid all the plans, made all the contracts, and superintended the work of building Gov. Stanford's famous wire-cable street-railroad in this city, which runs a distance of two miles through the richest and best part of the city, and is to-day the model street-railway of the continent. Root is a young man, not over thirty-six, thin, wiry, homely, and—well, shabby. He is a splendid mechanic, and though for a long time in Central Pacific employ, nobody knew him until he built the Stanford street-railway, entirely on his own plans, that there was so much in him. To look at him you wouldn't think Root ever saw a mining-stock certificate.

Yet one day when Sierra Nevada was booming along at 200, Root walked into the office of a leading broker, an old friend, and said:

"Dan, guess we'd better get rid of some of this now," and he handed over two certificates, one of 500 shares and the other of 100. "Dan" took them, looked them over, and noticed that the backs of both were perfectly covered with receipts for assessments.

"Where in the world did you get these?" asked Dan.

"Bought 'em four years ago," said Root. "Had 'em lying in my trunk ever since. Paid, I think, fifty cents a share for some, six bits for some more, and got some for two bits. Been paying assessments ever since religiously, and the whole lot stands me in about $5 a share. I want you to sell half of it now, for I guess it's time to 'call the turn,'" and within three days 300 shares of Root's stock found a market at from $200 to $220, and his broker passed to his credit over $60,000.

The other 300 shares he got rid of at $225 and $240, and about $70,000 more went to his credit. He hauled down $50,000, and then, as to the rest, said to his broker (and here is the point I want to make), "I want you to put so many thousand into Norcross, so many into California, so many into Curry, and so many into Belcher. Pay for them, let them lie; and when assessments come pay on them."

"But," said the broker, "you may have to wait, and"—

"That's just what I expect to do—wait. But sooner or later some one or the other of those stocks will make me a fortune."

And this is the spirit that our average working Californian goes into speculation on the Comstock with. Few here buy Comstock stocks for dividends. Let a mine there begin to pay dividends, and unless they are very big, or the mine has a prospect of keeping them up, not a dollar is added to the value of the stock. Our quiet buyer, our business man, our shrewd capitalist, are all actuated by the same idea. "Buy them when they are cheap, lay them away, and sooner or later if any mine within a mile makes a strike we may make 500 per cent. If the strike should come in our own mine we may make from 5,000 to 10,000 per cent., and, perhaps, if we have stock enough, walk off with the fortune we expected to have to work all our lives for."

History on Bark.

A short time ago a discovery of several mounds, evidently artificially constructed and not the handiwork of nature, was made at what is known as Sheridan's drive, on a range of hills immediately to the west of Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Within these mounds were traces of stonework as artistic and nearly perfect as that of the present day. A party went to the mounds and found a sort of book of records, written, or transcribed rather, upon pieces of bark, and placed together like the leaves of a book and tied with smaller pieces of bark. Among the exploring party was a gentleman from Boston, who had made the language of Mexico a study, and who, upon examination of the records found in the mounds, found a similarity between the writings in the records and the ancient language of Mexico during the time of the Montezumas.

The record is a history—a chronicle of events. No dates are given, but from historical analogy it is to be inferred that it must have been about 1420, during the reign of the Montezumas in Mexico, when the emperors of that name had it all their own way in not only their own section of the country, but up toward our West as well. The records give the details of a great battle, probably on the very spot where the metropolis of Kansas now stands. According to the records, the battle raged for three days and the ground was strewn with slain, and after the conflict was over the victors, with the prisoners they had taken, reversed their steps and went back to Mexico, where the captives were to be offered up upon the altars as a sacrifice to their god of war. The records were evidently written by the victors, and placed by them in the mounds where they were found. The records consist of ten large pieces of bark, flattened out, about ten or twelve inches in size, and bound tight together by thongs of bark cut into long strips and pressed. They have been sent to Boston, and are to be placed in the State Historical Museum there.—*Potter's Monthly.*

The Soup Stone.

A lady in the outskirts of Denver was the victim the other day of a tramp's practical joke. Even in these vagabonds there is an occasional vein of humor which is worth preserving. The incident happened in this wise: About the middle of the afternoon a tramp put in an appearance and asked politely if he could be permitted to cook for himself a plate of soup.

"I have the ingredients with me," he said, displaying a cobblestone about the size of an apple.

The lady very naturally looked at him in surprise.

"You can't make soup out of that rock, can you?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, madam. This is what we call a soup stone."

"Well, I should like to see you do it;" and she forthwith made up a fire in the stove and the tramp commenced operations. He filled the stove pan with water, and after it commenced to boil, very carefully deposited the stone in a pan in the water.

"I shall have to trouble you for a little seasoning," he said, and the lady hastened to get him an onion, a piece of meat and a pomato. These were carefully cut up and put in to boil along with the stone. In a short time a delicious plate of soup was prepared. The lady tasted it and was delighted with the flavor. The fellow sat down and ate, and his hostess immediately added what was necessary to make a substantial meal. When he left he said he could get plenty of soup stones on his waya, nd he would leave that one with her as an evidence of how sincerely he appreciated her kindness. She was firmly convinced that she had come into possession of a treasure. That night she told her husband of the circumstance. He listened to the recital and then inquired innocently:

"Don't you think the meat and the onion and the tomato would have made a very good soup without the rock?"

Gradually the trick began to dawn upon her, and if you want to make that lady mad, you have only to ask her for the loan of her soup stone.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

Ericsson's Substitute for Steam.

Scribner has a paper on John Ericsson, by Colonel W. C. Church, which it is claimed is the only full and wholly trustworthy popular account of this remarkable man and engineer. The following comment on Ericsson's latest invention, the solar engine, is the first authentic announcement of the machine, of which a large cut is also given:

No man has accomplished more with steam than Ericsson: yet he has never altogether abandoned his early idea of employing heat directly as a means of generating mechanical power. The flame engine is among the curiosities of the past; the caloric engine, though a mechanical success—over 3,000 of them having been built—has not accomplished all that was intended. From the attempts to find a substitute for, or an auxiliary of steam, in heat artificially produced, Ericsson has turned his attention to the problem of making direct use of the enormous dynamic force stored up in the sun's rays. Not that he expects or intends to supplant steam within its natural domain where the solar energy gathered during the carboniferous period is available for use; but over a large portion of the earth's surface the use of steam is impossible, neither fuel nor water being obtainable. It is in precisely this region that the radiant heat of the sun is the most intense and constant. Now this heat is wasted, neither producing nor sustaining life, converting what might be some of the fairest portions of the earth's surface into desolate wastes.

"There is a rainless region," says Ericsson, "extending from the northwestern coast of Africa to Mongolia, 9,000 miles in length, and nearly 1,000 miles wide. Besides the North African deserts, this region includes the southern coast of the Mediterranean, east of the gulf of Cabes, Upper Egypt, the eastern and part of the western coast of the Red Sea, part of Syria, the eastern part of the countries watered by the Euphrates and Tigris, Eastern Arabia, the greater part of Persia, the extreme western part of China, Thibet, and lastly, Mongolia. In the western hemisphere, Lower California, the table land of Mexico and Guatemala, and the west coast of South America, for a distance of more than 2,000 miles, suffer from continuous radiant heat."

To make the enormous, and as yet unused, dynamic force of this radiant heat available for man's use is the problem to which Ericsson is principally devoting the remaining years of his long and useful life. It is in a lofty spirit that he has approached the solution of this great problem. An inventor of less noble instincts might well have his imagination fired by the prospect of adding so enormously to the sum of human capacity, until the idea of mere personal advantage should lose itself in the grander one of public benefaction. Ericsson has resolved in advance that he will make use of the laws for the protection of inventors only to secure to the public what he intends to offer as his free gift to the race. It is a gift for the future, for, as we have said, he does not imagine that his invention can be made available in competition with machinery using wood and coal. But where or when artificial fuel is not to be obtained his solar engine will, he believes, open new possibilities to human achievement. To any one who will pay the price, he is prepared even now to furnish a solar engine of one hundred horse power. But the apparatus required to gather and concentrate the sun's radiant heat is too expensive to make the engine an economical one, and new conditions must arise before it will be required. Yet the solar engine is, its designer declares, a mechanical success and it needs only such a combination of wood and metal as he shall suggest to make at least possible such a transformation of the now waste portions of the earth's surface that the prophecy shall be fulfilled, and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The work of training the forces of nature to man's service is to continue until the sun, from whose dread presence he now hides himself away, shall become the slave to till his fields and transform into a fruitful garden "the plain which from its bed rejecteth every plant;" propelling for him the machinery which is to introduce a new, and it may be an even more varied and complex civilization than we have yet seen, combining the warm fancy of the east with the practical accomplishment of the west. We are merely to follow Emerson's advice to "hitch our wagons to the stars," and Ericsson is to be the Vulcan who is to forge the coupling.

Home Kindness.

Home life is the sure test of character. Let a husband be cross and surly, and the wife grows cold and unamiable. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard, a kind of two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. This is not what the family circle should be. If one must be rude to any, let it be to some one he does not love—not to wife, sister, brother or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees, as never before, what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved. It is a pitiable picture of human weakness when those we love best are treated worst.

Automatic Machinery.

An extraordinary statement in regard to the introduction of automatic machinery into some factories not far from Low Moor, near Bradford, England, has appeared in the *Warehouseman and Drapers' Trade Journal.* The writer says: "We have visited the Oak mills by night, in company with Mr. Burns and a friend. The building itself was in darkness, but we could hear the rumble of machinery as we approached. The door was unlocked and couple of candles were lighted. By the dim light we saw the machines all at work, and passing from one to another we noted also what they were producing. There was no possibility of deception, and no room for doubt. We were not there to examine the construct tion of the machinery; it was sufficient to be able to verify the main fact—which is that when the working hours of the mills are over, the lights are put out, the building is locked up and the machines are left working all through the night, producing large quantities of beautiful articles in great variety of patterns in silk, cotton and wool." The method by which this result has been attained remains a secret. The only night attendant at the factory appears to be an engineer, inasmuch as the engine and boiler cannot be left to themselves.

For an Obstinate Cough.

If you have an obstinate cough, take the following to a druggist, and have him prepare it:

R. Pix liquida, 20 drops.
Spts. nitr. dulc., 1 drachm.
Syr. Symplex, 2 ounces.
M. S. Teaspoonful night and morning.

He should charge you but little for it, as it is cheap. It is the favorite prescription of an eminent Western physician, who says that he has obtained very flattering results from its use.—*Health and Home.*

There is living in Madisonville, Ky., an old German who has in his possession a pair of trowsers made in Germany in the year 1836. He has been married in them four times, and is very anxious to use them the fifth time.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Dresses at the Royal Wedding.

Our lady readers will thank us for giving them the following full, true and particular account of the costumes worn at the late royal wedding at Windsor by some of the most distinguished dames and damsels of the British court:

Her royal highness, the Princess of Wales, wore her exquisite toilette of Oriental pearl-colored brocade, richly embroidered in pearls, with ruffles of point d'Angleterre and narrow bands of sable. The train was composed of the darkest amethyst velvet, lined with richest Oriental pearl satin, bordered in narrow sable; a smaller train of matchless point d'Angleterre entirely covering the center, was fastened on by large medallions of pearls. The corsage was profusely studded with pearls and diamonds. Her royal highness wore a tiara of diamonds, white ostrich feathers and a long tulle veil, and necklace of rows of pearls and diamonds.

Their royal highnesses, the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud of Wales, were attired in dresses of Oriental pearl-colored brocade, with stomachers of Malines lace and ceintures of darkest amethyst velvet, over jupes of poult-de-soie of the same tint, with small volants of Malines lace.

The dress worn by her royal highness, the Duchess of Teck, was one of real magnificence. The corsage and jupe were of the palest primrose and olive brocade, with plisses and draperies of olive satin, festooned with volants of the finest Honiton lace; the train of the richest olive velvet, lined and bordered in ermine, was fixed on one shoulder, with diamond clasps, and diamond stomacher on corsage. Her royal highness also wore a tiara of diamonds, lappets, ostrich feathers and diamond necklace.

The Duchess of Sutherland wore a magnificent dress of gold and silver brocade, mixed with a new shade of Scabience velvet, and finest point de Venise. The corsage was trimmed with matchless rubies and diamonds, which blended beautifully with the new shade of velvet. Her grace wore a tiara of diamonds, white ostrich feathers and gold and silver veil.

The Marchioness of Salisbury wore a most picturesque dress of antique Louis XV. brocade, of a very pale reseda hue, with embossed wreaths and bouquets of myosotis and leaves; the jupe was composed of the darkest reseda velvet draped in brocade, with festoons of myosotis satin. The corsage was of velvet, with a Louis XV. waistcoat of brocade and beautiful diamond ornaments; the headdress a tiara of diamonds, white plumes and veil.

The Marchioness of Conyngham wore a lovely toilette of mauve satin and costly antique lace, the skirt strewed with branches of natural mauve and white lilacs. Her ladyship also wore a tiara of diamonds, white feathers with veil, and branches of lilacs.

The Viscountess Cranbrook wore a dress of Russian gray satin duchesse, draped with guipure lace and velvet of the same rich shade. Headdress, diamonds, plumes and lappets.

What Iowa Girls are Taught.

At the Iowa Agricultural College every girl in the junior class has learned how to make good bread, weighing and measuring their ingredients, mixing, kneading and baking, and regulating her fire. Each has also been taught to make yeast and bake biscuit, puddings, pies and cake of various kinds; how to cook a roast, broil a steak and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff and roast a turkey, make oyster soup, prepare stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth, and, in short, to get up a first-class meal, combining both substantial and fancy dishes, in good style. Theory and manual skill have gone hand in hand. Vast stores of learning have been accumulated in the arts of canning, preserving and pickling fruits, and they have taken practical lessons in all the details of household management, such as house-furnishing, care of beds and bedding, washing and ironing, care of the sick, care of children, etc. The girls, we are informed, are also thoroughly grounded in science, mathematics and English literature; but this is of slight moment compared with the foregoing catalogue of virtues. If there is anything that challenges the unlimited respect and devotion of the masculine mind it is ability in woman to order well her own household. Each one of these charming Iowa girls, it is safe to say, will marry within six weeks after graduation.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Buford's Career.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* devotes an article to Henry Buford, the Kentuckian who shot and killed Judge J. M. Elliott, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, in the streets of Frankfort. The *Enquirer* says:

Buford's history shows him to be a man utterly regardless of law, of his own life or that of others, when his passions are aroused. Somewhere in the '50s Buford was the hero of an affray on the Lexington fair grounds, which had a great deal of notoriety at the time. He and a gentleman named Thomas, of Mt. Sterling, had quarreled, and, meeting on the fair grounds, immediately opened fire on each other. Buford displayed characteristic coolness and recklessness, changing his position once while Thomas was firing, to avoid shooting in the direction of some ladies, and at another time deliberately taking a pin from the lapel of his coat and picking the tube of his pistol, which had failed to go off. He wounded Thomas, and escaped unhurt himself. A gentleman of Lexington named Ferguson was keeping Thomas supplied with pistols. Gen. Abe Buford made at him with a bowie-knife and slashed at his throat. Ferguson ducked his head and the knife shaved his beard, taking off a good-sized piece of his chin, which fell into the possession of Mr. Mulligan, of Lexington, who exhibited it for some time in his store window as a curiosity.

Another incident in Buford's career happened at the time when the three colonels were editing the *Times*, in Louisville. Buford sent a noted belle in that city a bucket of sausage from his home near Versailles. Theodore O'Hara, author of the famous "Bivouac of the Dead," one of the three colonels, made the present a subject of ridicule in his paper. As soon as the paper reached Versailles, Buford, taking a friend with him, got in his buggy, and by driving rapidly and taking fresh horses from time to time arrived in Louisville early in the night. Reaching the Galt House and going in, he found O'Hara at the bar taking a drink. Stepping up to him and inquiring as to his authorship, O'Hara acknowledged it, and Buford at once struck him. They struggled, clinched and fell, O'Hara underneath. O'Hara drew a pistol, and reaching around Buford, tried to shoot him; but his sense of humor prevailing over his wrath, he got to laughing so that he could not discharge it. They were separated before any damage was done beyond a good beating for O'Hara, and Buford returned home.

Still another, attended with worse results, was his assault on Mr. Ulysses Turner, of Woodford, a brilliant young lawyer, and at one time a member of the banking firm of Saylor, Shelby & Co., of Lexington. Buford had some business controversy with him, attacked him, and beat him so brutally about the head that his life was despaired of, his health wrecked and his sight permanently destroyed. Mr. Turner died a short time ago, after years of suffering and blindness.

Buford's last violent exploit before the present murder was his defiance of the authority of the sheriff of Henry county in the earlier stages of the suit, the final decision of which was the cause of the assassination.

DESTRUCTION OF SZEGEDIN.

Graphic and Thrilling Story of the Flood which Submerged a City in Hungary.

A correspondent of the New York *World*, writing from Vienna, Austria, says: "Nothing less than the destruction of a city of 75,000 inhabitants is the subject which urges me to address your readers—Szegedin, the capital of thoroughbred Magyarism, in the plains of the Theiss, where the Hungarians first chose to settle after emigrating from their Asian home, the plain being the ideal country to a people which passed more than half its lifetime on horseback. Although the river embankments were in good order the Theiss, by bringing with it stones and sand, had raised its bed so that the floods became more dangerous every successive year. Snow melted very early and very suddenly in the mountains this year, and on that account many avalanches fell, as, for instance, in Bleiberg, near Villach, where half a village was buried and thirty-eight persons remained dead on the spot. In the Carpathian mountains a great deal of snow fell this winter, which melted and discharged enormous quantities of water into the valleys. The waters of the Theiss, Maros and Koros had during a fortnight inundated the plain, which was one enormous sea of water, extending over 100 square kilometers. Besides this, heavy rainfalls continued, and yet the danger was not immediate. The inhabitants were busy raising their dikes and looked hopefully into the future, when all of a sudden a terrible storm from the northeast arose which made the water rise in waves high enough to overpass the dikes. Of course against the elements in such an uproar nothing effectual could be done, although soldiers and pioneers were sent to aid the inhabitants of Szegedin. Only a few towns of the Thiess plain succeeded in preventing the waves from flooding them by working day and night at their dikes. There are, besides New Szegedin, Szentes, Czongrad and Vasarhily. The first city flooded was Orashaka, where 400 houses fell. In the night the floods burst in upon Szegedin, so that within a few hours the roofs of most of the houses and the tops of the lamp-posts were all that could be seen. The great misfortune there, as everywhere in the Hungarian plain, is that few houses are built of real bricks, the greater part being built of bricks made of lime and water, and dried in the sun like Mexican adobes, which of course dissolve in water. Therefore the only houses which still stand in Szegedin are built of real bricks, and these are scarcely a twentieth part of the town—in fact, little more than 200. Everything else disappeared in the flood. Szegedin numbered 75,000 inhabitants, according to the last census, and 9,500 buildings, of which about 5,000 were dwelling-houses. The work of destruction was as sudden as terrible. All was over in a few hours; therfore it is no wonder that great loss of life was incurred. The number of the dead is put at 19,000. One hundred laborers are busy from morning to night burying the dead in the neighboring village of Szoregh. At first the number of boats was quite insufficient to save the number of frightened inhabitants, many of whom the danger-bell tolled out of their sleep. When boats enough came the soldiers had hard work to row through all the lumber tossing about on the waters and to induce the frightened people to let themselves be saved, as the greater part of them refused to get off their housetops into the boats without their poor property, which could not be saved under such circumstances. 'Better die all of us than live without our beds and our coffee-pots!' was what they all said. A very happy circumstance was that the embankments of the Southern railway remained intact, so that help could continually be got from Temesvar and the rescued could be sent away in that direction. In the first hours this could not be thought of. The desperate people clung to the dikes, climbed up trees, filled the few stone houses to overflowing. Many were frozen to death in the first nights, the wind blowing mercilessly through their scanty, wet clothing. Twenty were found frozen to death, and twenty-three went mad from terror and have been sent to the madhouse in Pesth. The brave men who risked their lives a thousand times to bring help were witnesses of the most heartrending scenes. Sometimes as they approached a housetop or a tree to which drowning people clung, these could hold on no longer, and, dropping in the water, were drowned before the boats could reach them. An old man in the center of a mound of piled-up rubbish was heard calling desperately for help, but it was impossible to approach him, and he perished. A white-haired grandmother was seen diving for something. She found it at last—her drowned grandchild, which she held up toward heaven, laughing hoarsely, a madwoman's laugh. An expedition from Pesth, headed by a member of Parliament, arrived three days after the catastrophe, and he tel's us that even then he was a witness of the most dreadful scenes. A small rafter was floating by them, when one man espied a small baby on it, tied to a divan. The expedition was quick enough in bringing the poor little one into safety, but its parents have not been found, and are most likely drowned. Then a woman signalled to them from a roof. When they approached they thought she had fainted. She seemed lifeless, so that they had to bear her into the boat. She was not ten minutes there when a feeble wail betrayed the awful fact that she had given birth to a child—a boy it turned out to be. All these people were taken to the station—a yard high in water—and some were sent away to neighboring towns and villages. Thousands found shelter in railway cars, which came from all parts; but the greater part remained in the open air, where the cold and the wet has made many very ill, especially, of course, the women and children. The first among the other evils that tormented the poor, stricken inhabitants of Szegedin was hunger; for, of course, with so many lives to save, victuals could not be thought of. But very soon whole trains full of bread, cheese, meat and wine came from Temesvar and Pesth and brought relief. The railway companies send everything gratis, and now large quantities of clothes are daily being carried to the Southern station. Subscriptions were opened the very next day, and have had fine results."

Words of Wisdom.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Hard words have never taught wisdom, nor does truth require them.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend.

There is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world.

He that hath really felt the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

"A polite man," said the Duc de Morny, "is one who looks with interest to things he knows all about when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them."

Arthur Gilman tells the following of an old lady at Concord: "Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madame?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity!" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon it has. I was struck by lightning last summer and hove out the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good.—*Boston Traveler.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Weather report—Thunder.

A novel thing—a readable romance.

There are no stamps in last year's vests.

The chiropodist sways the whole foot's-tool.

It is finally decided that W——ster's dictionary is the best.

Drawing from nature is contagious, that is to say it's sketching.

A prescription warranted to make any sick woman re-"cover"—A new dress.

What sort of hard things can you throw at a dog without hurting him? Words—hard words.

"Of two evils always chose the least," said the girl, who jilted the grenadier and married a dwarf.

For a method of converting honey into a form of crystalline sugar, the Beekeepers' association offers a prize.

English physicians say that melancholia is always active in the morning and wears away towards night.

Henry C. Work, the song writer, has already received over $4,000 royalty for the song, "Grandfather's Clock."

Conclusive evidence at a recent trial in England proved that a girl had become a mother at the age of twelve years and one month.

Oftentimes a man ransacks the whole house for a pin, and not being able to find one, drops into a chair with disgust, and is immediately rewarded for the search.

A Western paper, in its report of a recent railroad mishap, says "the entire train went staggering from the track." Evidently a case of very elevated railroad.

Man can do many things, but there is one thing he can't do; he can't button on a new collar, just after cutting his thumb-nails, without looking up in the air.

A warbler's thrill
Awakes the hill,
For spring, a rosy lass,
Hath come, and brings
On vernal wings
Rare blooms and garden sass.

After a man, upon some raw and gusty night, when everything is as dark as the shadow of fate, has run across a swaying clothes-line with his chin and neck, you never can convince him that there is any truth in all this nonsense about death by hanging being so pleasant.—*Hawkeye.*

There was an instance of the disagreement of doctors in France recently which led to a duel in the Bois de Vincennes. The participants were army surgeons, who had had a dispute. One of them was wounded, and his antagonist dressed the wound and helped him to the carriage, and subsequently committed suicide.

A PURELY VEGETABLE PRODUCTION.

Oh, market maid, sweet harbinger
Of spring's returning pleasure,
I sigh to woo thee in a song
Of eight beets to the measure.

The time's been long since last we met,
I yam not loth to own it;
I long tomato maid with thee,
So lettuce not postpone it.

Nay, turnip not thy pretty nose,
I see thy radish blushes,
And if you carrot all for me
Off to the priest I rushes.

In the Russian Empire there are altogether only about fifteen hundred regularly licensed physicians, or one physician to each fifty thousand people, while in the United States there is one physician to each five hundred inhabitants. The Russian Government is not doing anything to advance medical education. There are but eight Russian medical colleges, and the students are required to prosecute their professional studies for five years; and such persons only are admitted to these colleges as have successfully undergone an examination in some one of the literary colleges, which have a seven years' course.

Where False Hair Comes From.

False hair having come to be recognized as a necessity of the modern female existence, it may be of interest to learn how this constantly increasing want is supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot" (to use the technical term of the trade), constitutes but a very small percentage of the stock in market, as there are few women who are willing to part with their locks for money, and those who have superfluous locks to spare grow fewer year after year. When second-hand tresses were needed merely to furnish wigs for a few elderly ladies, agents found no difficulty in securing a sufficiency among the peasant maids of Auvergne and Brittany. The present demand, however, greatly exceeds the supply, and it is asserted that Paris alone uses more than all the available crop in France, and that Marseilles (the great center of traffic in hair) deals with Spain, the Orient and the two Sicilies, for forty tons a year of dark hair, of which she makes upwards of 65,000 chignons annually. Under the name of "dead hair" are classed the "combings," which thrifty servant girls save up and sell, the clippings of barber shops, faded curls, worn out switches, etc. The scavengers of every city, both at home and abroad, value nothing short of a silver spoon among the refuse so much as a snarl of combings, however dirty, as it will find a ready sale. Such findings are afterward washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed and sorted, and then made into the cheap front curls, puffs, chignons that abound in market. Much of this enters into the cheaper grades of the 350,000 "pieces" annually made in France, of which enormous trade England is said to be the best customer, and America almost as good. Late reports on the commerce of Swatow, China, show that a large export trade in "dead" hair gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1873, during which year 18,800 pounds were exported to Europe. In 1875 the export of this refuse arose to 134,000 pounds, with a commercial value of over $25,000. It is an undoubted fact, too, that pauper corpses are often despoiled of their hair to meet this same demand of an increasing commerce. Those, then, who sport other than their own natural locks, can never be sure whether these are redolent of the sepulchre, the gutter, or the servant girl's comb.—*Scientific American.*

Madame Patterson Bonaparte.

Madame Patterson Bonaparte, wife of Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the great Napoleon, died in Baltimore, aged 94 years. Her life was uncommonly eventful. She was the belle of Baltimore in 1803, the date of her marriage to Jerome Bonaparte, who was then a young lieutenant in the French navy. Napoleon Bonaparte was at that time First Consul of France, and refused to sanction his brother's marriage. The young couple sailed for Europe, and the husband disembarked at Lisbon, but his bride was not permitted to land, orders to that effect having been given by Napoleon, who had been crowned Emperor of France. Left friendle in a strange land, Madame Bonapart made her way to England, where she s.on after gave birth to a son, whom she named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Her husband gave way to the imperious will of his brother and repudiated his American wife. Napoleon offered to settle upon "Miss Patterson" $12,000 a year if she would relinquish her claim to the name of Bonaparte. Jerome's "Memoires" say that this pension was accepted and paid regularly up to 1815, the ye ar of Napoleon's downfall. Jerome B naparte weakly yielded to all the emper or's designs, was made an admiral in the navy and Prince of the Empire, and when, in April, 1807, he was made King of Westphalia, and the emperor directed that he should marry Princess Frederica Catharina, he consented. Madame Bonaparte returned o Baltimore after Jerome's second marriage, a disappointed woman, and gave up her life to securing recognition for her son. In this she was unsuccessful. Her husband died in 1860 and her son in 1870, leaving two sons, one of whom is a colonel in the French army and the other an attorney in Baltimore.

Madame Bonaparte left an estate valued at over $1,500,000.

What an Old Sewer Revealed.

The stagnant water which has been suffered to accumulate and breed fevers and frogs in the Coliseum at Rome has been drained off at last. An ancient sewer, extending from the *meta sudans* to the Tiber, was discovered, and was connected with a drain from the Coliseum. The water was admitted into this ancient sewer on the 3d of March, and the flood which filled the basement story of the famous amphitheater of Flavius was gradually drawn off. In cleansing the sewer there were found a quantity of ancient lamps with gladiatorial ornamentation, human skulls and bones of animals. Much of the old Roman road in the Foro Romano is now exposed to view, and the ruins of the shops of gold and silversmiths are visible.