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Fate.

Fold ye your hands to wait
For time and tide,
Tamely allowing fate
All to decide.
Then why should ye complain
When they who work
Receive the best of grain—
Chaff, ye who shirk?

Only the toiler true,
Battling with fate,
Watchful of every foe,
Early and late,
Will gather in the grain,
The harvest reap;
While those who only wait,
May watch and weep!

—*Woman's Journal.*

The Golden Wedding.

Wake up, wife!—the black cloak of Night begins to fade,
And far in the east the Morning his kitchen fire has made;
And he is heating red-hot his stove of iron-gray,
And stars are winking and blinking before the light o' day.

Mind you what I was doin', just fifty years agone?—
Brushin' my Sunday raiment, an' puttin' my best looks on;
Clothin' myself in courage, so none my fright could see;
An' my coward heart within, the while, was pounding to get free.

Ten mile wood an' bramble, an' three mile field an' dew,
In the cold smile of morning I walked to marry you;
No horse had I but my wishes—no pilot but a star;
But my boyish heart it fancied it heard you from afar.

So through the woods I hurried, an' through the grass an' dew,
An' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my journey through;
Things ne'er before nor after do so a man rejoice,
As on the day he marries the woman of his choice.

And then our country wedding—brimful o grief an' glee,
With every one a-pettin' an' jokin' you an' me;
The good cheer went and came, wife, as it sometimes has done
When clouds have chased each other across the summer sun.

There was your good old father, dressed up in weddin' shape,
With all the homespun finery that he could rake an' scrape;
And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of whose smile
Shone through the showers of tear-drops that stormed her face the while;

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed to know
How they could scare up courage to let their sister go;
An' cousins an' school-house comrades, dressed up in meetin' trim,
With one of them a-sulkin' because it wasn't him;

An' there was the good old parson, his neck all dressed in white,
A bunch o' texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in his right;
An' the parson's virgin daughter, plain and severely pure,
Who hoped we should be happy, but wasn't exactly sure.

And there was the victuals, seasoned with kind regards an' love,
And holly wreaths with breastpins of rubies, up above;
An' there was my heart a-wonderin' as how such things could be,
An' there was the world before us, an' there was you and me.

Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the sun, has come in sight
And on a tree-top perches to take his daily flight.
He is not old and feeble, an' he will sail away,
As he has done so often since fifty years to-day.

You know there's company coming—our daughters an' our sons;
There's John, and James, and Lucy, an' all their little ones;
And Jennie, she will be here, who in her grave doth lie
Provided company ever can come from out the sky);

And Sam—I am not certain as he will come, or not;
They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of the lot.
Before a son's dishonor, a father's loves stands dumb;
But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam will come;

The tree bends down its branches to its children from above—
The son is lord of the father, and rules him with his love;
And he will e'er be longed for, though far they be apart,
For the drop of blood he carries, that came from the father's heart.

Wake you, wife! the loud sun has roused the sweet daylight,
And she has dressed herself up in red and yellow and white;
She has dressed herself for us, wife—for our weddin' day once more—
And my soul to-day is younger than ever it was before.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE HANDSOME ARTIST.

Græme McDonald was a young Highlander come to Florence to study the old masters. He was an athletic, wholesome, handsome fellow. He painted in the palace or wiped his forehead on a warm day with equally small care, to all appearance, and he had brought his mother and two sisters to Italy, and supported them by a most heroic economy and industry. Indeed, the more I knew McDonald the more I became convinced that there was another man built over him.

Perhaps you have been in Florence, dear reader, and know by what royal liberality artists are permitted to bring their easels into the splendid apartments of the palace and copy from the priceless pictures on the walls. At the time I have my eye upon (some few years ago), McDonald was making a beginning of a copy of "Titian's Bella," and near him stood the easel of a female artist who was copying from the glorious picture of "Judith and Holofernes," in the same apartment. Mademoiselle Folie (so she was called by the elderly lady who always accompanied her) was a small and very gracefully-formed creature, with the plainest face in which attraction could possibly reside. McDonald was her nearest neighbor, and they frequently looked over each other's pictures; but, as they were both foreigners in Florence (she of Polish birth, as he understood), their conversation was in French or Italian, neither of which languages were fluently familiar to Græam, and it was limited generally to expressions of courtesy or brief criticisms of each other's labor's.

As I said before, it was a "proof impression" of a celestial summer's morning, and the thermometer stood at heavenly idleness. McDonald stood with his maul-stick across his knees, drinking from Titian's picture. An artist, who had lounged in from the next room, had hung himself by the crook of his arm over a high peg, on his comrade's easel, and every now and then he volunteered an observation to which he expected no particular answer.

"When I remember how little beauty I have seen in the world," said Ingarde (this artist), "I am inclined to believe with Saturninus, that there is no resurrection of bodies, and that only the spirits of the good return into the body of the Godhead—for what is ugliness to do in heaven?"

McDonald only said: "Hm—hm!"

"How will this little plain woman look in the streets of the New Jersusalem, for example! Yet she expects, as we all do, to be recognizable by her friends in heaven, and of course, so have the same irredeemably plain face. Does she understand English, by the way—for she might not be altogether pleased with my theory?"

"I have spoken to her very often," said McDonald, "and I think English is Hebrew to her—but my theory of beauty crosses at least one corner of your argument, my friend! I believe that the original type of every human being could be made beautiful without in any essential particular destroying the visible identity."

"And you think that little woman's face could be made beautiful?"

"I know it."

"Try it, then. Here is your copy of Titian's 'Bella,' all finished but the face. Make an apothesis portrait of your neighbor, and while it harmonizes with the body of Titian's beauty, still leave it recognizable as the portrait, and I'll give in to your theories—believing in all other miracles, if you like, at the same time!"

Ingarde laughed as he went back to his own picture, and McDonald, after sitting a few minutes lost in reverie, turned his easel so as to get a painter's view of his female neighbor. He thought she colored slightly as he fixed his eyes upon her; but if so, she apparently became very soon unconscious of his gaze, and he was soon absorbed himself in the task to which his friend had so mockingly challenged him.

[Excuse me, dear reader, while with two epistles I build a bridge over which you can cross a chasm of a month in my story.]

"To GREME MCDONALD: *Sir*:—I am intrusted with a delicate commission, which I know not how to broach to you except by simple proposal. Will you forgive my abrupt brevity, if I inform you, without further preface, that the Countess Nyschriem, a Polish lady of high birth and ample fortune, does you the honor to propose for your hand. If you are disengaged and your affections are not irrevocably given to another, I can conceive no sufficient obstacle to your acceptance of the brilliant connection. The countess is twenty-two, and not beautiful, it must in fairness be said; but she has high qualities both of head and heart, and is worthy any man's respect and affection.

"An answer is requested in the course of to-morrow, addressed to 'The Count Hanswald, minister of his majesty, the king of Prussia.' I have the honor, etc., etc. HANSWALD."

McDonald's answer was as follows:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY, HANSWALD, ETC., ETC.: You will pardon me that I have taken two days to consider the extraordinary proposition made me in your letter. The subject, since it is to be entertained a moment, requires, perhaps, still farther reflection—but my reply shall be definite and as prompt as I can bring myself to be in a matter so important.

"My first impulse was to return your letter, declining the honor you would do me, and thanking the lady for the compliment of her choice. My first reflection was the relief and happiness which an independence would bring to a mother and two sisters dependent now on the precarious profits of my pencil. And I first consented to ponder the matter with this view, and I now consent to marry (frankly) for this advantage. But still I have a condition to propose.

"In the studies I have had the opportunity to make of the happiness of imaginative men in matrimony, I have observed that their two worlds of fact and fancy were seldom under the control of one mistress. It must be a very extraordinary woman, of course, who, with the sweet domestic qualities needed for common life, possesses at the same time the elevation and spirituality requisite for the ideal of the poet and painter. And I am not certain in any case whether the romance of some secret passion, fed and pursued in the imagination only, be not the inseparable necessity of a poetical nature. For the imagination is incapable of being chained, and it is at once disenchanted and set roaming by the very position and certainty which are the charms of matrimony. Whether exclusive devotion of all the faculties of mind and body be the fidelity exacted in marriage is a question every woman should consider before making a husband of an imaginative man. As I have not seen the countess I can generalize on the subject without offense; and she is the best judge whether she can chain my fancy as well as my affections, or yield to an imaginative mistress the devotion of so predominant a quality of my nature. I can only promise her the constancy of a husband.

"This inevitable license is allowed—my ideal world and its devotions, that is to say, left entirely to myself—I am ready to accept the honor of the countess' hand.

"Your excellency may command my time and presence. With high consideration, etc. GREME MCDONALD."

Rather agitated than surprised seemed Mlle. Folie when, the next day, as she arranged her brushes upon the shelf of her easel, her handsome neighbor commenced in the most fluent Italian he could command to invite her to his wedding. Very much surprised was McDonald when she interrupted him in English and begged him to use his native tongue, as madam, her attendant, would not then understand him. He went on delightedly in his own honest language, and explained to her his imaginative admiration, though he felt compunctious, somewhat, that so unreal a sentiment should bring the visible blood to her cheek. She thanked him—drew the cloth from the upper part of her own picture and showed him an admirable portrait of his handsome features, substituted for the masculine head of Judith, in the original from which she copied—and promised to be at his wedding, and to listen sharply for her murmured name in his vow at the altar. He chanced to wear at the moment a ring of red carnelian, and he agreed with her that she should stand where he could see her, and at the moment of his putting the marriage ring upon his bride's finger that she should put on this, and forever after wear it as a token of having received his spiritual vows of devotion.

The day came and the splendid equipage of the countess dashed into the square of the Santa Maria, with a veiled bride and a cold bridegroom, and deposited them at the steps of the church. They were followed by other coroneted equipages, and gayly dressed people dismounted from each—the mother and sisters of the bridegroom, gayly dressed, among them, but looking pale with incertitude and dread.

The veiled bride was small, but she moved gracefully up the aisle, and met her future husband at the altar with a low courtesy, and made a sign to the priest to proceed with the ceremony. McDonald was colorless but firm, and indeed showed but little interest, except by an anxious look now and then among the crowd of spectators at the sides of the altar. He pronounced his vows with a steady voice, but when the ring was to be put on he looked around for an instant, and then suddenly, and to the great scandal of all present, clasped his bride with a passionate ejaculation to his bosom. The carnelian ring was on her finger—and the Countess Nyschriem and Mademoiselle Folie—his bride and his fancy queen—were one!

This curious event happened in Florence some years since—as all people then there will remember—and it was prophesied of the countess that she would have but a short lease of her handsome and gay husband. But time does not say so. A more constant husband than McDonald to his plain and titled wife, and one more continuously in love, does not travel and buy pictures and patronize artists—though few, except yourself, dear reader, know the philosophy of it!

The Pineapple.

The pine apple, or ananas, (*Ananassa Sativa*) is a plant of the natural order *Bromeliaceæ*, justly highly esteemed for its luscious and delightful fruit. It is a native of tropical America, and is found in greatest profusion throughout the West India Islands and in the sandy maritime portions of the northeastern part of South America. In these sections it was originally a wild fruit, but has been greatly improved by care and cultivation. It has gradually diffused over tropical and sub-tropical countries, until it has become naturalized in many sections of the world, notably in Asia and Africa. Its strong, hardy nature has enabled it to withstand the unavoidable differences of its several new locations, until it has spread over nearly all the warm, sandy countries on the face of the globe; while its delightful flavor and refreshing moisture has made it a wonderful favorite among all the nations.

The fruit is a "scorosis," formed by calyces and bracts of a close spike of flowers becoming succulent and combined. It has a number of long, serrated, sharp-pointed, rigid leaves springing from the root, in the midst of which a short flower-stem is thrown up, and bearing thereon a single fruit. From the summit of the fruit springs a crown, or tuft, of small leaves, capable of becoming a new plant; it being propagated, in cultivation, entirely by crowns and suckers, as in a high state of cultivation the perfect seed is almost never produced.

In size the Pine Apple varies from 2½ to 12 pounds, and retains its flavor and juiceness for an extremely long period of time. In many countries, notably, China, Japan and the Phillipine Islands, its fibre is much used for manufacturing purposes, the natives being peculiarly skilled in this species of work. Exquisite handkerchiefs, curtains, shawls, etc., are produced, which command almost fabulous prices among the more aristocratic circles of Europe and Asia. In this country no attempt of any magnitude has been made in this direction, its utility from this stand-point being a matter for development at some future day.

In our home market, the "Bahama Pine Apple," is the favorite fruit, and the demand and supply have been kept at a pretty even ratio. Immense quantities are processed and canned for shipment to all parts of the world, and find prompt and ready sale. In this peculiar branch of trade our city has invariably taken the lead, the reputation for square and honorable dealing of her merchants has become world-wide, while their goods are proverbially celebrated for pureness, fine quality and reasonableness of price.

Nassau, in the island of New Providence, has always been considered the most favorable point for the purchase and shipment of Pines. The island itself seems to bristle with them. On every side as far as the eye can reach, loom up the brilliant green, pink and yellow apples, seated royally upon their cactus-like looking thrones, and diffusing their delightful odor throughout their surrounding neighborhood. On some plantations from 70,000 to 80,000 dozens are cut per annum, and dozens of cargoes are shipped to the various ports of the United States and Europe. Many are also packed and canned by the producers, some parties shipping as many as from 40,000 to 50,000 dozen of cans; of course these are the large dealers, but hundreds and hundreds of negroes engage in the same traffic for their account, and when their crops ripen and become marketable, throng the wharves and business places, offering their stocks to the traders and buyers with a perseverance and pertinacity almost unendurable.

As regards their method of canning, they are of course, greatly behind the perfected and finished establishments, with which we are favored here, and lack the requisite machinery, and, in fact, the necessary knowledge of detail required, in order to elevate the business to the same superiority which it has acquired with us.

The skill and rapidity, however, of the negro employees in paring the fibrous, unyielding fruit, is something wonderful in dexterity and manipulation. After them come the "slicers," who cut the pines in regular slices and places them properly in the cans, from whence they are transferred to another department, there to receive their proper quantity of pure, sweet syrup, which is always of the finest quality made from pure rain water and the highest grades of sugar. The cans are then securely sealed and soldered, weighed and passed into the boiling room, in which are great steaming cauldrons of boiling water, into which the cans are lowered by a tackle of the most primitive and unpretending style. In this hot bath they remain until the air within them is well expanded—say some four or five minutes,—when they are re-hoisted, and a small hole punctured in each, which is immediately soldered up again, as soon as the confined air has had an opportunity to escape, when they are again re-lowered into the boiling water and allowed to remain until properly cooked.

After the cooling, then comes the labelling, which being finished they are ready for shipment, and take their voyages to every port in the entire world. Hottentot and Malay, Arab and Turk, all extend to them a hearty welcome. Their own merits speak for themselves, their delicate flavor and cooling properties are unequalled by any fruit which bounteous nature has so lavishly bestowed upon mankind, and their cheering presence upon the tables of rich and poor alike prove an acceptable and much coveted addition thereto.

None of us are perfect, and we have no right therefore to expect perfection in others. So if you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but to speak one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face. This habit of reticence, beside being a kindly one, is safe. Many a bitter harvest has been reaped from thoughtless words of censure.

SUNDAY READING.

Seeing in a Fog.

A friend of ours, last March, sailing down the fine coast, came on deck one morning to find the air pervaded by a fog so thick as to shut off the vision for even a few yards from the steamer. He had been aware, during the night, of a peculiar vigilance and activity on board, and ascertained that the fog had lasted since the previous evening. On inquiring of the captain concerning their whereabouts he was told that they had passed Cape Hatteras in the night. "How did you know that? Could you see the light?" "Oh, no, not in a fog like this." "Well, you certainly could take no observations without a star in sight." "No; but we have other ways of seeing where we are than these you have mentioned." "How?" "By the lead. Our soundings told us when we were off the cape, and when we had passed it."

The spiritual have other means of seeing than what we call our sight. They see by the lead. That lead is faith. All distinctly Christian seamanship consists in the use of this "vision and faculty divine." There are nights when the heavens seemed walled above our heads, and no light shines from the shore; when, through the moaning and midnight seas, we have to pass the stormy and perilous crisis of our life. But we go on, sounding the very depths that encompass and imperil us, and find in the rocks and shoals themselves our chart and our security. For we walk by faith, not by sight.—*Intelligencer.*

Religious News and Notes.

The salary of the bishops of the United Brethren in Christ is only $1,000 a year, with traveling expenses and house rent.

The Methodist Episcopal church has in Iowa 813 churches and 74,781 communicants, a gain in ten years of 320 churches and 14,687 communicants.

The supreme court of the State of Maine decides that "a church is not a corporation with authority to create debt in erecting a house of worship."

The general synod of the Reformed (German) church in session at Tiffin, O., elected by acclamation the Rev. Jeremiah H. Good, D. D., as president.

Of the 1,896 Sunday-schools in New Jersey 1,394 are open the whole year. The international lessons are taught in 1,644 of them. The next State convention will be held in Passaic in November.

The general conference of the Congregational Methodist church, a body of about 10,000 members, has just been held in Fredonia, Ga. All the State conferences were represented except those of Missouri and Texas.

The Presbyterian work among the freedmen the past year was quite successful. The receipts of the year were $68,711, with which 162 preachers and teachers were employed. There are in the fifty-two schools 5,340 pupils. The whole number of communicants is 11,555.

Dr. Murdock, secretary of the American Baptist missionary union, spoke at the recent anniversary in Indianapolis of the need of more missionaries. Most of the candidates who have offered themselves want to go to some particular field where additional help is not so much needed. Reinforcements are most needed for Japan, Burmah and Spain.

The number of Salvation army stations now reported in Great Britain is 185; of officers, employed and paid, 395, and of trained speakers, 6,180, while total sitting accommodation is provided for 141,900 persons, and the total number of people reached in the streets and highways weekly is computed at 3,000,000. The annual amount of expenditure reaches nearly $90,000.

Freaks of Lightning.

Lightning struck a book in the pocket of John B. Junek, of Refugio, Texas, and tore its pages in a singularly irregular manner. Junek was knocked senseless.

William Alsford and his son-in-law, Norton Orr, of East Hannibal, Mo., were struck by a bolt and the former was killed. Orr will be totally deaf the rest of his days.

At Springfield, Mass., lightning ripped up the floors of the house of Morris A. Cooley, tore out the ceilings, put out the lights, and created a general shaking up. None of the inmates was hurt.

Lightning struck a cherry tree in the court yard of N. H. McCracken, of Fulton, N. Y., and killed the canary in the cage that Mrs. McCracken was holding in her hand. Mrs. McCracken was not hurt.

The home of Mrs. Catharine Welch, of Kittery, Me., was completely wrecked by lightning. Mrs. Welch's son was hurled from his bed against the wall, and Mrs. Welch herself was stunned.

At Harrodsburg, Ky., lightning shattered every window pane in the house of Isaac Terhune, and demolished a tree measuring thirty inches so completely that large pieces of wood were thrown 100 feet and the trunk split into ordinary cord wood.

A policeman in the Central police station of Philadelphia had just finished combing and dressing his hair in a recent thunder-storm when the electricity scon unmade it by drawing every hair on end so that it looked as if ruffled by a rake, but his body suffered no injury.

In a recent storm in Philadelphia a ball of white fire resembling a flickering electric light was visible on the very top of a tall telegraph pole on Fourth street, below Chestnut. In a few seconds it darted among one of the wires and was lost in the darkness. Another and another followed in rapid succession until the wire resembled a string of dancing red hot balls.

Lightning did terrible work at Cedartown, Ga., recently. In a double log house occupied by a family named Prince and another named Brazier, the bolt entered the roof and struck dead Mrs. Brazier, who was standing by the fire roasting coffee. Her neck was broken and her head split open by a piece of the mantel that was torn off by the lightning and hurled at her with terrific force. Mr. Powell, who was holding Mrs. Brazier's infant, was knocked senseless. Jeff Vancy, who was in the same room, was struck dead. Mrs. Prince, who stood in the hallway between the two rooms, was instantly killed, and a hole was made in the floor under her feet as if a rifle ball had pierced it.

Politeness: Gilhooly tied his pony to a fence railing on Austin avenue. The owner of the premises came up to him and said: "You freckle-faced fraud, if you don't untie that horse I'll fan the air with your ungainly carcass." "You must excuse me, sir," responded Gilhooly, "but I am a stranger and did not know there would be any objection." "You addle-pated outcast, don't you suppose I know you are a stranger? That's why I talk politely to you, you goggle-eyed outcast; that's why I don't talk rough to you."—*Galveston News.*

A horse seized a little girl with its teeth at Dayton, Ill., carried her several blocks, and then trampled her to death

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Utah is just now the chosen field for considerable Christian missionary work. There are forty-four Presbyterian missionaries in the Territory, maintained at an annual cost of $36,000, the Congregationalists are spending $30,000 in new school-houses and churches, the Methodists have twenty missionaries on the ground, and other denominations are represented. These tremendous onslaughts have incited the Mormons to renewed zeal.

Naam Lord, a resident of Friendship, N. Y., is a man who has undergone more suffering than is usually allotted to man. For several years past Mr. Lord has been a victim of rheumatism, and he has lingered along on the banks of death with one foot in the grave for a long time. For about three years he has been blind, deaf and speechless. Before he became speechless he used to moan and plead for death to relieve him from his agony. He is so deformed that the only position which he now rests in, or in fact survives, is a sitting one, with his head between his knees, nearly meeting his feet. It is strange that some people have to endure so much suffering, while young men are often cut down and taken from us in their best and apparently healthiest days.

A Detroit (Mich.) doctor, who has vaccinated over 500 persons, reports many odd experiences with subjects under the lancet. Not more than two men out of ten have it done in a straightforward way. They hesitate, make inquiries, and postpone it a few days. One insisted upon being strapped fast to his chair while the operation was performed. Another wanted to take chloroform. A negro was one day seen to walk past the office several times, and the doctor finally stepped to the door and asked him if he wanted to be vaccinated. "Deed, sah, dat's what I cum for," he replied, "but de werry minnit I turned dat corner de blamed thing quit aching!" As a rule the men, when they feel the lancet, cry "Woosh!" or "Thunder!" The women cry "Ouch!" generally, but now and then one screams "Oh, Lordy!" Children have to be flattered, coaxed or scared into submission.

Details of the fate of that portion of the Flatters expedition which remained in the Sahara under the command of Sergeant Pobequin present a scene of unsurpassed horror. The natives having stolen all the camels which bore the water, the twenty-nine men made their way afoot to the caravan route in hope of meeting with succor. But no caravan came in sight. Without either food or drink the men endured unspeakable agonies for a time, but were at last driven to the fearful resort of cannibalism. Fifteen men were devoured in turn, Pobequin being the fifteenth. Then help came. A caravan arrived, and provided the half-insane survivors with a small supply of food and water, but only in return for money. When at last they were rescued by the Meharis from Uargla, only twelve of them remained alive, and their minds and bodies were almost fatally wrecked by the hardships they had undergone.

Herr Heinrich Waldner, well known as the author of an exhaustive volume on the ferns of Central Europe, has made an interesting contribution to the literature of sun spots in their relation to good and bad vintages. He has constructed a series of tables showing that the minimum of the sun spots corresponds with the good years, the maximum of the sun spots with the wet and bad years, when great inundations and hailstorms have occurred. Thus the years 1810, 1823, 1834, 1844, 1856, 1867 and 1876, in which the sun was almost entirely clear from spots, concur exactly or nearly with those years of this century which have been most famous as the good wine years, namely, 1811, 1822, 1834, 1846, 1857, 1868 and 1875. Herr Waldner calculates that the next exceptionally good year will be 1887 or 1888. The wine growers of Switzerland have afforded an opportunity for doctors to disagree by inviting Professor Rudolf Wolf, director of the Zurich observatory, to give his opinion of Herr Waldner's theory and prediction.

That the Russian peasantry are not wholly unreasonable in their present wish for agrarian reform, one example out of many will suffice to show. A peasant in one of the eastern provinces, whose crops had failed, having with difficulty maintained his household during the winter, found himself absolutely without resources in the spring. After vainly asking help from his neighbors, he at length applied to a wealthy moneylender who had more than once profited by his distress, and offered to work for him during the whole summer as a common laborer. The other named a sum so far below even the meager market rate of twenty cents a day, that the peasant saw at once that it would barely suffice to keep his wife and children from starvation, leaving absolutely nothing for himself. "Have pity upon me, your honor," he pleaded; "I must starve if you won't give me more than that." "Starve, then, and be cursed to you," retorted the heartless usurer; "it's no affair of mine." Driven to desperation, the poor fellow sat down at his hard-hearted employer's door and cut his own throat.

An extensive and novel form of landlordism has been established in Iowa. Mr. Close, representing some English capitalists, bought 10,000 acres of land, divided it into farms of 160 acres each, brought tenants from England and now has it all under tillage. "Our system," Mr. Close says, "is not to hold virgin land on the chance of a rise in value, but, by building houses and plowing the sod, to improve the property we buy and make it productive of income, wherein we conceive lies the distinction between legitimate business and speculation in land. Each 160 acres is let, as a rule, to one tenant, who provides labor and machinery, paying us rent for wheat lands in kind, on the half-share system, and for Indian corn lands at about $2 per acre. The tenant's own labor, with one assistant, usually a son, is enough, except at harvest-time, to cultivate 160 acres, if divided between wheat and Indian corn. Thus our laborers are directly interested in the yield, and we think we combine the economy of large buildings with the efficiency and productiveness of small. In 1880 and for 1881 we could have let our farms twice over. Every forty farms or thereabouts are placed under the superintendence of a steward, who is controlled directly by ourselves."

James D. Rhymus was a patient in a private mad-house. Mrs. Bigelow, wife of the physician in charge, took a deep interest in his case. She believed that insanity could best be cured by moral suasion and generally mild treatment, and she chose Rhymus as a subject on whom to test her system. He steadily improved, until at last sanity was re-established. In the meantime Mrs. Bigelow became a widow. She soon afterward married Rhymus, and he became a physician. That was twenty years ago. Dr. Rhymus made insanity a specialty in his practice, and had charge successively of many asylums. He adhered to the theory of mild treatment, which had proved efficacious in his own case, and for the purpose of putting it into thorough practice he leased, a few weeks ago, the Grand View hotel, near Denver, turning it into an asylum. In order to train his keepers by degrees he at first admitted only three patients, and these were supposed to be only slightly deranged. But he was mistaken in one of these, and one morning found himself attacked by a furious madman, who choked him insensible, and would have killed him if his wife had not fought heroically to free him. During the commotion caused by the struggle the two other patients escaped, and one of them drowned himself. This bad beginning of the enterprise drove Dr. Rhymus insane again, and while out of his mind he slew his wife.

Snowballing a Fire.

In some reminiscences of Montreal, given in the *Star* of that city, we find the following: One morning in January, 1826, after a heavy fall of damp snow the day before, a fire broke out in a large wooden warehouse at Point a Calliere, occupied by D. W. Eager, in which were stored 600 barrels of pork and several hundred barrels of flour. It evidently caught near the top, for in a few minutes the roof of the building, which was of great length, was almost wreathed in smoke and flames, while the walls remained intact. A large crowd of men and boys rapidly collected until nearly 500 were present, but the engine for some reason not arriving, and the river, the only source of water supply, being covered with thick ice, and above all the crowd being without a leader and utterly confused, nothing of importance was done to keep the fire, and the building seemed doomed to complete destruction. Just as this idea had settled into a conviction in the minds of those present, Henry Corse came rushing over to the scene from his factory, shouting at the top of his voice: "What are you thinking of, men? Why don't you snowball that fire out?" and suiting the action to the word he caught up a handful of the damp snow and flung it upward. The crowd caught the idea on the instant, as all they wanted was a leader, and, making a solid rush forward, they caught up the snow at their feet, and a moment later a thousand snowballs were mounting fireward and falling with a hiss on the blazing timbers. Never was such a sight seen before; the immense crowd surrounded and stormed the fire-fiend with a will, cheering and shouting in their excitement; the snow-missiles flew upward thicker than hail falls in December; the great snow fight of Napoleon and his fellows at Brienne school was nothing in comparison to it. Almost after the first half-dozen volleys the fire seemed to pause as if astonished at the novel mode of attack; before it could recover another and another storm of balls fell upon it until beaten and battered down at one point and flaming out at another, assailed by a moving wall of icy missiles wherever it burst out with renewed violence, in an hour's time it was completely baffled and under control, and in another hour entirely subdued. The only loss to the building was its roof, badly burned, while the stores of pork and flour inside were comparatively undamaged. The crowd dispersed in the highest good spirits, and the affair was talked of and laughed over for many a day afterward.

A Painter's Nerve.

Bernard Koehler and Fritz Hisgen, two house painters, were painting a large house in Cincinnati. Three o'clock in the afternoon found them close up under the eaves of the house and sixty-five feet from the ground. They had just finished the surface within reach and had started to lower the scaffold a few feet. When the required distance had been reached Hisgen called to his partner to hang on to the rope until he (Hisgen) tied his own, when he would come over and perform a like service for him. Hisgen had just completed his own knot when Koehler cried out: "Come over, quick, I can't hold it." Hisgen, as quickly as possible, started across the aerial bridge, but had not gone two steps when he saw the man let go his hold and felt the ladder give way beneath his feet. As he began the fall, in the energy of desperation, he, with both hands, grasped the almost smooth top of the fourth-story window cornice, and there hung in the air, a distance of sixty feet from the pavement. He then gave an exhibition of nerve that terrified every one who saw it. Placing the toe of one boot against the window frame he gave his body a slight pendulum motion away from the house. A second push gave him a better impetus, and as he swung on the return toward the window he released his hold and went crashing through the glass safely to the floor of the fourth-story room, from whence he immediately looked out through the aperture he had made to see what had become of his companion. Koehler had not been quite so fortunate. As he went shooting through the air he caught the hanging rope with both hands and lessened his speed all the way down at the expense of all the cuticle of his palms, which was burned off by the friction. He landed in a sitting posture on the sidewalk and was taken to the hospital with a pair of very sore hips.

Getting Rid of Rats.

Many farms are so infested with rats as to cause serious loss to their occupants, and various remedies are resorted to for their destruction. None will prove so effectual, however, as to make a simultaneous attack upon them "all along the line," by setting steel traps, deadfalls, triphead barrels, delusion traps, together with a poison box, or box in which you have continued to feed them on cheese, buttered bread, &c., until they will almost come for calling, when saturate their bait with deadly poison, and they and their neighbors will come flocking in to enjoy the repast, which, as soon as partaken of, and resolutions of thanks passed for the kindness, will cause them to retire handsomely to rest forever. This, and keeping a thoroughbred rat-terrier or two trained for the purpose, will soon make the place too hot for them. But to render their extermination the more complete, concert of action must be had by all interested. Every farmer should take his own premises in hand, and then, after so arranging his outbuildings as to shut the destructive animals out, he can make use of the above means with every prospect of success.

The largest casting ever attempted in this country was successfully made at the Morgan Iron Works, New York. It was a steam cylinder for an iron vessel now being built by John Roach, for the Old Colony Steamboat Company, and the casting was done under Mr. Roach's personal supervision.

FOR THE LADIES.

An Incident at a Royal Wedding.

There was one picturesque incident about the wedding of Princess Stephanie in Vienna. No sooner was the ceremony concluded then the high master of ceremonies, stepping forward, requested all the Belgians in waiting on the princess—the stewards, chamberlains and ladies—to follow him, and led them away; their duties were at an end, for Princess Stephanie was now an Austrian. Next instant the master of ceremonies appeared at the head of a new cortege of ladies and gentlemen in waiting accredited to the crown princess—this time Austrians and Hungarians. This part of the ceremony was, perhaps, the most impressive of all, and the crown princess was deeply moved.

The Simplicity of Dress Illustrated.

Simple costumes, as well as rich and gorgeous ones, being the order of the day, one can dress in the style or manner most becoming to them, spending hundreds of dollars or as many cents, according to their purse or inclination. Apropos of this simplicity that is so much admired, and which often costs more than an elaborate toilet, is the following: A number of ladies at a large party were wondering why all young ladies did not dress in the plain, simple style of a young belle present, whose toilet they greatly admired. The dress was of white surah, covered with tiny ruffles of the same goods. The overdress was of nun's veiling, with frills and cascades of cream-white lace, and caught up with clusters of white snowdrops covered with crystals. Upon her head was a wreath of snowdrops glittering with white jets. She wore no jewels, but carried in her hand a large antique fan of white feathers spangled with crystals. After the party was over the wearer of the dress, who had enjoyed the compliments poured in upon her for the exquisite simplicity of her dress, told her doting old uncle, who had been most profuse in his exclamations over her simple style of dress, that this compound of veiling, surah and lace had cost her over $200. All the uncle did was to hand the young lady his new spring hat with a bow of acknowledgment, that women were to him incomprehensible, and that he would never again praise the simplicity of a $200 dress.

Fashion Notes.

Watered silks are worn again.

Steel appears on the straps of the ow shoes.

Painted French mull is a novelty for dresses.

Capes made entirely of jetted tulle are stylish.

Little golden cats are suspended from the bracelet.

Velvet is sparingly used on the summer costumes.

Pink and ruby shades are combined in French toilettes.

Overskirts are not worn, the drapery being fastened to the skirt.

Spanish lace is used for trimming parasols instead of fringe.

Folded stocks of illusions are worn with high-necked white gowns.

Bonnet strings should be tied in enormous bows under the chin.

Bonnets are shown, covered with currants, grapes, and other small fruits.

Young ladies still wear the plain round skirt and waist, with sash at the side.

Some of the little bonnets have exactly the curves of a horse-shoe over the forehead.

Children wear coachman's drab frocks and they soil almost as easily as if they were white.

The coral pink roses, lately introduced, damage any complexion but one exceptionally fine.

"A bonnet of wild oats, lined with scarlet satin" is the description in a New York paper.

Buckles will be very fashionable, worn with sashes, and they match the buttons worn on the dress.

"Mountain bunting" is used for traveling costumes. It is stiff and wiry and comes in gray and brown.

Riding skirts are cut quite short, with knee gores, adapted to the position of the rider when she is in the saddle.

Beetles in colored glass are used to fasten French neckties. Hope it will stay in France; it's an ugly fashion.

Duchess, Dot, Dimple, Charmer, Flirtation, Carey, Gerster and Bernhardt are the names of some of the new bonnets.

Spiders with bodies made of humming-bird feathers, and gilt legs, are used to fasten the strings on new bonnets.

Wide collars edged with lace three inches deep will be the fashionable collar for morning wear with summer dresses.

With high-necked dresses flowers are worn at the belt; with low dresses, on the shoulder; with square neck, at the corsage.

The long lace pins should be put through the material cross-wise, and so lightly that they are visible almost from point to head.

Pretty aprons are made of plush, with bibs and pockets, and finished off with satin ribbon. An apron of red plush is trimmed with Spanish lace.

"Robin's egg" and "gendarme blue" will be much worn by young ladies, and a new blue, or blue-green, called "duck's breast," is shown in rich satins.

Olive green is the favorite color for the embroideries and satin bows of white muslin gowns, and next to olive green the tints most used are blue and pink in many shades.

Wreaths of delicate roses, ending in fine sprays of rose leaves and moss buds, are worn under the oddly curved brims of the stylish and picturesque Spanish round hats.

Long Courtships.

Beyond a certain point there is no progress in courtship. When the parties to the affair have arrived at the conviction that they were "made for each other," and cannot be happy apart, the sooner they become "one and inseparable" the better. Antenuptial affection is as mobile as quicksilver, and when it has reached its highest point, the safest policy is to merge it in matrimonial bliss. Otherwise, it may retrograde. Very long courtships often end in a backout on one side or the other—the retiring party being in most cases "inconstant man." And we would hint to that unreliable being that he has no right to dangle after an estimable woman for years without any fixed intention of marrying her. The best thing a lady can do under such circumstances is to bring matters to a focus, by asking the point-no-point gentleman *what* he means, and *when?* She can either do that or dismiss him altogether. Perhaps the latter plan would in most instances be the better one; for a man who is slow to matrimony is generally slow in all the concerns of life.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

According to Mr. A. Renvnard the water in which hemp has been steeped produces no evil effects on the health of a district when such water is allowed to flow into running water, but always destroys the fish and some varieties of vegetable growth.

Two eggs of the extinct great auk were recently sold by auction in Edinburg, both being purchased by Lord Lillord—one at £100 the other at 102 guineas—probably the largest sum ever paid for a single egg, with the exception of that of the moa, a single specimen of which was sold at the same place in 1865 for £200.

Mr. Alexander Adams, of the English postal telegraph staff, announces that he has discovered well-marked electric tides in the telegraph circuits. He finds, that is, distinct and systematic variations of strength in the earth current, which are invariably present on telegraph lines; and these variations follow the position of the moon with respect to the earth.

Charcoal will absorb, of some gases, from eighty to ninety times its own bulk. As every point of its surface is a point of attraction, it is supposed to account for the enormous accummulation of gases in the spaces of the charcoal. But this accounts for it only in part. There must be some peculiar power in charcoal to change in some way the condition of a gas of which it absorbs ninety times its own bulk.

Cyclones extend over a circle from 100 to 500 miles in diameter, and sometimes 1,000 miles. In the West Indies they are sometimes as small as 100 miles in diameter, but on reaching the Atlantic they dilate to 600 or 1,000 miles. Sometimes, on the contrary, they contract in their progress, and while contracting they augment fearfully in violence. The violence of the wind increases from the margin to the center, where the atmosphere is frequently quite calm.

Speaking of the formation of mountains Professor Favre, of Geneva, has said that the three systems which account for the origin of mountains do not differ greatly from each other. Those who admit the system of elevations as the principal cause