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On Your Grave.

Love, on your grave in the ground
  Sweet flowers I planted are growing—
Lilies and violets abound,
Pansies border it round,
  And cowslips, all of my sowing;
A creeper is rying to cover
Your name with a kiss like a lover.

Dear, on your grave, in my heart,
  Grow flowers you planted when living,
Memories that cannot depart,
Faith in life's holier part,
  Love, all of your giving;
And Hope, climbing higher, is surer
To reach you as life grows purer.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Two Men I Know.

I know a duke; well—let him pass—
I may not call his grace an ass;
Though if I did, I'd do no wrong—
Save to the asses and my song.

The duke is neither wise nor good;
He gambols, drinks, scorns womanhood,
And at the age of twenty-four
Was worn and battered as three-score.

I know a waiter in Pall Mall,
Who works, and waits and reasons well;
Is gentle, courteous and refined,
And has a magnet in his mind.

What is it makes his graceless grace
So like a jockey out of place?
What makes a waiter—tell who can—
So very like a gentleman?

Perhaps their mothers! God is great!
Perhaps 'tis accident—or fate!
Perhaps because—hold not my pen!
We can breed horses, but not men!

English Paper.

Walter Blakely's Masterpiece.

"Are you going out, Ellen?" asked Mrs. Vivian, as her daughter entered the room, equipped for a walk.

"Yes, mother dear, I am going down to meet papa. He said he should return by the Park stream." She closed the door as she spoke.

Mr. Vivian, his wife, and his daughter, Ellen, had come northward so that he might enjoy a little fishing, of which he was extremely fond. He had very fortunately hired a portion of a stream which ran through the grounds of a certain Mr. Rothar, a wealthy London man, who, having met Mr. Vivian on a committee when the latter was a member for a Western borough, had now claimed acquaintance and placed the preserved fish in his demesne at Mr. Vivian's disposal. On this particular morning Ellen had arranged to meet her father in the grounds of Ben Lydding, so she had set out, as we have seen.

Ellen Vivian was scarcely nineteen, quick-witted, daring and imaginative. A bright, honest, but not exactly a pretty face was lighted up by a pair of gray eyes, alas! rather short-sighted, which looked at you with a trustful expression.

Entering the park gates boldly she followed the not-too-well marked path along the stream, intent only upon joining her father. The park was perfectly silent, save for the rippling murmur of the river and the twittering of the birds in the bushes which overhung the deep pools—the home of many a lusty trout. Ellen paused more than once to look about her, for with all her bravery she was apt to feel nervous at times; and her pet terror, I must confess, was a cow. That cows were useful animals Miss Vivian would not have denied, but why they should look at her so and "moo" in such a very savage manner she could not divine.

She had not gone very far along the bank of the stream when as she turned a corner she perceived something right in her path. What could it be? She paused and endeavored to make out the object. It was not moving; she would approach, she thought, and under cover of the brushwood try to see what it was. To return would never do. Suppose her father were awaiting her—suppose the figure were her father! This last idea decided her. She advanced; the "thing," whatever it was, moved, and then an unmistakably English voice—not her father's—called out:

"Come along, my girl, I shan't eat you. There is nothing to be afraid of."

So it was not a cow, after all; it was only a man—a much less dangerous animal; and Ellen, though inwardly rather indignant at the free-and-easy tone of the speaker, recollected that her country costume and the imperfect view the person must have had of her appearance might excuse his want of courtesy. She therefore came forward quickly, her eyes fixed upon the ground. As she approached she managed to look up, and through her dark lashes she made out a young and apparently good-looking man seated at his easel sketching the very pretty bit of landscape before him. The artist very politely arose and making way for her to pass said:

"I trust I caused you no alarm. I perceived you hesitated to advance just now."

Ellen looked up and met a very admiring gaze fixed upon her. She blushed and looked down as she replied:

"I was a little frightened at first. I took you for a cow! I am rather short-sighted. I beg your pardon."

"I am very glad you stopped as you did; you did me a great favor," he said.

"How?" said Ellen, "I do not understand."

"I was enabled to put you into my picture. I is now complete; no one can deny that I have been sketching the beauties of Ben Lydding."

Blushing at the compliment Ellen bowed and passed on. The young man continued to follow with his eyes her retreating figure, and as she disappeared he heaved a sigh and returned to his work, but not to the landscape—that would not escape him—the impression made upon him by this wood-nymph might. So he addressed himself to producing a careful likeness of Ellen, and when the portraiture was complete he looked upon it with evident satisfaction.

"I would give up my chance of being hung on the line for an introduction to that charming girl. I wonder who she is? Something out of the usual run of tourists, I expect. I wonder how she came here? I wish she would come back."

But she didn't. Walter Blakely waited for fully half an hour, but Ellen did not reappear; so he reluctantly returned to luncheon at the Hall, where he was staying for a few days as the guest of young Rothay, his college chum. He had been struck by Ellen's appearance more particularly because it seemed to him that he had met her somewhere before. We all know that there are times when a novel scene presents itself to our mind as an old acquaintance; we seem to recognize the surroundings as if we had visited the place in a previous state of existence. That hill and that river appear to our eyes like old friends, although we are conscious we have never visited the neighborhood before.

It was some such feeling as this that now occupied Walter Blakely. He pondered long upon the subject, but gave it up at last; and went out to meet the post. He encountered the letter carrier in the village, and received his packet of correspondence. He recognized one particular handwriting, and opened that envelope first. The letter contained an offer—an engagement as artist to an illustrated paper. He was to travel, to see new countries, and to send his sketches home. Would he undertake the journey for a year? Would he not? He did not hesitate a moment. He had no ties in London near enough to detain him. The short space accorded for preparation was amply sufficient for him. Go? Of course he would go; and he at once telegraphed his answer in the affirmative.

But no sooner had he dispatched the irrevocable message than the thought occurred to him, how was he to finish his picture? Not the portrait of the fair unknown—that was nothing—but the large picture at which he had been working for some weeks, intending to send it to the "Grosvenor," or perchance to the Royal academy. He had hoped to finish this picture, and its title, already fixed in his mind, was "By Mount, and Stream, and Sea." He had almost finished the first tableau, taken from an old experience of his own—the rescue of a young child from a crag whereon she had descended and from which the child was unable to return. The picture was intended to represent the first dawn of affection in the heart of the rescuer. The second was his meeting the girl, now grown up, at a picnic; his declaration of love and acceptance. The third was to be the scene of a wreck, where he carries ashore the dead body of his betrothed, drowned on her way to a warmer climate by the wintry sea.

These ideas had presented themselves very vividly to Blakely, and as he walked home he half-regretted his impulsive determination. How was he to finish his pictures? And yet how could he give up certain employment? It would be grasping at the shadow for the substance, and he reluctantly made up his mind to adhere to his new engagement.

He sauntered thoughtfully homeward, and was about to enter the park gate when he perceived two ladies approaching from the house. He naturally stepped aside to permit them to pass through, and to his great delight and astonishment perceived that the younger of the two was the beautiful girl he had that morning encountered. He raised his hat; the elder lady acknowledged his courtesy by an inclination of the head, the younger took no notice of him at all; and he passed on to the house burning with curiosity to know who the visitors were.

But in this laudable endeavor he was foiled. It so happened that a certain Mrs. Claydon and her daughter had called at the same time as Mrs. Vivian and Ellen. The native servant had mixed the people up, and when young Blakely inquired who the visitors were, the footman answered glibly enough:

"Mrs. and Miss Claydon, and—"

"Thank you," replied Blakely, not waiting for the conclusion of the sentence. "Claydon! I wonder what her Christian name is? I'm sure I've met her before to-day. What a fine young girl she is! I will make a point of getting introduced at the archery meeting to-morrow. I'm half in love already."

It so happened that the next day and the day following were wet. On the third day Blakely was obliged to return to London. But during these two wet days he had made great progress with his academy picture, as he called it. Wisely utilizing the material at hand, he had improved upon his sketch of the stream in the park, and had painted the young and pretty Miss Claydon as the heroine of his romance. The young artist took a pride and delight in dwelling upon this portion of his picture. The girl returned again and again to his mind; he recalled every feature, and, as a writer will at last become quite attached to a character of his own creation, so Walter Blakely formed a romantic and altogether unreasonable affection for a young lady he had only seen twice in his life. He had already ascertained that Miss Claydon was rich, and of a "sweet disposition," and, so far as Mrs. Rothay could tell, quite heart-whole. Love at first sight is unusual, but by no means so unusual as some people believe, and Blakely had worked himself up to a high pitch of devotion for the absent and wealthy beauty.

He went to town and made his arrangements; he worked hard at his picture and actually finished it. A month after he left for the United States by the line of steamers from Glasgow.

It was a tempestuous day, but the well-found vessel cared very little for the rolling seas that bore down upon her from the northwest. Still she pitched sufficiently to render it convenient for the ladies to remain below, and as night wore on, and the Irish coast was looming on the bow, most of the men retired to snatch a quiet night's rest under the shelter of the Derry headlands.

But alas, for the vanity of human foresight! A thick fog came down as the daylight began to show itself in the east. The steamer made her way carefully toward the rugged coast. Suddenly a grinding noise was heard, and ere any one could cry "Stop her!" a tremendous thump told the news that the fine ship had struck upon a sunken rock, while another and another shock, succeeded by a rending of the timbers, awoke the affrighted passengers to all the horrors of shipwreck.

The poor emigrants forward were the first on deck, and in a semi-clothed state they ran frantically about, mad with terror and the sense of helplessness. The captain and chief officer, cool as ever, tried, and not with success, to calm this seething mass of human beings as they rushed to the side. Holding them in check for a moment by moral force the captain ordered out the boats. The crew worked bravely, and discipline told. The boats were got out. Meantime the few cabin passengers had come on deck, and stood huddled together on the poop. The men assisted in getting the quarter boats down, and then, all being ready, the ladies were lifted in. The long, rolling swell made it a matter of some difficulty to enter the boats alongside, but even this was successfully accomplished.

All danger was apparently over. Land was close at hand, when suddenly a skiff, pulling through the semi-darkness, came directly toward the gig in which some of the cabin passengers were seated. A warning cry came too late. Borne upon the crest of a rising wave the boat came on unmercifully. A crash, and in a moment the occupants of the smaller boat were struggling in the waves. Blakely struck out, but had not proceeded many feet when he felt himself clutched by a despairing hand and almost pulled under water.

By a great effort he disengaged himself, and after a struggle succeeded in bringing the drowning person safely to the shore. A hundred ready hands soon dragged them in, and the roaring water hissed away in wrath, baulked of its prey. Cheers and praises which sounded strangely to his English ears were all unheeded. The dawn had revealed to Blakely that the lady he had rescued was Miss Claydon. He would the day before have given his future to know that she was on board.

He saw her safely bestowed, and then hurried off to assist the other passengers. No lives were lost, all had come safely ashore, but the boat was lying in the stately ship[illegible] by the rising waves, and [illegible] proceeding, although [illegible] crippled. Another [illegible] graphed for [illegible] gage wo[illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible]

Blakely believed his star was in the ascendant. He had done a chivalrous action. No further introduction was necessary. He would call next day and renew his acquaintance, and then, afterward—who could tell?

But the next day he was unable to move; a severe bruise and sprain, which in the excitement had been unnoticed, kept him in bed fuming at his ill luck. Three days afterward when he inquired at the hotel he could discover no trace of Miss Claydon; nor, on no less authority than the purser's list of passengers, had any one of the name, nor had any lady answering the description, been entered as on board the ill-fated ship.

He succeeded in ascertaining that a young lady had been received into the hotel on the morning of the wreck, but had gone away with a lady and gentleman in a carriage to a mansion in the neighborhood. A note had been left for a gentleman who had rescued her, and this note Blakely at once asked to see.

It was a warm and most grateful tribute of thanks from the lady's friends, and a postscript written by herself showed how deeply indebted she was to her preserver, and how anxious to thank him in person. Her address was attached, and the signature was "E Vivian." She had only come from Scotland on a visit, and as a guest of the owners of the Steam Line.

"Well, I could have declared it was my charming young friend of Ben Lydding," murmured Walter, as he folded the gushing missive. "I can't go all that way to call; we sail to-morrow. Just my luck! Oh, if she had only been the other!"

So he sat down and wrote a suitable reply, and then went on board a vessel which had been sent to take the passengers on. In less than a fortnight he was in New York.

Winter passed, spring came, and the end of April found Blakely again in London. His picture had been tendered to the academy and declined; then it had found its way to the kindly portals of the "Grosvenor," and there the rejected "masterpiece" had found an appreciative welcome. The artist entered, and naturally sought his own work.

As he approached it he met his old friends, Mrs. Rydal and her daughters, who all welcomed him joyfully.

"We had no idea you were in England, Mr. Blakely. When did you arrive? We were just admiring your picture—how charming it is! We are all puzzled to know where you met Miss Vivian, and how you managed to obtain such an excellent likeness—and such subjects, too!"

"Particularly as she says she has never seen you," continued Katie Rydal.

"I assure you I have never seen the lady you name; but, Mrs. Rydal, if you wish to make me really happy, do introduce me to that lady—Miss Claydon, I believe."

He indicated as he spoke the object of his hopes, who at that moment, apparently oblivious of everything around her, was studying the painting she had such good reasons to recognize.

"Mr. Blakely, you cannot be serious. That is Miss Vivian; she came with us. Ellen, dear—come, Mr. Blakely."

Walter Blakely was almost incredulous until he heard Ellen's name pronounced, and as he took her hand he said:

"At last, Miss Vivian, I have the happiness of meeting and speaking to you; and though we have met twice—"

"Three times," he said, as she frankly gave him her hand. "Don't you remember the child you picked up in Wales, I am afraid to say how long ago? I twice owe to you my life, Mr. Blakely. How can I ever repay the debt?"

Walter murmured something which brought the swift blushes to her cheeks, but she did not seem displeased.

"That picture must have been a true inspiration," he added. "We have met—'By Mount, and Stream, and Sea.' May there not be another meeting yet, Miss Vivian, and one that is destined to no parting on earth?"

He spoke more to himself than to her, and answered his half question with a look so trusting that he took her hand and pressed it as they stood.

She did not withdraw it for a moment, and then in a whisper he said:

"May I hope?"

This time there was no reply; but the sweet silence gave consent, and there was no need of words between them.

Jamaica—the Land of Plenty.

In the woods the soil literally disappears beneath an inextricable mass of creepers, ferns and rare lichens and mosses of a freshness and vigor of vegetation almost incredible. The most exquisite, natural rockeries, overgrown with rare plants, meet the eye at every turn. The gnarled roots and massive limbs of the giant forest trees are draped with quaint and beautiful parasites, which fling their delicate flower-gemmed tendrils from branch to branch and droop in heavy, graceful sprays from among the densely foliaged boughs. Avalanches of hoary old men's beard, and frightful, scaly, snake-like looking witches entangle the dead monarchs of the forest, which cumber the ground in numbers, and beneath their sheltering warmth the most lovely little shells find refuge. Trocatellas akitinas, and a hundred others, all striped and barred with beautiful rainbow tints, pale pink and gray, amber and black, pure transparent white and somber brown, funny little fungi (jungoes we call them) grow on the soft decayed wood of the dead trees. Big umbrella-shaped fellows, under which "dupies" (ghosts) are said to sit, and beautiful soft white ones, with prettily-crimped edges, which are awfully nice to eat; when boiled they make the most delicious soup. We have no end of nice eatables growing in our woods. Epicures go gastronomically mad over our vegetable delicacies. The mountain cabbage is a great favorite. This is a slender, graceful palmetto, and just between the body of the tree and plume-like crown of serrated leaves which graces the extreme top is a soft, white heart, cozily nestled between closely packed layers of cool green bark. This makes the most delicious vegetable possible when boiled and eaten with butter. It far exceeds in delicacy and flavor any cabbage ever grown. The soup made from it, too, is just splendid, and the pickles are too lovely for anything. The rivers abound in delicious fish, mountain mullet, calapevit (which from time immemorial piscatory epicures have extolled), cray fish, shrimps, eels, crabs and many others, too numerous to mention. The seacoasts abound with turtle, great and small; manatee or far-famed sea-cow, lobsters, oysters, conch and mussels of all descriptions. Delicious fruits grow wild everywhere. The Avocado pear, the guava, the shaddock, the Tangerine orange, the Spanish lime, the cashew, the musk and watermelon, the passion flower cup, the granadilla and ever so many more.

MacLeod, of McLeod, is an eccentric [illegible]riton, who recently arrived at Nice, [illegible]rance, with some remarkable traveling [illegible]mpanions—two huge cats, each accompanied with a personal attendant.

Bogus Brilliants.

"How do your diamonds compare with the genuine?"

"Put them side by side and you can't tell them apart. Let me show you some samples," and the dealer turned to his iron safe and got out a box of unset "diamonds" of about three carats each. Handing the scribe a dainty pair of tweezers he requested him to examine the stones before the light. The reporter picked up one of the gems as carefully as though it were a $20,000 stone, and held it before his optics. It sparkled brilliantly, was cut perfectly, and anybody but an expert would suppose it to be a genuine diamond. The reporter was tempted to slip the stone up his sleeve, until he asked the price of it, when, getting the reply, "One dollar," he dropped it as though it was poisonous.

"Here are some thirty beautiful specimens," remarked the merchant, as he unfolded another paper and laid before the scribe half a dozen stones about the size of a door knob. These are worn principally by gamblers on account of their extraordinary size. "They come a great deal higher than those others I have shown you. I sell these at $2.50 apiece, or a pair of them for a serio-comic singer's earrings at $4.25. They are exceedingly brilliant, you see, and at night shine like a locomotive headlight. Here are a lot of little diamonds that sell from twenty-five to seventy-five cents each." "Are those made of paste or fishscales?" "Oh, no; I never deal in paste goods. These stones come from the Sierra Nevada mountains, and are cut and polished in New York; and some are even sent to Paris to be cut and are then returned to this country. They are the best imitation of the diamond made, and retain their brilliancy forever. Not being as hard as the diamond, care has to be taken in not getting them scratched." "You remarked before that the trade was simply immense. I suppose that the second or middle class of society are the greatest purchasers of these imitations?" "That's where your're wrong. The principal buyers and wearers of 'snide' diamonds are those who move in the highest society, and I'll tell you the reason why. Let a lady who counts her wealth by the hundreds of thousands appear in public with a pair of six or eight carat 'diamond' earrings, and the people never suspect that they are 'snide.' They imagine that because the wearer is wealthy she would never degrade herself by wear two-dollar diamonds, but such is the case. Hundreds of times have I matched genuine diamonds for high-toned ladies, and it is actually impossible to tell them apart. You see, when a person of wealth wears 'snide' diamonds, you can hardly make people believe that they are anything else than genuine; while, on the other hand, let a person in more reduced circumstances wear genuine diamonds, and everybody they meet will turn up their noses and remark they are 'snide.' So that is the reason the people of wealth can throw on so much style with very little expense."—*Cincinnati Star.*

A Japanese Vassar Girl.

The steamer Oceanic, on her last westward trip took on board Miss Shige Nagai, a native of Tokio, about twenty years of age, who was brought to this country about ten years ago by Mrs. De Long (whose husband was then minister to China), in company with a considerable number of Japanese girls sent to this country by their government to be educated. Miss Nagai found a home in the family of John S. C. Abbott, New Haven, where she remained until the time of his death in 1876. Through her connection with the Abbott family she came into close association with other famous literary families of New England, and imbibed the spirit as well as the habits and customs of those with whom she lived. She became acquainted with Longfellow's family, and formed many dear friends among the New England girls, who recognized in the young foreigner the charm of a sweet, true and affectionate nature, accompanied by rare mental gifts. After Mr. Abbott's death in 1876, Miss Nagai went to Vassar college, where she remained until the close of the last school year, having graduated a thorough scholar in music, and acquired literary attainments of a high order. She is now a graceful girl, with a petite figure, bright and intelligent face, and polished but unaffected manners, dressing pretty in American costume. She has almost forgotten the Japanese language, understanding it imperfectly, and speaking but a few words, while she speaks English with fluency and ease, and is a thorough New England girl in all her instincts, saying:

"No country will ever become advanced until her women and mothers are educated, and our women will never as a class be educated so long as they marry so early, for the years from fifteen to twenty they should spend in school." It is deemed probable that this young lady's accomplishments will cause her to be placed in a high position at the Japanese court.

In her care on the long journey little Louise Wakayama was placed. This young girl has unwittingly won a place in the history of the country through long and notable legal contention which has just been decided in New York, where the Japanese government, acting through its consul in the courts, effected her release from the unlawful custody in which she was detained. Miss Louise is a beautiful child of eleven, with creamy skin, jet black hair and a sweet, shy face, presenting physically a marked contrast to the usual type of Japanese girl, being large and nobly developed. Mr. Youchi, who had been constituted the young lady's chaperon by Kyonari Yoshida, the Japanese minister to the United States, is a gallant-looking young fellow, a junior at the Annapolis naval academy, but has been forced to return home on account of his health.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Summary Justice.

Independence mining camp, twenty miles west of Leadville, Col., has for a long time been overrun with desperate characters, who kept it in a perpetual state of turmoil. Often several of these would band together and virtually take possession of the camp, shooting men down in the streets and closing stores, blocking business for several hours. Shortly after dark one Saturday night recently, Patton and Malloy, two desperadoes, having the reputation of killing a number of men, becoming intoxicated, started up the street firing revolvers promiscuously. General indignation ensued, and the people turned out en masse and pursued the desperadoes, who were finally brought to bay and literally riddled with bullets. They returned the fire of the mob but without effect. A little later a vigilance committee was formed for the purpose of hanging three or four of the worst blacklegs, but that class nearly all took fright and left town immediately after the shooting of Patton and Malloy.

SUNDAY READING.

Preaching at Ninety-Three.

The Rev. Edward Palmer, of Barnwell, S. C., now in the ninety-third year of his age, being unable to attend the late meeting of the synod of South Carolina, wrote a letter, in which he said: "At my advanced age—just closing up my ninety-third year, accompanied by the usual infirmities and failings of a protracted life—I am unable to accomplish all that an earlier period of time would fit one to perform. It may not be out of place, however, to state that ever since my resignation of the pastorate in 1875 I have been able to preach once each Sabbath to the little destitute church at Barnwell—the home of my only daughter—during summer months, visiting, as I have usually done, my two sons at New Orleans and Mobile the winter season. I begin sensibly to feel the witherings of age, and cannot hope, even if indulged with prolonged life, to do much of actual labor. God has been very kind in lengthening my days and allowing me to do the little I have done or attempted to do, for which I desire to feel profoundly thankful. May that little have been accepted while the manifold failings have been forgiven."

Religious Intelligence.

The German Baptists, or Tunkers, have 710 churches, 1,665 ministers and 90,000 communicants.

The labors of the Rev. Dr. Speer among the Chinese in Chicago give promise of good results.

In the last ten years the number of churches of all persuasions in Chicago has increased from 155 to 218.

There are said to be 110 theological seminaries in this country belonging to the evangelical denominations.

In 1877 the pilgrims to the Vatican numbered 34,508; in 1878, 13,625; in 1879, 10,171, and last year, 10,827.

The *Baptist Examiner* says that the ebb and flow in (Baptist) pastorate is incessant, though subject to no known law.

The total membership of the German Reformed church in 1879 was 154,742; in 1880, 161,002, an increase or gain of 6,260, or nearly four per cent.

There are eighty-four students in the Episcopal General Theological seminary in New York city, from twenty-five dioceses and twenty colleges.

The Methodist Church Extension society received the past year $160,322, an increase of upward of $27,000. The number of churches aided by donations during the year was 313.

In Nebraska the Presbyterians have eighty-two missionaries, 124 churches and 4,638 members, and in Kansas nearly twice as many missionaries.

The *Lutheran Observer* says that a German church in York, Pa., owes its origin to a single number of *The Lutheran* wrapped around a roll of butter.

The death has occurred of a notable Presbyterian missionary in Africa—a woman, Mrs. Sutherland—who had seen thirty-two years' service in Calabar. She saved many lives of heathen sentenced to death by the barbarous customs of the land, and was almost worshiped for her kindnesses by the poor of Duke Town.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The electric light has been successfully introduced in a coal colliery in Upper Silesia.

Flammarian says that the tail of a comet must sweep through space with the velocity of 16,000 leagues per second.

The mean temperature of the Mammoth Cave, Ky., is recorded by Mr H. C. Horey to be fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit in midsummer.

A sudden fall of temperature will suspend the spontaneous movements of the sensitive plant, and the application of chloroform and like anæsthetics will suspend provoked movements.

It has been asserted by M. Hement that deaf mutes who have been taught to speak articulate with the accent of their country, thus indicating organic conformations of the mechanism of speech similar to those of their parents. This is doubted by M. Blanchard.

The recent exploration party of Colonel Mercer up the Spanish river, in the province of Ontario, is said to have discovered vast pine forests containing upward of 24,000,000,000 of feet of a superior quality of pine timber, with facilities for getting it into the market equal to the best.

Professor Forel has been making experiments on the depth to which light penetrates water. By using photographic emulsion plates, which he sank to various depths in Lake Leman for twenty-four hours, he found that all his plates were distinctly affected by the chemical rays of light, the deepest plate being at ninety meters (nearly 300 feet).

It would appear from the British shipbuilding statistics of last year that most of the vessels built for British owners or for foreigners are steam propelled. Whether in a few years some other agent than steam will be used remains to be seen. The secondary batteries beginning to excite hopes of an early revolution in navigation. In the United Kingdom there were 430,000 tons of vessels constructed for home, besides 68,000 for foreign orders.

An Arab Cook.

While exploring the country east of the Jordan the Rev. Selah Merrill had an amusing experience with a native cook. The man was one of those cooks who judge that a condiment which is good for one dish is equally good for all dishes.

The exploring party found that every dish tasted of allspice. He was told to use pepper instead; he said he did so. The pepper-box was ordered to be cleaned out and some fresh pepper pounded and put in it. It was so. Still each dish tasted of allspice. Mr. Merrill then examined the can ground pepper and found it to be allspice. An explanation disclosed that the native gentleman who had purchased the stores had substituted allspice for pepper.

He had acted in accordance with taste, for a native uses allspice where a European or American would use pepper.

The cook liked the tomato, and in his professional opinion the pound did not have too much of that vegetable. Every dish was flavored with tomato. The mutton was cooked with tomatoes, the meat sauce was flavored whem, they were stewed into the rice and with the batter in which the fritters were fried, chopped into, then put into the soup and poured over the mashed potatoes.

Remonstrance was in vain. No dish might appear without the favorite tomato, but at the next meal the old friend reappeared. He came, he saw, and stay he did as long as anything was served in which he could be induced.

In the meanest hut is a place, if you knew the hearts there.

FOR THE LADIES.

Turkish Women.

The Turkish woman is marriageable at the age of nine years, and by the Turkish law at that age, if married she is competent to manage her property and dispose of one-third of her fortune. The law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing. She cannot be compelled to labor for the support of her husband. On the contrary, he is compelled to support her and it is a penal offense to insult or ill-treat her. Should he not furnish her with funds she is authorized to borrow in his name and even sell his property. After marriage she has the absolute control of her own property, which he cannot touch.

An Enterprising Mother.

Ladies looking for sons-in-law rarely make their approaches so openly as the Canadian dame who wrote to a newly settled eligible; "Dear Mr. B—: I, Mrs. Wigton, wish you would call on my daughter Amelia; she is very amusing and a regular young fit. She can sing like a humming-bird, and her papa can play on the fiddle nicely, and we might have a rare old ho-down, and then we will have an oyster super. Amelia is highly educated; she can dance like a grasshopper looking for grubs, and can make beautiful bread; and for pumpkin pies she can't be beat. In fact she is head of all the P—gils, and will make a good wife for any man. Yours truly, Mrs. Wigton. Bring your brother."

Fashion Notes.

Black pearls are worn in mourning.

Pointed trains supersede square ones.

Bangs must not extend across the temples.

Breast feathers and ostrich tips for small bonnets.

Feather fans like butterflies and bees upon them.

Serpent bracelets, silver and silver gilt are very fashionable.

Shoes to be fashionable must taper to a rounded point at the toes.

Small screw clasps remain the favorites for very young ladies.

Necklaces, whether on at all, must be high and close round the throat.

Bangle bracelets large enough to slip over the hand are no longer in vogue.

Dolly Varden is again in a new polonaise, a novel neckerchief, and a daintily shaped damp-shoe.

Feathers are not worn in the hair with evening dress—matrons wearing them to the exclusion of floral garniture.

White ostrich feather trimming is seen upon a very superb and costly Parisian toilets of white satin and velvet brocade.

Wall papers are now brought out in imitation of tapestries, including even the old Gobelins which are admirably imitated.

The luxurious silver-pointed, tiger and mottled plush trimmings for winter wraps rival those of the most costly fur in popularity.

Large, very large bonnets are the most fashionable; small and medium sizes and cottage and turban shapes continue in vogue.

The jaunty Hungarian costumes are exceedingly pretty for children, made of Craigievar red trimmed with dark bottle-green plush.

Among other fashionable pendant ornaments for coats are quaint, odd-shaped little knots of split bamboo—Japanese, of course.

Separate cuffs and cuffs of velvet embroidered with gold are very fashionable. The sets are not very expensive, and lend a pretty finish to a plain toilet.

Black velvet ribbon is revived for making bonnet looping dresses, for ornamenting cloaks, and for putting on the corsages of light dresses to give them charm.

A Cow's Difference in National Affairs.

Paul Boton, the swimmer, was in the place of Peru trying to do a torpedo job in the late unpleasantness with Chili and he tells how a cow brought peace negotiations to an untimely end as follows: A council was held June 15 at Miraflor, a little watering place near Lima. The Peruvian and Chilian armies lay facing each other's fires. Representatives of the United States, France, England and other countries attended the meeting. Don Nilas de Perolia and two representative Chilians were also in attendance. I was an aide-de-camp, I was around in front of the lines. The meeting came to a fixed understanding about 1 P. M. the arbitrators came to an agreement and had returned to lunch. Whitboy were at the meal a cowman out from a choloo or native Indian regiment enlisted among the Peruvians. The Indians drew no rations from the Peruvian government. They got a sol dollar per day and found themselves. Their quartermasters were most women, whom they called Barbons and who followed the march load down with food and cooking utensils. Well, the cow ran out and ran straight for the Chilian lines. The Indians were in dismay. They could not afford to lose the cow, which represented many a square meal, and the armies forbade any soldier to advance. As last resort a Chilian raised his gun and drop the cow and fired. Ugh! I almost shudder when I think of what followed. Almost instantaneously the battle broke out all along both lines. The Don Nicolas rushed out to take part. The foreign representatives left the meal unfinished and made a bee line for Lima. From the hurried looks I took backward I am pretty sure that Generator Christiancy won the race. The carnage was terrible. The battle lasted all day. The Chilian fleet came up to the shore, and soon shells of all descriptions were shrieking through the air. To make a long story short we were beaten again.

A Kentucky Quilting Party.

Governor and Mrs. Blackburn, of Kentucky, entertained a thousand guests at an old-fashioned "quilting" recently. The quilt was actually finished by divers young ladies and gentlemen, and the evening was ended with quaint old reels and jigs danced to the music of colored fiddlers. The young ladies were attired in costumes of the last century, some of them wearing the treasured dresses of their grandmothers. Doctor C. C. Graham, of Louisville, who had not danced for eighty years, was particularly active in the reel. He is now ninety-eight years old and the way he cut the "pigeon-wing" is said to have been wonderful.

"Jiminy gracious! did you see how those two men looked at each other when they passed? I thought they were about to fight. I wonder who they are?" "Oh, that's nothing. I know 'em both. They're only neighbors."

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A weak solution of ammonia will drive worms from flower pots. Apply once a week.

A small amount of leached wood ashes given to swine will have a great effect, both upon the health and the fattening.

Keep sheep dry under foot. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let sheep stand or lie in mud or water.

Wintering bees in cellars appears to be an improvement over wintering them outside. The bees consume less honey, have less loss and are healthier in the end.

A farmer of experience in wool growing says that there is more money in growing wool at even twenty cents per pound than in loaning money at ten per cent. interest.

If the owner of a cow will realize the fact that unless she pays him in clear cash $44.50 yearly she is kept at a loss, he will soon become interested in the subject of the improvement of cows.

Cabbage is the best and cheapest green food which can be fed to poultry in winter. It is not necessary to feed the best heads, but the loose, soft specimens that are not exactly marketable.

Frequent cultivation of corn, as made and reported by the Illinois Industrial university, gave an increased yield of upward of eighty per cent over those plots which only received ordinary cultivation during the same season.

It is the opinion of many that a fowl fattened quickly will make a far more juicy and toothsome meal than a chick. One thing is certain, a three-year old fowl will make much better broth for an invalid than a six months' chicken.

There are few cows so constituted that their milk cannot be largely improved, both in quantity and quality, by careful attention to the wants of the animal. Good feed and a warm barn will go far toward accomplishing this desirable result.

According to Dr. Von Liebenburg all air-dry soils, at the same temperature, radiate heat equally. He insists strongly on the injurious effect of any agency that lowers the temperature of the ground in spring, as that will certainly influence the quantity and quality of the crop.

Corn and oats ground up together afford an excellent feed for horses, if the mixture be fed with hay or wheat straw, the latter furnishing the requisite bulk. Ten pounds of this mixed grain with twenty pounds of cut straw will make three fair rations or one day's feed for an average horse having moderate exercise.

Fine butter can only be obtained by churning at a favorable temperature. If the temperature of the cream is too low, the butter will be long in coming and will be hard in texture. If the temperature is too high, the butter will come very speedily, but the product will be greasy, destitute of grain and deficient in quantity.

The farmer who would be successful must keep a sharp eye upon such of his land as is down to grass. If it yields him a good crop of hay or furnishes him a rich pasture for his animals he may be quite sure he is on the road to success. On the other hand, if the meadow is light, and the pasture furnishes only a scanty picking, there is little hope that the year will be a profitable one. Look well to the grass land.

Milking qualities in swine are as surely transmissible to progeny as in cattle. Thus it is true of swine as of cattle, that this trait may be greatly improved by retaining only good milkers for breeders, as well as by feeding them when young with a view to their development as milk producers, rather than as fat producers. For this reason spring and early summer litters are usually the best from which to select young brood sows.—*Indiana Farmer.*

F. W. Morrow said at the Elmira Farmers' club: I know a farmer who plows all his clay land in fall that he wants to sow with oats or barley in the following spring. His principal crop is oats, and he gets larger yields than his neighbors who have land of similar character that they plow in spring. He gets the seed in earlier and in better condition. His fall-plowed land is dragged thoroughly as soon as dry enough in spring, and the seed dragged in before his neighbors can plow.

Recipes.

CABBAGE.—Shred fine a quart of cabbage; put in the spider, sprinkle over it a tablespoonful flour, a little pepper and salt; add a good spoonful butter and a half cupful of water; cover closely and cook till tender. Just before mealtime add one-third cup vinegar. Let it just boil up and serve.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Pour a pint of milk into your spider, and crumb in the soft part of a slice of bread; heat slightly five eggs, add a teaspoonful salt, and pour into your mixture when at the boiling point; stir constantly till it thickens; add a very little pepper; a little butter is also an improvement. A nice breakfast dish.

FLAKY PIE CRUST.—Wet half a pound of fine flour, dried before the fire and sifted, with as much water as will make it into a hard, stiff paste. Roll it one way. Divide six ounces of butter into little bits, and put it on the paste with a knife at three different times, stirring just a little dry flour over it, and be careful always to roll one way—the same way. Four ounces of lard may be used with two ounces of butter. If your butter is not salt, add a little pinch to the dry flour.

APPLE CREAM.—Peel and core one pound of apples, place them in a stewpan with eight ounces of sugar and a pinch of ground nutmeg. Let cook until tender; pass the apples through a sieve and let get cold. Whisk up rather stiff half a pint of cream, add the apple pulp, a little essence of lemon, one ounce of isinglass boiled in a gill of water, mix well together; pour into a jelly mold and let set. When required, dip the mold into warm water for half a minute, wipe it with a cloth, and turn it out on a glass or silver dish. Garnish with red flowers and slices of lemon.

WHITE SOUP.—Veal or chicken must be used for this soup, and the stock must always be prepared the day beforehand, having been flavored with two chopped onions and a cup of cut celery, or celery seed, and other seasoning in proportions to suit the taste. On the day it is to be used heat a quart of milk; stir one tablespoonful of butter to a cream; add a heaping tablespoonful of flour or corn starch, a saltspoonful of mace, and the same amount of white pepper; stir into the boiling milk and add to the soup; let all boil a moment and then pour into the tureen. Three eggs beaten very light and stirred into hot milk without boiling make a still richer soup. The bones of cold roast chicken or turkey may be used in this way, and the broth of any meat, if perfectly clear, can serve as foundation, though veal or chicken is most delicate.

A History of Coal.

When it is considered how much the manufacturing interests of a country and many of the comforts of life depend upon coal, it becomes easy to understand the anxiety evinced by political economists as to the results that may follow the exhaustion of the supply of that material. From coal we derive the force which turns the mill, propels the steamboat, draws the railway train and performs a thousand other offices tending to economize time, lessen labor and increase and multiply our enjoyments; and even a temporary stoppage of the supply would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall us at the present time. It is within a comparatively recent period in the history of the country, however, that coal has risen into importance. Its existence and combustible qualities were known in early times; but beyond being regarded as a curiosity, no attention seems to have been paid to it, and up till about six centuries ago no attempt had been made to use it as a fuel. The earliest documents in which it is mentioned are, "The Saxon Chronicles of Peterborough," written in the year 852. Though the monks learned and appreciated the value of coal early, it does not seem to have found favor with the people generally until several centuries afterwards. Wood and peat were the materials commonly used as fuel, and in houses of the wealthier classes charcoal was burned. It was only when wood began to get scarce, and as a consequence went up in price, that attention was turned to the "black stones," but such was the prejudice against them on account of the disagreeable smoke they gave out, that those who were disposed to give them a fair tr