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Two Lights.

The distant city's glaring lights
Loomed up before his boyish eyes—
As from his village home he went—
Like golden hints of Paradise.

He filled his purse with treasured gold,
He gained the doubtful praise of men;
Then, pausing from his toil, he turned
His eyes upon his home again.

He saw what he had sacrificed;
He wept to think of lost delights,
And o'er the city's glare he saw
The beauty of the village lights.

The Priceless Things.

Those are vulgar things we pay for, be they
stones for crowns of kings;
While the precious and the peerless are all
priced symbolic things.

Common debts are scored and canceled,
weighed and measured out for gold;
But the debts from men to ages, their account
is never told.

Always see, the noblest nations keep their highest prize unknown;
Cheronea's marble lion frowned above unlettered stone.

Marathon and Balaklava—who shall mete the
worth of these?
Shall we huckster with our lifeboats that defy
the leaping seas?

Ah, the Greeks knew! Came their victors
honored from the sacred games,
Under arches red with roses, flushed to hear
their shouted names;

See their native cities take them, breach the
wall to make a gate!
What supreme reward is their's who bring such
honors to their State?

In the forum stand they proudly, take their
prizes from the priest;
Little wreaths of pine and parsley on their
naked temples pressed!

We in later days are lower? Ay! a manful
stroke is made,
And we raise a purse to pay it—making manliness a trade.

Sacrifice itself grows venal—surely Midas will
subscribe;
And the shallow souls are satisfied when worth
accepts the bribe!

But e'n here, amid the markets, there are
things they dare prize;
Dollars hide their sordid faces when they meet
anointed eyes.

Lovers do not seek with jewels; flowers alone
can plead for them;
And one fragrant memory cherished is far
dearer than a gem.

Statesmen steer the nation safely; artists pass
the burning test,
And their country pays them proudly—with a
ribbon at the breast.

When the soldier saves the battle, wraps the
flag around his heart,
Who shall desecrate his honor with the values
of the mart?

From his guns of bronze we hew a piece, and
carve it as a cross;
For the gain he gave was priceless, as unpriced
would be the loss.

When the poet sings the love song, and the
song of life and death,
Making millions cease their weary toil and
wait with wondering breath;

When he gilds the mill and mine, inspires the
slave to rise and dare;
Lights with love the hopeless garret, tells the
tyrant to beware;

When he steals the pang from poverty, with
meanings new and clear,
Reconciling pain and peace, and bringing
blessed visions near;

His reward? Nor cross nor ribbon, but all
others high above,
They may wear their splendid symbols—he has
earned the people's love!

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Mrs. Symington's Bargain.

All women we are told have their weaknesses, and Mrs. Stanhope Symington was a china maniac, as are most people to some degree in this æsthetic nineteenth century of the world. But Mrs. Symington excelled in the matter. She would prowl in second-hand stores, penetrate into the cavernous recesses of tenement-houses, drive long distances into the country to old homesteads where she had heard vague rumors concerning "flaring blue," "old green glaze," "butterfly yellow" and "genuine old India wares." She would remorselessly turn the choicest pieces of modern bric-a-brac from her tables to make way for spoutless tea-pots, cracked bowls and noseless jugs. She crowded her drawing-room with brackets, shelves and cabinets for the accommodation of ancient plates, which she called "plaques," and pitchers, which she rechristened "vases."

Mr. Symington, a meek little man with limp yellow-white hair, a flat nose and colorless eyes like dim glass marbles, began to find it no slight task to make his way through his own house without breakage or misfortune.

"I wish there was not such a thing as old china in the world," he lamented upon one particular occasion, after he had knocked a handleless cup from a tripod draped in olive velvet.

"Stanhope," reproved his wife, not without severity, "would you retard the progress of modern civilization? This cup, fragile as it may seem, represents an era in decorative history."

"Well, it won't represent it much longer," observed Mr. Symington, as he gathered up the fragments with something very like vindictiveness in his faded eyes.

"But, Stanhope," cried his wife, "what are you going to do with those pieces?"

"Throw 'em into the ash barrel, of course," said Mr. Stanhope, spiritlessly.

But Mrs. Symington rescued them from his grasp with a shriek of apprehension.

"Are you mad, my dear?" she ejaculated. "I can mend them with a little cement and a great deal of time; and even then I wouldn't take twenty dollars for this exquisite cup. And I have been thinking, Stanhope—"

"Well, my dear," said the luckless iconoclast, looking dolefully at his finger which had been cut with one of the pieces of broken crockery, "what have you been thinking?"

"That I should like to go up into Maine next week," said the lady, insinuatingly.

"Into Maine? In midwinter?" echoed her amazed spouse, opening the dim eyes very wide indeed.

"To see Aunt Grizzel," explained Mrs. Symington—"my Aunt Grizzel Grumpton, you know, at Wild River."

"Humph!" remarked Mr. Symington, bandaging his finger with his pocket handkerchief. "I didn't know that you cared so very particularly about your Aunt Grizzel."

"My dear," said Mrs. Symington, merging her speech into a mysterious whisper, "I've just remembered, all of a sudden as it were, that she has a set of very old flaring blue china. She must have. It belonged to her mother before her; and how I've forgotten it all these years I'm sure I can't imagine. Even now I shouldn't have recalled it to my memory, I suppose, if I hadn't chanced to see, at Mrs. Hepburn's afternoon tea yesterday, the darlingist little egg-shell cups, with bridges and pagodas and willow trees all over 'em, exactly such as Aunt Grizzel's mother used to have. Then it came to me like a flash of lightning—Aunt Grizzel's china!"

"Probably it's all broken by this time," gloomily suggested her husband.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Symington, briskly. "Aunt Grizzy never broke anything in her life. She is carefulness itself; and up there in Maine, you know, they don't have clumsy waitresses to fling things about. No, no; you may depend that she has it all safe and sound in one of those odd little three-cornered cupboards of hers. A treasure, Stanhope, a perfect treasure. Money wouldn't buy such a set as that; a hundred years old, if it's a day. So, if you won't mind, my dear, I'll just run up to Maine, and see about it."

"Do as you please, Arabella," said Mr. Symington, resignedly. He knew that Mrs. Symington generally did as she pleased, and he saw no especial advantage in debating the question.

"Thanks, dear; so kind of you!" uttered Mrs. Symington. "And of course I can't go to the polar regions entirely unprotected, so I'll order one of those comfortable seal dolmans that everybody is wearing now, and a new plush hat with a cluster of ostrich tips. One must go dressed like other people; and if you can give me twenty-five or thirty dollars I dare say Aunt Grizzy will let me have the set for that (she don't know the value of old china, poor thing!) and the journey won't be more than thirty dollars both ways, if I go by sea, including a stateroom."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Symington, discouragingly, "that this is a good deal of a wild goose chase, going dancing up to the northern boundaries of Maine at this time of year for an old set of trumpery china which probably didn't cost ten dollars to start with."

"Oh, Stanhope, it did!" cried the lady, indignantly. "It was real India ware, imported, without paying a dollar of duty, by an old sea captain in the India trade, expressly for my grandmother Grumpton. And besides you are so groveling and prosaic in your ideas. As if the original cost of a thing of this nature signifies! It is the æsthetic value that we look at, don't you see?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Symington. "Well, if you must go, you must go, I suppose; and of course I shall have to give you a check for what money you are likely to want."

And Mr. Symington sighed deeply and went upstairs to get a piece of court-plaster for his cut finger.

Mrs. Symington went to Wild River, in the northern boundaries of Maine, where the pine forests were thatched with snow, and the icicles tinkled in the woods of a moonlight night like so many castanets gone mad. She made the greater part of the voyage by sea, and was consequently very seasick, for the water was rough and the gale tempestous.

"I will come back by land," she said to herself, as she sat in the little hotel at Portland, and viewed her green and yellow complexion with a shudder. "Money wouldn't induce me to risk my life again in that horrid steamer, where one is buffeted and seesawed about on waves that are as high as a house. The palace-car fare will be something of an extra expense, and I shall lose my return ticket by steamer, but I'm sure Mr. Symington won't grudge it to me when he hears how I've been pitched and tumbled about on the ocean in peril of my life."

And she put on her black brocaded silk, her new plumed hat, and the seal dolman, and took the northward-bound train, resolved to present an imposing appearance to Aunt Grizzy Grumpton when she should reach Wild River station.

It was very cold—a dull, bitter, leaden cold—with the ground frozen like a rock, the streams bound in ice, the sky gray and bitter, with an ineffable gloom. Aunt Grizzel Grumpton lived in a little one-storied house on the top of an uncompromising hill, where a solitary cedar tree was twisted around like a corkscrew with the force of the east wind, and the few lean sheep huddled behind the rocks in shivering groups, picturesque, but far from comfortable. And even after they had come in sight of the old building whose one coat of red paint had long ago been worn away by the suns and rains of well-nigh a century, Mrs. Symington had serious doubts whether the one-horse sleigh in which she was jerked and jolted up the incline would not be blown sheer away by the rush of the tempest before they could reach their destination.

However, it wasn't. And once in Aunt Grizzy's cottage things were very comfortable. There was no wide-throated chimney, piled with mossy fringed logs, such as the fancy of city dwellers is apt to depict in the solitary farmhouse. People in Maine know better than that. But there was an immense cook stove, which heated the room to an atmosphere of eighty odd degrees; the cracks in the window sashes were pasted over with brown paper, and sand bags were laid on the top ledges, while a double rag carpet covered the floor, and a wood-box, heaped to the very top, stood in the angle of the chimney piece. Aunt Grizzy's dress was of blue homespun flannel, and she wore a worsted hood pulled over her ears, and a little plaid shawl folded over her breast, and she was addicted to the use of snuff, and said "Hey?" whenever any one addressed her.

"My cheeny?" said Aunt Grizzy. "Well, I'm free to own that I think a deal of that cheeny. But I don't know, Niece Arabella, how you came to hear of it."

"It is an heirloom in our family, Aunt Grizzel," said Mrs. Symington, exerting herself to speak loudly.

"Hey?" said Aunt Grizzy, with her hand placed sounding-board fashion behind her ear.

"Every one must have heard of it," said Mrs. Symington, at the risk of breaking a blood-vessel in her throat.

Aunt Grizzy's wrinkled face fairly beamed. "Well, I calculate it ain't absolutely ugly," said she. "But still, if you've really set your heart on it, Niece Arabella—But it ain't unpacked. I always put it away this time o' year when there ain't no tea parties given."

"Oh, never mind that," said Mrs. Symington, her heart leaping within her at this easy conquest of the fort. "It will be all the more convenient for me to carry it. People always keep such treasures put away in secret places."

"Hey?" said Aunt Grizzy, and Mrs. Symington repeated her words.

"Oh, there ain't no secret about it!" said Aunt Grizzy, as she turned the hissing sausages in the pan. "Only I hain't had time to overhaul it since you've been here."

"Naturally?" interrupted Mrs. Symington. "But I suppose it is all in good condition?"

"Sartinly, sartinly," said Aunt Grizzy. "You can look at it yourself if you like, Niece Arabella."

"Oh, that is not at all necessary," said Mrs Symington. "But now as to the price, Aunt Grizzy?"

"I ain't one to haggle with my relations," said Aunt Grizzy, giving the frying pan a shake over the blazing sticks. "Set your own price, Arabella, and if I don't like it I'll make bold to say so."

"Do you think, Aunt Grizzy," hesitated the city lady, "that twenty-five dollars would be a reasonable compensation for it?"

"Well, yes," said Aunt Grizzy. "It never cost me that, because—"

"No, of course not," hurriedly interposed Mrs. Symington, and she produced the twenty-five dollars, all in gold half eagles, with the exultant feeling of one who has picked a precious diamond out of the dust. "But I should wish you to feel that I had dealt fairly with you in a matter like this."

"Well, I hain't no reason to complain," said Aunt Grizzy. "Some folks fancies cheeny. I don't. A plate's a plate to me, and a cup's a cup, and you're kindly welcome to my set if you've took a notion to it."

Mrs. Symington went home the next day, through a whirlwind of snow, having been fed upon pork and sausages, sausages and pork, at every meal since her arrival, and retaining a very vivid recollection of the Maine winds and tempests.

"I don't think I'd go back there again, even for a set of old china," said Mrs. Symington, as she seated herself on the velvet cushions of the palace-car and shrank shiveringly inside of her seal dolman and fleece-lined fur gloves. "Aunt Grizzel will never die a natural death; she'll be blown away, like Mother Hubbard."

But all these petty tribulations were forgotten as a thing out of mind on the brilliant January morning on which, in front of the sea-coal fire in her own cozy drawing-room, she unpacked the coarse wooden box wherein were concealed the priceless treasures of Aunt Grizzy Grumpton's china.

"Don't touch them, Stanhope," said she, with a small shriek of dismay. "Men are so dreadful careless. Oh, here they are on the top, all wrapped in separate pieces of paper."

"Eh?" said Mr. Symington, standing by with a hammer and screw-driver brandished in either hand. "Are these—antiques?"

"Good gracious me!" gasped Mrs. Symington. "What can this possibly mean?"

For the china which she unwrapped from its coverings of coarse brown paper was a cheap and common style, such as is associated in the mind with tea chromos, gaudy lithographs and salesmen of the Hebraic persuasion—white, with a band of imitation gold around each piece, and a coarse flower sprawling below, as if it had been laid on with a miniature whitewash brush.

"This is never my Grandmother Grumpton's old china," said Mrs. Symington, bursting into tears, and pushing the hideous atrocities away with a force which cracked two plates. "I'll write to Aunt Grizzy at once, and this misunderstanding shall be cleared up."

In the course of time an answer came from Wild River, stiffly written in pale ink, and conveying in its tout ensemble the general impression that Aunt Grizzy had wrestled with it as if it had been a fit of the Asiatic cholera.

"DEAR NEICE" (it said),—"With Love and duty I take up my Pen to inform You that the China is all right Bo't from Snefly & Pipkin, in Boston, last November, at Eight ($8) the Set, to be transported at my own Dammage. As for my Mother's old Set, witch Captain Babcock bro't from Calcutta in the Year 1796, I Gave it to his Neice Helen Hosmer two Yeres ago for a Pare of Gold Spectackles and a Fur Muff, being so Cracked and Old-fashioned that it wasn't worth no more. But I am told that she puts it on Ebbony Shelves in her Best Parlor. But Helen never was more than Half-Witted, and your Set witch you took home with you is worth a Deal the most Monney. So you have the Best Bargain. With love, I remain, Your Aunt to Command,

"GRIZZEL GRUMPTON."

"Ah!" said Mr. Symington, who had been listening intently to the contents of this much blotted and besmeared piece of manuscript, sealed with Aunt Grizzy's thimble top, and still retaining a subtle odor of fried sausages and griddle cakes. "A seal dolman at three hundred dollars, a thirteen-dollar hat, a pair of fifteen-dollar fur gloves, a fifty-dollar journey and a twenty-five-dollar investment, all for a set of china which you can buy anywhere on the Bowery or Grand street for ten dollars! How does that look, my dear, as viewed in the light of political economy?"

And Mrs. Symington answered only by her tears.

"There, there, Bella, don't fret," said her husband, kindly. "Let the thing go for what it is worth. Forget it."

"But I can't help f-f-fretting," sobbed Mrs. Symington. "One thing is quite certain, however—I never will be such a fool again. I will not spend another cent for ceramics until I have economized enough to pay for this outrageous swindle."

"Gently, my dear, gently," said her husband. "Now you are going too far. Aunt Grizzel was honest enough. You said you wanted her china, and she sold you her china at your own terms"

"But I didn't mean this china," said Mrs. Symington.

"How was she to know what you meant?" said Mr. Symington. "China is china, and to me one piece is as good as another."

And Mrs. Symington was too broken down and spiritless even to argue the point with him.—*Bazar.*

Cloves.

Cloves grow on trees from twenty to thirty feet high, having a handsome pyramidal shape, with leaves that are large, glossy and evergreen. It is a native of Malacca, but is now grown in nearly all the spice islands of the Indian ocean, the larger part of the crop coming from Amboyna, in the island of Ternate. Many years ago the Dutch undertook to control the production of this spice and to confine its growth to this island; they, therefore, destroyed the clove trees in the other spice islands, but the high prices which they demanded gradually led to its cultivation in territory outside of their jurisdiction, and they afterward abandoned that policy. Still, most of the cloves now produced are grown in Dutch territory, and the high prices which have prevailed during the last year or two have been attributed partly to a failure in the crop at Ternate and partly to the Acheen war, which has considerably interfered with the supply usually derived from Sumatra. The cloves of commerce are not, as many suppose, the fruit of the clove tree, but are the flower buds. The ripe fruit in shape resembles a small olive; it is of a dark red color, with one or two cells containing as many seeds, and it is also aromatic to a certain extent, and sometimes appears in commerce in a dried state under the curious name of "mother of olives." It is not nearly so pungent, however, as the flower stems. Indeed, the whole tree—leaves, bark and wood—seems to be impregnated in some degree with the strong, distinctive clove flavor; but the flower buds are the principal commercial product of the tree. When first gathered they are of a reddish color, but in the drying process, which is generally partly done by wood fires and partly in the sun, they turn a deep brown color, as they are when they reach us in America. Although the tree grows wild to some extent, it is regularly cultivated in plantations, the plants being some ten or fifteen feet apart and carefully pruned and cared for.

ANIMALS AND THE LAW.

Dogs, Cats, Bulls and Bees that Have Been Brought Before the Courts Here and in Europe.

Dogs and cats and other animals figure very extensively in the legal literature of Anglo-Saxon countries, though they are no longer cited to the bar in their proper persons and put on trial as they were in mediæval days. And it must be said that, like the nobler animals, men and women, they have at times to complain of contradictory decisions. Thus an English jury refused to give damages to a man who was annoyed by the yelping and barking of his neighbor's canine pets, but in America it has been decided that one may lawfully kill another person's dog if it is in the habit of haunting his house and barking and howling by day and night to the disturbance of his family, if he cannot otherwise prevent the animal from annoying him. Plato and the Roman legislators held that, as it was in the nature of dogs to do mischief when unrestrained, their owner was under such circumstances liable for damage done by them, but from a very early time the English common law has assumed that to make the owner responsible it must be shown that he has been aware of the animal's particular tendency to such mischievous acts. The presumption that the animal is tame was carried in Great Britain to the extent of relieving the owner from responsibility in a sheep-killing case where it was held that every dog was entitled to at least one worry. Every dog has his bite as well as his day. In the case of Rolfe last year an English jury applied the same theory to the bull. Mr. Rolfe's bull was alleged to have charged two women and knocked them into a ditch. The husband of one of them brought his action, and it became necessary for him to show that Mr. Rolfe knew his bull to be savage. Testimony to the opposite effect was forthcoming in the shape of a statement that the beast was accustomed to graze on a cricket-ground, and that he rather liked being hit by a cricket-ball than otherwise. To the contrary effect there was positively no evidence except an unlucky remark attributed to the defendant. Mr. Banks, the plaintiff, swore that when he called on Mr. Rolfe the next morning to complain, the latter observed: "That's my old bull again." The judge held that the use of the word "again" precluded him from taking the case out of the hands of the jury. This really seemed hard on Mr. Rolfe. For if he had simply said, "That's my old bull," he might have seemed to be expressing a brutal sympathy with its ferocious exploit. It is fair to add, however, that he denied having said anything of the sort, and that the jury, not being satisfied that he knew his bull was accustomed to assault mankind, gave him a verdict. Provocation, of course, reduces the dog's offense, though the authorities are not in accord as to the precise amount of provocation a dog must stand. In Illinois if he is kicked and bites back he is within his rights. Between keeping a ferocious dog and keeping a pet lion, as a lady does up in Boston, or a tiger, there is a distinction; for in the case of the latter animal, knowledge of its ferocity will be presumed from its nature. A point in dog law was raised in Cincinnati recently, when the bloodhounds and donkeys employed by a manager in representing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were seized for debt as his personal property, and in October last the question of the ownership of a kitten came up under peculiar circumstances, where the owner of the mother claimed it and the other party refused to deliver it. The plaintiff claimed ownership from the mother cat being his property, while the defendant claimed that the kitten was born on his premises and also that only a qualified title can be had in an animal belonging to a class known as semi-domesticated, to which class the cat belonged. Therefore the right of property was not absolute. A cat is the property of a person only so long as it remains permanently under his care and control. The progeny of a cat is not recognized by law as the property of the owner of its parents. After mature deliberation by the jury a verdict was returned of "No cause for action." In the Warwick county court, in England, recently, a case was heard where a shopkeeper sued the owner of a flock of sheep for the cost of his shop window. The sheep were being driven along the street, when the leader took a flying leap through the glass, six others following it with the implicit faith characteristic of the ovine kind The defense was that there was no negligence, but the judge held that the point did not arise. The sheep became trespassers the moment they left the roadway, and defendant was held responsible for all the damage they subsequently caused.

At Paris last summer the judicial tribunals gave judgment against an urban bee keeper, who, with an eye to business, established an extensive apiary right alongside of a sugar refinery, with the natural result that his bees raided on the sugar and syrup instead of going afield in search of sweets.

Tallow Growing on Trees.

Mr. O. N. Denny, United States counsel-general at Shanghai, has sent to a friend in California, for distribution throughout the State, a package of seeds of the "tallow tree," which he thinks will flourish there, with the following interesting description of the process by which its fruit is prepared for use: The nuts grow in clusters and are gathered in November. When ripe the capsule divides and discloses usually about three kernels, covered with pure, hard, white tallow. In preparing the tallow the ripe nuts are put into a wooden cylinder with perforated bottom, and after ten or fifteen minutes' steaming the tallow becomes so soft that it is easily detached from the albumen of the seed by breaking them with mallets. It is then separated from the seeds by sifting it through hot sieves, but, of course, it is discolored by mixtures with the brown testa of the seeds, and in order to strain it and make it perfectly pure and white it is poured into a cylinder made up of rings of straw placed one on top of the other, then put into a rude press, when the tallow is squeezed through in a pure state. From 133 pounds of seed is obtained from forty to fifty pounds of tallow, besides the oil obtained subsequently from the albumen by grinding, steaming and pressing it. The tallow is used for a variety of purposes by the Chinese, but more particularly for making candles, which are burned in Buddhist worship.

Pluck.

Thomas Carroll, a Wisconsin farmer, finding his leg decaying from a fever sore, grasped his foot with one hand and pressed hard with the other upon the decayed part and broke it asunder. He then called for a razor, which was handed him, and with it he deliberately cut off the entire limb. He then, without the assistance of any one, tied up the arteries, made the necessary lap of flesh around the bone, and sewed and bandaged the same without help from any one and is in a fair way of recovery.

Matches, Mice and Fire.

The enormous amount of property destroyed annually by the fire that often originates in a way that cannot be accounted for may well excite, says an exchange, an inquiry in reference to the most probable origin of these destructive fires. The watchman may be in the lower part of the house, and before he is aware of it the flames burst out in some upper room, and a general conflagration follows.

Now the public would be startled to hear it stated that a mouse set the manufacturing establishment or store on fire; yet this is, as we have good reason to believe, often the case.

It is now very common for clerks in stores, and men and boys employed in ordinary labor, to smoke cigars, and as a matter of convenience they often carry parlor matches in their pockets, and it is quite likely that some may be accidentally dropped on the floor or left standing where a mouse will find them. And just as certain as a mouse finds a parlor match, so sure will it set off the match by putting its sharp teeth into it. The parlor match contains a substance for which the mouse has a fondness, and as soon as the teeth enter the match it will ignite. If there is loose paper or other combustible material near the flame will soon spread. Let any one who wishes to satisfy himself of this fact take a parlor match and scratch it with a pin or needle, or stick it quickly into the match resembling as near as possible the action of a mouse's teeth, and he will soon have a blaze. The common sulphur match will not be touched by a mouse, neither will it ignite in a similar way. If insurance companies would consider their interests they would make the non-use of parlor matches a condition of insurance.

If they are in doubt on this subject they can make an experiment on some outbuilding or shed where mice can come, and scatter paper or rags over the floor, and leave a few parlor matches scattered or standing in a box, and they will soon witness a conflagration. Millions of dollars' worth of property have been destroyed in the way above referred to, and where the remedy is so easy it should be applied without delay. Let those who wish to protect their property demand of their employes that they shall not carry parlor matches in their pockets, consequently none will be carelessly dropped on the floor, and the danger from this source will be avoided.

The Library of Congress.

A short paper in the *Century* on "The Proposed National Library Building," gives the following account of the contents of the library of the United States: Having risen from the ashes of two conflagrations, the last of which, in 1851, spared only twenty thousand volumes, the government library has grown with rapid strides until it counts, in 1881, upward of 400,000 volumes, besides 150,000 pamphlets and several hundred thousand copyright publications and other books. In the history of this progress, which has raised the collection in thirty years from 20,000 books to 400,000, the marked sources of increase have been fourfold:—first, a liberal appropriation by Congress in 1852 of $85,000 in one sum for the purchase of books to repair losses by fire; second, the acquisition of the Smithsonian scientific library in 1866, with all its annual accessions since; third, the purchase of the Force historical library in 1867; and fourth, the enactment of the copyright law in 1870, making this library the national record office for copyrights, and the depository of all publications to which exclusive right of multiplying copies is secured.

The law of growth of this already large collection, aside from the very modest appropriations for purchase (varying from five thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars per annum, for the last thirty years), is such as to give emphasis to the fact that it requires most ample provision of space for its orderly arrangement and preservation. This library not only presents itself as the great conservatory of American letters, but there is added, by careful and steady annual purchase, a selection of the best literature of other lands and languages. It is, besides, the assiduous gatherer of books, periodicals, documents and maps relating to America. Its collection of newspaper files extends to over seven thousand volumes, embracing the London *Gazette*, from 1665 to 1881; the *Times* from 1796 to date; the German *Allgemeine Zeitung*, complete, from the close of the last century; full sets of the *Moniteur Universel* and of the *Journal des Debats*, from their origin in 1789; the New York *Evening Post* from the first issue in 1801; with complete sets of every important English and American review or magazine, and an extensive collection of periodicals, scientific, literary, etc., of other countries.

A Country Girl's Romance.

A lady correspondent at Center White Creek, Washington county, N. Y., sends to the Troy *Times* the following romance of real life. It concerns a native of Washington county. She says:

Five years ago a poor and modest country girl of twenty-one summers, following the path of duty, enlisted in the holy wars and sailed with a band of brothers to a far-off heathen shore, leaving behind her two rejected and likewise miserable lovers; one a lad of low condition, the other a regular patrician. But the heathen have souls to be saved, and for four years our self-sacrificing heroine followed the noble calling she had chosen. Early in May, 1881, our fair toiler in the vineyard, deeming that the heathens were sufficiently converted to admit of a visit to her native shore, resigned her charge for a period and sailed, via England, for her own home and harbor. An English nobleman who chanced to be among the passengers became interested in the poor American, and ere the good ship anchored at Liverpool had offered his hand, heart and fortune and been accepted. At London the lovers parted, soon to meet again, to receive a father's blessing and part no more. The bride of the future continued her journey alone with her trousseau, and was soon welcomed in New York by a host of admiring relatives and the forgotten lovers. Preparations were commenced for the reception of the noble, and the disappointed lovers sighed for the things "which might have been." But alas! the nobleman met with a financial misfortune. Tenderly did he break the news to the distant fair one, nobly releasing her from promises which might become irksome. The humble and faithful suitor (who chanced to be nearest) soon became dearest, and the weary heart, taken on the rebound, surrendered gracefully, and Thursday evening last they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the residence of the bride's parents. The many invited guests tendered their congratulations to the happy couple, who left on the evening train for the South, there to remain indefinitely.

The United States is fast becoming a vaccine nation.—*Boston Transcript.*

HEALTH HINTS.

To remove freckles take lemon juice, one ounce; quarter of a dram of powdered borax and one dram of sugar. Mix them and let them stand till ready for use, then rub it on the face occasionally.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon the ice or snow or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The curative qualities of common salt are not as freely impressed upon the public mind as is expedient. Inflammation can be rapidly reduced by a solution of salt, and for a weak or diseased membrane local applications of salt and water act as magic. In cases of sore throat, sore eyes or catarrhal affections, simple salt and water as a gargle or douche, is a most efficacious application. The chief virtue of mineral waters is salt, which forms a constituent either in large or small proportions in all springs recommended for healing. The unmistakable benefits derived from sea bathing and sea air proceed from that great strengthening medium—common salt. A goblet of well iced salt and water is not a disagreeable beverage before breakfast, and is highly beneficial as an aperient. If "salt should lose its savor" a most important lever of the pharmacopœia would be destroyed.

Concerning the treatment for diphtheria, the *Food and Health* says: To us it appears that fresh air is the first necessity; we should allow a diphtherial patient to be near an open window. Next, we should use hot malt vinegar for flannel wraps round the throat, gargles of the same diluted with water, and the most tonic diet possible. Neither quinine nor mineral tonics, but hot, strong wines, yolks of eggs beaten up in strong beef tea; warm baths made of chamomile flowers; feet placed in mustard and water, and flannel wraps soaked in hot vinegar around the stomach. The juice pressed from raw beef, heated in a farina boiler and given constantly, but, above all, hot red wine. Inhalations of the fumes of vinegar with open mouth and pencilings of the same within the mouth. The use of lemons is also to be recommended. Diphtheria is a preventable disease, and when we know more of the conditions under which the health of human life can exist and are inclined to listen to it and act accordingly to it, we shall have fewer epidemics such as those of diphtheria.

Great Salt Lake.

The lake from which this town, writes a correspondent, takes its name—the full name is the "City of the Great Salt Lake"—is a very curious and interesting body of water. It is about 100 miles long, from north to south, some twenty-five to thirty-five broad, from east to west, is more than 4,000 feet above the sea level, and has no outlet. Its greatest depth is sixty feet, but it is generally very shallow, being in many places not more than two or three feet deep. At one time it must have been vastly larger than it is now, spreading, an inland sea, for hundreds of miles. The water is transparently clear, but so salt—it contains twenty-two per cent. of chloride of sodium—as to form one of the most concentrated of brines.

It was long thought that it contained no living thing, but recently a kind of shrimp and several species of insects have been found in it. Large flocks of gulls, ducks, geese and swans frequent its borders and islands, one of the latter—Antelope island—being eighteen miles long. It is so buoyant that a man may float in it at full length, his head and neck, his legs to the knees and arms to the elbow being entirely out of water. In a sitting posture, with arms extended, his shoulders will rise above the surface. But swimming is hard, as the legs can hardly be kept under water, and the brine is so strong as to nearly strangle him who swallows it, and causes severe pain if it gets into the eyes. Nevertheless, a bath in the lake is refreshing, although fresh water is required afterward to remove the salt from the body.

The lake was first made known to the white race nearly two hundred years ago, through Baron La Hontan, who had learned of its existence through some Western Indians. It was formerly named Timpanagos; was supposed to be much bigger than it is, and to have an outlet into the Pacific. Fremont was the first man to navigate its waters, and he described it in 1843. The lake reminds one in many respects of the Dead sea, and the resemblance had its influence in deciding the Mormons to settle here, associating the neighborhood with Judea, and prompting them to name the strait connecting Salt and Utah lakes the River Jordan. They have copied various features of ancient Israel, and claim to believe that they, like the old Jews, are under the immediate direction of God.

Fishing in Japan.

Fishing in the rivers and streams of the main island is not considered as a sport by the Japanese but as a means of livelihood, and therefore the "gentle angler" will not receive much encouragement from the brotherhood in the land of the rising sun. Salmon trout, trout and ai (a small but game fish) are "educated" on some rivers to take the fly. The Japs work with very small flies, fine tackle, slight bamboo rods, with which they are very successful. Altogether, however, the game will be found scarcely worth the candle on the mainland, but capital sport with the salmon trout can be obtained in several streams near Satsuporo, in Yezo, during May and June, with a genuine British fly. The most important export from Yezo is in dried salmon, which are netted in incredible quantities in various rivers of the northern part of the island and in the southern Kuriles; but sport in these rivers among the dense masses of fish is out of the question, even if the proprietors of the fishings would allow their fish to be poached. The Japanese seaboard is everywhere picturesque, and the seas abound with fish, giving employment to the crews of thousands of fishing boats. When sailing along the coasts numbers of large black whales and sharks, both large and small, will be seen, the latter being caught by the fishermen, as their fins are counted a delicacy, and the skins serve many uses. The hilts of all the old swords are covered with white shark's skin.—*The London Field.*

A gentleman of this village has a family of three or four little girls. Not long since the children were talking about a pair of twins. One of them, an elder one, turned to her father and said: "Papa, what do they call it when three babies come at once?" A little one, who was much interested in the conversation, and who had heard talk about the smallpox, at once interrupted and said, with much animation: "I know, papa." "Well, what do they call it?" said the father. "An epidemic," said the little one, proudly displaying her knowledge.—*Port Jervis Union.*

SUNDAY READING.

"Live for Something."

Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the heart you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers.*

Religious News and Notes.

Moody and Sankey have had great success in Edinburgh.

There are 26,000 regular Baptist churches in the United States.

There are 5,856 Roman Catholic churches in the United States.

The number of churches in Chicago has increased in ten years from 156 to 218.

Rev. Dr. Manning, of the famous old South church of Boston, has been voted for the rest of his life an annual pension of $4,000, work or no work.

The Reformed Presbyterian church (Covenanters) has in the United States 107 ministers, 122 congregations, eighty-three pastors. Of the congregations thirty-four are without regular pastors.

The number of churches in Chicago has increased in ten years from 156 to 218. The Methodists have gained seventeen churches. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists each lost one church by consolidation and other changes.

The Rev. William H. Ryder, D. D., probably the ablest Universalist preacher in the United States, has resigned his parish in Chicago, and will withdraw from the ministry to study law. He is said to be wealthy and able to live a restful life if he desires

Philadelphia is strong in the number of its churches and their membership, there being in the aggregate 150,000 church members in the city, divided into 550 congregations. The strength of the Protestant denominations is nearly equally divided among the different sects, there being 103 Methodist churches, with 27,500 communicants; ninety-three Episcopal churches, with 23,358 communicants; eighty-three Presbyterian churches, with 26,346 communicants, and sixty-five Baptist churches, with 14,253 communicants.

Popular Weather Prophets.

The so-called "Bauern-regeln," as rules for farmers, which occupy a prominent place in the indispensable "Kalender" of every German and Swiss household, have not been abolished by the process of meteorology and the publication of official weather forecasts. We find them printed as usual in the countless German almanacs for 1882. Many of them are in rhyme, too pithy to lend themselves easily to translation, and are doubtless of considerable antiquity. They may be roughly divided into two classes—those which imply a sort of jurisdiction over a particular season to a particular saint, doubtless a survival of paganism; and those which express the collective results of the actual observance of the weather by those who were dependent upon its influences, whose formulated experiences were handed on from generation to generation. "When it snows small and fine" (klein und fein), says a peasant's rule of frequent occurrence, "the cold will hold out a long time; when it snows wool and feathers (large and broad flakes) the cold will be slight and soon over." Again. "When you can make a snowball easily, the cold will be moderate." Again. "Little snow, great water; great snow, little water." Observation has proved all these rules to be true. Fine and small-flaked snow lies long on the ground, while large and loose-flaked snow quickly thaws, and its fall is usually an indication of an approaching thaw.

So, too, a "little snow," small in flake, lies long on the ground, more is added to it, and when the spring comes there is a great mass of water; whereas great snow, big in flake, quickly disappears, instead of heaping up until the definitive arrival of spring." "A mild January brings a cold spring and a cold summer." "A snow year is a rich year." "As much mist and fog in March, so much rain for a hundred days after March," and similar rules printed year after year in almost every "Kalender," are not the product of guess or venture, such as a Zadkiel may compile, but the results of actual observation. The popular rule that "Autumn without mist (nebelfrei) brings winter without cold," seemes to have been verified in the year 1881.—*London Globe.*

A Great Naphtha Fire.

Although the existence of the naphtha springs in the neighborhood of Baku, Russia, has been known for centuries, it is only within the last ten years that measures have been taken for realizing their production, by using it for lighting purposes. From one of the chief wells the liquid shoots up as from a fountain, and has formed a lake four miles long and one and a quarter wide. Its depth is, however, only two feet, so that in very hot summers it is nearly dried up.

This enormous surface of inflammable liquid recently became ignited and presented an imposing spectacle, the thick black clouds of smoke being lighted up by the lurid glare of the central column of flame, which rose to a great height. The smoke and heat were such as to render a nearer approach than one thousand yards distance impracticable. Suitable means for extinguishing the fire were not at hand, and it was feared that the conflagration would spread underground in such a manner as to cause an explosion. This supposition led many inhabitants of the immediate vicinity to remove to a safer distance. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet. The trees and buildings within three miles distance were covered with thick soot, and this unpleasant deposit appeared on persons' clothes and even on the food in the adjacent houses.

Not only was the naphtha itself burning, but the earth which was saturated with it was also on fire, and ten large establishments, founded at great expense for the development of the trade in the article, were destroyed. The fire ceased of itself unexpectedly, and thus the fears of a total destruction of the local naphtha industry have been allayed.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Six comets have been discovered in the United States since May 1, 1881.

The milky juice of the fig tree possesses a digestive power, and when mixed with animal tissue preserves it from decay