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Scottish Heather.

It seems a long, long time ago
That we two played at love together;
Indeed, I've half forgotten whether
We meant it quite for play, you know.

I wonder why last winter's snow
Should cool that warmth of summer weather!
It seems a long, long time ago
That we two played at love together.

And yet—my heart begins to glow
(It then was light as any feather)
Whene'er I see this Scottish heather,
And think of you, who loved it so;
It seems a long, long time ago.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Come for Thy Rights!

Come, honest manhood, not ashamed to toil,
Stand in the garb or cause that honors thee!
Come from the mill, the forge, or sterile soil,
We crown thee king, thou shalt our sovereign be!
Come from the ocean laden—fish or pearls;
Come from the mines with all their precious ore;
Come not as servant, serving moneyed churls,
But, in thy right, stand dignified before.
Thou feedest kings; they tax thee in return;
Thou clothest nobles, rich in courtly dress;
Thou diggest coal for them to cheerful burn,
But savest little, each, thyself to bless.
Thou art content, pushed by unkindly hands,
Stand out, the rightful ruler of the lands!

Come for thy rights, as constant as the sun!
Stand for thy cause in eloquence of deed!
Come with thy riches, when thy toil is done,
As plants give bloom to multiply their seed!
What though the rich and proud thy wages take—
Still strivest thou in faithfulness of soul,
Till by thy care the fields a harvest make,
That give a welcome to the living whole:
Nor halting here, to moan with selfish sighs
That others take as freely as they choose,
Thou givest all to nations in supplies,
And rarely break'st thy serving to abuse;
Thou guard'st, thou honorest here with high repute;
Thou plant'st the seed—art generous with the fruit.

Earth bears no blighting curse by thee imposed;
Thou art her husband, toiling, royal wed!
She bears no malice, when in death deposed
Thou sleep'st at last within her silent bed;
But kings and despots, ruling to devast,
Have wet her bosom deep with peasant gore—
She keeps account, to settle by at last,
When kings sleep well, but sleep as kings no more.
How can a death-dethroned king relent?
He lies a subject, humbled in estate;
The peasant has no carnage sown or rent,
And in the grave he is a king as great;
He reaches forth in pleasure and in hope,
Nor dies debauched, a morbid misanthrope.
—*C. C. Merritt, Springfield Republican.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

A large, old-fashioned, quaint gray stone house, with a green, close-clipped lawn, extending down to a very picturesque portion of the Avon. Seated on the lawn were three young ladies in summer toilets with broad straw hats. Two were at work; while the darkest, prettiest, though smallest, was reading aloud.

Suddenly, blended with the musical dip of oars, the still, calm air was broken by a strong, clear, manly voice singing:

"When the lads of the village,
Merrily ah!—merrily ah!"

"It's Tom! It's dear old Tom!" cried the two girls who were dressed alike. "He's rowed up from Chessermill. Come, Georgie, come." Georgie, their cousin, appeared by no means backward, and the three eagerly hastened down to the river.

Scarcely had they reached the edge than a light skiff, in which sat a handsome young English Saxon of about five-and-twenty, shot from the shadow of the willows to their very feet.

"Here I am, girls!" he cried, cheerily, shipping his oars and casting the mooring rope round a post placed on purpose.

"Yes, here you are, singing as much out of tune as ever," said Georgie, roguishly.

"Now, please don't begin your sparring," laughed Rosie, the youngest sister. "We are so glad you've come, Tom, whether in tune or not. We have something to tell you and something for you to do."

"Really? Prithee, fair sister, expound," he rejoined, walking up the lawn, a sister on either side of him, though his eyes oftenest sought out Georgie.

"But first," asked Lenore, the elder, "how long are you going to stay here?"

"Whitehall has given me a week. My luggage comes by road."

"Capital! Now, let us sit down and we will tell you."

The girls sat in a kind of semi-circle; while Tom laid his whole length before them, his elbow on the grass, his cheek on his hand.

"Now," he asked, "what is the matter?"

"Well," said Lenore, who by general acclaim was nominated spokeswoman, "you must know, Tom, that there is a certain room in this old house papa has just bought which is said to be haunted."

"Nonsense."

"But it is true. Papa would not let us know when he bought the place, but we soon heard it from the people about here. He, however—as you—says it's all nonsense."

"Being a sensible, practical man," interpolated Tom.

"Ah; still he gives us full leave to test it."

"And are you going to?"

"We wish to, therefore want you to sleep there one night, Tom."

"Want me!"

"Yes; so that you may inform us," remarked Georgie, very gravely, "whether there is a ghost or not."

"Really I feel exceedingly obliged," laughed Tom, "but I don't quite see the joke. I am not anxious for a ghostly acquaintance."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Georgie, with a glance that sent the blood to her cousin's cheek. "I didn't think you were a coward!"

"Coward! Come now, Georgie, that's too bad," he cried.

"Well, I think it cowardly," responded the young lady, pursing her pretty mouth. "I don't believe in ghosts any more than uncle does; and I want to sleep there, only he will not let me."

"I should think not," said Tom, with quick approval. "But what kind of ghost is it? What is the story?"

"Why, they say years and years ago the heiress of this large estate—for it was a large estate then—was one night cruelly murdered in that room by her cousin, who, on her death, inherited the property; ever since which period the lady's ghost, attired in white, pays the apartment a visit regularly at 12 o'clock midnight," and as Lenore ended there was a tremor in her voice.

"Bosh!" laughed Tom, contemptuously. "Why, Lenny, you look absolutely pale!"

"They will not even pass the door after dark," remarked Georgie, with a toss of the head. "But don't you quiz them, Master Tom, for you, also, are too frightened to face it! What cowardice!" with a little shrug. "I declare, if any man loved me and I found he was a coward, I'd never, never marry him!"

Perhaps it was accident, perhaps it was intentional, but Georgie's dark eyes rested on Tom as she spoke.

"There goes papa!" cried Rosie, at the instant starting up, as a tall, elderly man passed along the terrace in front of the house. "Let us tell him Tom has come."

"Let us all go to him," said Tom.

They rose and the sisters went on before; but Tom somehow managed to drop a little behind with his cousin.

"So, Georgie," he said, "you wouldn't marry a man who was a coward. I hope you meant that for me, because you might marry me if I were not. Oh, dear coz, you know how I love you! I'd face all the ghosts in Christendom if you would only say you would by my wife!"

"Yet you will not face a probable one, Tom," she laughed.

"I will without demur, if you would only say 'yes,' Georgie," he whispered, earnestly. "Ghosts wouldn't frighten me!"

"I'd like to have that proved. I am not so certain," she rejoined, saucily, as they came up to the rest.

"Well, Tom," exclaimed Mr. Harrison, "these stupid girls tell me they want you to sleep in the haunted room, for our old house is respectable enough to possess one."

"So I hear, sir, and will willingly test its ghostly character, if you have no objection."

"None in the least, my boy, only I'll make this proviso—I'll have no fire-arms used. Should anything appear it will not be supernatural—in which I no more believe than that the moon is made of green cheese."

So it was agreed that Tom should sleep there.

"I hope he will see nothing," said his sisters.

"I hope he will," said Georgie, "and prove his courage."

"I shan't sleep a wink to-night," remarked Rosie, as they saw Tom disappear down the long corridor.

"I don't think I shall much," agreed Georgia, very thoughtfully.

The next morning Tom's appearance at the breakfast-table was anxiously expected. When he came his expression was certainly more serious.

"Well," smiled Mr. Harrison, "what did you see, Tom? Giles Scroggins' ghost or anything else?"

"I can't quite say, sir," answered his son. "I certainly thought once I saw something; but I was so dead tired that my half-dazed brain may have played me a trick. Consequently, I would rather say nothing until I've had another night's experience."

"Sleep there again!" ejaculated the girls, Georgie loudest.

"Assuredly!"

Tom's account but half satisfied his feminine hearers.

"I am sure he has seen something," said Lenore, when they were alone.

"I'm certain of it!" coincided Georgie. "But he is going to show how brave he is. Why can't the silly fellow confess and have done with it?"

Tom had seen something. About midnight, in the farthest corner of the room, he had beheld a shadowy female form, draped in grayish-white, occasionally waving its arms, while faint sighs burst from the lips.

He had felt startled, alarmed! He had tried to think it the moonlight; but glancing at the window he saw there was none. So he had laid and looked half frightened, and half ashamed of being so.

Abruptly, however, remembering Georgie's words, he cared for nothing else; and being partially dressed, leaped up and advanced toward the ghost. For a second there was no alteration. Then it rapidly melted away—there was a click—and when Tom reached the corner—it was empty!

Can there really be ghosts, he thought, groping his way back to bed. Impossible! Yet—his eyes turned to his pistol-case—that night prove; but no—it wouldn't do!

The second night the same thing occurred—only this time the specter had sighed and moaned and wrung its hands as in direst distress, but it did not wait for Tom's advance. It vanished after a few moments.

"It's curious, to say the least of it," he meditated, striking a light and sitting on the side of his bed. Then taking the candle he carefully examined the apartment.

It was a spacious oak-paneled room, with casemented windows. Mr. Harrison proposed to turn it into a ball-room, when, he had laughed, the ghosts would have a happy time of it. But Tom could discover neither ghost nor human. The door was locked as he had left it; the windows securely fastened.

"It's confoundedly singular!" he repeated, finally throwing himself on to the bed.

The next morning he told exactly what had occurred.

Mr. Harrison pooh-pooh'd it, declaring it was Tom's imagination or that he was poking fun at them; but the girls took it differently.

"There," cried the sisters, "you see, Georgie, the place is haunted!"

For a second Georgie appeared defeated; she pouted, glanced at her cup, then exclaimed, with charming consistency:

"I don't and I won't believe there are ghosts! As uncle says, Tom has been deluded!"

"Well, Tom is going to give it another trial," laughed the young fellow.

"Oh, no, don't do that!" exclaimed Georgie, quickly. "We've had enough of it!"

"I don't think so," rejoined Tom, delighted at this involuntary interest. "And if it comes a third time I'll take it for a sign—"

"Of what?"

"That I have proved my courage," he whispered, "and merited the reward for facing a ghost."

"There are no ghosts," persisted Georgie, blushing.

"Then you do not believe me?"

"I fancy you were deceived."

That night the sisters implored Tom to sleep in his own bedroom; to which Georgie, the bold disbeliever, even added her entreaties. They fancied that he had been more frightened than he cared to confess, for he had been remarkably quiet and thoughtful all day, had kept aloof from them, and wandered about the house like a ghost himself.

But Tom was firm. He said he was resolved to believe his eyes and brain had deceived him, unless the poor lady-ghost appeared a third time.

"But suppose she may not come again?" suggested Georgie.

"Then I'm resolved to sleep in this room until she does, or put it all down as nervous bosh and optical delusion!"

With that Master Tom strode off to his haunted bedchamber, while the girls crept along to theirs.

Scarcely had midnight chimed—for somewhere, no doubt, it did chime, though not in Mr. Harrison's house—than in the dark corner of the oak-paneled apartment again appeared the shadowy figure. That it was a woman's there could be no doubt; the loose grayish draperies flowed round it, drooping from the waving arms, while a gray mist apparently enveloped the head.

It repeated the same evolutions as on the previous occasion, only its moans and tokens of grief were more earnestly expressed; but, after all, this night was destined to be materially different. As the ghost's time for departure arrived, lo! and behold, there was another ghost!

The last was taller, clothed entirely in white, and, standing behind the first, frantically waved its long arms with a hollow sepulchral moan.

Evidently, however, the smaller spirit hadn't expected this ghostly companion, for, perceiving it, with a ringing shriek it fled toward the bed, crying:

"Oh! Tom—Tom, save me! There is a ghost and it's here! Save me—save me!"

But no Tom sprang to her rescue. Only the taller ghost pursued, exclaiming, in a very earthly voice and amid much earthly laughter:

"So, Miss Georgie, I've caught you, have I! The tables are nicely turned, upon my life."

"Tom!" gasped Georgie, the smaller specter, plucking the gray gauze from about her head, "is it you? Oh! what does it mean?"

"Only that I've discovered the ghost," laughed Tom. "The second night I suspected the unsubstantiality of my visitor and employed the next day in minutely examining my room, which led to the discovery of a secret sliding panel, which conducted into a passage that had another secret outlet in the corridor near your room. I then speedily divined who was my lady-ghost."

"Oh, Tom," she murmured, half angrily, "it's a shame you should so frighten me. I can scarcely stand. I really thought you a specter. Yes—I own it—I wanted to test your courage—and—"

"I have tested yours, who were so brave."

"Tom, can you forgive me?"

"If you will only reward me for facing the ghost, Georgie."

"Tom," she laughed, "this isn't a time to play Romeo and Juliet—nor the toilets. Oh!" she added, hearing steps hastening along the corridor, "do keep my secret, Tom. Do, please!" she added, imploringly, as she fled through the panel.

But the secret did creep out next day—and the laugh—as the tables were turned on Georgie, who, trying to frighten Tom, had been awfully frightened herself. Georgie angrily declared she would never forgive her cousin; but it is supposed she did, for the first ball held in the haunted room was in commemoration of their wedding day.

Cocoa and Chocolate.

Probably few of our readers, while drinking these favorite beverages, have ever thought to ask how the plant producing them grows. Yet its culture forms a large part of the industry, not only of the great Amazonian valley, but of other portions of tropical South America.

The cocoa (*Theobroma cocao*)—the name signifying "food of the gods"—is a small tree, or rather large bush, seldom exceeding fifteen feet in height, although we have seen very old trees which were thirty feet high. It has large, oblong, taper-pointed leaves, which when young are rosy and very beautiful. The flowers are small, fragrant, yellowish, and are borne in clusters on the trunk and larger branches. The fruit is about twelve inches long, varying, however, greatly in size, and about five broad; it is oblong, blunt and is marked with ten elevated ribs running lengthways, and is, when ripe, of a bright orange yellow, with a hard shell. Although authorities state that the fruit contains from fifty to one hundred seeds, we have never been able to find one containing fifty; the average is from thirty to forty-five. These seeds are imbedded in a white, semi-acid pulp, and in size and shape somewhat resemble almonds; it is from these seeds that the cocoa and chocolate of commerce are prepared.

The fruit is, when ripe, gathered by hand, and broken transversely by a large knife; the mass of pulp and seed is taken out, and is either left for a day to slightly ferment or is at once put into a "tipici" and pressed almost dry; it is then dried for from one to three days in the sun, and is then ready for market. A "tipici" is a tube of wicker-work, about eight feet long, with a diameter of about ten inches; the top is open, and at each end there is a loop; the tube is filled with any substance to be pressed, hung upon a peg or branch by the upper loop, while a lever, upon which a woman sits, is inserted in the lower loop, and the juice runs out through the interstices.

The juice running from the "tipici" is called "vinho da cacao," or "wine of cocoa," and is a most refreshing and delicious drink; it is slightly acid, aromatic, and possesses a flavor especially its own. Unfortunately, it soon ferments, and can be preserved in its freshness for only a single day; by boiling, however, fermentation is checked, but all the delicate aroma of the wine is lost. It is almost worth a trip across the Atlantic to drink the wine of cocoa in its freshness. This drink is very healthy, and one can consume an immense quantity. A superior white vinegar is also prepared from the cocoa. The juice is also boiled down into a sauce which in color and taste much resembles Shaker apple-sauce; and a most delicious amber-colored jelly, far superior to guava jelly, is made from the wine, from which also a strong and very high-flavored brandy is distilled. The husks contain a large amount of potash, and are burned to yield a lye which is used in making soap. Great quantities of the cocoa fruit are annually destroyed by monkeys and parrots, which are very fond of the seed.
—*American Garden.*

Joke on the Doctor.

There was an eager and excited, as well as anxious, throng of heirs gathered in the mansion of an old French lady recently deceased. She had left to her physician, "whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions had made her live so long," the contents of the old oaken chest. The heirs were naturally indignant; the doctor much elated at the thought of the treasures contained in the quaintly-carved old chest. They gathered about it waiting for the lawyer to come with the key. At last he arrived and handed the key to the doctor. He unlocked the chest and opened it. The sunlight fell upon its glistening contents, consisting of the unopened bottles of medicine which he had prescribed for her the previous twenty years.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The submarine vessel now being constructed at Bucharest it is claimed will accomplish what no other submarine craft has been equal to. The plan contemplates a vessel capable of moving under water for twelve hours without any renewal of air.

In Europe electric railways are growing rapidly in public estimation, not only on the continent, but in Great Britain. Already 100 miles of electric transit are in operation, and there is every probability of the total mileage being considerably increased before the end of the present year.

One by one the more precious metals are found deposited in this country, and in some cases, as in nickel, the unsuspected supplies prove greater in volume than the previous yield of all other countries combined. The latest of these discoveries is that of vanadium, which has been taken from an Arizona mine in larger paying quantities than ever before known.

A commission of British scientists are investigating the question of the existence of earth tides, or oscillations of the earth's crust corresponding to those produced on the sea by the moon's attraction. A pendulum is so suspended that its slightest motion turns a mirror and causes the point of light reflected by it upon a distant screen to move very perceptibly. It is found that the pendulum is in continual change of position, for the motion of the reflected light is incessant, and so irregular that it is hardly possible to determine its mean position on the screen within five or six inches.

The *North China Herald* mentions a novelty in the way of applied science, which is said to exist among thieves in China. They prepare a composition of some medicated ingredient, supposed to be aconite, and lighting it, blow it into the room to be robbed by means of a tube through a hole previously made (not a difficult thing in Chinese houses with paper windows and doors.) The inmates are thus anæsthetized or at least deprived of the power of speech and locomotion, and the thieves enter and do their work. In vain does the proprietor being robbed see the burglars. He cannot move limb or tongue. It is said that water absorbs this poison, and so for this purpose it is not uncommon for wealthy people to sleep with a basin of water at their heads. It is called men hsiang or hsiun hisany, to suffocate or asphyxiate with incense.

HEALTH HINTS.

Hard corns can be quickly removed by means of a sharp knife without pain, if the knife is expertly used and the corn kept saturated with alcohol, which not only makes it easier to remove but also benumbs its sensitiveness.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The following for chapped hands is recommended by the *Medical Brief:* Bay rum, two parts; glycerine, two parts; quince-seed jelly, four parts. A few drops of oil of rose or any other perfumery may be added to the bay rum before mixing. The same lotion diluted with rain water forms an excellent dressing for the hair. The jelly is made by adding two drams of quince seed to two pints of water, boiled down to one pint, filtered hot and allowed to cool.

Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in every severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and the anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache and we should never cease to use it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye, and it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting pain will depend on our power to have this carried out effectually. It is a practical lesson to be kept steadily in view, in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesson of unknown magnitude which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained. There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. See that the head is elevated at night and the pillow hard; for, if it be soft, the head sinks and becomes hot, which with some is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy.

The Cats of Cairo.

Among the curiosities of Cairo is an amateur branch of the humane society, for the especial benefit of poor Puss. A curious legacy was some years ago left by a wealthy burgher to enlarge the permanent income of the cadi, on condition of his nourishing and cherishing all the unclaimed cats in Cairo. Like most Mohammedans, he must have shared the feeling which made the Prophet cut off the wide sleeve of his robe, sooner than disturb a favorite cat which had fallen asleep thereon. Consequently a large court-yard has been devoted to their especial benefit, and here the "nice, soft, furry creatures" lie and bask in the sun, and are fed at stated intervals, and altogether have a very good time of it. It is a curious fact, however, that although daily additions are made to this large feline home, the inmates rarely amount to more than fifty. This (in the absence of sausage machines) is a very remarkable problem. I suppose that a candidate for the office of cadi has to produce a medical certificate to prove that he is not troubled with that unconquerable aversion to dear old Puss with which so many of the masculine genus are afflicted.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

An Oriental Beauty.

Mrs. General Lew Wallace has been permitted to see the greatest beauty of Prince Feramorz's harem in Turkey Two wonderfully ugly black eunuchs met the visitor at the iron gate of a beautiful garden and conducted her to a large room rather barren of furniture but hung with fine Eastern draperies. Here she found the prince's latest acquisition, whom she thus describes in the *Independent:*

Among the billowy cushions and vaporous veilings rose the young face. Oh! what a revelation of beauty! uplifted in a curious, questioning way to see what manner of women these are who come from the ends of the earth with unveiled faces, and go about the world alone, and have to think for themselves—poor things! The expression was that of a lovely child waking from summer slumber in the happiest humor, ready for play. A sensitive, exquisite face, fair as the first of women while the angel was yet unfallen. A perfect oval, the lips a scarlet thread, and oh! those wonderful Asiatic eyes!—lustrous, coal black, long rather than round, beaming under joined eyebrows.

HOW THE CZAR IS CROWNED.

An Interesting Description of the Ceremony at Kremlin, Moscow.

The Kremlin, with its high walls of white stone, with battlements cut out in the form of Tartar arrowheads, its eighteen green towers and its five rose colored gates, is quite a town in itself, containing three cathedrals, seven churches, a monastery, a nunnery and three imperial palaces.

Let us speak first of the three most venerable sanctuaries, the cathedrals of Assumption, the Annunciation and the Archangel St. Michael, grouped in a single cluster like a sheaf with golden ears, inclosed by an iron railing that shows upon the white walls its great, black network.

The Assumption is the cathedral at Rheims, the Westminster Abbey of Russia. Here the emperors are crowned and here is preserved the ancient throne of the czars in carved wood, known as the throne of Wladimir-Monomaque. The pillars, arches and walls of this church, which was built from beginning to end by Italian architects in 1475, are ornamented by large Byzantine images of long-bearded saints, whose heads are shown upon a background of gold. Those holy personages in their purple garments look like a procession of Asiatic potentates, silent and stern.

The iconostasus of the Assumption is a dazzling wall of jewelry, a fabulous display of gold, of precious stones, of pearls and diamonds. To this wonderful wall are suspended miraculous images of great antiquity—virgins with dark eyes and brown skins that belonged to grand dukes and were brought from Novgorod, Pskof, Kiew and Constantinople. Their halos are constellated with precious stones that twinkle like little stars and shine like red sparks. Upon their garments and dalmatics of gold, topazes, sapphires, emeralds and rubies display marvelous embroideries that interlace each other like garlands of flowers. The miraculous image of the virgin of Wladimir that orthodox piety attributes to St. Luke wears a diamond necklace valued at 200,000 rubles. Emeralds as large as nuts are set in the massive golden crown of this Virgin.

Close to the iconostasus a canopy covers the chair of the Patriarch, and in front of it a velvet tent marks the place of the emperor. Lamps of silver and vermilion with flickering lights, and great wax candles with their steady and soft jets, are not sufficient to awaken the obscurity that sleeps under the somber vaults of the old cathedral.

The ceremonies of the coronation take place in this church with a pomp and splendor that are peculiarly oriental. Before the czar arrives the high priests with the cross, assisted by two deacons carrying the holy water in a basin of gold, sprinkle the passage that the emperor is about to take. Then, arranging themselves upon the steps that surround the imperial platform surmounted by a canopy of crimson velvet with tassels and fringes of gold, come the grand dukes and duchesses, all the members of the imperial family, the diplomatic corps, the high dignitaries of the empire, senators in red uniforms, ministers bedizened with badges and cordons, marshals in brilliant uniforms, ladies of the court, and young ladies of honor in the national costume, including the kakoschnik (a golden diadem embroidered in gold or pearls), representatives of the merchants of all the cities of the empire, most of them in blue or black gowns fringed in gold, deputations from Asiatic peoples allied to or subjects of the emperor, Chinese, Mongolians, Tartars, Baskirs, Kalmuks, Khirgees, Boukharas, Circassians, Georgians, Mingrelians, Laplanders, Esquimaux, Persians, Turcomans—a strange and wild mixture of different races, half clad and armed, some with bows or lances, others with yatagans, with silver handles, or swords with wooden hilts rudely carved.

This dazzling and picturesque procession advances, preceded by a platoon of guards of honor, with cuirases of red cloth starred with silver, and by two mounted heralds with gold embroidered brocades, red velvet caps and maces. The imperial arms, borne by high functionaries, are placed at the left of the throne upon a table with a cover of gold. Grouped in front of the church under the portal draped with velvet, the clergy with crosses and mitres are resplendent in their chasubles and dalmatics sparkling with gems. The metropolitans, led by the metropolitan of Kiew, holding censers await the arrival of the emperor.

At last the czar appears. He descends the red staircase upon which a Persian carpet, flowered with roses, is placed. He wears the uniform of a general of division, with red trousers, and he walks under a large canopy that puts over his head a flock of golden eagles in a blue sky.

The metropolitan of Moscow presents him the cross to kiss, while the metropolitan of Novgorod sprinkles him with holy water. The princes of the church conduct the czar to the throne. Then the metropolitan of Moscow approaches his imperial majesty and presents him with the orthodox profession of faith, which the czar reads aloud, standing with his hand upon the guard of his sword. After reading he receives the two metropolitans of Kiew, who ascend the steps of the throne and bring him the coronation mantle. The czar takes it from their hands and places it upon his shoulders. Then he bows before the metropolitan of Moscow, who places his hands over him and recites a prayer.

Finally, the czar arises majestic and superb, dressed in his mantle of brocade linen with ermine, and, taking the imperial crown sparkling with diamonds, he places it with his own hands upon his head. At this moment the empress advances and kneels before her august spouse, who, taking off his crown, holds it an instant over the forehead of the czarina in token of her share in his omnipotence.

In the courtyard of the Kremlin the cannons thunder. The three hundred churches of Moscow ring their joy bells and the vaults of the old cathedral are filled with songs of gladness and of triumph.

The mass begins. The silver doors of the iconostasus are opened. The archbishops of Novgorod and of Kiew approach the emperor and inform him that all is ready for the annointment. The czar descends from the throne. The empress accompanies him to the door of the sanctuary, the threshold of which no woman can cross. The metropolitan of Moscow then dips in the vase that contains the holy oil the golden branch that he holds in his hand, and anoints the temples, the eyelids, the nostrils, the lips, the breast and the hands of the czar while uttering the words: "Behold the seal of the Holy Ghost." And after each holy unction the metropolitan of Novgorod wipes away the traces. The ancient czars for seven days used not to wash the parts of their bodies that had thus been annointed.

Conducted to the altar, the czar partakes of the communion, while the empress, still kneeling at the door of the iconostasus, receives also the communion from the metropolitan of Kiew. With the crown upon his head the new czar departs through the north portal, passes between a double row of Cossacks, armed with lances, and of Grenadiers with gilded helmets, and amid the applause of the populace enters the cathedral of the Archangel, St. Michael, where he kisses the holy images, after which he re-enters the ancient palace by the red staircase.

The repast of the coronation is given in the Terem. The emperor and the empress, served by the marshals of the court, eat alone. The superior officers, headed by the chief marshal and escorted by officers of the guard with drawn swords, bring in the dishes that the metropolitan blesses one after the other. When the czar wants to drink, the diplomatic corps retires, walking backward, and singers in gala costume, with swords by their sides, advance and execute, during the rest of the repast, different pieces of the old Russian repertoire.—*Journal de Rome.*

Three Bears Killed and a Boy Saved.

Robert Lyon, of Cliff Glen, Ventura county, Cal., communicates the following to the *Ventura Signal:* The timber-clad hills at the head of the Matilija seem to be teeming with droves of grizzly bears. Last week nine were seen in one day near the ranch of Rafael Ruiz, some of them monsters in size; and on last Thursday Senor Ramon Ortega shot three grizzlies. Ortega and his twelve-year-old boy were riding in the hills above the Matilija looking for cattle, when one large grizzly and two that were considerably smaller came out of the brush and halted not more than fifty yards from them. Ortega jumped from his horse to get a good shot, when his horse got frightened at the sight of so many bears and started and ran away about 100 yards, when he stepped on his bridle and stopped. Ortega took a good aim at the big bear, and dropped it dead at the first shot. He then drew on one of the smaller bears, and it too tumbled in its tracks, never rising again. The other bear then took to the brush, followed by a savage dog. After assuring himself that the two bears were dead, Mr. Ortega sent his boy on foot to bring back his horse. The boy started, but before he got to the horse, his dog, closely pursued by a savage and angry bear, overtook him. As soon as the bear saw the boy he rushed at him, paying no more attention to the dog, and the boy was too frightened to do anything but stand still and call to his father to save him. Ortega seized his rifle and fired just as the bear raised on his haunches to strike the boy; the bullet knocked the bear down, but he raised and again rushed at the boy, the blood streaming from a bullet-hole in his side, and this time he rushed at the fear-paralyzed boy with bloodsot eyes and foaming, open mouth. With a last cry "He's got me, father!" the frightened boy sank to the ground, and the desperate father sent a second bullet from his faithful repeating rifle crashing into the bear's body, and with an almost human cry of agony the savage brute fell backward and rolled down the hill. Ortega rushed to the boy and found him uninjured. And then the great hunter, who had killed more grizzly bears than any man in Southern California, thanked God for the miraculous preservation of his boy's life, and for some time he was too weak from the shock of his boy's great peril to even lift his rifle. He did not hunt for the wounded bear, for the brush was very dense at the bottom of the ravine, and he thought he had had adventure sufficient for one day. The largest of the two dead bears would weigh over 1,500 pounds. It was all two strong horses could do to drag it to a tree near by. The other, which was quite poor, would weigh about 700 pounds. From Ramon, who was in town this week, says the *Signal* editor, we learn that he afterward got the wounded bear. One of his friends tells us, in speaking of his bear adventures, that in one winter, on the Sespe rancho, Ortega captured fifty-four bears with the lasso.

Effect of Music on Sheep.

The following pleasing anecdote of the power of music is related by the celebrated Haydn:

"In my early youth," says he, "I went, with some other young people equally devoid of care, one morning during the extreme heat of summer to seek for coolness and fresh air on one of the lofty mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore in Lombardy. Having reached the middle of the ascent by daybreak, we stopped to contemplate the Borromean isles, which were displayed under our feet in the middle of the lake, when we were surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which were leaving their fold to go to pasture.

"One of our party, who was no bad performer on the flute and who always carried the instrument with him, took it out of his pocket. He began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following one another toward the mountain with their heads hanging down, raised them with the first sound of the flute, and all, with a general and hasty movement, turned to the side from whence the agreeable noise proceeded. They gradually flocked around the musician and listened with motionless attention. He ceased playing and the sheep did not stir.

"The shepherd with his staff now obliged them to move on; but no sooner did the fluter begin again than his innocent audience again returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience, pelted them with clods of earth; but not one of them would move. The fluter played with additional skill; the shepherd fell into a passion, whistled, scolded and pelted the poor creatures with stones. Such as were hit by them began to march, but the others still refused to stir. At last the shepherd was forced to entreat our Orpheus to stop his magic sounds; the sheep then moved off, but continued to stop at a distance as often as our friend resumed the agreeable instrument.

"The tune he played was nothing more than a favorite air at that time in Milan. We were delighted with our adventure; we reasoned upon it the whole day, and concluded that physical pleasure is the basis of all interest in music."

Last year Great Britain made nearly 2,700,000 tons of puddled iron, and imported 90,000 tons besides.

FOR THE LADIES.

Superstitions About Love.

From the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk-lore than marriage. Beginning with love-divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently having left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state. Some cut the common brake or fern just above the root to ascertain the initials of her future husband's name. Again, nuts and apples are very favorite love tests. The mode of procedure is for a girl to place on the bars of a grate a nut, repeating this incantation:

If he loves me, pop and fly;
If he hates me, live and die.

Great is the dismay if the anxious face of the inquirer gradually perceives the nut, instead of making the hoped-for pop, die and make no sign. One means of divination is to throw a lady bird into the air, repeating meanwhile the subjoined couplet:

Fly away east and fly away west,
Show me where lives the one I like best.

Should this little insect chance to fly in the direction of the house where the loved one resides, it is regarded as a favorable omen.

Another species of love-divination once observed consisted in obtaining five bay-leaves, four of which the anxious maiden pinned at the four corners of her pillow and the fifth in the middle. If she was fortunate enough to dream of her lover it was a sure sign that he would be married to her in the course of the year.

Friday has been held a good day of the week for love omens; and in Norfolk the following lines are repeated on three Friday nights successively, as on the last one it is believed that the young lady will dream of her future husband:

To-night, to-night is Friday night,
Lay me down in dirty white;
Dream who my husband is to be,
And lay my children by my side,
If I'm to live to be his bride.

In selecting the time for the marriage ceremony precautions of every kind have generally been taken to avoid an unlucky month and day for the knot to be tied. Indeed, the old Roman notion that May marriages are unlucky survives to this day in England. June is a highly popular month. Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided.

In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages. It is, above all things necessary that the sun should shine on the bride, and it is deemed absolutely necessary by very many that she should weep on her wedding day, if it be only a few tears; the omission of such an act being considered ominous of her future happiness.

In Sussex a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all her pins about her dress by the single women present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be married in the course of a year, and evil fortune will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet.

"Flinging the stocking" was an old marriage custom in England. The young men took the bride's stockings and the girls those of the bridegroom, each of whom, sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stocking over their heads, endeavoring to make it fall upon that of the bride or her spouse. If the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married, and similar luck was derived from the falling of the bride's stockings, thrown by the young men. There is a superstitious notion in some places that when the bride retires to rest on her wedding night her bridemaids should lay her stockings across, as this act is supposed to guarrantee her future prosperity in the marriage state.

Fashion Notes.

New silver bracelets are made in exact imitation of the handcuffs worn by criminals.

A pretty dress stuff for children's suits is a crape-finished serge in broken Scottish plaids.

Carnations, marsh-mallows, poppies and ox-eye daisies are the most fashionable flowers for trimming fall round hats of dark straw.

Handsome "Roman" and "Egyptian" pens, clasps, jeweled bands and buckles, made in the United States, are a prominent feature of millinery and cloak garniture this season.

The proper colors for elegant wrappers are cream white, pale blue, pale rose, shrimp pink, mauve, terra cotta, hussar blue, dark reds, dark blues, gray and black. The trimmings should be embroidery, ribbons, velvet and lace.

The center parting of the hair is now made as inconspicuous as possible, and many ladies obliterate it altogether by cross partings taken above the forehead, while the greater part of the chevelure is combed back without any parting at all.

Small capotes of white or tinted satin, completely covered with soft fluffy white ostrich tips, are worn. They are very pretty and becoming to youthful ladies. For their elders the same fashion in black, bronze, brown, garnet and dark green is much followed.

The European custom of carrying infants on lace-trimmed pillows is adopted by American mothers; and the nurse wears an Alsace cap with a bow of ribbon a fourth of a yard wide, with ends that hang behind nearly to her feet. The nurse's dress is of the color used for lining the lace of the baby's pillow.

Stuffed birds are again in request, and are shown in almost numberless varieties. These embrace not only the small birds of the American forests and the highly-colored South American and East Indian birds, appropriated to millinery purposes, but certain of the aquatic birds—sea-gulls and ducks, for instance.

Birds for millinery trimmings are now stuffed softly, and when applied hug the headdress very closely. Certain of the large birds, in the present manner of stuffing, are sufficient alone for the garniture of a hat; and a bird frequently completes the ornamentation, with drapery of velvet as the objective trimming.

Among the fabrics intended for autumn wear are plain and striped Sicilienne in such combinations as green, with wood-colored and green stripes, trimmed with bows in the same color. Woolen and silk plaids are also to be used. The goods are generally cut bias. It makes particularly pretty children's suits, and is better suited to the purpose than broche goods. The cuffs for these costumes are of black or colored velvet. In the latter case ruby or green is preferred.

Cornflowers are becoming popular. In millinery they will soon reign; in brocades and velvets they figure in abundance, while for ball dresses they form one of the prettiest powderings, as on a white tulle, where the blossoms were outlined in pale blue silk, the leaves in green and the stalks in gold tinsel. Hosts of these aerial dresses are being prepared for youthful wearers. Flowers are placed as artlessly as possible on these cloud-like toilets.

Handsome and costly buttons are a great feature of walking dresses and traveling costumes, and as they can be transferred from one dress to another they are really not extravagant purchases in the end. Tortoise-shell buttons, with crests or monograms in gold, enameled buttons in Mauresque or Florentine styles, are effective and look well on bottle-green, Havana or prune-colored dresses. Wooden and horn buttons are also worn, and small round French gold buttons—"grelots"—with rough surfaces, are plentifully used on bodices, cuffs and pockets. Jet mosaic buttons, with monograms inlaid in jet on colored grounds and a jet border, are thoroughly elegant.

A Peculiar Custom Among the Maoris.

Hon. G. W. Griffin, United States consul at Aukland, New Zealand, recently read a very interesting and valuable paper before the St. Louis Historical society in relation to one of the peculiar customs of the Maoris, or aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand. It is of interest, from the fact that it illustrated very forcibly a singular phase of savagery which is fast disappearing before the march of civilization, just as the early customs of the red men of America are now little more than traditions among the Indians themselves.

"The law of muru is so complicated in its nature, and subject to so many refinements and so varied in its applications, that it would be about as difficult to tell what it is as to tell what it is not.

"The word muru, in its literal sense, means to rob or to plunder