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Egypt.

Mystic realm of magic story,
Never-changing clime and stream,
Shadowy fatherland of science,
Home of fable and of dream.

From thy temples marched the ages
Of our earth's unwritten prime;
These majestic Nubian portals
Are the mouldering gates of time.

Buried dark beneath the ruins
Of dead kingdoms thou hast lain;
But thy day of honor dawneth,
Thou shalt rise to youth again.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Over and Over Again

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That runs through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
The sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing it be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
By the storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

THE EMPEROR'S KISS.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

"To-morrow the Emperor will pass through our village," said Isaac, the warden of the Jewish congregation, to the rabbi, one evening after the service.

The rabbi passed his hand over his snow-white beard, which reached down to his chest, and answered, "May he be blessed."

"Amen," responded Isaac. "But we ought to do something to greet him. Every one, however high in position, is pleased when he sees how beloved he is; and precisely because we have officially received no notice, the Emperor would see that we acted spontaneously. The priest and the chief of the village, men, women and children, will go out to meet him; and they have erected a triumphal arch at the boundary of the village. I dare not make the proposal to be present for two reasons; for in the first place, I know beforehand, we should be refused."

"Then you may keep for yourself the second reason," said Tobias, the beadle.

There was a half smile, but nobody ventured in the presence of the venerable and rigid rabbi, whose visible muscles had never been seen in motion, to indulge in a hearty laugh. The warden, however, did smile, and then said: "And even if they were to consent, who would like to be present where nothing but gibes and sneers would be heard? What are we to do?"

The rabbi firmly grasped a tuft of his beard with his fist. This was a signal that he wanted to speak, and every one was hushed into silence. He then began: "Let the community meet to-morrow morning, and attend the synagogue in their holiday clothes, and then we shall see!"

The rabbi opened a large book and put his right hand on it. This was a signal for the people to leave him; for he now wished to continue his vocation, which consisted in alternately praying and studying. On the morrow no one went with his box to the country, for it was a festive day. On the eastern side of the synagogue Tobias was busy wrapping the scrolls of the Law in silk and velvet mantles. The large parchments are rolled on a pair of staves, for it is an ancient proscription that the Law of Moses must not be read at synagogue from a printed book, but from parchment scrolls; and these scrolls never come into the open air except on the day on which they, amidst hymns and prayers, are carried to the synagogue, being presented by some family.

Several Psalms having been sung, all the scrolls were borne into the street; there the bearers ranged themselves, the rabbi in their midst; his scroll was adorned with glistening silver crowns on the upper ends of the staves. The whole congregation then ranged itself in the midst of the village, just as the bells began to ring, as a signal that the imperial carriage had reached the boundary of the village.

On the staircase of the house of Isaac, the warden, opposite the synagogue, the Jewish women and girls were assembled; each sought to hide herself behind the other, in order not to be seen, and again each pressed forward, in order to have a good view.

Cheers, in the midst of which the voices of the children rang loudest, were now heard, and then a carriage came, with two men in brilliant uniforms; it rattled past before one had even time to open his mouth. A murmur of regret arose that the emperor should have passed so proudly and angrily, without taking any notice of them, and they were still disputing whether the one at the right or the one at the left was the emperor when another carriage drew nigh, but quite at a slow pace. Now this really held the emperor, and the rabbi raised aloft the scroll of the law and said in a loud voice, the whole congregation repeating after him, "Blessed art Thou, Eternal our God, King of the universe, who has imparted somewhat of Thy majesty to a human being of flesh and blood."

The emperor stopped the carriage, and asked to have a translation of these words, which were uttered in Hebrew and form a benediction prescribed to be said at the sight of a prince. He seemed pleased and said:

"I must tell you that I am not partial to demonstrations of this kind. I traverse my country in order to see you at work, and not to hold out inducements to idleness. It is true that you Jews, as yet, apply to few profitable trades, although I do not think so lightly of petty trading as others do; it enlivens intercourse. But you should try to engage in steady occupations, and to be less dependent upon cunning and inducements to covetousness. My laws will protect you. That every one may be saved according to his fashion—on this point, I cannot make any arrangements; but I wish that every one should enjoy happiness according to his ability. Of this I will take care to the best of my means, and in this I have also thought of you. You have borne disgrace and misery for centuries; this shall now have an end—at least in my dominions!"

The Emperor had then the nature of the scrolls of the Law explained to him, and repeated again that he would not tolerate any civil distinctions on account of differences in religious opinions.

"Is it true," he then asked the rabbi, "that you consider yourselves as the chosen people, slighting all others because they are not of your faith?"

"Your Majesty!" replied the rabbi, "Our Law is only binding upon him who is born a Jew. We never seek to convert others, and would it not be unreasonable and blasphemous if we were to slight those who live in accordance with their law, and do not want ours, which does not want them either?"

The Emperor nodded, as though pleased, and said: "I love fidelity; it is the highest virtue. I have preserved it amid numerous trials!"

He was just on the point of giving the signal for departure when he noticed the women assembled on the staircase, and turning toward them, he said: "And have you no word, no token of homage for me?"

It may easily be imagined what a thronging there was on the staircase at these words. Many crowded into the house and fell upon each other. Others fell prostrate on the ground and hid themselves; and again, others covered their faces with their aprons. Only one young woman remained in her place; but her swelling lips quivered, and out of her black eyes spoke a rare inward emotion. Presently the maiden opened her mouth, and said: "The highest veneration has no words!"

"You know how to flatter!" replied the Emperor, smilingly.

"One does not flatter the sun when thanking him in silence for diffusing his light over all creatures!"

"What is your name?"

"Dinah!"

"And your father's?"

"I am her father, your Majesty," said Isaac, the warden.

"I have to express a wish to you, Dinah," said the Emperor. "As a token that I esteem and love your people, slighted and ill-used for centuries, and as a token to myself, let me give you a kiss! Will you?"

"I will!" said the maiden, and her whole face shone like her eyes. And the Emperor stooped down and kissed her on the lips.

"You appear to me very crude and coy," said the Emperor. "How is it that you have so easily complied with my wish?"

"Because I did not kiss the man, but the clemency of the Emperor!"

"I thank you," said the emperor, merrily. "No doubt you are already betrothed."

"Yes, your majesty."

All those present looked around astonished; but from the crowd of men there now stepped forth a tall, slender youth, with curly black hair and fine features.

"Where is your betrothed?" asked the emperor.

"Yonder," said the maiden, pointing with her outstretched hand toward the young man, who wanted to come forward, but stood still, as though rooted in the ground.

"When will you marry?" asked the emperor.

"When your imperial majesty gives permission."

"I! Why I?"

"Because they refuse us the right of settlement. According to an ancient law, the number of Jewish families must not be increased; it must remain the same, and my betrothed has a married brother."

"Madame, you remind me of a law which makes us doubt whether such law could have been given by men. However, tell me, is your betrothed a huckster? How can you give your hand to a man engaged in haggling, and who, forgetful of his honor, allows himself anywhere to be jeered at, if he can only do a profitable business?"

"My betrothed," replied the maiden, "is a tanner. He was obliged to learn his trade abroad, because no master would receive him here; and now the guild refuses to admit him and forbids him to carry on his trade!"

"And I hereby give him permission," said the Emperor; and then continued: "I will protect you in all honest dealings, and you shall bear in mind that my name—Joseph—is borrowed from your Old Testament. Herewith I salute your scrolls of the Law," at the same moment baring his head. "I take off my hat before every sanctuary which is revered in truth, and I bear nobody malice because he differs in worship. Religious hatred shall in future be known in my dominions by the contempt in which I hold it. Keep to your Law, and fit yourselves more and more to participate in those things which I offer to my people without distinction."

The Emperor then entered his carriage, and the people were near being run over by the other carriages, so great was the confusion as the assembly dispersed in all directions. Only Dinah remained sitting on the step, crying. She had shown a brave heart in the presence of the Emperor, and now she was again a weak girl.

The general astonishment vented itself in all kinds of exclamations, and this much could be learned from the din—that Dinah was not engaged, and that she had surprised and caught her father and betrothed by this sudden turn, for the father was not willing to marry her to a man who had not the means to support her. But now all opposition was overcome, and when the matter had been sufficiently discussed, all recurred again to the kiss given her by the Emperor. The communal wag, Tobias, let loose all kinds of witticism. The excitement caused by this occurrence continued for some time, and even the Christian townspeople came to Isaac, and listened astonished to the account of the incident.

The young man, so suddenly betrothed, walked about as in a dream, not knowing what to make of all this. Now he was quizzed because the Emperor had kissed his betrothed before he had done so; then he was congratulated because, after all, he was fortunate enough to be engaged to the beautiful and brave daughter of the rich Isaac. And these twittings and congratulations alternated, like his own feelings; sometimes he felt happy at the sudden favorable turn of his fortune; at other times he was sad and cross because he thought that a maiden kissed by the Emperor must look down upon him with contempt.

Every one wanted to see Dinah. But she all at once disappeared, and shut herself up in her bedroom, and would not see either her parents or betrothed. In the evening, however, she came down, and, according to an ancient custom, three candles were lighted, a blessing was written with chalk on the floor, and on it, as was the practice of old, a cup was broken, and every one present received a fragment of it. This was the ceremony of the actual betrothal, and through its celebration great trouble was brought on.

When, a few weeks after, the authorities were applied to for a license for the marriage, the magistrate declared that, in the first place, there existed no authentic document testifying to the Emperor's permission, and that the evidence of the Jews present could not be received further than that it proved that Dinah had told a story to the Emperor, and that he must report this to his superiors. The joy was now turned into sorrow, and Dinah had to appear before the magistrate, who mockingly asked her, "Are you the Jewess whom the Emperor kissed?"

Dinah had now to submit to a painful cross-examination. Every word was written down. How ashamed she was! At last she had to confess that she had deceived the Emperor, as she was not engaged at the time. In conclusion, the deposition was laid before her, and she was asked to sign it. With trembling hand she took the pen and wrote her name. Suddenly her face became flushed. Pretending to throw sand on the signature to dry it, she took the ink-stand and threw the contents over the deposition. She smiled secretly at the scolding of the official, who was vexed at the trouble she gave him. She was directed to appear on the morrow, in order to sign another copy of the deposition.

Like a conqueror who has achieved some great deed she returned to her father and betrothed, who waited for her outside. Quickly she told them what she had done. In the night, while every one in the village was buried in sleep, she, her father and betrothed, secretly entered a cart which waited for them on the highway, and away through the night rolled its wheels toward the capital, to the Emperor. Arrived at Vienna, Dinah could not be persuaded to meet the Emperor in audience herself. And when the two men told this to the Emperor, he smiled and praised Dinah, and immediately ordered two documents to be prepared; in the one he confirmed his promise, and in the other the chief of the village was severely reproved.

There was jubilation when Dinah and her companions came back to the village, the father holding up in his hand the imperial document with the great seal affixed to it, and announcing to all his good fortune. Never before had a wedding been celebrated in the village with greater rejoicing than that of the master tanner with Dinah, and cheers were given, over and over again, for the Emperor. And when the glee was at its highest, the horn of the mail coach driver was suddenly sounded. Every one ran to the window. An imperial lacquey dismounted. With clattering spurs he entered the wedding room, and, with a few strange sounding words, presented to the bride the portrait of the Emperor in a beautiful frame, and asked again, in the name of his master, for thanks from the red lips. Already had the bridegroom opened his mouth in order to put in his veto, when there arose a general cry, Tobias, "Tobias!

The portrait was the first ornament in the house of the young couple, and Dinah took a bunch of flowers from the wedding table and bound it round the picture.

One morning, about a year afterward, the emperor smilingly held out a letter to an aulic counselor who presented him some papers and said: "Now you see that he whom they called a heretic is god-father to a Jewish boy." He then related to the counselor the incident with Dinah and concluded: "The young couple have named their first-born son in honor of me, 'Joseph.' Write to them that I shall ever be graciously mindful of them and my little god-child, and send the woman this ring."

The ring has remained; but the little Joseph soon died, and the whole congregation mourned at this. Then Tobias observed: "The proverb is true. The child is dead, the god-fathership is at an end."

When, some years afterward, the remains of the Emperor Joseph were carried to the ancestral sepulcher (it happened to be on Sabbath), the section read in the synagogue was Exodus i.; and when the eighth verse was read, all wept, and in the women's gallery many looked toward Dinah, who sat there pale like a corpse, but did not shed a tear.

Even after Dinah had become a grandmother she still deeply blushed when she was reminded that she had been once kissed by an Emperor.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

There are in Greece no less than 700 kinds of grapes.

The people of India talk to each other in 132 languages.

A rich and eccentric Californian has paid seventeen different John Smiths in the State $300 each to change their names.

The butter tree was discovered in the central part of Africa; from its kernel is produced a nice butter which will keep a year.

At a stenographic exhibition in Paris twenty-four different systems of shorthand were on view. Among other curiosities there was a post card containing 44,000 words.

The twin daughters of Bishop Andrews were wedded to Dr. Lovett and Judge Merriweather, of Newton, Ga., but both brides soon died. The widowers then married two more of the bishop's daughters. For the second time they were bereaved, and they have for the third time married sisters.

During the British campaign in Egypt a ray of sunshine was reflected, as a signal, from the top of one of the pyramids near Cairo to Alexandria, about 120 miles away. The signals had the appearance of small luminous points and were, it is said, perfectly readable as a message from the commander of the forces.

The use of cork for making jackets, as an aid to swimming, is very old. We are informed that the Roman whom Camillus sent to the capitol when besieged by the Gauls, put on a light dress and took cork with him under it, because, to avoid being taken by the enemy, it was necessary for him to swim across the Tiber.

During a recent discussion at the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences it was doubted that the odors of insects are emitted as a protection from the attacks of enemies, as is generally believed. At least some of the odors are very agreeable to man, and it is by no means certain that scents repulsive to us are not delightful to the most common enemies of the insects emitting them. Dr. Joseph Leidy spoke of some ants having the fragrance of a Eucalyptus tree growing near their nest instead of the usual peculiar odor of formic acid.

HEALTH HINTS.

People should not gorge themselves with animal food. Vegetable and farinaceous preparations are better for bulk.

When the bones are weak, as is often the case in young children, twisted positions induce curvature of the spine.

Says *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*. Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping-cough.

Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach is promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

Every man who would have his girls grow up to be strong, high-minded, healthy and refined women, should break away from custom, etiquette, fashion and folly and turn to nature.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact worth remembering, that a small quantity of the unbleached sulphate of quinine mixed with any ordinary tooth powder forms an excellent quinine dentrifice, which not only preserves the teeth sound and the gums healthy, but is found to be wonderfully efficacious in preverting toothache and neuralgia.

Pretension is nothing; power is everything.

Venomous Snakes.

Venomous snakes are those which have two hollow teeth in the upper jaw through which they eject poison into the wound made by their bite. The great majority of snakes are not venomous, but nevertheless there are more venomous snakes in the world than most men really require.

There are two classes of venomous snakes—those whose bite is certain death, those whose bite can be cured. The only venomous snake inhabiting Europe is the viper, but its bite is seldom fatal. In the United States, with the possible exception of New Mexico and Arizona, there are only three venomous snakes—the rattle-snake, the copperhead and the moccasin. All our other snakes are harmless. In some places the copperhead is known as the flat-headed adder, but the other species of snakes, to which the name "adder" is often given by country people, are as harmless as the pretty little garter snake.

Central and South America have many venomous snakes whose bite is always fatal. Among these the best known are the coral snake, the tuboba and the dama blanca. A British naval vessel, on its way up a South American river a few years ago, anchored for the night, and a number of the officers thought they would go ashore and sleep in a deserted shanty that stood on the bank, where they fancied that the air would be cooler than it was on board the vessel. When they reached the shanty one of them said he thought he would go back to the ship, and all the others, with one exception, said they would follow him. The officer who determined to stay swung his hammock from the beams of the roof, and was soon asleep. He woke early in the morning, and, to his horror, found that three snakes were sleeping on his body, and that others were hanging from the rafters or gliding over the floor. He recognized among them snakes whose bite meant death within an hour or two, and he did not dare to move a finger. He lay in his hammock until the sun grew warm and the snakes glided back to their holes. His companions had noticed that the place looked as if it was infested with snakes, but had cruelly refrained from warning him. The officer was one of the bravest men that ever lived, but he could never speak of his night among the snakes without a shudder.

In one of the West India islands—Martinique—there is a snake called the lance-headed viper, which is almost as deadly as the coral snake. The East Indies are full of venomous snakes and in British India nearly 20,000 persons are killed every year by snake bites. Of the East Indian snakes whose bite is incurable the cobra is the most numerous, but the diamond snake, the tubora and the ophiophagus are also the cause of a great many deaths. The British government has offered a large reward for the discovery of an antidote to the poison of the cobra, but no one has yet been able to claim it.

Africa, like all tropical countries, has many species of venomous snakes. The horned cerastes is the snake from whose bite Cleopatra is said to have died, and from its small size and its habit of burying itself all but its head in the sand, it is peculiarly dreaded by the natives. The ugliest of these snakes is the great puff-adder, which often grows to the length of five or six feet, and whose poison is used by the natives in making poisoned arrows.

It is a very curious fact that the poison of venomous snakes cannot be distinguished by the chemist from the white of an egg. And yet one kind of snake poison will produce an effect entirely unlike that produced by another kind. The blood of an animal bitten by a cobra is decomposed and turned into a thin, watery, straw-colored fluid, while the blood of an animal bitten by a coral snake is solidified, and looks very much like currant jelly. Nevertheless, the poison of the cobra and that of the coral snake seem to be precisely alike when analyzed by the chemist, and are apparently composed of the white of an egg.—*Harper's Young People.*

The "Bucks."

Foremost in reckless eccentricity and violence in Ireland eighty years ago were the "Bucks," or fighting dandies. Their favorite amusement was to cut off the ends of their scabbards in order that the point of the sword might protrude, so as to be able to prick an adversary without killing him. More than one dilatory barber was, it is said, put to death by the Dublin Bucks for not keeping his appointment. In the coffee houses, they drew on you if you touched their coat, and sometimes almost for looking at them.

In 1784 six Bucks (a lord, two colonels, and three aides-de-camp of the lord lieutenant), were returning home along Ormond Quay, Dublin, flushed with wine after a party at the attorney-general's, when they suddenly resolved to go to a public house kept by a man named "Flattery, and "sweat" him, that is, make him give up his firearms. They first pinked the waiter, then insulted the landlady; and on the landlord knocking one of the fellows down they drew their swords. On the landlord arming himself with a gun, and clearing the house, the Bucks led on some soldiers to sack the place, which they would have done had not some volunteers come to the aid of the sheriff and quelled the riot. The Bucks, however, being of high rank, the Duke of Rutland did not even order the arrest of the offenders.

An insolent Buck was once trailing his morngown (but this story is of an earlier date) at Lucas', a fashionable coffee-house at Dublin, near the Royal exchange, when a quiet man, crossing the room for a newspaper, happened to tread on the train of the dandy, who instantly flashed out his sword and drove the offender to the nearest wall. But as the bully drew back to make a savage and deadly lunge, the mild man, in the agony of despair, drew a small ornamental tuck that he wore merely for ornament, sprang on one side of the point, and stabbed the "Pinkindandie" to the heart.

The less ferocious Bucks were extravagantly silly. They perpetrated all the more preposterous of the chivalric absurdities, ignoring altogether the knightly ideal of self-sacrifice and honor. Seeing the beautiful Duchess of Rutland dip her hands into a finger-glass after dinner, Colonel St. Legar seized the glass and drained its contents. "You will have another treat to-night, Sallenger," laughed the good-natured duke, "for her grace washes her feet after supper."

Another Buck earned the sobriquet of "Jerusalem Whaley," by a bet he made to go to the Holy City, play ball against its walls, and return in a given time.

Rosalind's Little Game.

"Pass the cake."

These words, spoken in imperious tones by Rosalind McGuire, floated diagonally across the parlor to where Pansy Perkins was seated on a fauteuil conversing with George W. Simpson. Pansy was looking even lovelier than usual, the gas-light softened and made less garish by the tinted shades through which it came, bringing out in all its beauty the peachy complexion for which the Perkinses, of Perkinsville, had long been noted.

"Were you ever in Marietta, Ohio?" she asked, bending her face as she spoke so close to that of George that a little vagrant tress of her sunny hair swept across his forehead, making him feel as if had suddenly taken hold of the handles of an electrical machine.

"No," he replied, "I never was in Marietta, but I have an aunt who used to live in Cleveland."

"How strange!" said Pansy. "My father once knew a man who had been in Cleveland."

And so they chatted on, unmindful of the fact that just across the room there sat a woman, beautiful, but with cold feet, whose eyes were never taken from them, and in whose heart the fires of jealousy were raging in all their lurid fierceness. Rosalind McGuire loved George W. Simpson with all the passionate fervor of a high-born woman, whose heart, attacked in vain by countless suitors, suddenly pours out unbidden all the hidden treasures of its love. Such a love is terrible in its intensity, and only those who have seen a three-base hit made in the ninth inning can realize the agony to which a woman, loving thus, is subjected when she sees the object of her passion bending tenderly over another and whispering words that can never be recalled. The sight of George W. Simpson making love to a girl who didn't have an invisible net to her name, was more than Rosalind could bear, and she went into the supper-room.

"Put some oysters near that hole in the wall," she said to a waiter, pointing with her jeweled hand to the portiere through which she had just passed. The man did as he was told.

In a moment George and Pansy entered the room.

"Would you like some oysters?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Pansy. "I think they are just lovely."

George placed before her a platter of Sevres ware on which the mollusks were heaped, and, as the first one disappeared with a dull thud, Rosalind smiled a cold, Boston smile, and felt that her hour of triumph was at hand.

When the oysters were gone Pansy looked up with a glad smile.

"You are very kind, Mr. Simpson," she said, "and I shall not soon forget this night."

But the happy look had faded from the man's face, and his riant mouth was quivering with pain. "My heart was broken," he said softly to himself, as he reached for a biscuit, "but it is better so than after I had told my love. If she eats that way at a party, what kind of a record would she get at home?"

Ah! what, indeed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fiddles in Politics.

The Hon. Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, the "boy member" of the Forty-sixth Congress, is often said to have fiddled his way into office. But Mr. Taylor is not the only man who has made that instrument a potent political factor. Mr. Thomas Watson, a leading member of the Georgia legislature, attributes his election thereto. "I have," he says, "the best and most intelligent constituency in the State. My opponent was a good man, but he couldn't fiddle, and you should have seen the look of silent despair on his face as he stood in a corner of the room, while I sat on a box and made my old fiddle talk. I made it a rule to get every girl to promise to make her partner in the reel agree to vote for me before she would dance with him. The best vote-making tune that ever came out of a fiddle is 'Mississippi Sawyer.'" Mr. Beck, another member of the Georgia legislature, also depended upon the fiddle, but his constituency was a solemn one, and demanded grave tunes. "If," he says, "you've got the right motion to your elbow, and the right twist to your fingers, and good resin on your bow, you ought to get every vote in a crowd."

A Strange Discovery.

Foley Abbott left the Pilgrim mine in Beaver Gulch, Idaho, the other day, to explore the steep mountain opposite, and came upon an opening in the side of the hill which he investigated. Making a torch of pine he went into the place, and after passing through a long, narrow passage found himself in a large chamber with a smooth floor, perfectly dry and lighted by a brilliant flame in the center of the room. He approached the light cautiously and found to his unbounded amazement that the flame issued from the mouth of an image of a man made of what appeared to be silver, roughly formed. Mr. Abbott suspects that the workers of this crude statuary had discovered a gas jet in the rock and that there is communication down through the body to the rock through which the gas flows perpetually, indicating an abundant supply of petroleum under the mountain. There were a few hieroglyphics, which Mr. Abbott could not decipher, on the walls, and in one corner, a very large human skeleton with a stone tomahawk and mortar lying near.

Melons in Europe.

Watermelons, as we know them, and canteloupes, as we eat them, are unknown on the other side of the water, where they provide instead a musk-melon which looks like an altered pumpkin, and tastes much like a raw pumpkin. As to the clams, they are unknown in Europe, and the only oysters I found there in summer were American products, which had been put down in the waters of Holland and Ireland, and were literally scared into bitter water, the fleshy part of the animal seeming to be the tear of a banished elephant. Yet for such things two shillings a dozen were charged.—*George Alfred Townsend.*

The new permanent station for the signal service at Pike's Peak, Col., has at length been completed, as well as the construction of a telegraph line to connect the station at the summit of the mountain with the world below. The signal station is 14,000 feet above sea level and 6,000 feet above Colorado Springs, and is constructed of granite laid in cement, to resist the furious storms of that locality.

Fable of the Wounded Ox.

An Ox who was one day passing along the highway fell and broke his leg. In a short time along came the Horse, who halted and called out:

"Mercy on me! but what has happened?"

"I have broken my leg."

"Too bad—too bad! I assure you that you have my heartfelt sympathies."

When the Horse had disappeared along came the Mule and inquired:

"How now, my old friend—what's the trouble?"

"Broken my leg."

"Dear me! but that's unfortunate! You were always an honest, hard-working Ox, and I am deeply grieved that this accident has come upon you."

The Mule pursued his way, and the next animal to stop was the Hog.

"Hello! What does this mean?" he grunted as he checked his pace.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that possible! It isn't six months ago that you had a lame shoulder, and to have this misfortune come upon you is enough to discourage the best Ox in the World. If you don't recover from it always remember that you had my warmest sympathies."

After the Hog came the Goat, who halted at a safe distance and called out:

"Anything contagious?"

"No; I have broken my leg."

"Oh, that's it? Sure it's broken?"

"Yes."

"And you'll probably be laid up for months even if the Master doesn't knock you on the head and make beef of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, and if you happen to get well I shall be highly delighted."

The Goat had passed out of sight when along came the Rhinoceros on his way to the pool.

"Hello! What's up now?" he asked as he looked over the bank.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that so. Well, I never had an introduction to you nor heard your name spoken, but here goes to help you. I'll get you up, help you home and see you through as far as I can. It is sufficient for me that you are in distress and need help. Have you no friends?"

"Oh, yes. They have all extended their heart-felt sympathies, but left me lying in the ditch."

MORAL.

"Sympathy, my friend," said the Rhinoceros as he aided the Ox to stand up, "sympathy sticks in the ear and lets the stomach starve. Depend upon your friends no longer than they can depend upon you. Come, now—here we go."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Facts About Stoves.

In the manufacture of stoves the patterns cut a very important figure in the column of expenses. The wood and iron patterns cost about the same; and the total cost of a wood and iron pattern for a stove of any one size is about $1,000. Sometimes they cost a good deal less and sometimes more. One manufacturer in this city, says the *Age of Steel*, published at St. Louis, has a set of patterns for a stove of three sizes which cost him $6,000. The "life" of a pattern used to be longer than it is now. Twenty-five years ago a certain style or make would last about ten or fifteen years before it became obsolete; now styles change more frequently, and the life of a pattern is, accordingly, much shorter. The desire of customers for stoves of new styles and bright and fancy finish has necessitated a greater expenditure for patterns, larger stocks of them, and a more profuse use of nickel plate. The result of all this has been disastrous to large profits. A quarter of a century ago sixty and seventy per cent. profits were as easily realized by the manufacturer as thirty and thirty-five per cent. are now. Then a comparatively small number of patterns would answer for the largest establishment; now several hundred are required.

Stoves turned out by Western works are heavier by some fifty pounds than Eastern stoves, owing to their having larger flues and thicker plates. Flues are made large on the Western stove on account of the general use of bituminous coal in the West. A small flue would soon choke up, and the stove would be unserviceable. In the East, anthracite coal is largely used, for which reason the flues are made small.

The Mississippi.

Some interesting and extraordinary data have just been compiled respecting the Mississippi. It appears that it boasts no fewer than fifty-five tributary streams, with a total length of navigation of 16,571 miles, or about two-thirds of the distance round the world. Even this, however, represents but a small amount of the navigation which will follow when the Federal government has made the contemplated improvements in the Upper Mississippi, in the Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other rivers, in which it is now engaged. But while the Mississippi has 16,571 miles navigable to steamboats, it has 20,221 miles navigable to barges. This navigation is divided between twenty-two States and Territories in the following proportions: Louisiana, 2,500 miles; Arkansas, 2,100; Mississippi, 1,380; Montana, 1,310; Dakota, 1,280; Illinois, 1,270; Tennessee, 1,260; Kentucky, 1,260; Indiana, 840; Iowa, 830; Indian Territory, 720; Minnesota, 660; Wisconsin, 560; Ohio, 550; Texas, 440; Nebraska, 400; West Virginia, 390; Pennsylvania, 380; Kansas, 240; Alabama, 200; and New York, 70. Nearly all sections of these States and Territories can be reached with ease. Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Montana, Dakota and the Indian Territory possess more miles of navigable stream than miles of railroad, all of which are open to everybody who wishes to engage in commerce.

A Throne of Gold.

Although the power of the native Indian rajahs has declined, there appears to be no corresponding falling off in the splendors by which they have been accustomed to surround themselves. The *Hindoo Patriot's* correspondent at Burdwan states that a splendid throne of gold has just been prepared by two native artists of Calcutta for his highness the maharaja. The names of the artists are Harokumar Roy and Kamulkumar Roy. There are 7,000 tollahs of gold in the throne (the "tollah" is nearly half an ounce troy), and it is exquisitely decorated with vignette work on all sides. On the top of the back there is the maharaja's crest, surmounted with magnificent jewels of great beauty. It is added that the throne does great credit to native workmanship.—*London News.*

FOR THE LADIES.

News and Notes for Women.

Miss Jennie Jackson, daughter of Collector of Internal Revenue Jackson, of the Twenty-third district, is assistant cashier of the Apollo Savings bank, Apollo, Pa.

Mrs. Catharine Scales is known in St. Louis as the "mother of the public schools." She has taught steadily for thirty-six years, and estimates that her pupils have numbered about 30,000.

Mrs. Lillie E. Wood, of Hartford, has written all of the first chapter of Genesis within a circle the size of a quarter of a dollar, winning a prize of $20 offered by a Philadelphia newspaper.

A Syracuse servant girl collected her wages from the hotel proprietor by standing with a knife and a cleaver over the baked meats prepared for dinner and refusing to allow anybody to carve.

The odor of musk, of which the Empress Josephine was very fond, still clings to her boudoir at Malmaison, though the walls, ceilings and floors have been scraped and cleaned and the apartments fumigated repeatedly. The Empress Josephine died in 1814.

The Oregon legislature meets once in two years. In 1880 it passed a bill to submit to the voters an amendment to the State constitution granting full suffrage to women. This year it has ratified its former action by a vote of twenty-one to seven in the senate, and forty-seven to nine in the house.

At a recent wedding in England the bride wore a wreath of orange blossoms and white jessamines and carried a bouquet of white orchids, roses and camellias. The bridemaids, in red plush, trimmed with marabout plumes, carried bouquets of red dahlias, camellias and Roman hyacinths. The groom wore a fine gardenia, and the ushers tuberoses and myrtle.

A Paris actress avers that each perfume has its special moral and physical qualities, which—so far as her observations have gone—she states as follows: Musk predisposes to sensibility and amiability; rose, to audacity, avarice and pride; geranium, to tenderness; violet, to mysticism and piety; benzoin, to dreams, poetry and inconstancy; mint and verbena, to a taste for the beautiful arts; camphor, to stupidity and brutality; Russia leather, to indolence; while ylang-ylang is the most dangerous of all.

Fashion Notes.

Wool brocades trim many suits of plain wool.

Pin-head checks in wool fabrics are much worn.

Fur-lined circulars never go entirely out of fashion.

Tournures are becoming a feature in Paris fashions.

Large bonnets increase in height, but not in width.

The small capote looks more like a baby's cap than ever.

Pelisses and polonaises are the feature of the passing season.

There is a disposition to revive the old-fashioned gathered skirt.

Velvet is the favorite millinery and trimming material this winter.

Pink feathers on brown bonnets, green plumage on red bonnets and silver-powdered black ostrich tips on black bonnets, are the stylish contrasts in millinery.

Black monkey skins with long hair, natural brown beaver of light shade, dark sealskin and the long fleecy black fox are the fashionable materials for closely-fitted pelerine capes worn by young girls.

A quaint freak of fashion is to fasten velvet standing collars on the left side with a bow of ribbon. Bullion or gilt soutache trims these velvet collars, and a figured lace frill edges them at the top.

The most fashionable jet bonnets are those formed of row upon row of jet beads of the same size finely cut and as large as the end of a lady's finger. Those in fanciful designs of jetted lace are no longer stylish.

The handsomest velvet costumes have plain velvet for the basque, the front and back draperies of the skirt and the sleeves, while the side panels covering the whole side breadths are of the richest brocaded velvet.

Very young ladies are again wearing their back hair in three or four large curls held in place by a comb. School-girls continue to wear theirs in two braids crimped at the ends, and tied with ribbon, or in a neat French twist, when old enough for such a style.

Stylish military redingotes of dark blue cloth have the standing collar, pockets, cuffs and double-breasted front trimmed with silver braid in Roman designs. Down the back of the skirts is set a double row of large silver buttons, in designs of old Roman medallions.

Buttons may almost be classed among the luxuries of dress. In point of elegance and in the matter of price they have never been excelled. Among the novel styles are those of gold or silver, set with mock gems in moresque or florentine designs. These are models of art and beauty. They would also be models of extravagance were it not for the fact that they will never tarnish, being of the genuine metal. They can therefore be transferred from one costume to another, until they have "paid for themselves." Another beautiful style of button is a cut jet, in mosaic designs, with monogram or crest of semi-precious stones in the center. These stones may be of any color, so that the hue accords with that of the costume.

Sugar and Salt Beef.

Sugar is very sensibly recommended for children, not in the form of "sweeties," but in their food. The universal craving of little boys and girls for "lollipops" is too often treated as natural depravity and repressed accordingly. It is an instinct answering to a physiological requirement, and many a half-nourished child is kept from illness by the occasional pennyworth it is enabled to procure. But, given in food, sugar is much more useful. We are glad to see a strong protest, on the other hand, against salt beef. It is one of those survivals, so hard to get rid of, since days when a family killed a cow for their winter consumption, and were obliged to corn a great part of the meat as the only way of preserving it for use. Now that fresh meat is to be had in even the poorest village, it is a pity to see it robbed of its nutrition and made indigestible from a mistaken idea of economy.—*Saturday Review.*

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

THE WIDOW'S COW.

How the Canadian Cabinet Was Entertained by an Irate Member of Parliament.

W. A. Croffut tells the following good story in a letter to the Detroit *Post:* While in Montreal I heard a good story of Sir Peter Mitchell, member of parliament for New Brunswick. He was an opposition member during the lamentable government of Sir John Mackenzie, in the last decade, and was a most constant and uncomfortable thorn in the side of that unhappy premier. Sir John was conspicuous as a railroad magnate, and, just before the opening of parliament one winter, Sir Peter called on him to induce him to pay $40 for a widow's cow that had been run over by the cars. "I don't believe there is anything in it!" exclaimed the premier, peremptorily; "it's probably a trumped-up case, but I'll inquire, and you can call to-morrow."

The gentleman from New Brunswick was not used to being treated so cavalierly, but he pocketed it, and called in the morning.

"There's no justice in it; we won't pay for the cow," broke in Sir John.

"You won't, won't you?" rejoined Sir Peter, with a manner quite as bouncing as that of the leader of the government. "Have you been there or sent there and investigated it?"

"No, I haven't, but I won't pay for the cow. It's a mere trifle, and she ought to have kept it off the track."

"Don't the law say you shall have a fence?"

"I won't pay for the cow, now, and that's all the answer you'll get."

"You won't pay for the widow's cow, won't you? Sir John Mackenzie, I'll make you pay for it!" exclaimed Sir Peter, now thoroughly aroused.

"You will! you will! How will you?" growled the premier.

"I'll take it out of you during the session, as sure as you're a living man! The widow's $40 isn't anything, isn't it! I'll take it out of you."

It was an Irishman against a Scotchman, and both were angry. The sequel proved that Sir Peter "took it out of him," very thoroughly. He is a round-headed man, a hard worker, a pugnacious and redoubtable foe, an unforgiving enemy, bold and eloquent in debate, no dilettant, but a hard hitter, and some of his onslaughts were furious. If he had not great tact he has great force, and he never forgot the cow. In the speeches he made every day against the measures and methods of the government, then under serious suspicion, he told the story of the cow, and trotted her out with a frequency that must have seemed like a cruelty to animals.

Finally the last day of the session dawned, and the consideration of Mackenzie's expense budget was resumed. It provided the appropriations for the coming year.

Sir Peter Mitchell took the floor and launched into a eulogy of the deceased cow and the propriety of making an appropriation for the widow. He was greeted with laughter and mock applause, and then his auditors waited uneasily for him to finish. He did not finish. He told the story over again, with embellishments and elaborations. He contrasted the stinginess of the wealthy ruler with the quiet endurance of the peaniless