

MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Be longer, rose embowered and bright,
Pale memory flings her portals free
To fairy scenes of golden light
And sparkles of the summer sea.
The arches green are overgrown,
The trellised vines are sore and thin,
Where through the vision marks alone
The shadows of the Might Have Been.
Where once the jocund hours in troops
Sped lightly on, with jest and laugh,
The pilgrim form of sorrow stoops,
And falters on his feeble staff.
Dark troubled care a-muttering sits,
And folly, hand in hand with sin,
Now ghost-like o'er the threshold flits,
To mock us with the Might Have Been.
From ruined tower and shattered fane,
Keeps the solemn raven croaks,
And bat-winged messengers of pain,
Beat the dull air with ceaseless strokes,
The fatal gulf we blindly crossed
Again in all their woes are seen,
And phantoms of the loved and lost
Smile sadly from the Might Have Been.
Close, memory, close thy portals gray,
And e'er my soul oblivion cast,
Send dark tears to blot away
The vistas of the bitter past!
Wild, wild regrets, but all in vain,
For that surcease we ne'er may win!
Oh, speechless heritage of pain—
The anguish of the Might Have Been.

IT COULD NOT BE WORSE.

"Your last day? Dear, dear! Must you go to-day, Harvey?" said Mrs. Seely, looking across the breakfast-table at her son with affectionate concern.
And her daughters, Kitty and Margery, echoed her words.
"Couldn't you have got off with another week?" said his father, breaking his hot roll carefully, "now that you're a partner, though—"
"Now that I'm a partner, it's hard work getting off," responded Harvey Seely; "it was all I could do; in fact—"
"What was all you could do?" inquired Kitty.
"Well," said Harvey, laying down his knife and fork, with a beaming smile, "here goes! Here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all I could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip, a month hence. I am going to be married."
Kitty's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter, and Mr. Seely dropped his roll hastily.
"Married!" said Margery breathlessly.
Mrs. Seely alone remained calm.
She rolled up her napkin and put it in its ring, and looked at her son through her gold-rimmed glasses composedly.
She felt, however, that this was an important crisis.
When Harvey—their only son—had, with commendable independence, left his pleasant home to "get a start" in the neighboring city, they had all expected great things of him.
He would be rapidly successful; he would distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen and amass a fortune; and he would woo and win some sweet young girl, with a long row of ancestors—the Seelys, being themselves of blue blood—a host of accomplishments, and a heavy dowry.
Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Harvey had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly, and had recently exceeded their wildest ambitions by being made a junior partner of his firm.
All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the beautiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her many talents and her substantial inheritance.
It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eagerness; that Mr. Seely fumbled with his watch-chain in nervous suspense, and that Mrs. Seely opened her lips twice before she found strength to propound that all important question: "Who is she?"
"She is Mrs. Dora Berdan, at present," said Harvey smilingly.
"Berdan?" Mrs. Seely repeated, and raised her brows inquiringly. "I don't think I have heard of the family."
"Not at all likely," Harvey rejoined. "They are quiet people."
"Berdan?" Mrs. Seely repeated musingly. "No; I have not heard of them. Where do they live?"
"In Weyman street," responded Harvey.
Mrs. Seely fell back in her chair with a little gasp; her husband turned a dismayed face upon his son, and Kitty and Margery gave little screams.
Weyman street! It was miles from the regions of aristocracy; it was peopled with working-girls, with seamstresses, and with small shop-keepers; with street vendors, and old apple-women, for all the Seelys knew.
"Not Weyman street, Harvey?" said his father appealingly.
"Certainly—Weyman street," Harvey repeated.
"But she is not—she cannot be of good family, living in Weyman street?" said Mrs. Seely anxiously.
"The family is quite respectable," her son responded quietly. Dora's mother is a widow. She sews for a lace-goods house, and Dora has been assistant book-keeper in our establishment; that is how I met her."
Mrs. Seely groaned.
"A book-keeper—a seamstress!" she ejaculated. "Oh, Harvey, you could not have done worse!"
"A penniless girl?" said his father solemnly. "And after all we have hoped for you! No; it could not be worse."
"A common working girl," said Kitty in a choking voice, "and everybody will know it! Oh, Harvey, it couldn't be worse."
The young man looked from one to another in astonishment, hurt, and half-astounded silence.
Margery turned to him, with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay in her face.
"Perhaps," she said, hopefully; "perhaps there is something to make up? Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty, or a great genius, or something?"
Harvey gave her a grateful smile.
"I think her pretty, of course," he said; "but I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would

be called a beauty. And as for genius—she's very clever at accounts; but she doesn't sing, or paint, or anything of money for such things, poor girl!"
But Margery had turned away with an impatient gesture.
"There is nothing, then," she said, despairingly; "no; it couldn't be worse."
Harvey rose from his seat, with an energy which set the bell in the castor tinkling.
"This is absurd!" he said indignantly. "It is more than absurd; it is unjust and narrow-minded. How sensible—presumably sensible people," Harvey corrected rather bitterly, "can say, in regard to a person they have never seen, 'that it could not be worse,' is past my comprehension."
"We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Seely, holding up a restraining hand. "Discussion will not mend matters, and you are to be married next month!"
"Of course you will all be there?" he added rather dubiously.
"By no means," said his father shortly.
"You could hardly expect it," said Mrs. Seely reproachfully.
"Very well; if Mohammed won't come—" you've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Dora."
When he left the house an hour later, he had the required permission. His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-bye, in an injured and reproaching way, and his father had shaken hands coolly.
But his ears still rang with that odious assertion, "it could not be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.
The Seelys were in a state of subdued excitement.
Harvey's wedding-tour was completed and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would be "on hand" to-night with his wife.
The dining-room table was set for dinner; and Mrs. Seely wandered from one end of it to the other nervously.
Her husband sat under the chandelier with his evening paper, but he was not reading it; Kitty and Margery flutered about uneasily, watching through the window for the return of the carriage from the station.
"I hope," said Margery with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent—presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her."
"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Seely dimly.
There was a roll of wheels, and the twinkle of the carriage-lamp at the door, and the bell rang sharply.
Kitty and Margery clasped hands in sympathetic agitation; Mr. Seely dropped his paper and rose; and Mrs. Seely advanced toward the hall door with dignity.
It opened wide before she could reach it, and Harvey entered, his face suffused with genial blissful smiles.
"This is my wife," he said proudly; "my mother, Dora; my father, my sisters, Kitty and Margery."
And with a caressing touch, he took her by the hand, and led her forward among them—
"What!"
Mr. Seely gazed at the apparition with startling eyes; Mrs. Seely dropped the hand she had started to hold out, with her face growing ashy; and Kitty and Margery gasped.
For what they saw was a woman of apparently forty years, with a face powdered and painted in the most unbecoming manner, with thin grey hair crimped over a wrinkled forehead in a sickening affectation of youthfulness, and with a diminutive gaily-trimmed bonnet perched thereon, with an affected, mincing gait, and a smirking smile.
"This is my wife," Harvey repeated; "have you no welcome for her?"
The bride fltered.
"Mebbe she thinks I ain't good enough for 'em, dear?" she observed tartly.
"Impossible, my pet," Harvey responded, and patted her falsely blushing cheek affectionately; "besides, if you were but a shadow—a caricature of your own beautiful self, they would not have been surprised. They were prepared for the worst."
He looked at his horrified relatives meaningly.
The truth of his words flashed over them.
"Yes, they had all said repeatedly, 'it could not be worse.' But this wretched, wrinkled, bedizened creature—had they dreamed of this?"
Harvey watched them with an undisturbed smile—his father, turning away at last, and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief wearily; Mrs. Seely, gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls, sinking into chairs in dismayed silence.
"Well, mother," said Harvey lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest; but don't forget that I have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my dear, here, Kitty."
Kitty came forward with a set face and tightly-closed lips, to receive the marvelous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her with a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak.
Poor Mrs. Seely, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it, and dinner came down presently.
"Turtle soup!" the bride observed, looking around the table with a girlish smile; "ain't nothing I admire so! Just pass that celery, father-in-law. Delicious! ain't it, darling?"
"Extremely, my dear," said the bride-groom complacently.
Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful thing would they discover next.
It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and unsteady hands, staring into their empty plates, or looking at each other with fresh horror at each simpering, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.
Kitty and Margery excused themselves during the second course, and

flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep in an agony of dismay and mortification.
"I shan't think of settin' up," said the bride, rising from the table with the last desert held aloft. "I'm too wore out. If anybody calls—of course, everybody will call—just tell 'em I'll see 'em tomorrow. Come on, dear."
And she tripped upstairs, with a juvenile nod over her shoulder, and with her beaming young husband following.
Mrs. Seely wrung her hands despairingly.
"We said it could not be worse," she said faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?"
"I shall not endure it," said her husband; his face had grown almost ashy worn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing to-morrow; and if ever he enters my house again—"
He brought his hand down on the table threateningly.
"But that will not help matters," said his wife miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced, and everybody will know it."
There was a silence.
"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Seely, beginning to sob, "as a young girl—a person of suitable age for my poor misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then, when I did not doubt that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because—because she had no wealth and an old name. Surely it is a judgement upon us. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"
"Probably not," said her husband grimly.
It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room, next morning, for the appearance of the newly-wedded couple.
There were marks of a tossing night on every face—in troubled brows, swollen lids and pale cheeks—and a general gloom prevailed.
Mr. Seely stood in front of the fireplace, watching the door with a stern face. He was master in his own house at least, and he was determined that it should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour.
"Please get them away before anyone comes, papa," said Kitty. "It would be dreadful if anyone were to see her!"
"Dreadful!" Margery echoed with a groan.
There were footsteps on the stairs.
Mrs. Seely turned with a shiver, and the girls caught their breath.
The door opened.
The waiting group looked up slowly—Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight—that artificial, smirking horror?
But it was not the sight they were prepared to see, which the open door disclosed; it was not a painted, powdered semblance of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast eyes.
"It was a slender, sweet-faced young girl, with shining brown hair crowning a charming head, peachy cheeks, in which the color came and went, and soft dark eyes, which studied the carpet in pretty timidity; with dainty-slipped feet, and a lace-trimmed wrapper, fitting snugly to a perfect form."
"Good morning," she said gently.
Harvey followed her closely.
"Well, Dora," he said, looking from one to another of his speechless relatives quizzically, "they don't seem inclined to speak to you."
But Margery had come towards her hastily, and seized both her soft hands in her own.
"Was it you all the time?" she cried joyfully. "And the grey hair was false, and the wrinkles were put on, and all that dreadful powder? Oh, Harvey, how could you?"
"I begged him not to," said the pretty bride, raising her dark eyes sweetly. "I told him that it had, saying all those shocking things he had taught me, and keeping my wig straight, and trying not to laugh! Will you ever forgive us?"
"Forgive you! Oh, my dear girl!" cried Mrs. Seely incoherently.
And she hurried forward with a sob of joy, and embraced her daughter-in-law daily.
"It was rather rough," said Harvey gaily. "I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that it 'couldn't be worse.' I thought I'd just demonstrate to you that it could. Dora is nineteen instead of forty; she can speak correctly when she makes an effort; and I can heartily recommend her for a willing and obliging, good-tempered and thoroughly capable girl—the sweetest in the world, in fact."
Mr. Seely left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, with a beaming face, and Kitty kissed her effusively.
"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Seely, looking up with a tearful smile; "but I am afraid we needed it—my son."
The beauty of morocco leather may be quite restored by varnishing with the white of an egg.
Strong carbolic acid is a powerful poison when externally applied. A man recently, while carrying a pound of it in a bottle in his pocket, broke the glass. The acid ran over the surface of his leg. He experienced little pain, but died within two hours of the accident. The acid paralyzed his nerves.
Recent experiments of Dr. Roscoe on Cape diamonds have a scientific interest, says Engineering, in connection with the method adopted by Dumas, the eminent French chemist, in 1840, he burned Cape diamonds in oxygen, and found that they contain no trace of hydrogen. They include, however, some traces of a non-combustible ash. Apart from this the diamond appears to be pure carbon. The results of six experiments made by Professor Roscoe are identical with those obtained by M. Dumas from Brazil diamonds. He finds that if the equivalent of oxygen is represented by 15.96, carbon becomes 11.07; and M. Dumas points out that the equivalent of oxygen is roundly taken at 16, that of carbon becomes 12.002.

Saved by a Day.
I had only one hour—only one hour to be Norah Glennie. At the time the clock struck 10 I should be Norah Mapleson—a wife, a true wife to a true husband. I re-arrange my dress with feverish haste. I only stop to drink a cup of milk ere I leave the house, just in time to catch the train as it passes our station.
Once more my hands are clasped in his. We say no word; only hurry through the sleepy streets till we enter the dingy office, where, by some strange method, we are made man and wife. All is a dream to me. I have only my uncle, and he is lying bedridden at Norlington farm. How could he be here? The only thing that seems real to me is the shining ring on my finger.
"Don't be so distressed, my darling! Don't look so or I cannot bear it." I draw a deep breath. I stretch out my hand a little wildly. I suppose, for he takes it firmly in his and lays it on his arm as he hurries me through the streets back again in the direction of the railway station. Once more we are in the train.
"Mine—mine forever! I do not fear the future now!" is all my husband says, but there is a world of love in his eyes.
"Poor William! In a week's time he will be on the ocean, and we will have parted for many months—perhaps years. I get out of the train alone, as he is going on some business two stations further on, then he will come back for the rest of the week to the farm."
"Before you get into his room, wife, darling, you will take it off," and he touches my finger, on which the bright new wedding-ring glitters.
"I cannot!" I cry, shuddering. "It is unlucky to remove a wedding ring."
"But, my darling, his sharp eyes will—"
The train goes on and I am alone. I see his face looking at me from the window alarmed and anxious, but I nod reassuringly and he smiles.
It causes no remark that I have been out so early this morning, for every thing lately is so upset by reason of my uncle's illness and William's near departure.
About my ring. I must hide it; but I cannot take it off. I hurry up into my room and hurriedly turn over the contents of an old rusty dressing-case that had been my father's. Where can it be? That old garnet ring, with the queer undergroove in it, that I feel sure will let this thin wedding ring into it, and so keep my secret from prying eyes. Ah! with hot, trembling fingers I find it; it does exactly as I thought it would do. With that broad old ring always on I need fear no discovery.
During the day my old uncle is taken much worse, and he will let no one come near him but me. William comes in and out of the room, but I am tied to it all the day, till toward evening uncle falls into a deep sleep and I can safely leave him with his nurse. It was a rambling old house, Norlington Farm, and it had been my only home for nearly seven years, all of which time William Mapleson had lived as my uncle's steward and helper under the same roof.
It had been a hard, self-denying life for him, perhaps; but for me—rather for his love for me—he would never have borne it. Till lately the hard old man had never discovered our love, and when he had there was no more peace for us under his roof. He had raged and stormed, declared that no niece of his should marry William Mapleson, on pain of disinheriting.
I had been weak and helpless, alone in the world, not very strong in health, when he came to my father's funeral, and after paying all expenses had simply said: "Now go and pack up your kit. You must come with me to Norlington Farm. Can't say, I'm sure, what old Betty will say, but there's nothing else, as I see, to be done. Remember, my girl, 'tis not a lady's life I am offering you; but I suppose you are not too fine a lady to know what work means?"
If I had been then, all was corrected by now. During these seven years I have worked hard and lived hard. Yet there are those who say old Peter Glennie is worth half a million of money.
My golden week of happiness is gone, but although William is gone I am strangely content.
I do not regret the step I have taken. Since the morning after my marriage my uncle had been better and quieter. Old Mr. Baines, the lawyer, had been with him a full hour that morning, and old Jenkins had been called into his room to sign his name to some document, together with the hired nurse.
"He's a miserable old man," she said to me that same day. "I suppose it is his will we signed. What a grudge he seems to have against marriage. He groans continually in his sleep about foot's getting married."
He had called her at this moment, and I was left alone to overhear a conversation between old Jenkins and Betty, who, being both deaf, were talking over the same matter in the kitchen.
"Ah, well, Betty, it's a hard day for the farm when William goes away; an' how'll the old master do w' a new steward at his toime o' life I wonder?"
"He knows what he's about, never you fear. De'e think for a moment as how he don't know a-letting him go is the only way o' preventin' a marriage between he and Miss Norah? Hal hal hal!"
As I hear her cunning old laugh at my expense I sit hugging my love to my heart.
Old Betty always owed me a grudge for coming to Norlington, although she had been compelled to show me ordinary civility.
How little she knew we were married only yesterday, under her very nose, as it were. She had deceived him and the few other people I knew—deceived him through his own hardness. So far as I was concerned I would have told him, only I knew, and my husband knew, that any sudden shock would in all probability kill him.
We should have parted and kept true faith to each other if my strength had not been weakened when that good offer to go to Canada had come so suddenly. Then he had prayed me to marry him before he started, so that if my uncle died I might at once come out to him as his wife.

And now William was gone. The ship had sailed and I was alone, but happier far than if I had denied his prayer.
Since the day after my marriage, when Mr. Baines had been with my uncle, he had been more quiet, but strangely anxious not to let me out of his sight.
All through the week I had not been once out of the house. Of this he seemed to take full care by keeping me near him by every pretense he could think of.
The ship had sailed only one week when my uncle died suddenly, and then on the day of the lonely funeral came the coming of the old miser's will.
I came down with my wedding-ring exposed for the first time. It was noticed at once. Mrs. Baines looked agast at me. The doctor, who attended my poor uncle, looked horrified, as well he might, knowing that it meant disinheriting if I married.
Old Betty's eyes had a wicked gleam in them as she said: "Perhaps you didn't know, you and William Mapleson, that you'd lose everything if you married?"
"We didn't care to think of it," I said. "I should have sailed with him had not my duty kept me with your master."
At that moment I could not say "my uncle," old Betty looked so malicious.
"And so," she said, "you have gone and lost a fortune—lost a fortune to get married?"
I cannot describe the insolent sneer with which she hissed the words.
"I made his will the 27th of this month, my dear lady, decreeing it so. When were you married?"
"On the 26th, Mr. Baines."
The old gentleman stared at me, then rapidly read the short will.
"I was to be disinherited of more than half a million of money if I married after that date—so it was worded. I that married the day before."
What is the Soudan?
The name bears different meanings, according as it is used by the Arabs or by the Egyptians. The former apply it to designate the interior of Africa generally, and following them, the geographers of Europe have given this name to all the countries along the southern edge of the great Sahara, from Senegambia and Sierra Leone on the west, to Darfur on the east. Etymologically, Soudan means simply "the Backs," and is a corruption of the Arabic name Balad us Sudan, "the country of the Backs." As employed, however, by the Egyptians, "the Soudan" means not the immense tract of Africa just described, but a tract to the east of it, which comprises the countries, except Abyssinia, on both sides of the Nile, south of the second cataract, which have during the last fifty years been formed into an Egyptian province bearing that name. The dependent province or empire—for, be it understood, the Soudan is not Egypt any more than Algeria is France—comprises much of Nubia, all of Senaar, all Kordofan and all Darfur.
A report recently made to the British foreign office gave its length from north to south, or from Assouan to the equator, at about 1650 miles, but this makes it begin at the first and not at the second cataract of the Nile; its width, on the same authority, from Massowah, on the Red Sea, to the western limit of the Darfur province, is from 1200 to 1400 miles. It probably, therefore, does not fall far short, if at all, of the dimensions of India. It is inhabited by two totally distinct races. The northern half by almost pure Arabs, most of them nomad tribes, professing some form of Mohammedanism, and the southern half by negroes, who, though officially classed among Mussulmans, are really pagans, and are, roughly speaking, all sedentary and agricultural. Up to 1819 the Soudan was divided into a number of petty kingdoms and chieftaincies; but in that year Muhammad Ali, the then Khedive, sent his son Ismail to conquer the country. From that time to the present the Egyptian have gone on extending the borders of their nominal sovereignty, but have never yet managed to obtain an undisturbed footing in any part of the vast territory they claim. The seat of the provincial government is at Khartoum, at the confluence of the Blue and White Nile.
Khartoum can be reached from Cairo, from which it is some 1500 miles distant, by the Nile—the railway stopping short at Assiout, less than 300 miles from Cairo—but the quickest route is by the Red Sea from Suez to Sonakim, which may be regarded as the seaport of the Soudan, and thence by a caravan route of about 280 miles to Berber, where the Nile is touched, and from that point southward for about the same distance to Khartoum.
Quaint Ancient Customs in London.
Recently, after morning service in the Priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, an ancient bequest was carried out under the supervision of the rector and the church warden, by whom twenty-one new six-pence were placed on a tombstone in the old churchyard, and were picked up by an equal number of poor widows belonging to the parish. This quaint custom has been maintained for a period long anterior to the Protestant Reformation. The money gift has been preserved, although the name of the benefactor has been lost.
Another ancient custom was observed at Allhallows church, Lombard street, where, in accordance with the will of Peter Symonds, which dates so far back as the year 1586, sixty of the younger boys of Christ's hospital attended divine service in the morning, and afterward received a new penny and a bag of raisins. It was stated that this was the two hundred and ninety-first celebration of this quaint ceremony. As a supplement to this bequest, another citizen of London, William Pettis, in the year 1692, directed that the minister who preached the sermon on Good Friday should have 20s., the clerk 4s., and the sexton 3s. 6d., besides providing for the distribution of smaller sums of money among the children of the ward and Sunday-schools.

Poisonous Plants.
No country is better supplied with medicinal as well as poisonous herbs than India. Along waysides and ditches harmless-looking plants flourish abundantly, yet possessing some strange and some the most deadly qualities. It is one of the mysteries of creation how side by side with plants and cereals the most valuable and necessary to life, nature has also scattered abundantly plants so deadly; as if along with an element of good there must also be one of evil. One of the most common plants by ditch side or cactus hedge is the datoua, with its large white flower and leaves resembling the holyhock, and now well known as a valuable medicine for asthma, for which its leaves are used in the shape of cigars or "tobacco." The seeds, on the other hand are a subtle and powerful poison, in small quantities cause temporary insanity, and in large, either permanent injury to the brain or death. By an accident I became aware of the peculiar properties of the datoua. A robbery occurred in a neighboring village, and an alarm spread that this had been effected through the agency of datoua poisoning by an organized gang of robber-poisoners. It seems the gang had put up at the village the night before in the guise of travelers, and succeeded in getting on friendly terms with one of the wealthiest families there, whom they entertained to a feast of sweets—the only eatables in which the different castes may join. As night advanced, the family allowed them to put up in their veranda; and when the village was sunk in sleep, the effects of the poisoned sweets gradually placed the house and all it contained at the mercy of the robbers. Next morning when the hue and cry arose in the village, and native inspectors, *thannah-dars* and constables had arrived from far and near to investigate the case—and turn to what profit they could the opportunity—they found the family of eight lying helpless and dangerously ill, semi-illiterate and unconscious of what had occurred or was going on around them. The house had been ransacked and money dug out of the ground—the native's purse—amounting to about 30,000 rupees; and the suspicion of datoua poisoning was confirmed. No trace of the gang could be found, in spite of the official raids made by the police, and the levy of blackmail on those who could afford to "pay" to escape suspicion. The family gradually recovered to find themselves almost penniless, the time they had been under the poisoning being a blank to them.
Our Foreign-Born Population.
The percentage of inhabitants of foreign birth in 1850 was 9.68; in 1860, 13.16; in 1870, 14.44 in 1880, 13.32. The foreign population reaches its maximum where the general population is densest, along latitude 40 and 41 and longitude 73 and 74. Since 1850 the proportion of Irish in every 10,000 foreigners has fallen from 4,288 to 2,776. The Germans have gained proportionately. New York stands first in aggregate foreign population, and also first in Irish, German and English population. Pennsylvania stands second in aggregate foreign population, Illinois third, and Massachusetts fourth. The increase in Chinese population has not been what might have been expected. In 1850 the Chinese population was 758; in 1860, 38,000; in 1870, 63,000; in 1880, 105,000.
The division of foreign-born inhabitants as regards occupation is interesting. In agriculture 293 Germans engage for every 140 Irish; in personal and professional services, as servants, the proportion stands 218 Germans to 415 Irish. There are few Germans who are textile operatives, but many Irish and more British-Americans. Three times as many Irish as Germans engage in domestic service, although there are more Germans than Irish in the country. The total population stands 6 native to 1 foreign.
The criminal proportion stands: Foreign, 13,000; colored, 17,000; native, 30,000. The numerical relation of those born abroad and their children here is as follows: Born abroad, 6,559, 679; having one or both parents foreign, 14,922,744. In 1870 there were born abroad, 5,567,229; having one or both parents foreign, 10,892,005. In each nationality there are more children having a foreign father than a foreign mother, due to the larger number of male immigrants.
Clear-headed.
The Count de Montgas, long attached to the Austrian Legation in London, says that the Duke of Edinburgh is a clear-headed, sagacious and careful man of business. His fortune is not proportionate to his place, and his demands on it are great. Hence the necessity for thrift. This has laid him open to the charge of parsimony; but he is simply wise. There is no real nigardness about him, as those can attest who have visited him at his house or cruised in his ship.
The Marlin (Tex.) Index reports a newly discovered food for bees in Falls County. In the Brazos bottom grows a weed, in height fifteen or twenty feet, that is said to be almost as nutritious as corn. It is called the "blood-weed," from the fact that when broken there escapes a juice that is almost as red as blood. Many farmers feed their work stock but once a day with corn. The other two meals are made by "staking" on blood-weed. There are many instances where crops are raised by feeding the work stock exclusively on this weed.
The art of making glass is of high antiquity, but it belonged to modern ingenuity to develop the value of the invention, and to apply it to a multitude of important and in some cases indispensable uses. Not many centuries ago window-glass was only found in the houses of the very rich. Its use began in palaces. For a long time it was so scarce that Alnwick Castle in 1567 the glass was ordered to be taken out of the windows and laid up in safety when the lord was absent.