

Indian Summer.

Bright dream tints came, and, like a spirit child,
lived in our fields with influence pure and mild.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

As the Widow Wilson returned from milking,
with her little son Johnny, she saw a wretched-looking young man leaning over the garden gate.

"Will you give me a drink of milk, ma'am?"
Going into the house, Mrs. Wilson cut a thick slice of brown and white bread, and filling a large bowl with milk, took them down to him.

"Have you come a long way?" said Mrs. Wilson, as she noticed the dust laden garments and weary aspect.
"Very long way."

"Where are you going?"
The lad made no reply to this, save by a wistful, troubled look, and Mrs. Wilson continued:

"You've run away from home haven't you?"
Seemingly reassured by that motherly look and tone, the young fellow said:

"I don't know. It was never any business to me after father brought his new wife here. She turned his heart against me, so that he treated me worse than a dog; but I don't know but I'd have stayed if I had thought I'd have to do this. I started to find Uaele John, who lives in Rhode Island; but I hadn't much money; it is further than I thought, and I—got into trouble. I must be moving on. If any one asks you if they see a chap like me—"

"Here the lad caught a glimpse of two horsemen at the foot of the hill on which the house stood.
"Those are they!" he cried, in agony of horror; "hounding me down as if I was a wild beast! Oh, lady! for pity's sake, hide me somewhere!"

"Give me a glance at the horsemen, who were partially hidden by the trees. Mrs. Wilson seized one of the hands held out to her, saying:
"Come with me."

"After seeing the fugitive safely stowed away in the attic chamber, Mrs. Wilson returned to the gate, having scarcely done so when the horsemen made their appearance. On perceiving her the rider of the two said:
"Madam, we are constables of ——— county, in pursuit of a young fellow who has broken jail. He has blue eyes and brown hair, and had on a calico shirt and brown coat and pants, all of them very much the worse for wear. Have you seen any one answering to this description?"

"Yes; only a few minutes ago."
"Who thought he must have passed here. Did he go up or down?" said the constable, referring to the course of the river.
"Up."

"Urging their horses forward they rushed on.
Mrs. Wilson bent over the pale, cold face that was lying on the attic floor, and noted its youthfulness of outline and expression.

"Supposing it were Johnny?" she thought, as the blue eyes opened, staring wildly into hers.
"They're gone; you are quite safe," she said, in response to the terror depicted in every feature.

"No, ma'am," he said, in reply to her questions; "I didn't do anything to be put in jail for, more'n to pick a little fruit or corn, or something of that kind when I was most starved. But I fell in with some men on the road—real bad, they were, though I didn't know it until afterwards. They gave me something to eat and treated me so friendly that I stayed with them one night, and the next morning a lot of people swooped down upon the camp and took us all off to jail. One of them had put a watch on my wrist, and I don't know if it would have gone hard with me if I hadn't got away."

new suit, freshly cut hair, and clean hands and face, that he failed to recognize him.
As soon as the two men had ridden off Mrs. Wilson resumed her labor of love. She made a bundle for the stranger consisting of a substantial lunch, a change of linen, and a pocket Bible.

"It is one I gave Johnny," she said, "but I can get him another. His name is in it, but you won't mind that."
Then giving him a few dollars—all that she had by her—together with some counsel that sank deep into the heart of the motherless boy she sent him on his way.

"John," said Mr. Davenant to one of his clerks whom he had summoned to his private office, "you've been working all winter and need a vacation."
It was not the habit of the senior member of the wealthy firm of Davenant, Haviland & Co., to say much to his employes aside from necessary instructions, and there was some surprise in the young man's look and tone as he said:

"I hardly think I can afford one."
"O, I mean that it shall be in the way of business; so your salary will go on all the same. I've bought a place in Milford, Connecticut, and I want you to see about some repairs that are needed. Are you acquainted in that part of the country?"

"I ought to be," cried the young man, with sparkling eyes. "Why, I was born in Milford; living there until I was fourteen, and know every nook and crook in it. In what part of the town did you buy?"
"Near the old Roberts place, I believe."

"It's the homestead where I spent the happiest part of my life. Mother's maiden name was B. Roberts; the property came through her.
The speaker's voice trembled with suppressed emotion, but if Mr. Davenant noticed it, he did not seem to do so. "It is a beautiful place. I don't see how you could make up your mind to part with it."

"It was not a matter of choice, sir. It was mortgaged at the time; mother kept up the interest, but at last a series of misfortunes, in the way of sickness and bad crops, obliged her to let it go."
"Where is she living now?"

"She is living in a little cottage that I hired for her in a town adjoining Milford; so I shall have an opportunity of seeing her if I go."

"I want to get a trusty, competent woman to take charge of the place, as I don't expect to be there myself more than two or three weeks in the summer. Perhaps your mother would like to do so?"

John's face flushed with surprise and pleasure.
"Sure would like nothing so well, sir; nor could you get any one that would suit you better."

"Very well; then it's settled that you start to-morrow morning. Here is some money; and you are to draw on me if you need more. I want you to buy a good horse and cow, and some other things you will find on this list. It is my intention to start a branch office in Milford for the sale of our manufactures, and put you in charge of it. But I will attend to that myself when I come on in June."

Mr. Davenant was as good as his word, reaching Milford about the middle of that month, John going to the station to meet him. The young man was too animated and excited to notice his companion's grave, pre-occupied air.

"I don't believe there was ever a happier woman than mother, now she has got back to her old home," he said, as they came in view of the house, filled with strangely conflicting feelings. Mr. Davenant's heart as he sighted at the gate, where he stood a homeless outcast boy, fifteen years before. The same sunset hues burned brightly in the western sky; on every side, were the same bloom and verdure. And there was the same gentle, meek-browed woman—somewhat older, but with the same pleasant smile upon her face—coming down the path to meet them.

"It is your house not mine, to which you bid me welcome," said Mr. Davenant, in reply to her greeting, "as you will see by examining this paper."
The paper that Mrs. Wilson took into her trembling hand was a deed of the place, made out in her own name.

"I don't understand it," she faltered, lifting her eyes to those that were looking at her through glistening tears.
"Perhaps this will make you understand it more clearly," said Mr. Davenant, placing in her hand a pocket Bible, on the fly leaf of which was written: "TO JOHN WILSON. From his affectionate mother. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Beneath it, in bolder, and more recent characters, were the following: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

At What Hour is a Man Strongest?
At what hour of the day is a man at his strongest, and fitted to do hard work with the least weariness? The question is a strange one, and probably the answer occurring at once to most persons will be: "When he gets up in the morning." This is by no means the case; on the contrary, according to the recent experiments of Dr. Buch with the dynamometer, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. Our muscle-force is greatly increased by breakfast, but it attains to its highest point after the mid-day meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again toward evening, but steadily declines from night till morning. The two chief foes of muscular force, according to Dr. Buch, are over-work and idleness. We know that many of the great workers of the world, though not all, have been early risers. But early rising, according to Dr. Buch's doctrine, ought always to be supplemented by early breakfasting. The ancient proverbial "early bird" who "catches the worm," must have had a presage of the "dynamometer" experiments, and instinctively put them in practice before they were formulated in words.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the stream of the world.

HONDURAS.

A Land Fertile and Rich with Precious Metals and Wonderful Ruins.

Honduras is a wondrous land, and no one can estimate its immense wealth. Gold, silver, precious stones, rubber and opals are among its resources. The country is a plateau, and is about the size of the State of Ohio. Prior to the year 1821 it was teeming with mining enterprises. Gold and silver mines had been opened up all over the country. The inhabitants were Spaniards, and they were the finest engineers in the world at that time.

In 1821 the great revolution occurred. The engineers and most of the inhabitants were either driven out or killed. The people who captured the land knew nothing about mining, and as a consequence silver and gold, mined over 70 years ago, still lie there on the top of the ground.

The inhabitants are a mixture of Spaniards and Indians. Their chief characteristic is honesty. During the five months of my stay I never heard of a theft. A German physician whom I met there, while riding along the mountain lost a valuable package of papers. He was unable to find them, and so continued his journey. Eight days afterward a native overtook him, and with a polite bow handed him the package of papers, asking him if he had not lost them. The overjoyed doctor offered him a \$20 gold piece, but the man refused to touch it, saying he had only done his duty.

He had found only one stranger had passed that way several days before, immediately mounted his mule and traveled till he overtook him. Words hardly describe the hospitality with which an American is received by the natives. The government is also extremely liberal toward American enterprise. The constitution of the country is taken almost bodily from the constitution of the United States, and the government is run in much the same way.

The land is very fertile. Cotton of a finer quality and a greater yield than that raised in our country is being successfully introduced. Sugar cane, which was planted 20 years ago, and from which 20 crops have been harvested, is just as fine as at first. The scenery is unsurpassed. There are immense forests in which the stately cedar hobbles with the luxuriant mahogany and all the air with sweet songs. Game abounds in great quantities. Honduras is the home of the Iguana or edible lizard. I sat down one day to dinner in the house of the mayor of a small town and ate heartily of what I supposed was tender stewed chicken. After I was through my host almost paralyzed me by asking me how I liked Iguana.

Another of the wonders of that country is the remains of beautiful temples built centuries ago by the Aztecs. In the midst of immense forests, and in some instances almost covered by earth, are to be seen idols, monuments and pillars of the most beautiful workmanship. Companies have been formed to collect these valuable relics, making explorations in sections hitherto untroubled by any American foot.

The trodden by any American foot. The name of the place operations gives some idea of the beauty of the place. It is El Paraiso, or the paradise.
Another thing this country is noted for is the absence of contagious diseases. The people, though crude in their habits, are healthy and long-lived. Physicians and medicines are almost unknown. Mining companies are being organized in New York and other cities; some of them are already in unexpectedly successful operation, to develop and realize the resources of this land of treasures.

The Make-Up.

"In character representations," said the actor, "a good make-up is essential. In many cases it will pull a bit of bad acting through. Until within the past few years the English actors excelled the native-born Americans in this regard, but the latter have picked up and now average second to none in the art of making up. But it's a great study. Of course the actor's face should correspond with his conception of the character to be portrayed. A picture must be drawn in the mind, of the character to be represented, and then transferred to the face of the actor. This maintains consistency with the lines he speaks. Careful artists study this in the mirror before applying a line to the features. I will demonstrate to you."

He then proceeded to lay a foundation of pulverized chalk, applying it with a piece of chamois skin. This he evenly distributed, making a surface as a painter would prepare his canvas. This completed, his face assumed the expression of the old man described. From the "make-up box" he produced several little sticks of grease paint, of many colors and combinations of shades, and proceeded to accurately follow the lines indicated. He blended these with a camel's hair pencil until they expressed the desired effect. A touch of little yellow and a little India ink and rouge here and there, and the picture was complete—a wrinkled old man, hollow-cheeked and eccentric-looking.

The actor had adjusted his tight and approached the glass in a corner of the dressing-room. The reporter looked over his shoulder and the actor's customarily handsome features were contracted out of shape. His brows were elevated in an extravagant way, and irregular furrows ran longitudinally over his forehead. "Crow's feet" were in the corner of his eyes, and by a dropping of the lower jaw the deep lines were made down from the base of the nose on either side, the mouth assuming a crescent shape. The face in an instant had been transformed from youth to entebled age.

"Now, that's an expression I'll maintain on my face for the next two hours and a half while I'm on the stage. Painful? No, not particularly. The muscles of an actor's face become so tractable that, like any other exercise, it has no wearying results. But that's not enough. It would be sufficient for those with opera-glasses, but even then we must exaggerate a bit."

"Wait a bit—I have not finished," he said. "Now, this would be sufficiently strong for the naked eye, but I must make up for the opera-glasses and strike a medium."

The chamois skin was again brought into use, and a perfect transparent surface was formed, showing the deep lines beneath. The transformation was completed.
"As I said in the beginning," he remarked, turning from the glass, "good make-up goes a great distance in this business, and some men, although born between acts, and I'm villainously poor learn the act. I'm a villainously bad actor—I know—but I believe this is what I draw my little old fifty dollars a week salary for."

A Thief and His Pal.
Two young men sat directly in front of me, and were conversing together in low tones. They were underdressed, and dressed in flashy clothes of by-gone style. Their faces were unexpressively and their whole aspect unwholesomely repulsive.

"Shenny's coming next week," said one, "and I suppose you heard El got three'n a half for doin' the faint act, 'n' he's down in Centre the night now, playin' checkers with his nose. They open up at No. 16 in a few days—just got the word from headquarters last night. Most of the gang has lay-outs of their own, but I always carry a pill in my pocket." Does the reader gather any information from that. I will translate it.

In the first place, these chaps were thieves. One had evidently been away from the city—possibly enjoying the hospitality of the State—and his pal was telling him what had occurred during his absence. It seemed that their mutual friend, Shenny, had "come down." In other words he had returned from Sing Sing. El had been sentenced to three years and a half imprisonment for doing "the faint."

He had gone into a store, called for something worth ten cents, and laid down a \$20 bill. While the storekeeper was getting out the change, the expert engaged him in conversation, and, just as the change was ready, remembered that he had a dime in his pocket. The coin he threw on the counter, picked up his \$20 note, and handed back the change, minus a large bill, which he had contrived to purloin from it.

The exploit is described as the "faint act," and which seemed to have cut short Patsy's career of freedom, in simple. One man goes into a saloon, in a faint, or has an epileptic fit, the latter being considered the more artistic. While the bartender is giving restoratives, the other man robs the till. Patsy is now in Centre street—that is to say in the Toombs. At this very moment he was probably standing in his cell, and peering up and down the corridor through the grated door. As he thus pressed his face close to the grating, and stick his nose through the square interstices between the iron bars, he was playing checkers with his nose. He mentioned No. 16 was an opium joint in Pell street, which had been closed. The place had enjoyed "protection," as it is called, or paid the police officials so much a month, in return for which they agreed to send a timely warning when a raid was planned; also to let them know when it would be safe to open. These thieves are nearly all opium smokers, and their conversation intimated that several of them had their own lay-outs, or the necessary "pill" that the fellow carried to a certain extent his craving for a pipe.

Beauty's Abode in Persia.
The portion of the garden allotted to the auderun is walled off and the entrance is secured by a heavy door, for Persian ladies of a haughty order, admitted prerogatives of our own fair ones, and are not even free to come and go at will. The harems are governed by the strictest discipline; the door is jealously guarded by a eunuch, an old and trusted servant of the shah, upon whom devolves the duty of superintending the royal female establishment. In this inclosure are the living rooms of the ladies; those of the favorite are spacious and comfortable, with several windows of colored glass looking onto the garden. These colored windows do a great deal towards tempering the austerity of the bare white walls and softening the glare of the sun. There is no flooring, but the earth, but this is perfectly level, and, when occupied, is covered by straw mats, over which again carpets or felt are spread. The other rooms are small and entirely unadorned. This simplicity of form is marked contrast to those reserved for his majesty; the primitive white walls, in a country where ornamentation is the rule, have a severe look, and the plainness even savors of parsimony. Even chairs are considered a superficial luxury, but are replaced by an occasional wooden bench placed against the walls. Such is the abode of royal beauty. Here, too, there is water in abundance, streams intersect the garden, and cheer the spring plant and opening flower."

or terminate in large oblong sheets of water, which relieve the dryness of the atmosphere. These tanks, when clear, reflect the surrounding objects as clearly as a polished mirror, but they often share the fate of most things in Persia, and suffer from the neglect of not being occasionally cleaned, the bottom of the basin becoming overrun with weeds and aquatic plants. These tanks have flights of steps down to the water, which are much patronized by frogs in all stages of froghood.

President of Franco.
The French Assembly met on Dec. 11 to elect a President of the Republic. Mr. Jules Grevy was elected President of the French Republic on January 30th, 1879, for the term of seven years, and his successor will therefore take office at the beginning of next February. For the selection of Deputies meet to-day at the National Assembly, and elect by a majority vote.

A Strange Story.

A romantic and interesting story comes from Brockton, Plymouth county, Mass., of which the following is a summary: Over thirty years ago Leonard Poole, a young man of Holbrook, Mass., said good-bye to his his wife and infant daughter and started for California, saying that he should not return until he had made his fortune. The wife and head frequently from the wanderer, and still the husband remained separated from his family.

In the hope of bettering his condition Mr. Poole went from one State to another, following the occupation of a miner. In his letters he emphasized the fact that he should not return to the home of his youth until he had amassed a sufficient fortune to provide for his family comfortably during the remainder of their lives. The daughter in course of time became the wife of Mr. Luther A. Hayden, of Brookville. About a year ago since Mrs. Poole died at the residence of her daughter.

Some two months ago Mr. Poole decided to return to his home, and, secreted about his person all his wealth, which he supposed to have been quite large, he started to make the journey. While the train on which he was a passenger was crossing the plains it was captured by a gang of robbers. Among their victims was Poole, and every cent of his hard earned money, upon which he had depended to make his last days comfortable, was taken from him, and he was thrown or fell off the train while it was in motion. He was found by a company of wood-choppers, who removed him to a place of shelter and cared for him.

As he recovered from his injuries Poole made known his story, and the Masons of the place decided to send him home. The injuries he had sustained slightly affected the brain, so that, while at times he acted strangely, he was able to start a letter was forwarded to Mr. Hayden naming the time when Mr. Poole would probably reach Boston. The letter did not reach Hayden until a day or two after the time for his father-in-law's arrival, when he at once went to Boston.

It is ascertained that Poole reached that city, but there all trace of him for the time was lost. The attention of the police was called to the matter, and it was learned that Poole had been found wandering about Boston in a dazed condition, was arrested, taken before the State court as a vagrant, and sent to the State Workhouse at Bridgewater. Mr. Hayden visited that institution and found his father-in-law. The proper steps to secure his release were taken and he is now at his daughter's residence in Brookville. His health is much shattered, but is improving.

A Bad Family Mix.
The case of Joseph Haley and Company vs. Samuel Haley, which was argued and submitted to the Court of Appeals at Frankford, Ky., is one of the strangest cases that has ever reached the Court for adjudication. The appeal is from Bracken county and involves an estate worth upwards of \$40,000. Thomas Haley died intestate in 1883. He had two wives living and one dead. By Martha, his first wife, he had five children; by his second and dead wife he had six. After the birth of three children to the first wife the husband instituted suit against her for divorce on the ground of infidelity, and a decree in accordance therewith was rendered by the Court in 1847. He then married his second wife, but lived illicitly with his first wife, by whom he became the father of Margaret, who became his third wife, after the divorce had been granted. His second wife died, and his first wife had the divorce proceedings set aside and the case reopened for further hearing, but nothing thereafter was ever done towards prosecuting the suit to a termination, and the case was finally filed in the condition of a reinstatement of the first wife's marital relations. Subsequently when the daughter Margaret arrived at years of maturity she was duly and legally married to her father, by and with the mother's consent.

The children of the first marriage also claim to be heirs-at-law, which the children of the other two marriages resist, on the ground that it cannot be proved that their father was at any time the lawful husband of Martha Haley. The children of the second marriage claim to be the only heirs of the deceased, because the third marriage was unnatural and therefore void. Both of the issues of the latter marriage are equally interested in proving the illegitimacy of the first, otherwise the first would be held the only heirs-at-law, and the two last offsprings of bigamous unions. The singular relation is then developed of a daughter attempting to prove herself illegitimate birth, and thereby recover property at the expense of her reputation and that of her mother, who is also her mother-in-law.

Variable Stars.
The brightness of some stars varies periodically, more than a hundred so-called variable stars being known, while many more are "suspected variables." The periods range from a few days to many ears. The variation is usually slight, but is very marked in the cases of Algol and Mira, the former star alternating from the second to the fourth magnitude in a little less than three days, while the latter is a still more remarkable variable, being invisible most of the time and blazing up to second magnitude brilliancy at intervals of eleven months. The most interesting of stars of this class is our own sun, whose brightness is affected by the immense spots which appear on its surface and sometimes cover millions of square miles, and whose period of variability is eleven years.

Brave heart, arise! Be free from every chain, though it be glittering with gold! Be nobly courageous! Follow the true bride of thy life, even if her name be Sorrow. Let the shell perish, that the pearl may appear.

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own goods, his own trumpet, his own drum, his own fire, and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Queer Orders for Drugs.
"The run on cough medicines has begun," remarked the proprietor of a corner drug store to a reporter the other evening, "and it is time to put away the cholera mixtures. We druggists have to change our supplies frequently to meet the changes in demand, as one season follows another. Of course, some drugs always are in demand, such as quinine, opium and potash. These drugs are known to us as "base" drugs, because they are used as the base of nearly all the prescriptions. Physicians usually write the names of several conditions along with the active drug, thus giving the prescription quite a formidable appearance to the uninitiated. Sometimes a physician will write the name of the drug which he wishes to have as the base of a prescription with tolerable clearness and then make some illegible scrawls which the intelligent druggist will translate, 'season as you like.' Few of a druggist's difficulties are chargeable to the regular physician. Most druggists have to undertake the responsibility of prescribing for customers. Every hour or so some person comes in to describe the location and violence of his pains in order to get relief. Ten to one have ordinary troubles which a druggist can heal as well as not, and they get for a few cents what would cost dollars if they consulted physicians. But the extra one may have only the preliminary symptoms of a serious disease, and his experiments with a druggist, who has no medical training, may result disastrously."

"You would be surprised at the number of puzzling orders for drugs which come to a drug store. Persons who are not good spellers hear the name of some medicine and afterward forget the exact sound. When they want to use that particular medicine they try to spell it from sound as they remember it. Most druggists are able to tell what is wanted at a glance, or a few questions to the bearer of the order, such as 'what is this wanted for?' will solve the mystery. I have kept in my drawer some curious orders that have been sent here within a month. Just glance at these and see if you can decipher all of them."

Several scraps of paper, on which were scrawls of various degrees of ugliness, were laid before the reporter. One woman, who was more familiar with a broom handle than with a pen, wanted oxalic acid "to take off stains," but she wrote "axillick acid." The order "for Mrs. Mulcare, 5 sense with at Peter," was plainly meant for saltpetre; a demand for "to McCarthy pills" puzzled the scribe until he thought of cathartic pills; but the call for a "bottle of Sed-erate for Constifiners" was given up as too hard for the reporter to solve. The druggist laughed and said it was an easy one. The man who sent it only wanted a bottle of citrate of magnesia.

History of a Famous Diamond.
The "Orlov" diamond adorning the imperial scepter of Russia has a romantic history. It first formed in its rough state the eye of an idol, and was stolen by a Frenchman who sold it to a Hebrew merchant in Persia for \$10,000. The Shah, having learned of the robbery, and that the thief was trying to sell the gem, determined to arrest the man and seize the diamond, probably for the purpose of keeping it himself, possibly of restoring it to its owner. The Jewish merchant, becoming alarmed transferred the diamond to an Armenian for \$60,000, who knew that if he could get it to St. Petersburg, the rich and famous Catherine would buy it of him at a handsome advance. The trouble arose to hide it about his person so that it could not be discovered. Being too large for him to swallow, he made a deep incision in the calf of his leg, inserted the stone and sewed up the wound with silver thread. When the cut had healed sufficiently to allow the removal of the wire, he began his travels toward Russia. In the meantime, and unknown to him, the stone had been traced to the Jewish merchant and from him to an Armenian. So when he boldly proclaimed himself an Armenian, he was at once arrested and imprisoned. Strong emulations were administered, but no diamond came to light. He was stripped and examined from head to foot, with no better success. Even a little torture was tried, but the man was so firm, and in the end he was bundled unceremoniously over the frontier, whence he reached the capital of Russia. He wanted \$200,000 for his diamond, but the Empress had only \$100,000. So he took it to Amsterdam to have it cut. Here Count Orlov saw it and determined to buy it for his mistress, this same Empress. He gave \$350,000 for it, an annuity of 2,000 rubles a year, and a patent of nobility. The Armenian became through various investments a millionaire.

The Tuhanatepec Ship Railway.
The government of Mexico has lately made important additions to the concessions heretofore granted to the Tuhanatepec ship railway. Mexico guarantees the net revenue of the company to the extent of \$1,250,000 per annum for the extent of 15 years after the completion of the road, and gives the company the right to ask for additional guarantees from other governments to the extent of \$2,500,000 per annum, or a total of \$3,750,000, being 4 per cent. on \$93,000,000.

Other guaranteeing governments may have a rebate of 25 per cent. on their commerce for 30 years, and a representation of two-thirds in the board of directors. The company has the right to establish coaling stations, and to import coal free of duty, to furnish ships in transit, and also the right to collect all tolls, except those from Mexican companies, in gold, a difference in favor of the company of about 18 per cent. There are several other minor concessions granted, such as the right to establish two tow-boat lines independent of taxation, and to collect harbor dues.