

Apotheosis.

In olden days, when shepherds blithe,
Beneath the boughs of beechen trees,
Braved hoary Time, a meddling spy the;

SUMMER VISITORS.

We—that is, Mrs. Turtledove and myself—had just come into possession of a small house out of town—a cottage, two stories in height and about twenty feet square, with a small cabbage garden in the rear and a grape-vine and a cherry-tree in the front yard.

"Come down and pay us a visit," we had said to every one with whom we shook hands, as we bade farewell to the city. "Come and see our little place in strawberry time." And every one had answered: "We shall be delighted."

Our parlor, with its Indian matting and white curtains and spider-legged chairs, was a model of airy comfort. There were always flowers in glasses on the mantel, and there was a bird in a cage in the window. Peggy, the girl, did the work, and my wife was always fresh and bright in her white muslins and knots of ribbon and flowers.

"Oh, Timon!" she exclaimed, as I saluted her, "do help me, please. I'm trying to get enough ripe berries for tea. After bragging so, I don't want Miss Mittens to go back to the city and say she didn't have any. Miss Mittens came down by the noon train, dear."

"Did she?" said I. "Ah, well, pleased to see her, I'm sure." "Yes, of course, Timon," said my wife very slowly. "And I hope there's milk enough. She says she's going to live on milk now she is in the country."

"And we both shook hands with Mulligan, Fred Mulligan, whom I remembered with a sort of qualm, put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel as a general thing and was one of the most particular men about 'his eating.'"

"How delightful it is to country people isn't it?" said Mr. Mulligan. "Indeed it is," said Miss Mittens. "Nature casting her most precious things at their feet, as one may say—flowers and fruit and—and breezes you know, I fairly pined for the country, and I hate hotels and strange boarding-houses; so, as I actually have a sister in dear Mrs. Turtledove, I thought I'd throw myself on her charity for the summer."

"Just as I felt," said Mulligan. "I am going to be rural while I am here," said Miss Mittens. "I don't mean to drink tea or coffee. I mean to live on milk and fruit here."

I felt very glad indeed to hear that he did not want champagne. "But oh, my dear," sobbed Mrs. Turtledove, a little while after the meal was over, catching me in a quiet corner, "to think of our first strawberries, and you not to have even one tinky-tonky one. The one I tried to swallow choked me when I thought of that. And don't you think Mr. Fish would sell us more milk while they stay?"

"I declared that I did not mind about the berries; that I would make Fish sell us milk at any price. By the way, he did give in at last, and we gave him two shillings a quart. There was no competition in the neighborhood. "And I'll bring berries down from town to-morrow," I said. "They are plentier there than they are in the country."

"Miss Mittens has the spare room, and Mr. Mulligan will have the hall bed-room," said my wife. "He looks altogether too grand for it, but I can't help it." Then we went back to entertain our guests, and we were really getting on finely—what with the piano and duets—when there came the sound of bumping and scraping at the carriage steps. A voice cried: "Hallo, Turtledove! Folks for you."

"Here he is!" shouted Mr. Fish from his wagon. "And if he thinks I'm going to ride him and his porkmackerel from that there depot behind this here hess that has been plowing all day, for less than fifty cents, he thinks I'm greener than I be!"

"I had heard that day from a fellow-boarder of Mr. Bangs that his landlady had delicately mentioned to him that until he could pay his little bill she should 'prefer his room to his company, and would retain his trunk,' and quite understood. We got into the little parlor somehow, and we all sat down."

"Don't put yourself in any trouble," said Mr. Calliope. "My dear friends, I beg you don't put yourself in any trouble on our account. We are tired of city food. We want the fruits of the earth—no more. Give us some milk, a simple biscuit, and your delightful fresh butter and a bowl of strawberries, and we ask no more."

"Here Mrs. Turtledove gave an involuntary shriek. She had presence of mind enough to say she had seen a spider. Poor Mr. Bangs only groaned softly to himself, but he looked as though the spirits who had been in the habit of drawing mysterious apples and oranges from his sleeves had not been able to find any there that day, or had carried them off afterward."

"And oh, Timon!" said dear little Mrs. Turtledove. "I've put on the last clean sheet; and how we are to change I don't know. I thought six pairs of sheets enough for two to go to house-keeping with. And what a mercy it is all our friends gave us forks and spoons when we were married!"

"I was off early next day. I made the arrangements alluded to with the amiable and generous Mr. Fish for two gallons of milk a day, I contracted with the butcher for beef, and I brought strawberries and vegetables home in a basket. My city guests supposed that all those strawberries grew in the garden, and that we kept a herd of cows. Berries were 25 cents a basket in the market, and they were not hulled. But the market man always threw a basket in on every two dozen. He always did, he said, when one bought for a hotel."

"I could not defend myself. I could only promise her a silk dress if she would stay her month out. "I'd have nobody left to put it on, if

I worked myself to death," said Peggy. "I'd rather have my flesh in the calico!" and she departed. After that Mrs. Turtledove lived in the kitchen. No one seem to know it. None of the ladies ever made their beds, or filled their water pitchers, or offered any assistance. I sat up all night to pare potatoes and turnips, lay the fire, and do all I could, and I became a beast of burden, as to baskets; but my business must be attended to. Poor little Mrs. Turtledove grew thinner every day, whereas our guests plumped up beautifully. Still, we were gaining the reputation of being very hospitable, and that was something. Our friends thought so much of us—that was more. But, alas! we soon found that they were not as well pleased with each other. It began by Mrs. Calliope wondering at the goings on of that Miss Mittens with Mr. Mulligan. Next Miss Mittens was astonished that Mrs. Calliope should fancy Mr. Mulligan could desire to be followed about by a chit like her. Then Mr. Calliope had an argument with Mr. Mulligan on religious subjects, and gravely inquired whether I did not think it wrong to have a free-thinker in my house. Then the argument waxed louder as Miss Mittens who was High Church, contended with Mrs. Calliope, who was a Methodist.

"Then young Calliope kissed Miss Mittens in the front garden, and Mr. Mulligan had words with him about it, and at last the unlucky Bang's familiar spirit hunted him up and began to run on the walls, tip the dining-table, make him go off in a series of starts and cracks and jerks at inopportune times, and last forced him to write a "boom-munition" in which the spirit of Voltaire called Mr. Calliope a "misguided wanderer from truth."

"That day, as I came home with the strawberries, I met Fish's wagon going down to the depot. It was full of Calliopes. "Adieu, my friend," said Mr. Calliope. "We are going. We grieve to part, but we must go. Table-tipping and such aboutinations are too much for us."

"And that fellow with the mustache!" said young Calliope. "I say, Mr. Turtledove, why don't you kick him out?" Miss Calliope only tossed her head. A little further on I met a light wagon; in it sat Mr. Mulligan and Miss Mittens. "Good-bye old fellow," cried Mulligan. "I say, you've got in with a nice lot. It's only respect for your young wife that has kept me from trouncing them—some of 'em." Miss Mittens was in tears. Further on still I met Bangs on foot, who, as I learned, on getting home, had left because Mrs. Turtledove had protested against the heavy rappings on the kitchen ceiling.

"I have been impressed to leave you, my friends," he said, solemnly. Farewell. Verily, scorpions shall have their reward." So our few friends were gone. They didn't go in peace, and that we regretted; but still they were gone, and life has its consolation. The estimate of forty millions of dollars as the value of the crown jewels of France have collected for the crown bears no positive relation to the amounts that might be realized in case of their sale. The famous "Regent" diamond is said to be worth five hundred thousand dollars; but nobody has ever been found who would pay such a sum for the bauble. It is worth half a million much as a doting father's only child is valued at a prince's revenue, because it would not be surrendered for less. Many of the artistic works belonging to the French crown are of interest because of historical associations that cluster around them; as, for example, the sword of the eighteenth Louis and of the Dauphin, and the imperial crown which the last Napoleon ordered to be made for his coronation by Pope Pius IX—an event that never took place. Such relics as these will be lost to the world of curiosity-seekers because of the determination of the Government to smelt them down before offering them for sale. When the last inventory under Napoleon I was made, there were thirty-seven thousand, three hundred and ninety-three precious stones catalogued in the list of crown jewels of France, and this number was increased during the reigns of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. The sale of such a large collection will, if hastily carried out, tend to greatly depress the foreign diamond market, and unsettle still further the valuable and precious stones, never of remarkable stability at the best.

Laying the Dust in Mines. A well known mining engineer has brought into notice the successful use of watering the floors of deep mines to allay the dust and thus prevent explosions. A slight dampness, such as prevails in shallow mines at all times, is, in his words, sufficient to lay the dust effectively, and the systematic watering of deep mines has been introduced at the Llynvria colliery and at the Standard colliery. The water can either be brought into the galleries by tanks or by pipes from a reservoir above ground. A pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch is considered sufficient at the Standard colliery. The water not only purifies the air, but robs it of the inflammable coal dust which is so dangerous a factor in great explosions.

Blondes and Brunets in Germany. Prof. Virchow, the great German surgeon, has lately made an analysis of the prevalent types of color among German children; and, after German fashion, he has done his task very thoroughly, examining the color of the hair, eyes, and skin of nearly 7,000,000 pupils, or of four-fifths of all children of school age. Of course he must have had many assistants to help perform this feat; but he himself is responsible for the tabulated results. Of those examined 31 per cent. were blondes; 14.05 per cent. brunettes, and 54.15 per cent. of the mixed type.

Unless the manure is old and well rotted it should not be allowed to touch the roots of the fruit trees, but be spread upon the surface.

RURAL ENGLAND. Pictures Not so Pleasing as Novelists and Poets Paint.

Twelve miles out of London on the North Kent Loop-line branch of the Southeastern railway, lies a town which, to avoid personalities, we will designate as Eldon. Its inhabitants are largely of the class described as "plain bourgeoisie," being mostly London men of business. The houses are built of brick and are mostly of a dingy cream color. Their architecture is severely simple. No "gaudy abodes" offend the eye. The windows are guiltless of outside blinds, and therefore no contrasting color mars the universal cream. Inside, the inevitable Venetian blind appears, clumsy and ugly, and below it the equally inevitable half-curtain of lace or muslin.

The upper windows are graced by the white pine back of a dressing case, which, for some reasons known only to the British mind, is always placed there. The only redeeming features of these houses is the profusion of flowers by which they are surrounded. Well is Kent called the garden of England, for surely nowhere else abounds such wealth of verdure and color. Flowers which in America can be obtained only by careful culture there grow wild on every hand.

From the front doorway of each house a neatly kept walk extends to the gate, something over 900 feet of rope without getting any sign of bottom. This exhausted his supply of sounding line, and, fearing that something was wrong with the lead, he caused it to be drawn up. It came up with considerable difficulty, which was for a short time inexplicable, but at last, looking down into the water, the form of a very large sturgeon was seen to loom up from the depths, and the mystery was soon solved. It appeared that on lowering the line to the bottom, the sturgeon, attracted by a smell of the grease on the plummet, had swallowed it, and continued to engorge the line as fast as it was paid out. In attempting to retain the cordage on his stomach, he had followed it to the surface until at last the plummet itself was rescued, when he dropped out of sight. Several attempts were made to obtain a sounding at this point, but the same result followed each trial, and the sturgeon brought the plummet to the surface every time it was hauled in. If my memory serves me aright, three days were spent in dropping the lead at different points in the vicinity of the first sounding in order to evade the sturgeon, but without avail. At length the idea occurred to the officer to attach a large hook to the plummet, and after great effort the sturgeon was brought on deck. But the difficulty was not yet avoided. Every time he attempted to make a sounding he looked a sturgeon. He persevered, however, until the moon had gone down, long after midnight, when the vessel was loaded to the gunwales by the sturgeon corded up on deck, and he was about starting for the shore to unload. It was just about this time that he ascertained the nature of the ground on which he was working. It was a very calm, dark night, and looking steadily down into the water he discovered that he could trace the outline of the dead sturgeon lying around the inside wall. It lighted up the boulders along the reef, and discovered thousands of sturgeon lounging on the bottom. There could be no longer any doubt that a large and hitherto unknown reef existed at this place, and that this inside base was the herding ground of all the sturgeon in Lake Champlain. In other words, Cumberland bay was fenced in by a reef and paved with fish. It was very clear that measures must be taken to rid the bay of the sturgeon before any further government work could be prosecuted, so the officer reported the fact to the war department. In accordance with orders received a month later he proceeded with four government steam yachts to the head of Cumberland bay. Each of these yachts had on board three and a half miles of barbed fence wire, all along which very large fishhooks soldered at close intervals and the whole smeared over with lead, like a box of cartridges. Starting southward, the wire was paid out the fence wire down the bay until they stopped for a short time to allow the wire to settle to the bottom. The load of sturgeon caught on the fence wire was so great that in attempting to start up again the sterns of the yachts were submerged in the water about ten feet and it was fully two hours before any headway whatever was made. It was a sublime sight. Cumberland bay from Dead creek almost to Crab Island was lashed to a sheet of tossing foam by the struggling sturgeon, and the sound of their tails beating the water was like a continuous roar of thunder, only louder and more impressive. It took two days to tow them to the mouth of the lake. As the yachts were hauled ashore by steam winches. The suction occasioned by drawing the fish out of the water was so great that the Richelieu turned back; it course and flowed southward into Lake Champlain. The water of the lake was agitated from one end to the other, down to the deepest bottom and produced very singular results. The eddies were so strong that fragments of keels and spars and about seven tons of cannon balls from the battle of Plattsburg were thrown up on the Plattsburg dock, the Royal Savage rose to the service, floated clear around Valcour Island, and sank again near its old location, and I am told that the sea serpent came to the top in the channel off Cumberland head and finally took refuge from the commotion by crawling up on the Plattsburg breakwater. Pieces of pottery, stone, hatchets and gouges and Indian bones and old horses' teeth boiled up over the lake. When the tumult had subsided, it was found that the bulk of sturgeon taken out had lowered the lake two inches, notwithstanding the influx of the Richelieu. I think I may safely consider it one of the largest catches of fish that has occurred on Lake Champlain.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

TAPSTRY. Wonderful Specimens of the Weaver's Skill and Patience.

With the craze for screens, wall-hangings, portieres and draperies of all sorts has been revived anew the interest in tapstrys, both woven and painted. It is perhaps unnecessary to explain the difference between the two—woven tapstry being essentially a mosaic, the wools being dyed in a mass and uniformly saturated with color, while in the painted tapstry blended and graduated tones are as freely produced as in any other sort of painting, the color being applied to the tapstry cloth after it is woven. In painted tapstry the colors can never be applied equally; they will in some places penetrate the stuff, and in others rest on the surface. It is fair to suppose that those which do not penetrate the fibres will be less durable than those which do, but this disadvantage is partly atoned for in a gain in artistic effect, and at any rate they will be likely to outlast the painter.

A STURGEON YARN. How a Ship Was Loaded With the Royal Fish.

The reef is more than half-way between Crab Island and Cumberland head, and is about two miles out from the mouth of Dead creek. No, sir; no soundings were ever made on that reef, and it is so little known that I am not aware that it was ever named, but it is very long and wide, running east and west, with the outside curve facing the south. If I were to venture an opinion, I would say that it is an old glacial moraine, formed of boulders that were pushed out and left there by a glacier that came down the valley of Dead creek. Several years ago the hydrographic survey, in taking soundings west from Cumberland head, dropped the line a little inside the eastern extremity of the reef. The officer in charge expected to sound about sixty feet of water, and expressed considerable surprise to find that he had to pay out something over 900 feet of rope without getting any sign of bottom. This exhausted his supply of sounding line, and, fearing that something was wrong with the lead, he caused it to be drawn up. It came up with considerable difficulty, which was for a short time inexplicable, but at last, looking down into the water, the form of a very large sturgeon was seen to loom up from the depths, and the mystery was soon solved. It appeared that on lowering the line to the bottom, the sturgeon, attracted by a smell of the grease on the plummet, had swallowed it, and continued to engorge the line as fast as it was paid out. In attempting to retain the cordage on his stomach, he had followed it to the surface until at last the plummet itself was rescued, when he dropped out of sight. Several attempts were made to obtain a sounding at this point, but the same result followed each trial, and the sturgeon brought the plummet to the surface every time it was hauled in. 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Woven tapstry has been used for wall-hangings, portieres, the upholstery of chairs and sofas, for articles of dress, and even for carpets, and to all these uses and many more painted tapstry may be applied. But the design must be fitted for the purpose for which the decoration is intended. For instance, the wall-hanging or panel, which is to hang flat and plain, may be of the character of a picture, while the drapery, which is broken by folds, must necessarily be largely conventional in design. Another point characteristic of old tapstry is the elaborate border, which is well to imitate. This border serves as a sort of frame and adds in preserving the semblance of distance in the central figure.

Painted tapstry in highly decorative effect and may be used wherever decorations of any sort are admissible. Good work, framed like an oil painting, is in perfect keeping with taste, and the earlier efforts of the beginner may be applied to such a multitude of uses that there will seem to be no time lost in the learning. Withal it is an art that highly commends itself to the beginner in household art and decoration.