

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Six Feet.
My little rough dog and I
Live a life that is rather rare,
We have so many good walks to take
So much that gladdens and recreates
So little of wear and tear.
Sometimes it blows and rains,
But still the six feet ply;
No care at all to the following four
If the leading two know why.
'Tis a pleasure to have six feet, we think,
My little rough dog and I.
And when we go alone way,
'T is a thing we should never do,
To reckon the two without the four,
Or the four without the two;
It would not come right if any one tried,
Because it would not be true.
And who shall look up and say
That it ought not so to be,
Though the earth that is heaven enough
For him
Is less than that to me!
For a little rough dog can swell a joy
That enters eternity.

Polly Henry's Pet.

It was Polly's—whatever anybody may say—for she baited the trap and set it, and caught the little fellow, and fed him afterward, and named him John Henry.
He was a young rat, not much bigger than—well, not much bigger than a goose's egg, which everybody knows the size of, of course. He was soft and silky, delicate shades of slate-color losing themselves in the tenderest shades of gray, and a tail about the size of a bran, span, new slate pencil—and such ears! They looked like little brown shells, in which was the daintiest shade of pink, and they were so thin that Polly could see the light shining through them. As for John Henry's eyes, they were no better looking than two jet black—black jet beads, and they twinkled, and twinkled, and twinkled. Such hands as John Henry had! Delicate little fingers, about as big around as fine zephyr needles, and about as long as Polly's eyelashes.

I have drawn John Henry's portrait carefully, because he was for some time quite an important member of our family, and Polly's chief pet. He was a baby rat when she caught him in the cage-like trap; but he grew wonderfully, and became very tame. He must have been in the trap for some time when Polly discovered him, for he was nearly starved; his hunger had made him lose all fear and take food directly from Polly's hand, and Polly fed him with all sorts of nice things—bits of cake, pieces of meat, scraps of cheese, and finally topped off the fine meal with a tumbler of milk, which he drank so greedily that we could see him "swelling wisely before our very eyes."

And from that day—when sitting up on his hindlegs and washing his dainty little hands with his pink little tongue, he looked into Polly's face and saw the goodness there—he and she became fast friends. Polly wasn't afraid of him—not a bit. She would put her hands into the trap and stroke his rattyish back, and even tickle his ears with his tail, without remonstrance. John Henry grew tamer and tamer. He would run and find Polly in any part of the house if she called him, and he would search Polly's pockets for sweetmeats, and sometimes he would crawl into the depths of her cloak pocket, nestle down there among the gloves and the handkerchiefs, and take a nap. You see Polly's cloak hung just over the hall register, and was always warm and comfortable.

One Sunday morning, just as Polly was starting for Sunday-school in all the glory of her new seal-skin cloak, it began to rain, and as a wetting is rather bad for fur, Aunt Elinor was forced to insist on Polly's changing her new cloak for her old one.

"The idea," said Polly, "of anybody wearing an everyday cloak to Sunday-school! Nobody ever heard of such a thing. I shall be ashamed all the time."
But Aunt Nell insisted, and so Polly made the best of it, and off she went, brushing a great tear-drop from her eye as she shut the door.

It was late when Polly reached the Sunday-school, and the services had begun. They were just singing. Polly took her place in her class as quickly as she could, and got settled just in time for the superintendent's prayer. The school was very quiet; it was a very good school, and you might have heard a pin drop while Mr. ——— was praying. Polly had bowed her head with the rest, and was trying to understand every word of the prayer, when the little girl next to her shrieked, and then another little girl shrieked, and then all the little girls of Polly's class jumped up on the benches, and then the teacher screamed, and then the boys in the next class began to say: "There he goes. Here he is—under this bench. No, he ain't; he's out in the aisle"—all speaking right out in the Sunday-school, and flinging Sunday-school books and hats and anything else they could lay hands on, at something on the floor. They made such a rumpus that nobody knew when the superintendent said "amen;" but presently he was among them with a cane, jabbing it under settees and under the book-cases, and anywhere else he could jab it under. Then the sexton came with a poker, and he and the superintendent rattled and banged away like everything.

Polly was bewildered—she didn't know what they were after, and what it was all about; and she opened her eyes very wide at such a confusion in Sunday-school. She had just made up her mind that it must be a rat, when he jumped right out from behind the book-case. Polly saw him, and gave a little cry.
"My, my," she said, "it is John Henry!"
"And sure enough it was, and Polly caught him easily enough, poor little fellow, all bruised and bleeding, and frightened almost to death. And Polly rolled him up in her pocket handkerchief, and walked out of school, with a sense of personal injury on her face such as I never saw before.
"The idea," she said, "of being afraid of John Henry!"
And poor John Henry was sick for a long time afterward. He never wanted to go to Sunday-school again, you may

be sure. And you may be equally sure that the superintendent didn't want him there. Polly bandaged him, and bathed his bruised nose, and fed him spoon-ful for some days, and to the delight of her dear little heart, John Henry recovered. He is now a very dignified and gray old rat, and Polly says he winks knowingly, as much as to say "Bather not," whenever he hears Sunday-school mentioned.—*Wm. M. F. Round, in St. Nicholas.*

A Colorado Mining Town.

Eureka, to an Eastern man, is probably one of the most forlorn, unfinished, demoralized looking towns in the country, and before going into details of the manners, customs, business, etc., of the place, I will, writes a correspondent, give a brief description of the town, so that you may form some idea of the situation. The town proper is built in a narrow canyon running about north and south.
At the eastern side the mountain rises abruptly above the town several hundred feet, the houses being built partly into it, each house having a store-room dug under a hill. On the west side the slope is more gradual, rising into high hills some half mile out of town; while above and beyond all, the towering form of Prospect mountain looms grandly up, and asserts itself the monarch of the range. The center of the town is compactly built, extending for about half a mile up the length of the canyon, while the width is not much over five hundred feet from hill to hill. Three streets run the entire length of the town, with an occasional cross-street, stopping abruptly at the foot of the mountain on the east, or straggling up the sloping hills on the west side for a short distance, ending in a hog corral or ore dump, or anything else that happens to obstruct its further progress.

The town has outgrown the narrow limits of the canyon, and is spreading up the slopes and ravines on the western side, but with no regard to system or order. Men came here to make money, not to live; until lately very few brought their families. They needed a shelter, and a hut was as good as a palace; they built into the hills and under the hills, shanties of logs, of lumber, of stone, of everything that was handiest and cheapest. Each man built his cabin where he chose; there was no grading, no laying out of streets, no sewerage; footpaths and trails wound in and out from one to the other, until now the man who is highest up the hill throws his slops upon his neighbor's roof, or, if his fire gives out, walks out of his cabin and warms at his neighbor's chimney.

The principal street is Main street, which is entirely devoted to stores and saloons. The buildings are mostly mere shanties, one story high, and each one built in size and style to suit the caprice and business of its owner. The general grade of the hill is quite steep; each property owner builds the sidewalk in front of his premises to suit himself, so that, in walking up Main street, you are continually climbing up steps, the sidewalks being somewhat on the plan of a terraced garden. On all other streets and by-ways there are no sidewalks; you can take your choice between the middle of the street or nearer the fence, and navigate as best you can between piles of wood and lumber or refuse matter, which impedes progress everywhere. Nothing is finished or settled.

A street is clear to-day and to-morrow a pack train of a dozen mules comes down from the mountains and unloads a pile of firewood as high as the house right in the middle of the thoroughfare; a horse or a cabin which to-day looks as if it had quite made up its mind to stay where it is, to-morrow is seen moving gayly down the street to some new locality. Nobody seems to have any back yard, or if he has he doesn't use it; all the refuse of the kitchen is thrown into the street. We have several times narrowly escaped a shower bath from the contents of a wash-bowl being thrown from the front door of a dwelling.

Rest Required.

The true worker understands the importance of rest, and rarely overtaxes himself; consequently he can work at any time. Many a man can work only at particular seasons and in particular moods. His mind is like a horse running loose in the pasture, and he cannot always catch it; at least, it will take some time to bring it up and put it into harness. Now it is evident that a man can do nothing in twenty minutes if it takes him half an hour to get his mind at work; but the true worker has his powers always at command. In any odd fifteen minutes he can do a full quarter hour's work. These fragments of time count up in the long run. The gift of work must be accompanied with the gift of resting. To get the most money out of a team of horses, not only must they be pushed hard when under harness, but between work hours they must be unharnessed, rubbed down, and made most comfortable. Some men manage their minds in so bad a way as to leave the harness on over night. They worry over their work during the intervals of labor, so that when they come back to their toil they are half exhausted before they begin. But the noted workers are those who in intervals of toil take things more easily. Such a one, when the work hour is over, drops his task and unharnesses his mind. Then, when called again to his work he can put his whole strength in it.

Oranges as a Regimen.

A vast number of oranges are eaten by the Spaniards, it being, in fact, no uncommon thing for the children of a family to consume ten or a dozen oranges each before breakfast, gathering them fresh for this purpose from the trees. Such wholesale consumption of what is commonly looked upon as a luxury appears to have no unhealthy effect upon the system. On the contrary, the testimony of a late eminent physician authorizes the use of fruit as most wholesome immediately upon waking in the morning; he, indeed, prescribed such a regimen to a friend as the only invigorating and permanent cure for indigestion, facetiously remarking at the time that he gave her a piece of advice which, if it were known to his dyspeptic patients, would cost him his practice, as they might prefer so simple a remedy to his professional visits.

WHAT PEOPLE EAT AND DRINK.

The Adulterations Contained in Many Articles of Consumption.

The following is from a paper read before the American Social Science association, in Boston, by Mr. George T. Angell:

Cayenne pepper is adulterated with red lead, mustard with chromate of lead, curry powder with red lead, vinegar with sulphuric acid, arsenic and corrosive sublimate. It is stated that probably half the vinegar now sold in our cities is rank poison. One of our Boston chemists analyzed twelve packages of pickles put up by twelve different wholesale dealers, and found copper in ten of them. Many of our flavoring oils, sirups, jellies and preserved fruits contain poisons. The adulterations of tea are too numerous to mention. Coffee is not only adulterated, but a patent has been taken out for molding chicory into the form of coffee berries, and I am told that clay is now molded, and perhaps flavored with an essence to represent coffee. Cocoa and chocolate are adulterated with various mineral substances.

Several mills in New England, and probably many elsewhere, are now engaged in grinding white stone into a fine powder for purposes of adulteration. At some of these mills they grind three grades—soda grade, sugar grade and flour grade. It sells for about half a cent a pound. Flour has been adulterated in England, and probably here, with plaster of Paris, bone dust, sand, clay, chalk and other articles. I am told that large quantities of damaged and unwholesome grain are ground in with flour, particularly with that kind called Graham flour. Certainly hundreds, and probably thousands, of barrels of terra alba, or white earth, are sold in our cities every year to be mixed with sugars in confectionery and other white substances. I am told by an eminent physician that this tends to produce stone, kidney complaints and various diseases of the stomach. A Boston chemist tells me that he has found seventy-five per cent. of terra alba in what was sold as cream of tartar used for cooking. A large New York house sells three grades of cream of tartar. A Boston chemist recently analyzed a sample of the best grade, and found fifty per cent. of terra alba in that. Much of our confectionery contains thirty-three per cent. or more of terra alba. The coloring matter of confectionery frequently contains lead, mercury, arsenic and copper. Baking powders are widely sold which contain a large percentage of terra alba and alum.

It is not water alone that is mixed with milk. Thousands of gallons, and probably hundreds of thousands, are sold in our cities which have passed through large tins, or vats, in which it has been mixed with various substances. Recipes for the mixture can be bought by new milkmen from old on payment of the required sum. I am assured, on what I believe to be reliable authority, that thousands of gallons of so-called milk have been, and probably are, sold in this city which do not contain one drop of the genuine article. Large quantities of the meats of animals more or less diseased are sold in our markets. Cows in the neighborhood of our large cities are fed upon material which produces a large flow of unwholesome milk. Poultry are fed upon material which produces unwholesome eggs. Meats and fish are made unwholesome, frequently poisonous, by careless and cruel methods of killing. A California chemist recently analyzed many samples of whisky, purchased at different places in San Francisco. He found them adulterated with creosote, salts of copper, alum and other injurious substances. He states it, in his published report, as his opinion that there is hardly any pure whisky sold in that city. A gentleman recently purchased from a prominent Boston firm a cask of pure sherry wine for his sick wife. His wife grew worse. He had the wine analyzed, and found that there was not a drop of the juice of the grape in it. An eminent medical gentleman of Boston said to me: "The adulterations of drugs in this country are perfectly abominable." I say that laws should be enacted and enforced prohibiting the manufacture and sale of these poisonous and dangerous articles under severe penalties, and compelling the manufacturers and sellers of adulterated articles to tell buyers the precise character of the adulterations.

A Beautiful Story.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. "Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one: "You have a son;" and to the other: "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished. "And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?" "We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander. "Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

Popular superstitions: That butter is made from butternuts. That you must plant eggs if you would raise egg plant. That you can print what's a curd in the dairy. That there was something of an electoral character in the count of Monte Cristo. That a tramp will refuse a trade dollar.—*Wm. Observer.*

CURRENT NOTES.

Herman School, with one assistant, has taken \$18,000 from his mine, near Silver City, Nevada, in five months.

Iceboats are used on the Hudson at Newburg, to transport passengers across the river, and they scud along at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Gueting, a murderer in prison at Indianapolis, being visited in his solitary cell by a mouse, caught his visitor and amused himself by torturing it to death.

A caller on Senator Burnside of Rhode Island, recently found him writing a speech on the army bill, using as stimulants a pot of hot tea and a music box, which he now and then wound up.

A thoughtless mother at Cornesse, France, recently put some burning embers from her oven into a stove with no chimney, in a room where her two sons, three daughters and one sister were sleeping. They never woke.

The proportion of soldiers who can read and write in the several armies of Europe is as follows: Germany, 965 in 1,000; Sweden, 930; England, 860; Holland, 750; Belgium, 700; France, 635; Portugal, 496; Spain, 490; Austria, 400; Italy, 450; Russia, 115; Turkey, 76.

Quite a flutter has been caused among the lawyers of St. Louis, by the opinion of the Missouri supreme court that the whole 700 of them are as clearly liable to taxation as merchants, hucksters or anticlers, and must pay their annual license fee of twenty-five dollars like men.

The case of Benjamin Scull and others against the United States, in which a colossal claim was set up under a Spanish grant to 11,000 square miles of land embracing twenty-four counties in the States of Missouri and Arkansas, has been decided by the United States supreme court adversely to the claimants.

The father of all deer has been killed at Devil's lake, Wisconsin. He had been seen in the vicinity for six or seven years; his hind hoofs had grown out about ten inches, so that his track in the snow was known to all the hunters; he weighed 288 pounds, and his antlers had twelve prongs each.

There will come to this country from Russia this year 15,000 Mennonites to settle in the great West. These people are German Baptists who have conscientious scruples against fighting. Their ancestors settled in Russia long ago, having been guaranteed immunity from military service. The guarantee has been withdrawn, hence the exodus.

An Iowa paper reports that William H. Jones, of Lincoln township, Ill., performed the feat of husking 128 bushels and sixty-five pounds of corn in eleven hours and a quarter. The corn was husked, weighed and cribbed in the above-stated time. A Book Island man claims to have husked 125 bushels in eleven hours and a half, but it was guesst at.

There are now in the United States ten Roman Catholic archbishops and fifty-five bishops, against six of the former and twenty-seven of the latter in 1850. The number of priests was then 1,800, and of churches, 1,073; while there are now 5,634 priests and 5,548 churches. The colleges have increased from seventeen to seventy-four, and the Roman Catholic population has doubled.

The perfume manufacturers in the department of the Maritime Alps consume annually 6,000 hundredweight of roses, and the neighborhood of Grasse and Cannes is thickly studded with rose farms. On one hectare of two, and a half acres 30,000 bushes are planted; a single bush yielding for twelve years. A single hectare in good cultivation will net an average profit of twenty-four per cent. per year.

It will sound a bit funny when the forty-nine Dakotas take their seats in the chapel of Hampton institute, near Norfolk, Va., to hear the "Faculty-man" call out behind his specs: "Man-That-Looks-Around, Frank Yellow-Bird, Laughing Face, Man-That-Hoots, One-Who-Comes-Flying, Lizzie Spider and Walking Cloud." The government will pay the institute \$167 apiece for one year's instruction.

A co-operative store has been established in Paris by English capitalists, which employs about ninety persons, and deals in almost everything required by housekeepers. The capital is \$500,000. The London co-operative societies report handsome profits. One concern, upon sales of \$5,200,000, is said to have realized \$130,000 clear of expenses, though selling about twenty per cent. below the ordinary retail prices.

An attack by wolves in the streets of an American village is an unusual occurrence, but it was the experience of Mr. Miner, of Joselyn, Minn. Five of these animals, sprang at his horse and tried to get into his wagon, but his dog coming up diverted the attention of the animals who immediately seized and devoured him. His wife and three children, who were with him, at length brought assistance by their incessant shouting.

During the year 1878 forty-eight American railroads, with a mileage of 3,902 miles and an invested capital of \$311,631,000, were sold or passed into the hands of receivers, the totals for three years being 132 roads, 11,623 miles and \$728,463,000 of capital. In that period one-seventh of the total mileage and considerably more than one-seventh of the total capital investment have passed through the final stage of bankruptcy.

An eagle measuring eighty-four inches from tip to tip of wings swooped down upon a flock of geese on the farm of Samuel McCune, near Zanewille, Ohio, when a terrible combat ensued for twenty minutes. Feathers fell in all directions, the geese standing up heroically to the work. The eagle succeeded in killing one and wounding several

others, but was himself captured by a farmer, in a condition of sore distress. Its naked talons measured two and one-half inches.

California cactus is one of the newest articles from which paper is made, and a process has been patented in Germany by a Mr. Nordlinger, of Stuttgart, for rendering the fiber of the hop plant sufficiently tractable for the purpose. The stems and other parts of the plant are boiled in water and soap for three-quarters of an hour, thoroughly washed, and then again boiled in very much diluted acetic acid. The fibers are then washed, dried and combed, and are ready for working.

The London Daily News finds it not easy to determine on account of what event the year 1878 is most likely to become historical. Will it be as the year of the Berlin congress? Will it be as the year of the war in Afghanistan? With many persons no doubt its chief title to fame will seem to be the fact that it is the year of the great exposition in Paris. Others will probably long think of it as the year in which Pope Pius IX. died, others, again, as the year that saw the death of the first king of Italy.

At Princeton, Ill., three brothers of the poet Bryant live, all of them farmers; good, solid men, conspicuous for a sturdy purpose, and a certain inflexible honesty, but not more than ordinarily gifted; that is, two of them are not. Mr. John Howard Bryant is more than an amateur poet. Some of his works have been widely copied, and a few of them have found their way into the enduring form of book. The residence of Mr. J. H. Bryant is the finest house that side of Chicago, and it was a gift from the poet to his brother.

Indiscriminate kissing does not generally have the very best results, as some of America's sensational court records go to show. The physicians of the late Princess Alice have serious charges against kissing. They have investigated the cause of the peculiar virulence of the diphtheria which attacked her family with such fatal results, and have agreed that the rapid spread of the infection was entirely due to imprudent kissing. A child with a sore throat ought not to be permitted to kiss any of its companions.

Gary's Boston motor promises to greatly reduce the expense of telegraphing and change the present methods, the apparatus the inventor has prepared being about as simple as that of a telephone. A piece of soft iron balanced on the neutral line in the magnetic field produces electricity with every vibration, and, being attached to a lever which is manipulated at a key in telegraphing, the dots and dashes of the telegraphic alphabet are communicated to a sounder at the other end of the wire just as in the present method of telegraphing.

An association has been organized in England to protect persons charged with lunacy. The secretary of the society is a lady, and she makes some startling assertions as to the abuse of those alleged to be insane, and the imperfections of the British law. She does not pay a high compliment to the gallantry of English gentlemen, and says: "Suppression of a wife by lunacy certificate is coming to be practiced as an ordinary marital right; and that the lunacy commissions unscrupulously countenance the iniquity." Efforts are being made to obtain the appointment of a royal commission to inquire into the whole subject.

While John Boggs and Leander McElfresh were taking ice from Sugar lake, Kansas, a few feet from the shore, a tree standing at the edge of the lake, at the roots of which a fire was burning, suddenly toppled over and fell with crushing force upon the men and their wagon. Boggs was struck on the head by a heavy limb and was killed instantly. McElfresh was badly crippled by the heavy branches, but was not fatally injured. A man on the shore warned the men as he saw the tree falling, but too late; Boggs had barely time to look upward when he received the fatal blow. The fire had been built at the tree for the men to warm by, and had been burning several days.

A Poisoned Valley.

Near Batten, in Java, is a poisoned valley. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path which had been made for the purpose, a visiting party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of the hill, at the distance of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley a nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin, the inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer and all sorts of birds and wild animals lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was proposed to enter it, and each having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening smell was experienced, with-out any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley. At the expiration of fourteen seconds he fell off his legs without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the company, and went to his companion. On reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and only lived seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a quarter.

AN INDIANA CURIOSITY.

A Maple Tree Growing from a Courthouse Tower 105 Feet from the Ground.

The tower of the courthouse at Greensburg, Ind., is 140 feet in height. One hundred and five feet from the ground is the water sheet of the tower, and above that it is covered with dressed stone, made to fit closely, in slabs two by five feet, including an angle of about thirty degrees from upright.

In the summer of 1870, a citizen of the place was examining the tower with a glass, when he observed, springing from the third crevice about the water sheet on the east side of the tower, 110 feet from the ground, a little twig. But little was thought of it, and it was scarcely discernible with the naked eye. The next spring some interest was exhibited to know if the miniature tree in its strange and exposed position had survived the wintry blasts. It had survived, and when sun and spring showers came on, put out its leaves plentifully and grew luxuriantly all the season. By this time it was easily seen with the eye, but as it could not be approached in any ordinary manner nearer than from the roofs of buildings on the opposite side of the street, its species could not be ascertained. The third spring it put forth with renewed life, vigor and size. Instead of dwindling and drooping from the effects of winter's cold or summer's heat and drought, the atmosphere of justice from below seemed to cause it to flourish extraordinarily. This season it was decided to be a silver maple, sprung, no doubt, from a seed carried by a bird or whirlwind, and lodged in that exalted place. By this time the tree had become famous. Accounts of it had appeared in the papers, but the story was not generally believed. But, nevertheless, the tree lived and grew. It was there, and no mistake. And so it has continued until this day. It is now more than twelve feet high, and it is thought to be three inches in diameter. The top is quite bushy, and in the summer season the leaves are numerous and luxuriant. It can be seen for many miles around, and the stranger approaching first sees the tower and then this phenomenon.

The rapid growth of the tree is forcing the stones apart. This can readily be seen with a glass. Ere long the ambitious maple will have to be brought lower or damage to the building follow. The sheriff has already had several applications from expert climbers to take it down, but the people will not permit their tree to be removed yet. An artist, representing a New York illustrated paper, called to sketch the curiosity, but the leaves were off, and he postponed it until a more favorable time. Persons approaching the place from Cincinnati get a good view of it by looking from the north windows as they draw near Greensburg. Of course it appears to much greater advantage when in full leaf, and at such a time it is indeed a strange curiosity.

About Horse-Cars.

John Stevenson, who built the first street car in 1831, is still making them at New York and shipping them all over the world. His first car was in three compartments, held thirty passengers, and was a cross between an omnibus, a rockaway, and an English railway coach. Stevenson's best make to-day is the bottle one-horse car, costing from \$600 to \$1,000, and is supplanting the heavier and less manageable two-horse affair wherever they have been placed in competition. Stevenson has lived to see nearly 400 street railways built in the United States, and sent his first foreign shipment to Batavia, Java, in 1858. The attempt to introduce street cars in London caused a riot, in which the rails were torn up, but now American cars are running at London, Liverpool, Nottingham, Leeds, Wolverhampton, Hull and Birkenhead, in England; at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, in Scotland; and at Swansea, in Wales. In the British possessions, also, they have been established at Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, St. Johns and Halifax, in the Dominion; at the Cape of Good Hope, the only place in Africa; at Christ Church, Wellington and Dunedin, in New Zealand; at Bombay, the only place in India; at Kingston, in Jamaica; at Adelaide, Port Adelaide and Gamberton, in South Australia, and are soon to be built at Melbourne, Sydney, Tasmania and Hobartown, in New South Wales. The French protective policy has shut American street cars out of all that republic's cities but Calais; but they are running and popular at Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Stockholm, Christiania, Hamburg, Bremen, Amsterdam and Brussels, on the continent. Like the British flag, the sun never sets on American street cars, which are also running at Havana, and at the principal cities of Mexico, Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Chili, Peru, Venezuela, Guayaquil in Ecuador, San Jose in Costa Rica, and are to be substituted for omnibuses at Bogota, the capital of Colombia.

A Woman who Saw Washington.

The recent decease of Mrs. Hepzibah Thomas, an aged Friend, at her home in Philadelphia, recalls the fact that she was one of the few surviving to so late a day who had a distinct and trustworthy recollection of having seen George Washington. Her father was Nathan Spencer, who had, eighty years ago, a considerable estate just east of Germantown, on which, by the way, Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, was buried. In 1798, the yellow fever prevailing in Philadelphia—it carried off 3,657 persons during August and three following months—Oliver Wolcott, who was secretary of the treasury in Washington's cabinet, was boarding with his wife at Mr. Spencer's, and the President, accompanied by his wife—"Lady Washington" by universal usage—came from his out-of-town residence to see him. They rode in the customary state, in a coach drawn by four cream-colored horses, and their advent at Friend Spencer's mansion created naturally no little excitement. His little daughter of five years, after the great general and the stately "Lady" had passed into the Wolcott apartments, ran with other children to look at the distinguished visitors, and peeping in at the window saw them seated inside. "Why," said Hepzibah, "is that Lady Washington? Why, she's only a woman, after all."