

May Baskets.

Open the window, Margie,
And draw the screen away;
My life is a dull December,
But my heart's as young as May.

Listen! The laugh of children!
'Tis a foolish thought, I know,
But it minds me of one May morning
Seventy years ago,

When a merry troop of children
Wakened the quiet street
With babble of talk and laughter,
And swinging, like cossers sweet,

The dear old-time May-baskets,
Ribbioned, and pink and white
With the blessed bloom that gladdened
The gloom of the Pilgrims' night.

And I know by the robin's carol,
And the tender green I see
In the tops of the dear old willows,
That the May will come to me.

Margie, the scent of May-flowers!
I surely, surely know
That one sweet breath! Could the south
wind
Bring it so far? They grow

A mile away on the hillside.
But there's a knock at the door;
Oh for an hour of quiet,
To live my May-days o'er!

What's this? "From Karl and Carrie.
Oh, let my chair be rolled
Just there—into the sunshine—
And give me them to hold!"

I knew their breath, dear Margie;
Forgive these foolish thoughts,
But God has sent these May-flowers
Across the seventy years!

—Mary A. Lathbury.

A Man Without Enthusiasms.

I think that neither of us could have analyzed or satisfactorily explained our mutual attraction, but it is certain that my old class-mate Manson and I were fast friends. He was a most lovable fellow, but had begun, long before our college course came to an end, to show that apparent lack of interest in life that distinguishes what we call a *blase* man; and this at times to a degree at once amusing and exasperating.

Not long ago a party of us, in the pleasant smoking-room of a Pacific steamer, were talking about one of our fellow-passengers—rather a poor specimen of this class—then of the class itself; and the oldest member of the little group, who had been lighting his cigar very deliberately with the little wire which one dips in spirits of wine, resumed his seat with the remark, delivered with great emphasis:

"Well, gentlemen, it's a dreadful thing for a young man to have no enthusiasm." The expression brought Manson to my mind. I do not know why I had not thought of him before, but reminiscences now crowded in upon me and I sat for some moments looking out at the blue waves of the Pacific, and oblivious of the nice points of the discussion. Finally it seemed opportune to me to narrate to the party some of the circumstances under which my friend and I had been thrown together.

He was, as our old schoolmaster once said, "fortunate in his choice of a father," and I feared that the tendency which I have mentioned would be developed by a life of virtual idleness; and when we had parted, and I only knew of his doings through his letters, and those of mutual acquaintances, there was every reason to believe that his forebodings were correct. He made a short trip to Europe, a region which he described as "slow," and then nominally entered on a business life. His abilities were excellent, and his perceptions quick, but after he had been for some time partner in a firm, a friend wrote me that when he met him in the street, and asked him where his office was, he received the reply:

"I don't know. They've moved since I've been there."

I was traveling some years later from India to Europe. We had a fine steamer from Calcutta, and some most agreeable people on board. It was just about the time that some of the officers who had served in him were getting their furlough, and fine fellows they were. My room-mate, a stout, jolly-looking man with red side-whiskers, was in the Residency at Lucknow, and was suffering from a wasting disease, but he was a good shot and they could not spare him; and he used to tell me how, when he had loaded his rifle, they would prop him up on his mattress until he could sight a sepoy and then sink back again. All these men had been through terrible experiences, but they were delighted at going home, and were generally in the highest spirits. I remember that they would not "turn in" at all the night before we ran up the Gulf of Suez, and they were eager to get ashore in the morning. We went up to the hotel built around a courtyard, and found a French woman singing "Il Bacio" in the shrillest of voices to the accompaniment of sundry instruments played by compatriots in fez caps. Even the aquilid bazaar seemed preferable to this, and we were turning to go thither, when I saw, leaning against a pillar, my old friend Manson; and but that he had a "puggery" on his hat, he looked for all the world just as he had looked many times at a performance of "Trovatore" or "Favorita" in the old days at Boston when the supernumeraries were all from our class. I was delighted to meet him, presented him at once to my party, and insisted on his going to Cairo with us. He assented with the remark that he could not be more bored than he had been at Suez. My companions appreciated his fine qualities, and, as they grew better acquainted, were disposed to "chaff" him a little about his eccentricities. Some time before we reached our destination he had been telling us his experiences on arrival in Egypt. He had intended to go to Bombay, but had changed his mind at Suez the day before we arrived.

"Fellows talked to me about grand Cairo," said he, "called it an epitome of the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Portal of the Orient,' and all that sort of thing. I began to think that I might amuse myself for a day there. Our steamer was late; we were sent through by express,

remaining ten minutes in the Cairo station; and all that I saw of the 'Portal of the Orient' looking with sleepy eyes through the window of the railway carriage, was an Englishman in a tweed suit and a sun-hat, standing before a refreshment bar and calling out: 'Two and sixpence for a bottle of soda water? Gracious!'

Soon after that he went to sleep, and just as we rolled into the station I remember that one of the party awakened him by shouting in his ear: 'Passengers for Sodom and Gomorrah will change cars!'

We had hardly time to see the mosque of Mehmet Ali and buy some attar of roses, when we were hurried off to Alexandria, so that our only sight of the Pyramids was from the train. None of us were "griffins," but those majestic structures command interest at all times, and then we had borrowed that wonderful book, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," from the captain of the steamer, and read it carefully, so that we were as eager as schoolboys. I shall never forget the scene which ensued. We were craning our necks to get the first sight, and two or three of us cried out, "There they are!" Manson had been leaning back in his seat with an expression of weariness on his countenance. He raised himself slightly with his hands, took one look, and sank back in his old place with the remark: "One more sensation gone!"

The summer of 186—was an unusually hot one in China. Residents of Shanghai passed their time in an artificial temperature produced by "punkahs" hung over desks, dining-tables and beds—indeed, in every practical situation. The despotism, implacable sun rose each morning as if invigorated for a new career of persecution, and mocked at bamboo shades, blinds and even tiled roofs. Crews of vessels coming up the river were driven from aloft, and strong men, like the Shunamite boy in Scripture, cried out, "My head! my head!" In the latter part of September came the first relief—cool nights; then, at last, refreshing days. I was dressing one morning, with a certain satisfaction in the thought that I might put on a flannel instead of a linen coat, when my "boy" announced, "One piece gentleman has got down side; want-see you." Stretched out on an extension-chair on the veranda I found, on descending, my friend Manson. Responding to my delighted and surprised greetings, he told me that he had suddenly made up his mind to visit the far East, and had started without reflecting that he would reach India and Southern China at just the wrong time. He had been nearly dead with heat, narrowly escaped a sunstroke at Canton, and was caught in a typhoon between Manila and Hong Kong. I had a room made ready for him, found him a good Canton servant, and introduced him to the club. He was unanimously voted a success.

To people as busy as we all were with the new season's teas, a perfectly lazy man was a refreshing spectacle; and his languid indifference and dry conversation were declared extremely "good form."

In a few weeks I made up my mind to take a two or three days' holiday and carry out a cherished plan of a boat-trip on the Yangtze, and Manson agreed to accompany me. We had a large "house-boat" of Chinese model and rig, a fair sailer and very comfortable; and our two Canton boys—Ah Wing and Ah How—our cook were sure to give us good things. I was obliged, on account of the illness of my "lowdah," or captain, to engage a new one at short notice. I did not know much about him, and did not like his looks, but I never dreamed of any trouble with him or the crew which he engaged. There was a gun-rack in the cabin, and I had put in a couple of Enfield rifles belonging to the volunteers and two Sharp's rifles from the Hong, thinking that we might compare their performance at a target. Manson, to my amusement, added to the armory an elephant rifle, carrying a heavy ball, which he had brought from India, and his own old Kentucky hunting rifle, which he had been "backing," he said, against all others. I laughed at this battery (little thinking what I was to owe to it), and threw in a couple of revolvers to complete our assortment.

I shall never forget the sail down the Wongpoo, or Shanghai river, that pleasant afternoon. To appreciate the cool breeze from the southwest one must have endured the sufferings of the summer, and it seemed to blow rather from some breezy upland "at home," than from the low-lying, damp paddy-fields. As we left the settlement behind I felt like a boy having a first holiday, and even fancied that the ordinary sunset reminded me of some of the gorgeous ones I had seen in more favored latitudes. We passed Wootung and the dilapidated earth-works below rounded Paoshan Point, and ran a long way before we anchored for the night. In the morning we were under way in good season, and bore for the north shore. We had our coffee and toast, and were sitting aft, when Ah Wing, my favorite servant, as clever and "plucky" a boy as ever wore a pigtail, came aft to speak to me.

"Master," said he, "jussee now mi see two piece junk come. Mi think he no good junk. Mi fear he b'long la-lie-loon (they are larders or pirates). Mi askee that lowdah (he mouf no speakee poppla (his mouth does not answer me properly)). Mi say junk b'long he fien (is his friend). Mi wolly fear he no good man."

I ran forward and looked at the two junks. We had changed our course, and were running west, with the wind on our beam. They were coming toward us, but both considerably to the north, and one more so than the other. Their character was unmistakable, as was the expression on the lowdah's face. He spoke a few words of pidgin English, and on my telling him to turn, said with a grin: "No want see go back Shanghai."

There was not a moment to lose. I had not even time to explain matters to Manson. If anything can make one think and act quickly, it is the approach of Chinese pirates. I jumped down the companion-ladder, seized a large revolver, loaded and capped, concealed it under my coat, and told Ah Wing to come forward with me. As I passed Manson, who was coolly smoking, and asked no questions, I whispered:

"Stand by the helm, and wait for the word, in case of need."

I told Ah Wing, in as mild a tone as I could command, to tell the lowdah that he had misunderstood me, and that I wanted him to turn around. He was off his guard, and replied in a rapid Chinese sentence, and with a chuckle.

"He talk no wanchee," said Ah Wing.

The man was nothing to me at that moment but a mad dog. Why I did not blow his brains out I do not know. I had backed up to the rail and could put my hand on a sort of belaying pin. I think I even calculated the force of the blow

that laid him out on the deck, before the villainous grin was off his face. There were five men in the crew. One was steering, two I pitched down the little hatch, which I secured. The others, thoroughly frightened, did as Ah Wing, not a bad sailor himself, told them. Manson put the helm hard down, and in a moment we had come about, the sails were drawn, and we were well in the wayward, and under full headway. I gave my revolver to Ah Wing, with directions as to what he was to do; and no "Caucasian" could have obeyed more promptly and intelligently. We dragged the wretch aft, and pinioned hands and feet, in anticipation of his coming to himself. Manson had the helm, and I asked him to give it to one of the crew. Ah Wing was then told (and to this day, I remember how curiously the pidgin English contrasted with the grim nature of the communication) to make it clear to the helmsman, that if the boat went one inch to leeward of her course, and to the two sailors that if they moved, except under orders, from the positions in which they were placed—covered by the revolver—they were dead men.

"You sabe deed" (you perfectly understood) I asked Ah Wing.

He was one of the few Chinamen who have what the plainmen happily call land, or dogged grit, and I saw it in his eyes as he cocked the revolver and replied: "Alla lightee (all right)! Mi can do."

"At your leisure," said a cool voice, "perhaps you will tell me what this is all about," and Manson lit a fresh cheroot. I explained to him that we had barely escaped destruction by treachery, and were even then in a dire strait. We could not expect to sail as fast as the pirates, and our only hope was in their being so far to leeward, and in range of our rifles. I was perfectly sure of my man, and there was positively none in my whole acquaintance whom I would so readily have with me as my old friend, the *blase*, indifferent, dilettante Manson. He shook me by the hand, and said in a cheery voice, wholly unlike his ordinary one:

"All right, old fellow, we'll beat them."

A more impetuous though equally brave man would have been far less efficient. Indeed, nothing could have been fiercer than his behavior. The rifles, six in number, were brought up and laid side by side on the top of the cabin. Ah How told me that he "sabe loadsee that gun," and to my great surprise, our old fat cook ("Buddha," we used to call him, as his countenance expressed the idea of eternal silence and rest) volunteered his services in this line as well. Then we settled down to our work, no old Paladin or Viking ever more collected and deliberate, and at the same time showing more of the *gudium certaminis* than our old used-up, bored member of the class of 185—. Could we keep those junks out of jangle range until we reached a place of safety? They had high sterns, and the steersman could be plainly seen. Manson took his Kentucky and knelt down away aft and aimed slowly and deliberately. Almost simultaneously I succeeded in "drawing a bead" on a large man in the bow of the junk nearer to us. Just as the rifles cracked she fell off visibly and lost way before the dead steersman could be replaced, nor was the large man again visible.

"I am afraid I can't do as well with the elephant rifle," said Manson, "but I can try. Let us both fire continually at the steersmen." We did so, with varying success. Ah How and the cook loaded rapidly and well, but the rifles were soon somewhat heated, and the breech-loaders missed fire several times.

The junks were heavily manned and could quickly fill the places of those whom we could be plainly seen. Manson took his Kentucky and knelt down away aft and aimed slowly and deliberately. Almost simultaneously I succeeded in "drawing a bead" on a large man in the bow of the junk nearer to us. Just as the rifles cracked she fell off visibly and lost way before the dead steersman could be replaced, nor was the large man again visible.

"I believe there is a foreigner there," said he, "who is directing and inspiring them. He has escaped us thus far. If I can get a sight of him and can hit him, I believe we shall get rid of this junk. Since you picked off that last steersman, I continued, as a jingal ball struck the mast. He asked Ah How to let him load the Kentucky rifle himself, and measured out the powder, wrapped the ball in a scrap of buckskin and rammed it carefully home. Then he knelt down and watched his chance. All this time Ah Wing had kept his eyes and the revolver on the steersman, and our boat had done her best. The jingal balls were getting uncomfortably frequent, and it was only a small satisfaction to me to have sent an Enfield bullet through the head of one gunner, just as he was getting his sight. All at once I heard the report of Manson's rifle and the quiet remark from him:

"Habit!"

I saw the junk fall off, saw manifest confusion on board, saw an opening for two or three good shots, and had seized a fresh gun, when I heard Ah How cry: "Master, hab got steamer, wolly near."

Hardly one of us had glanced ahead for half an hour. As for the steersman and the crew, they had clearly but one thought, and that was—to save their heads. It was with a strange feeling of relief and satisfaction that I saw H. M. gunboat Petulant puffing along toward us. In five minutes she was alongside, and I saw my friend Lieutenant Graham's jolly face over her rail.

"What the deuce is the row, old fellow?" he asked in a perplexed way. I explained as briefly as possible, and told him that I thought we had almost finished the job, but he was welcome to the rest of it. He could hardly wait for me to finish my story.

"You won't come with us, then? Well, good-bye, old fellow. See you in Shanghai. Full speed ahead! Beat to quarters! Look out now, and clear away the bow-gun!"

In less than five minutes we heard his report, and the shot crash into the junk's side. We had had fighting enough for that day and concluded to

push on for home. The junks had gone about, but we knew that they were doomed, and the roar of the broadside soon informed us that it would be quick work. Ah Wing never moved. He would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away.

Ah How and "Buddha" took the guns below, and made everything tidy, and we had hardly rounded Paoshan Point when Ah Wing came up and said:

"That cook make enquire what thing you likee chow chow" (eat).

We had a jolly dinner the next night. Lieutenant Graham and a couple of his officers came just in time. They had handed the survivor of the junks' crews over to the Chinese authorities, in whose care our rascally lowdah also was. They had made short work of their fight, and had no casualties. When the cloth was removed, I tried to get Manson to make a speech, but the only thing I could get him to say was that he was never less bored in his life than during the skirmish.

I have not seen him for years. He drifts between the Old and the New World, and when I last wrote to him I quoted Hawthorne's expression about the danger of doing so until the only inheritance left him in either was the six feet for his final resting-place. But, as I had before insisted to my group in the smoking-room, it is a great mistake to judge by appearance, and I am surer of nothing than that I shall never see a finer fellow, on this side of Jordan, than my friend, the man without enthusiasms.

—Scribner.

Roses.

From time immemorial the rose has been esteemed as the pre-eminent flower. The Greeks dedicated it to Aurora, the goddess of Morning, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and fragrance, and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from its transitoriness and its thorns. It was given by the god of Love to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, as a bribe, to prevent him from betraying Venus. And because of this pretty mythological fancy it was sometimes sculptured on the ceilings of banqueting rooms to remind the guests that what was said in hours of conviviality ought not to be repeated; and from this comes the familiar "under the rose," or *sub rosa*.

Grecian poets say that the rose was originally white, and was changed to red, either by the blood of Venus, who pierced her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis, who, in the prime of his famed beauty, was killed and mangled by a wild boar; or, according to some, by the blood of Adonis himself. These poets say that the exquisite perfume of the rose is derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid, and that its thorns are the stings of the bees with which the care of his boy was strung.

The Romans also favored the rose. Their banqueting-rooms were strewn with it; they wore garlands of it at their feasts, and their ladies' favorite perfume was rose water.

The Persians believe that in spring the nightingale flutters and complains about the rose-bushes, until he falls to the ground, charmed and narcotized, as it were, by the subtle, delicious and most powerful odor. This pretty fable of the beautiful and ambrosial flower of its love, is told by the poet Attar, in a work called "Bahai Nume," the book of the nightingale. Like this: "The world of birds came before King Solomon, charging the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the brood, and plaintive warbling that all night long he trills in a sort of frenzy or intoxication. The accused bird is summoned, questioned, and acquitted by the wise man, and the nightingale's defence is that he cannot suppress his passionate and pathetic lament, because his intense love for the queen of flowers has distracted him."

In France, in the middle ages, the knights at a tournament were embroidered on their sleeves a rose as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty is the reward of valor. About this time, too, in France the flowers were esteemed so precious that none but the wealthy and influential were permitted to cultivate them, and later tenants were taxed "so many bushels of roses that were used for rose-water not only, but for covering the tables instead of napkins."

There are few persons who have not some sad or pleasant memory connected with this interesting flower. There are the roses that grew in their pale, wild loveliness on the green hillside, where we played with the laughing, romping friends of our childhood; there are the roses that grew big and red and fragrant behind the gate, or the old stone wall of the dear old home—or climbed to the very roof, dangling dewy and delicious, before the window of the little room in which we sat in the silvery moonlight or golden sunlight, years and years ago, when the heart was young and the brow unwrinkled, dreaming of splendid possibilities never to be realized. There is the dead rose, old and scentless, hidden away in some dark, locked receptacle, a memento of an affection that has perished—of a beloved one that has passed out of our lives forever. There are the white roses worn by the joyous bride, or lying on a coffin lid, or blossoming on the grave of the dearest, the best, and the lost.

Everywhere, in mirth or mourning, in sorrow or in gladness, in remembrance or in hope, in scenes of gayety or in haunts of despair, the rose, the flower of flowers, brings to us its beauteous presence or some interesting association.

The Way to Do It.

There is nothing like tact to help one over the rough places of life. In a steamboat cabin the man who persistently stands before the light is around. Party with newspaper, after trying long and unsuccessfully to read in the other's shade, finally gives his sorrow words; but he does it in such a cross-grained manner that he gets "sassed" back, besides being laughed at by all present. Which is not pleasant. Now, mark the man of tact. Sweetly smiling, he says, with an obsequious bending of the head: "My dear sir, I beg your pardon for mentioning it; but your silhouette as it falls athwart my paper, though eminently pleasing to contemplate, nevertheless interferes just a trifle with my perusal of the contents of the sheet." Say something like this, or refer politely to the absence of windows in his head, and not only will he not be offended, but he will love you with a love surpassing that of woman.

—Boston Transcript.

It is the duty of gate posts to stand by each other.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Three years ago an Englishman named Hebron was convicted of murder, and narrowly escaped the scaffold. The man Place, who was hung recently, confessed that he had committed the murder for which Hebron was undergoing punishment; and now the British government is taking steps to compensate Hebron for the wrong done to him by the law.

Facts about the city of London are always interesting, and we find a few in the *Cornhill Magazine*. London is spread over about 7,000 square miles. There is one death there every six minutes, and one birth every four. The growth of the population is at the rate of 75,000 a year, or 205 each day. The total length of streets in London is about 7,000 miles; there are built every year about 9,000 new houses, by which the length of the streets is increased by twenty-eight miles. In the jails there is an average of 75,000 prisoners. The foreign-born residents of London number about 100,000, but thirty-seven per cent. of the whole population were born out of the city.

It is suggested in the *Washington Republic* that in the event of another mine disaster like that at Sugar Notch, Pa., where seven miners were imprisoned five days by a fallen roof, the microphone could be used to advantage. "Mr. Edison's microphone causes the footsteps of a fly or the growth of vegetation to sound as loud as the noise of a horse's hoofs on the street pavement. The idea intended to be conveyed is that the microphone would discover the existence of life within the mine should the imprisoned miners resort to sound signals. A very simple code consisting of half a dozen signals might be generally taught for use in such cases of accident." An instrument which "causes the growth of vegetation to sound as loud as the noise of a horse's hoofs on the street pavement" must be something terrible in its way!

Henry Smith did his California gold mining in a peculiar way. He was a watchman in the government mint at San Francisco. At the close of each day's work the employees were thoroughly searched before going out of the building, and all of the precious metal on the premises was carefully locked up. Then Smith went on guard for the night. In one of the rooms under his charge was a strong iron tank, in which gravels of gold were placed to be washed. An iron cover was securely locked on, but through a small hole ran a rubber tube to carry a stream of water. Smith unscrewed the tube every night, and with a narrow spoon, removed a small quantity of gold. The loss was so small in each instance as to be undiscovered, and it was only when the thief was caught stealing the metal that he was suspected. He confesses that he has made \$20,000 in two years by his operations.

The death of Mme. Bonaparte and the story of her marriage that it naturally revives brings to mind the French marriage laws. It will be remembered that the nearest she could come to getting her son legitimized was the official declaration that he was "a legitimate son of France." This was rather more vague than satisfactory; and the occasion is a fit one to call to mind the perils of marrying a Frenchman. No Frenchman can marry without the consent of his parents, or, if they are dead, of his grandparents. If he is over twenty-five, and they refuse, he may send them, through a public notary, three respectfully-written requests two weeks apart, and then the mayor can authorize him to proceed. If, however, he is a person of political prominence, this publicity of family differences is tacitly forbidden by custom, and the scandal of such publicity must be avoided by the abandonment of the proposed marriage. That is, the greater man the son is, the greater is the hold of his parents upon him.

In a memorial to Congress relative to the coming census of the United States, the superintendent of the census of 1890, Mr. Kennedy, gives the following statistics as an illustration of the stupendous results from a single hive of bees, transported to the Pacific coast less than thirty years ago. From the single colony of San Diego, California, in 1876 there was shipped the astonishing figure of 1,250,000 pounds. In 1877 there were in that county 23,000 colonies of bees, and in one day, September 6, 1878, there were shipped from that port 78 barrels, 1,053 cases and 18 tons; and that from and including July 17 to November 10, 1878, less than four months, that one colony exported over 1,000 barrels, 14,544 cases and nearly 20 tons. He who would strike out (from the census report) the item of honey, could not have known, so great has the interest in this product become, that many people in California have from 500 to 1,000 hives, and that over 100 people in one county have each more than 100 colonies of bees. According to the London *Times* of January 18, there arrived in November at Liverpool 80 tons of honey, the product of the bees of one individual, and that a Mr. Hodge, in the first week of January last, landed 100 tons at a London wharf, the product of California. The annual product of honey has grown to 35,000,000 pounds annually.

No city in the republic, not even New York, so swarms with adventuresses as Washington, which has for years been the chosen field of the bold, dangerous, wholly unprincipled tribe. They can be counted by hundreds; they are of every sort and degree. They are in the departments, at the hotels, at the boarding-houses—everywhere that a man can be found, seduced or frightened. Their missions are multifarious, and their movements mysterious. They are seeking positions; they are lobbyists; they have, or their friends have, claims. They need personal, political, pecuniary assistance—indeed, all kinds, except the moral kind. Most of them are blackmailers. They are so crafty and treacherous that public men of reputation or means are afraid of them, and always on the alert against them. The late Salmon P. Chase, we read, would never, during his official life at the capital, see a woman he did not know intimately, except in the presence of witnesses. Many Congressmen, Senators and other officeholders have also made it a rule to receive no visits from women alone. The experiences of others, if not their own, has made them wary and apprehensive. There are, doubtless, many many men not afraid of any man. We question if there be any man not afraid of women. If there be, he has surely never been in Washington.

The New York Tribune pays this

tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. Hale: "Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who died in Philadelphia, preached a sermon with every one of her ninety-one years to the present generation. This good old lady had, probably, no great genius, nor either creative or executive ability as capital in life; she never bestrode any great idea, and with it helped to drag her age forward (or backward), and herself into notoriety. She never fought for suffrage or engineered any party reform, or feminine sect or clique. Her literary work would probably be called mediocre by more brilliant women. But it was always—what the work of but few women is—thoroughly sweet and healthy. Her public work was always founded on some wholesome, clean, womanly feeling; the completion of the Bunker Hill monument, the foundation of the Society for the Aid of Seamen, and above all the establishment of the beautiful New England festival of thanksgiving as a national holiday, are all due to her quiet, persistent efforts. More than this, left a widow and penniless, she reared and educated her five children and placed them honorably in the world. Her work began when she was sixteen, and she only laid it down, 'to take a little rest,' two years ago, at eighty-nine. How many eager, ambitious, overworked women of the present generation can offer as fair a record? The secret lies in the fact that Mrs. Hale had a thoroughly healthy body, a strong will, firm control of temper, and that her life was always a quiet and secluded one."

Through Japan.

Our men sped on with their ceaseless chant, steering carefully among the ruts in the sandy track, and when a plunge was made, looking round with a merry smile. We crossed wooden bridges, and passed white shrines with the priests' houses beside them like a manse; we climbed low hills, where the mosses and ferns were as vivid as at home; we ran by the bank of a rapid river, then disappeared among narrow paths through the weedy fields, wound in and out among the walls and houses of a village as if we proposed to visit every family in turn, and, without warning, emerged on a country road as wide as one of our own. There were few birds and few flowers, and of the latter little more than some patches of chrysanthemums, the purple bell of the egg-plant, and coxcombs that stood six feet high, and were sometimes broad in proportion. We met perambulators packed with vegetables on their way to market, and men with the lambs shoulder-pole innumerable; one carried sixteen barrels, presumably empty, eight on each end; and another rose from a well with seventeen small kegs of water; if one basket was full, a baby, an umbrella or a hat was slung into the other. Messengers met us, a parcel-post swift as Mercury, and no better clothed; and porters pushed their loads; and farmers with broad hats pressed forward on business to the nearest town; hands of pilgrims clothed in white, long staff in hand, and wearing huge rosaries and scapulars, with usually one that had a bell about his neck to keep the rest from starving, would stop as we went by. Every one was good humored, and every one said "Good morning" ("Ohayo"), and the best of school-children crowded low as they did their piece of manners. Only the yellow-robed priests, with shaven crowns and sly small eyes, looked at us askance, as if some evil speech was in their heads. And all the way it seemed as if every one was bent on doing the opposite of what we do at home. The cows had bells on their tails instead of their necks; the horses are clothed in winter, the men naked; the bullocks wear straw shoes, carry an extra pair, and leave the worn ones untidily about the streets; the horse stands in his stable with his head from the stall, and when he is brought out the rider mounts him from the right; when acquaintances meet each other they shake their own hand; people write down the page, and they kneel at dinner; the sailor sews from him; the carpenter planes to him; the teeth of the saw and the thread of the screw run in the opposite direction to ours, and their locks turn to the left; the blacksmith pulls the bellows with his foot; the cooper holds the tub with his toes; house contractors begin to build from the roof; gardens are watered from a little pail with a wooden spoon; it is not the nightingale, but the crow, and that is their bird of love; the lamb is an emblem of stupidity; suicide is a pleasure which has to be prevented by a royal decree; and it is a compliment to be called a goose.—*Good Words*.

A Bath in the Dead Sea.

A correspondent, after bathing in the Dead Sea, describes his experience in the following words: "The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Niagara river below the falls, seemed to me a little more bitter and salty than that of Salt Lake, although brighter and more attractive to the eye when seen close at hand. Its supporting power struck me as a little greater, also, than that of Salt Lake, as the body floated more easily, and the difficulty of swimming was greater on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution that the water has what is called, I believe, a 'ropy' appearance, much like that of a plate of well-made tapioca soup. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water there was not so large a deposit of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt Lake and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly as I expected, was rather oily and sticky. Our dinner that night was seasoned with salt made from Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the best article of brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and though foreign substances were evidently present in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. I was told that two quarts of water will produce one quart of salt, but this is probably an exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water, I may add, what many of my readers may already know—that there is no living thing of any kind in it; that even the driftwood brought down by the floods in the Jordan is speedily cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width about ten miles; that it is over 1,300 feet at its deepest point; and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by evaporation, as its great depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must preclude the idea of a subterranean outlet."

The people of Petrolia, Pa., recently witnessed the unusual spectacle of seeing an oil train shoot through the town with the rapidity of lightning and a number of the cars on fire. With considerable difficulty the balance of the train was saved just beyond the town.