Wheat.

MAY.

So many shades of tender green
Are rippling, shimmering, pulsing with delight,
Soft, cool and billowy, like the glimmering sheen
Of some grand river in the morning light,
Thrilling with hope, its life is fair,
Its joy is full, all through the lovely May
Simply grows and waves, nor tries to bear
The coming burden of the harvest day.

JUNE.

Steeped in hot sunshine, lightly swing
The long bright stalks, whose bearded heads hang down
Beneath their fruitful burden, which the spring,
Departing, laid upon them as a crown.
Sweeter and graver life has grown,
The green just touched to gold by deep'ning June,
Warm, bright with glowing, with its mellowing tone
Flecked with the shadows of the afternoon.

JULY.

A serried ranks the golden sheaves
Gleam faintly in the sunset's fading red,
While some reluctant blackbird slowly leaves
The fruitful gleanings for his quiet bed;
And thus, with full fruition blest,
The wheat stands reaped. It hath no more to yield,
And thankfully, before he seeks his rest,
The weary reaper gazes o'er his field.

—*Cornelia Scabring.*

THE CHILD SPY.

His name was Stenne, little Stenne. He was a "child of Paris," thin and pale, and was ten, perhaps fifteen years old, for one can never say exactly how old those children are. His mother was dead, and his father, an ex-marine, was the guardian of a square in the quarter of the Temple. The nurses and babies, the old ladies who always carry their own folding chairs, and the poor mothers, all that small world of Paris which seeks shelter from vehicles, in those gardens that are surrounded by pavements, knew Father Stenne and loved him. They knew that under his rough mustache, which was the terror of dogs and disturbers of benches, was hidden a kind, tender and almost motherly smile, and that in order to bring it forth they had only to say to the good man:

"How is your little son?"

For Father Steene loved his little son so much!

He was so happy in the afternoon when, after his school, the little boy would call for him, and together they would make the rounds of the paths, stopping at each bench to speak to the habitues of the square and to answer their good wishes.

But when the siege began everything was sadly changed. Father Stenne's square was closed and filled with petroleum, and the poor man, condemned to an incessant surveillance, passed his life in the deserted, upturned paths, quite alone, not permitted to smoke, and only seeing his little son late in the evening at his home. You should have seen his mustache when he spoke of the Prussians. Little Stenne, however, did not complain of this new life.

A siege! Nothing is more amusing for such urchins. No more school, no more studies! Holiday all the while, and the streets as exciting as a fair.

The child ran about all day till nightfall. He followed the battalions of the quarter to the ramparts, choosing those that had a good band. Little Stenne was well posted on that subject. He would tell you very glibly that the Ninety-sixth band was not worth much, but the Fifty-fifth had an excellent one. Sometimes he would watch the mobiles training, and then there were the processions. * * * With his basket under his arm he would join the long files that were formed in the dark cold winter mornings, when there was no gas, before the butchers' and bakers' shops. There, with their feet in the wet, the people would make acquaintances and talk politics, and, as he was Mr. Stenne's son, everybody would ask him his opinion. But the most amusing of all were the afternoon games, especially the famous game of galoche, which the Breton mobiles made the fashion during the siege. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts or baker's shop you would be sure to find him at the square of the Chateau d'Eau. He did not play, however; it needed too much money; he was satisfied in watching the players with all his eyes.

One especially, a great fellow in a blue workman's blouse, who only played with five-franc pieces, excited his admiration. When he ran one could hear the coins jingling under his blouse.

One day as he was picking up a piece that had rolled under little Stenne's feet, the great fellow said to him in a low tone: "That makes you wink, hey? Well, if you wish, I'll tell you where they're to be found."

The game over, he took him to a corner of the square and proposed that he should join him in selling newspapers to the Prussians—that he would make thirty francs for every trip. At first Stenne was very indignant and refused, and what was more, he remained away from the game for three days—three terrible days. He neither ate nor slept any more. At midnight he would see great heaps of galoches piled on the foot of his bed and five-franc pieces moving over it, bright and shining. The temptation was too strong for him. The fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the large fellow and was overcome.

* * * * *

They set out one sunny morning, a linen bag thrown over their shoulders and their newspapers hidden under their blouses. When they reached the Flanders gate it was yet hardly dawn. The great fellow took Stenne by the hand and approached the sentinel—a good civilian with a red nose and kind air. He said to him, with a plaintive tone:

"Let us pass, my good monsieur. Our mother is ill and papa is dead. We are going to see my little brother and I, if we can't find some potatoes to pick up in the fields."

He cried, and Stenne, who was ashamed, lowered his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, and then, giving a glance over the white, deserted road, "Go quickly," said he to them, moving aside; and then they were in the road to Auberville. How the large fellow laughed!

Confusedly, as though in a dream, little Stenne saw the manufactories transformed into barracks, their tall chimneys, which pierced the fog and seemed to reach the sky, fireless and battered. Now and again they would see a sentinel and officers who were looking far off through their field-glasses, and their small tents, wet with snow, which was melting before dying fires. The large fellow knew the way, and would take short cuts over the fields in order to escape the outposts. But suddenly they came upon a large body of sharpshooters too late to escape them. They were in their little cabins, hidden in a ditch half full of water, and encamped along the Soissons railway. This time, though the large fellow recommenced his tearful story, they would not let him pass. As he was lamenting, an old sergeant, white and wrinkled, and who looked like old Father Stenne, came out of the post guard's cabin.

"Well, little ones, don't cry any more!" said he to the children, "we will let you go after your potatoes, but before you leave, come in and warm yourselves a little. * * * He looks frozen that small boy there!"

Alas! It was not with cold that little Stenne trembled; it was from fear, from shame. * * * In the post-house they found some soldiers gathered round a small fire, a real widow's fire, by whose blaze they were thawing their biscuits on the end of their bayonets. They crowded close together so as to make room for the children. They gave them a drop of wine and a little coffee. While they were drinking, an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low voice, and then quickly went away. "Boys?" said the sergeant, as he came back radiant, "there will be tobacco to-night. * * * We have found out the Prussians' password. I think this time we will take back from them that Bourget."

Then there followed an explosion of bravos and laughter. They danced and sang and swung their sabers in the air. Profiting by the tumult, the children disappeared. Having passed the breastwork nothing remained to be crossed but the plain, at the end of which was a long white wall filled with loop-holes. They directed their steps toward this, stopping every now and then and making believe to look for potatoes. "Let us return; don't go any further," little Stenne said all the while, but the large one only shrugged his shoulders and went on. Suddenly they heard the click of a gun being aimed at them. "Lie down," said the large boy, throwing himself on the ground. When he was down he whistled and another whistle answered him over the snow, and they went on, climbing on their hands and knees. In front of the wall, and even with the ground, two yellow mustaches under greasy caps appeared, and the large boy leaped into the ditch beside the Prussians. "That is my brother," said he, pointing to his companion. He was so small—little Stenne—that on seeing him the Prussians began to laugh, and one of them was obliged to take him in his arms in order to lift him over the breach.

On the other side of the wall were large breastworks, fallen trees and black holes in the snow, and in each one of these was the same yellow mustache and greasy cap, and there was great laughing as the soldiers saw the children pass by.

In a corner was a gardener's house, casemated with the trunks of trees, the lower part of which was full of soldiers, who were playing cards and making soup over a clear, bright fire. How good the cabbages and the bacon smelt, and what a difference to the sharpshooter's bivouac! Up stairs were the officers, and they heard them playing on the piano and opening champagne bottles. When the Parisians entered the room a hurrah of joy greeted them. They gave up their newspapers, and the officers gave them something to drink and made them talk. They all had a proud, hard look, but the large boy amused them with his Parisian gayety and his gamin slang. They laughed and repeated his words after him, and seemed to wallow with delight in the Parisian mud he brought them.

Little Stenne, too, would have liked to have talked and to have proved that he was not stupid, but something embarrassed him. Opposite to him, sitting apart, was a Prussian, older and more serious than the others, who was reading, or rather seeming to read, for he never took his eyes off little Stenne, and there was in his glance both tenderness and reproach, as though this man might have had a child of little Stenne's age at home, and as if he were saying to himself: "I would rather die th[illegible] my son doing such a thing," and [illegible] looked at little Stenne the boy felt as if a hand was clutching at his heart and keeping it from beating. To escape the anguish he began to drink, and soon everything turned around him. He heard vaguely, amid loud laughs, his comrade making fun of the National Guards, of their way of going through their drill, he imitated an assault of arms in the Marais, and a surprise at night on the ramparts. Then the large boy lowered his voice, the officers approached nearer to him and their faces grew more solemn. The miserable fellow was telling them about that night's premeditated attack, of which the sharpshooters had spoken. Then little Stenne rose, furious and completely sobered:

"Don't tell that fellow, I won't have you."

But the other only laughed and continued; but before he had finished the officers were all on their feet, and one of them, showing the door to the children, told them to "Begone!" and they began to talk hurriedly together in German. The large boy left the room as proud as a doge, clinking his money. Little Stenne followed him, holding down his head, and as he was passing the Prussian whose look had so disturbed him:

"Not nice that, not nice," and the tears came into his eyes.

Once more in the plain the children began to run and return toward Paris quickly. Their sacks were filled with potatoes which the Prussians had given them, and with these they passed the sharpshooters' encampment without any trouble. They were preparing for the night attack. Troops were arriving silently, and were massed behind the wall. The old sergeant was there, busily engaged arranging his men with such a happy look. When the children passed near him he recognized them and smiled kindly at them. Oh! how badly that smile made little Stenne feel. For a moment he felt as if he should burst out crying and say to them: "Don't go there. * * * We have betrayed you." But the other boy told him that he spoke a word they would be shot, and so fear kept him silent.

At Courneuve they entered an abandoned house to divide their money. Truth compels me to say that the division was honestly made, and, when he heard the fine crowns sounding under his blouse and thought of the future games of galoche, little Stenne thought his crime was not so dreadful after all.

But when he was alone, the unhappy child—when at the gates of the city the large boy left him, then his pockets grew heavy and the hand that had been grasping his heart held it tighter still. Paris seemed no longer the same to him; the passers-by regarded him severely, as if they knew from whence he came, and he heard the word "spy" in all the sounds of the street and the beating of the drums along the canal where the troops were exercising. At last he reached his home, and, glad to find that his father had not come in, he hurried to his room and hid the crowns that were weighing so heavily under his pillow. Never had Father Senne been so good-humored and joyous as he was that night on coming home. Good news had been received from the provinces; the country's affairs were going better. Whilst he was eating, the old soldier looked at his gun hung on the wall and he said to the boy, with a hearty laugh: "Hey! my son, how you would go after the Prussians, if you were old enough!" About eight o'clock they heard the sound of a cannon. "It is at Aubervilliers; they are fighting at Bourget!" said the old man, who knew where all the forts were situated. Little Stenne grew pale, and, feigning great fatigue, went to bed, but not to sleep. The cannons were thundering continuously. He pictured to himself the sharpshooters going at night to surprise the Prussians, and falling into an ambuscade themselves. He recalled the sergeant who had smiled at him, and saw him stretched out there in the snow and so many others with him! * * * The price of all that blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he, the son of Mr. Steane—of a soldier— His tears choked him. In the adjoining room he heard his father walking to and fro, and then open a window. Down in the street the rappel was sounded; a battalion of mobiles were getting ready to start. Then there was no doubt about there being a real battle going on. The unhappy boy could not keep back his sobs.

"What is the matter with you?" asked his father, entering his room. The child could bear it no longer; he jumped from his bed and threw himself at his father's feet. In so doing the silver crowns rolled down on the floor.

"What is this? Have you been stealing?" asked the old man, beginning to tremble. Then, all in one breath, little Stenne told him that he had been to the Prussians, and all that he had done, and as he was speaking, he felt his heart grow lighter; it comforted him to make the confession. His father listened to him with a terrible look on his face, and when the story was told, he buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Father, father—!" the child tried to say, but the old man pushed him on without replying to him, and picked up the money.

"Is that all?" he asked. Little Stenne made a sign that it was; then the old man took down his gun and cartridges, and putting the money in his pocket, said:

"I am going to return it to them," said he, and without another word—without even turning his head, he went down into the street, and joined the mobiles who were starting off in the night. He was never seen again!—*From the French of Alphonse Daudet.*

A Pigmy Painter.

In a recent exhibition of old and curious paintings in Holland was a portrait of Oliver Cromwell. It was by no means a masterpiece of art, being a somewhat feeble imitation in style of Sir Peter Lely, the court painter of Charles I. of England. But it was a real curiosity in its way.

Its painter was Richard Gibson, otherwise known as the "dwarf artist." Gibson was three feet two inches high. He was born in 1615. While serving as a page for a lady at Mortlake, she noticed his talent for drawing, and caused him to be instructed by De Keeyn, the superintendent of the famous Mortlake tapestry works. The little artist became very skillful as a copier of Sir Peter Lely's pictures, and attracted the attention of Queen Henrietta Maria. She made him her husband's page, and married him to a dwarf young lady of exactly his own height, who waited on her. The wedding of the dainty little pair was honored by the presence of the king and queen, and Edmund Waller, the poet, commemorated it by a poem. When Charles lost his scepter and his [illegible], and passed with his queen out of English lines, his little protege lived and throve. He had painted the king's portrait, and now was called upon to limn that of the protector. Cromwell regarded him with particular and kindly favor. On the restoration he again changed coats, and entered the service of Charles II. He was drawing master to the Princesses Mary and Anne. But the wild court of the son of his old master did not suit the tastes of the pigmy painter, now grown old. He retired to private life, and died in 1690. His wife, after giving birth to nine children, all of whom attained ordinary size, died in 1709, at the age of ninety.

A Pittsburgh Man's Luck.

Newspapers nowadays are full of stories of the marvelous luck which has befallen people who did not look for anything of the kind to happen. Every now and then we hear of somebody having a large fortune left to them by the death of a distant relative, a cousin in California, or something of that kind. Not long ago a young Pittsburgher had a singular piece of luck happen to him. One day the young gentleman in question was walking down Fifth avenue when he saw an old and rather decrepit man slip on a crossing and fall heavily. He aided him to regain his footing, and helped him into a neighboring drug store, where the old man had his leg mended with sticking plaster, as he had knocked some of the skin off. The old fellow seemed very grateful for the courtesy which had been shown him, and, after asking the name of the young man who had been of service to him, he wrote it down in a memorandum book, and said, as he shook hands, "My name is——, I am from Massachusetts. Some day, perhaps, you may hear from me." Time passed on, and all recollection of the occurrence passed from the Pittsburgher's mind. He became embarrassed in business, and was reduced to extreme poverty. One day when he felt extremely down-hearted and did not know which way to turn for a livelihood, he chanced to pick up a Boston paper, and, to his intense astonishment, he saw that the old man whom he had picked up on Fifth avenue was dead, and by his will, which was published in the paper, the Pittsburgher saw that a fortune of over $300,000 had been left by the dead man to found a theological seminary.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The *Science of Health* says: "If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertions, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not overeat when in that exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have little or no rheumatism."

A Zululand letter says that the Prince Imperial died fighting, and must have sold his life dearly. In the right hand of the corpse was found a tuft of hair, of native fiber, while the path marked by the Zulus in quitting the fatal spot was stained for a hundred yards with gouts of blood, supposed to have dropped from wounded men being borne away by their comrades.

In Russia, as well as in Germany, Austria and one or two minor northern realms, a nobleman's title is inherited by all his sons, who transmit it to their offspring, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Needy nobles necessarily abound. There are forty or fifty Count Zichys in Hungary, three or four of whom are wealthy magnates, and the rest pass their lives in the army or government offices on the smallest pay. In Galicia there are entire villages where every peasant native has the right to preface his name with the title of prince.

It is a fact not generally known in San Francisco that there is a Chinese marine insurance company in that city which is doing a pretty good business in taking risks on treasure shipments from San Francisco to Hong Kong. The institution goes by the name of the On Yai Insurance Company of Hong Kong. The company's risks last year amounted to $1,370,000, and the premiums to $13,000. The losses for the year were $3,394. The company's agency in San Francisco is in the hands of Lai Heng, Lung & Co. The agents give a bond in the sum of $2,000 to secure the payment of municipal taxes in the business.

The *Scientific American* says that the narrowest gauge and the cheapest railway as yet brought out is that of D. B. James, Visalia, Cal. Two stout bars of wood, so laid as to leave a groove between them, form the track. On this track a wheel with a bulge in the middle of its periphery that fits the groove is used, the wheel having a broad flange at each side of the bulge. One of these wheels placed at each end of a plank forms the car. It is alleged that twelve miles an hour can be got out of a wooden railway of this construction; and that its carrying capacity is very great. The cost is estimated at one thousand dollars a mile.

One of the pettiest and meanest sorts of stealing done in New York is that perpetrated on little children. The children are sent out by their parents to the grocery or other places to purchase some article, when the little one is accosted by generally a youth of about seventeen, asked what he has got in his hand, persuaded to show him, and then he takes the money and frightens the child so it runs home in great terror. These mean thefts are generally perpetrated on the children of people who can ill afford to lose even a few pennies. The perpetrators are the youths that loaf around the corners, having no visible means of support, ready to commit any petty act of crime, and who insult passers-by, especially girls and women.

For a year or two past the newspapers have been printing long lists of the great and universal evils predicted by astrologers and astronomers to follow a certain extraordinary conjunction of four planets in 1881. But now comes the Washington critic with the assertion that it has interviewed Professor Simon Newcomb on the subject, and he says that there will be no such conjunction—that instead of marshaling themselves in an order unprecedented since the date assigned to the creation of the world in the Mosaic chronology, the planets during the year 1881 will continue the even tenor of their way, and present no phenomenon that can be considered at all remarkable.

The Mexican government is trying to replenish its exhausted treasury by levying a heavy internal tax on the cotton and woolen manufactures of that country. These manufactures amount to about $200,00,000 a year, and the government thinks that the manufacturers can afford to pay at least $500,000 in internal taxes. In order to protect the home manufacturers from disastrous foreign competition, the tariff on American and English goods is proportionately increased. The new tax is, however, very unpopular, the manufacturers, tradesmen and people being all opposed to it, as they are all affected by it, and some of the manufacturers threaten to close their mills altogether.

Montana, during the past sixteen years, has produced $153,000,000 of gold and silver. Of this sum, $147,000,000 was in gold. This makes Montana rank next to California as a producer of gold. There are already 20,000 quartz mines in the Territory. Iron and lead mines have been opened, and coal is plentiful. It is claimed that the cost of keeping herds of cattle in Montana is only sixty cents a head. Including taxes, a three-year-old beef steer, which will sell on the ground for $30, only costs $3 for feed and care. The losses in raising are estimated at two per cent., while the profits vary from twenty-five to forty cents per annum. In 1873 there were but 86,944 cattle in the Territory; in 1878 there were 350,000 head, while 22,000, valued at $240,000, were exported to Eastern markets.

The new Khedive, Prince Tewkfi, is said to possess all his deposed father's charm of manner with a good deal more of dignity, both in stature and appearance. He is the only one of the late Khedive's boys who has been brought up exclusively in Egypt. Some years ago he started on a European tour, but when he had got as far as Vienna he was recalled by a telegram from his father. He speaks French fluently, and can read English sufficiently well to understand all written in the papers about Egypt, a subject to which he devotes great attention. His children, who are still young, have been brought up by an English governess, and speak English easily. Prince Tewfik, unlike his father, has been always a sedulous attendant at the mosque, and is believed to be a devout, but not an intolerant, Mohammedan. Unlike his father, too, he is an abstainer from the beverages forbidden by the Koran.

A gentleman named Daniel McArthur writes to the Chicago *Times* from the far-off Pacific slope, to say that he is dying of solitude and is anxious to get back to civilization again. He says that he knows of thousands in Arizona who are in the same fix and adds: "Arizona affords no better chances for people contemplating marriage than to select wives from among squaws, half-breeds or Greasers, who form the majority of the nomadic tribes of Arizona and New Mexico. If your overcrowded Eastern cities knew of the chances of marriage decent women would have among these wealthy miners and farmers of Arizona they would flock here in droves." To which the Baltimore *Gazette* adds: "Perhaps, in view of all the solitude in Arizona, a majority of the overcrowded girls in this section would prefer single blessedness to life among the wealthy miners and farmers. However, we but do our duty to the ladies in laying Mr. McArthur's statement before them."

An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medical researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxydizing influence. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of the cherry, laurel, clover, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot; those that give it in a smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope and lily of the valley develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the professor recommended the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts and in all places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxydizing influence of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

People who do not read the shipping lists or have occasion to cruise about the harbor, says a New York paper, may be surprised to learn that of foreign vessels arriving at the port of New York, Norway has more than any country save Great Britain, and Italy follows closely after Norway. Seamanship is not a matter of climate in Europe. The Genoese, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian take to the salt water as readily as the dwellers by the Norway fiords. The favorite Italian build for vessels is the stubby brig, but the Norwegians prefer the bark, and usually model a more graceful hull. Both nations are sharp competitors for the jobbing trade of navigaton. Their vessels are small and are commanded by shrewd, thifty captains who are quick to pick up a cargo for any quarter of the world if a trifling profit can be earned. The cheap construction of these crafts and the low wages of the seamen enable them to earn money for their owners at rates of freightage that would be unprofitable for our well-built and well-manned American ships. Many of them founder at sea every year owing to their flimsy build, but there are plenty of new ones to take their places.

The *Mai Nichi Shinbun*, a Japanese newspaper, tells a story which ought to be interesting to ethnologists, who claim that some of the American Indian tribes are descended from persons who were carried to this continent against their will by the storms of the ocean. About forty years ago Yamamoto Otokichi, a native of Onohara-mura, Chitagori, in the province of Owari, Japan, who followed the sea, was, while sailing with two companions between Tokio and Nagoya, carried by a typhoon to the American coast. They landed on the shores of the Pacific, and were hospitably received by the Indians. An English ship subsequently took Otokichi back to Japan, but the Japanese laws at that time forbade any Japanese who had departed from his country to return to it under penalty of death. The English vessel, therefore, took their passenger to Shanghai. There Otokichi married. He subsequently went to Signapore, where he resided until his death. He had one son, who assumed the English name of John W. Hudson, but it was the father's earnest wish that he should go back to Japan, and become a Japanese subject. Mr. Hudson accordingly made an application to the authorities in Japan for leave to be naturalized. The petition was granted, and Mr. Hudson has since been appointed to a government office.

Emigrant Icelanders.

Among the passengers landed at Castle Garden, New York, by the ocean steamer Anchoria, were fourteen families of Icelanders, consisting of seventy-six persons. They are the first large batch of Icelanders that ever arrived at New York, and it is their intention to go to Minnesota, where they will found a colony, which will be further increased by emigration if the pioneers should find success in their new homes. They had a very pleasant voyage, keeping altogether apart from the other passengers, and the only thing that happened to mar their journey was the death of Kiesteum Ryensen, an old lady of the party, who died at sea just previous to the ship's arrival.

The Icelanders seemed very much pleased when they had been landed at Castle Garden and expressed themselves so to the interpreter. They complained, however, of the warm climate, and, seemingly, not without just cause, as they were wrapped in heavy Arctic clothing, which they seemed very reluctant to relinquish. The party consists of about thirty middle-aged persons with a great many children. They all spoke in the Norwegian tongue. The men were short of stature and seemed to be intelligent. They were dressed in heavy pea jackets, coarse trousers, thick flannel shirts and caps with appendages for the ears. The women wore woolen dresses and heavy woolen shawls, and instead of hats they had a sort of head dress consisting of a round piece of black cloth resting on the top of the head, from which depended a long black tassel attached by a silver band, which swayed to and fro in response to the movements of the wearer. The children were also dressed in heavy clothing and, as well as the women, wore moccasins instead of shoes. The party bring some money with them, one person having $1,755 and the others sums ranging from $125 to $750. They seem to be very simple and confiding people, and were perfectly satisfied with all that the authorities did for them in the way of exchanging money and procuring railway passage. The Icelanders left Castle Garden for Minnesota, by way of the Pennsylvania railroad.—*New York Herald.*

THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI.

How the Zulus were Defeated in their Stronghold.

Dr. W. H. Russell sent to the London *Telegraph* the following account of the battle of Ulundi:

"At six o'clock in the morning the combined columns of Newdigate and Wood crossed the White Umvolosi. As the forces gathered on the left bank of the river in all their strength of artillery, cavalry and British infantry, the Zulu prediction, that the cradle of the nation in the valley of the Umvolosi would also be its grave, seemed certain of fulfillment. What could the Zulu swarms, seen gathered along the spurs, with all their feline courage and instinct for tactics, effect in the face of the army that with unwonted celerity and precision moved down the slopes, and massed upon the further bank? Koppie Drift, upon the regular mission road, was the crossing point.

"All passed over and reached the high level ground beyond the river. Some two miles distant rose the steep bowlder-capped hills, over which, some thirty years ago, the Zulus hunted the beaten Boers, associated, therefore, in Zulu minds with victory and victorious pursuit. To the right lay lower thorn-covered hills, which extend to the lagoons at the mouth of the White Umvolosi. Behind and on the left stretched broken country, scarred with ravines and valleys, sprinkled with mimosas—clumping in places into awkward-looking cover—and branching euphorbias, which give the country so striking a character. Close on the right lay a gloomy glen, which, from the days of Chaka, the Zulus have used for the execution of criminals. Just beyond we crossed a little stream nearly dry that winds among the king's fields—here all is royal demesne—and supplies the royal kraals with water. We found ourselves in view of the amphitheater, where stand three great military kraals—Nodwenga, Udabakaombi and Ulundi. Our position was excellent for strategic purposes, commanding the enemy's ground in front, and, except on the left, where stood the Nodwenga kraal, a thousand yards distant, affording the Zulus no rallying point in their disorder. Our rear flanks, from the nature of the country, were equally protected from surprise.

"Here the army halted, awaiting the impi that was seen surging down the hills on our left, taking skillful advantage of the Nodwenga kraal on our rear, and emerging from the bush on our right front. At 8.30 the mounted irregulars, under Buller, were thrown out on the rear, left and front, keeping the enemy in check on these three sides; but, from an error, the right, where it was thought the lancers would have acted, was at first unprovided for. This omission was discovered, and the mounted Basutos and the native contingent under Cochrane rapidly deployed in the prettiest manner possible, and skirmished toward Udakaombi kraal, returning the enemy's fire briskly, and holding them pluckily in check. The Zulus were too strong for such a handful, and the Basutos, retiring on the right face, came into action with what may be called the left horn of the Zulu army.

"Meanwhile, however, the enemy had so extended their formation that all four sides were soon engaged—the Zulus advancing in skirmishing order, with great steadiness had unexpected silence. There was no shouting, clashing of shields, nor savage demonstration, but strictly orderly discipline. Our fire was terrific, and the artillery practice excellent, but the determined Zulus advanced within seventy yards on all four sides before they begun to break, as a further advance was really impossible. In about half an hour from the commencement of the infantry fire they were seen falling back in close masses, becoming rapidly disorganized under the storm of bullets and shells which poured upon them, and the wavering mob broke into open flight.

"The lancers, now loosened, were among them, and within a minute were riding through and through, cutting them down right and left, while the guns continued tearing up the flying masses with their fire. Within an hour the whole affair was over.

"The Zulus certainly were from twelve thousand to thirteen thousand strong, including the flower of the army. Seven thousand warriors were engaged. Prisoners state that they went into action under Cetywayo's own eye. Our troops, young and old alike, behaved admirably; but the firing, considering the small loss of the Zulus—eight hundred in all—must have been rather wild. Our loss was ten killed."

The King of Solo's Band.

At last accounts a Javanese prince, the King of Solo, was expected in Paris. He is spoken of as wealthy and accomplished, having an annual income of $6,000,000 and speaking several languages. King Solo is accompanied by a full band, which is thus described by *Galignani*: The musicians are seated, after the Oriental fashion, upon a platform, attired in the gala of Javanese costume. The jacket is of blue cloth, with gilt buttons, the waistcoat white, while a dark-colored handkerchief winds round the head, and the legs and thighs are enveloped in the national "sarong." The instruments are of bamboo, with the exception of an immense copper gong, which serves as a big drum, a couple of two-stringed ivory violins, and a harp strung with copper wire, a sort of piano whose keys are struck with hammers instead of fingers, and a few wind instruments. At a given signal all set up a groaning, crying, or humming, as well without false notes as without melody, while time is kept by the contortions of the dancers, the celebrated Roggenys, copper-colored and almond-eyed, with their jet-black hair bound in knots behind the head, which is itself adorned with flowers.

"Below Par."

"That reminds me of a little anecdote," is what every bright man has heard over and over again, as his memory has been jogged by some one's telling a good story. When good stories and ready repartees are going on, one witty little thing is sure to suggest another. Thus we thought, a day or two since, when reading in an evening paper that Charles Sumner was no musician, and that a lady friend once told him that if he was to buy a music box set to "Old Hundred," she did not believe that he could make it play "more than seventy-five." It was doubtless something in the same vein that prompted old Mrs. Rothschild, when ninety-seven, to say to her physician, "Doctor, you must keep me up for three years more at least; it would be discreditable for a Rothschild to go off under par."—*Harper's Magazine.*