The Children.

Do you love me, little children?
Oh, sweet blossoms! that are curled
(Life's tender morning-glories)
'Round the casement of the world!
Do your hearts climb up toward me
As my own heart bends to you,
In the beauty of your dawning
And the brightness of your dew?

When the fragrance of your faces,
And the rhythm of your feet,
And the incense of your voices
Transform the sullen street,
Do you see my soul move softly
Forever where you move,
With an eye of benediction
And a guarding hand of love?

Oh my darlings! I am with you
In your trouble, in your play,
In your sobbing and your singing,
In your dark and in your day;
In the chambers where you nestle,
In the hovels where you lie,
In the sunlight where you blossom,
And the blackness where you die.

Not a blessing broods above you
But it lifts me from the ground;
Not a thistle-barb doth sting you
But I suffer with the wound;
And a chord within me trembles
To your slightest touch or tone,
And I famish when you hunger,
And I shiver when you moan.

Can you tell me, little children,
Why it is I love you so?
Why I'm weary with the burdens
Of my sad and weary woe?
Do the myrtle and the aloes
Spring blithely from one tree?
Yet I love you, oh, my darlings!
Have you any flowers for me?

I have trodden all the spaces
Of my solemn years alone,
And have never felt the cooing
Of a babe's breath near my own;
But with more than father passion,
And more than mother pain,
I have loved you, little children!
Do you love me back again?

THE SOAP WOMAN.

It is doubtful if the judge would have felt as much surprised to hear his wife say she was going to make a voyage to Europe as to hear her say she was going to make soap. They had not been very long married then, and the judge was not yet conversant with the full catalogue of that thoroughly home-made woman's accomplishments. She had been one of the five daughters of a widow, left while her children were wee bit girls in very straitened circumstances. The way the mother reared them up to a true and useful womanhood was a marvel of perseverance, industry and economy. She managed to have them well educated for the times, and saw them all married into the best circles and occupying positions of respectability and influence. Judge Manotte's wife was the youngest of the widow's daughters, and it was thought she had made the best match of the five. The judge's place was the pleasantest in the thrifty village, which has since assumed the more ambitious name of city. He had been gently born and raised, went early to college, and from thence to his profession as a lawyer. Manual toil was a stranger to him, yet he was a man of industry, in no sense given to profuseness of expenditure. He approved and admired his wife's general prudence in housekeeping and spoke with pride to his guests of the excellent food with which his board was spread as the work of her own hands. Mrs. Manotte might have kept servants. I think the judge would have been better satisfied if she would have had a girl (all the ladies of her position had one or more), but she declared with decision, pretty early in their wedded life, that she would not be bothered with servants as long as she had health to do her own work. The exercise was no more than she needed for her own benefit.

Mrs. Manotte had a will and way of her own, as this little tale will bear abundant evidence. The judge made this discovery pretty early. He could doubtless make a moving plea in a court room, but he was aware he could make no plea to move his wife when she was fully bent upon a certain course.

Well then when Mrs. Manotte, over the breakfast table of a fair April morning, announced her intention of making a barrel of soft soap, the judge looked as if stricken with a sudden palsy. I doubt if he would have worn a more rueful face had he lost his best lawsuit gone against him.

"And I hope you will help me all you can," added the earnest woman, on thoughts of economy, ashes and grease intent.

"Indeed, I can render you no assistance whatever!" returned the judge, in sharper tones than his wife had ever heard him speak before. Her calm blue eyes surveyed him with unruffled composure, but there was not in look or bearing one symptom of wavering from her purpose.

"Then I must go about the job alone," she said quietly.

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," continued the judge, something very like a frown contracting his brow; "I am perfectly willing to buy all the soap we need, and we should use what we do buy for the vile, sloppy stuff!"

"Soft soap was good enough for my mother, and it is good enough for her daughter," said Mrs. Manotte, with a dignity approaching sternness. "I shall make no vile, sloppy stuff, but an article far more efficacious for cleansing clothes and for various household purposes, than anything to be bought at stores. Are you aware how much money we paid out for soap last year, Mr. Manotte?"

"No," said the judge, "and it doesn't matter."

"Indeed, I think it does matter," said the wife. "However much money people may have, they are never justified in wasting it. So I hope you will call at the grocer's as you go down this morning, and see if you can procure three molasses hogsheads?"

"Three molasses hogsheads!" exclaimed the judge in a tone of mingled terror and dismay, "do you then propose to manufacture the article by wholesale? I shall next be invited to peddle soft soap by the gallon from door to door."

The wife laughed gleefully at her husband's rueful apprehensions, and asked: "Don't you know that I must set up a leech?"

"A leech, in old parlance, means an underoffice of a doctor," said the judge, moodily.

"Well, I mean a mash-tub," returned Mrs. Manotte. "Perhaps two hogsheads will answer, one for the ashes, the other to hold the soap."

The judge went out without further words; his wife did not know whether he would heed her request or not, but rather thought he would. She was right in this supposition. Within an hour a dray dumped two hogsheads and a tight barrel in the back yard. Mrs. Manotte at once attired herself in a short, stout dress, a long, black poke bonnet, shut up the front of the house and retired to the scene of her proposed labors. She drew a pair of her husband's old leather gloves on to her hands, adjusted some blocks of wood, and trundled a hogshead into position. Then she arranged some bricks in the bottom of it, and covered them with straw, that the lye from the leached ashes might be clear as it trickled through. She recollected when a little girl of her mother putting her into the old family mash-tub, which served for a score of years, and telling her how to adjust the bricks and straw in proper fashion.

Next she got a great hod and commenced to fill the hogshead with ashes. She worked with such vigor that a tremendous dust was raised in the back yard. People going past in the street outside sneezed and coughed, and wondered what was going on at Judge Manotte's place.

But Mrs. M. was absorbed in the work of the hour to utter obliviousness of the fact that from the second story of the mansion just across the area from her own, curious and puzzled eyes were fastened on her and her movements. In her wash-room two kettles set in arches were heating the water to drench the dry ashes. She had to climb into a chair to pour each pailful on to the leech. Certainly to unfamiliar eyes, her work might seem strange and mysterious.

The Sequin girls, at the chamber window opposite, with tatting and crochet, could at length contain their surprise and wonder no longer.

"Do let us call mother," one of them exclaimed, "and see if she can unriddle the mystery, and tell us the meaning of the operations over in Judge Manotte's back yard."

"I think the judge has got a woman to make some sort of compost for his pear trees," said the other.

While the two girls gazed, a stiff pole was plunged into the fuming hogshead, and the mass vigorously punched and shaken by the stout worker.

"She is a Hercules," they said. "What muscle those women have. Mrs. Manotte is a worker herself, and she wouldn't hire a woman to sit still."

But now the woman disappeared for a while, and when she next came in view she had under her arm an auger and axe, in one hand a smooth billet of wood, and in the other a huge red hot poker. The two girls gave a little scream at this sight, but the worker heard it not, her head enveloped in the black, poke bonnet. She proceeded to bore through the billet of wood by means of the flaming poker, while the smoke as it burned its way made a dubious blue cloud about her head.

"I declare, things are getting desperate down there," cried the younger girl. "I believe some infernal witchcraft is going on; I will have mother called."

Mrs. Sequin was summoned. She was a city-bred woman, first and last, and the proceedings in Judge Manotte's back yard were as mysterious to her as to her young daughter.

"What the woman is doing I don't know," she said, "but she works with a will. I should like to get her to do our spring cleaning."

"It is very likely you can, mother," said the elder daughter. "We will get father to inquire of Judge Manotte about the woman—if, indeed, she is canny."

Next there was a hole made by means of the auger in the lower part of the hogshead, and the bored billet of wood driven soundly in by aid of the axe, vigorously wielded by the woman's lusty arm, and a whittled plug placed in the wooden spigot.

"What a great, stout creature," exclaimed Mrs. Sequin. "She handles tools like a man!"

Then more boiling water was dashed into the ash-filled hogshead till it stood seething and full to the very brim. And now all was silent and deserted in Judge Manotte's backyard. In the afternoon, Mrs. Manotte, richly dressed, was seen holding up her skirts, tip-toeing round the great hogshead, as if inspecting the work to see if it had been properly and thoroughly done.

At a very early hour the next morning the Sequin girls heard noises in the back yard, and sprang from bed to see if the witch was at her work again. Sure enough she was; they beheld a huge kettle swung on a stout pole between crotched stakes driven into the earth, and a pile of blazing fagots beneath it.

"There is her cauldron; I told you so," said the younger girl. "And look at the pails of black liquid she is pouring into it, and the foul lumps and bones she is pouring from that greasy cask. An infernal broth that must be she is concocting."

"And there is another barrel with the dark liquid dripping through the spigot," said the older one.

"So there is," exclaimed the younger; "when did she fix that? What a vigorous creature! She would clean our whole house in twenty-four hours. Let us call father. He knows most everything. I'll bet he can tell us what all this means."

So Mr. Sequin was brought to look down on the spectacle in Judge Manotte's backyard.

"It beats the witches in Hecate all hollow," said the two girls in chorus, as their paternal parent entered the room. After quietly surveying the operations below a moment, he burst out laughing.

"Why, the woman is making soft soap," he said; "that is all; I have seen my old mother do it fifty times when I was a boy on the home farm; and that woman understands her business, too. I declare I'll have her make up our ashes. Soft soap is better for a hundred purposes in a family than all your patent cleaners found in stores."

"I wish you would, father," said the younger daughter, "for it is first-rate fun to see her work; but she is throwing old bones into the kettle now?"

"That is the grease; the lye will eat them all up. She has got a keg full of scraps. The result will be a barrel of good strong soft soap. Mrs. Manotte is a prudent woman. She was country raised; her mother taught her to save meat scraps for soap grease, no doubt. This is the way all farmers do, and make their own soap."

"But Mrs. Manotte need not have done this, as she is rich," said Mrs. S.

"Yes, and always means to be," said Mr. Sequin. "You know she does her housework when she might have a dozen waiters if she wanted them. Now she has found a hand to work up her ashes into soap."

"Mrs. Manotte is rather an odd woman," remarked Mr. Sequin. "I don't think the judge is quite pleased with some of her ways."

Three days after Mrs. Manotte announced her intention of making soap, she called her husband to see the result, which was a hogshead of rich brown liquid, smooth and thick, exhaling a clean, alkaline odor, as it stood in a sunny nook of the back yard. The judge gazed at it solemnly as his wife extolled its virtues and spoke exultingly of the "good luck" which had attended her efforts.

"As we burn the best of wood the ashes were strong enough without potash, which makes soap biting and harsh. I added a strong solution of borax, which will render it softer for the hands, and also increase its cleansing properties."

"How much do you call it worth?" asked the judge.

"I do not purpose to sell it," said the wife, "so you will not have the pleasure of peddling it out; but it will last two years, and save forty or fifty dollars."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the judge, with a humorous twinkle in the corner of his eye. "I am lost in admiration and amazement at this achievement. Could I ever have imagined I should have a soap-maker for a wife?"

Mrs. Manotte laughed; she knew the judge was rather pleased after all, though his wife displayed and almost shocked his propriety sometimes, he had a certain quiet pride in her prowess. He never knew her to make an essay which ended in defeat; nothing she attempted "fell through." If she could plan, she could also execute. A few days later, as the judge was walking home to dinner, he was accosted by Mr. Sequine.

"Judge Manotte, will you have the kindness to give me the name of your soft-soap woman? Our folks accidentally saw her at work in your back yard, and we want to employ her to make up our ashes. She is a splendid worker—such activity and strength, you don't find many such in these days."

The judge was aghast at first, but he soon rallied, and said: "I will send her to you to-morrow morning, if you would like," and Mr. Sequin went home to tell his wife, "Judge Manotte's soap woman will be on hand with the morrow."

The judge merely remarked to his wife at the dinner table that Mrs. Sequin wished her to call at her house next morning, and Mrs. Manotte thought nothing strange of this. The ladies were acquainted, and attended the same church. Accordingly Mrs. Manotte made ready at the time specified. The judge's wife was a handsome, stylish woman when dressed. As she approached the door of her neighbor she noticed the front part of the house had a decidedly shut up appearance, and she had to ring once and again for admittance. Within the two girls were "peeping," and beheld Mrs. Manotte, "dressed so grand" on the front step.

"How strange she should call at such an unseasonable hour, they said, "I never knew her to do thus before, and when we are all in our worst clothes, with the parlors shut up, expecting the soap woman. It is too bad; how can we let her in?"

But the bell rang again rather peremptorily, Mrs. Manotte saying to herself, "As they sent for me and I have taken so much trouble to call at this hour, why do they keep me waiting for entrance in this unseemly style?"

"I must let her in," said Mrs. Sequin, "or she may take offence, and Mrs. Manotte is too good a friend to lose, though it is strange she should call at such an untimely hour. Something particular may bring her."

So a blind was hastily opened in the parlor and Mrs. Manotte admitted, while Mrs. Sequin excused delay by saying they had some unusual work claiming their attention that morning, and told the girls aside if the soap woman came to show her the ashes and scraps in the area and set her to work at once. Then she returned to the parlor with Mrs. Manotte, who was unaccountably silent and rather stiff at length, as she asked:

"Was there anything particular you wished, Mrs. Sequin?" and that lady answered, "Oh, no, Mrs. Manotte," as she bowed her visitor out.

Mrs. M. walked homeward feeling rather vexed.

"I thought you said Mrs. Sequin wished to see me," she remarked to the judge in the evening.

"So Mr. Sequin informed me," was the response, "then she did not see fit to employ you?"

"Employ me?" echoed Mrs. Manotte but the judge was inscrutable.

The very next day Mr. Sequin sought out the judge and said: "Your soap-woman did not come yesterday; just tell me her whereabouts, if you please, that I may seek her out."

"The soap-woman has informed me that she went to your house yesterday morning, but your wife did not say anything about wishing her services; I believe virtually declined them."

"That is strange," said Mr. Sequin, "I fear the woman is not to be relied on."

"I never knew her to break her word; she is rather a wilful woman, but by no means an untruthful one," the judge said, with that sly twinkle in his eye which his neighbor had learned carried a meaning of its own.

Mr. Sequin went home and asked his wife if she had had any callers yesterday?

"Only Mrs. Manotte," was the answer, "and she came before nine o'clock in the morning; I never knew her to call at such an unseasonable hour before. I thought something special had brought her, but she did no errand."

Mr. Sequin roared.

"Why, she was the soap-woman, wife," he said.

Then he related what Judge Manotte had just been saying to him and it seemed plain. The judge had played a practical joke on his wife, he was fond of such, but they were never instigated by a malicious or vindictive spirit. She proved herself a match for him in this instance. One day at an hour when the streets were fullest of people, she asked her husband if he would "take something to Mrs. Sequin for me?" and he signified his readiness to do so.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You will find it on the area steps," she answered, quietly.

It was two buckets of soap! His word was given, and he kept it, as a man of honor and a "judge" should do. So he came within one of being a soft soap peddler.

Queen Victoria reads the great papers of London every day before noon.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashions of the Season.

BONNETS.—The bonnets now being made are taken from nearly all periods, and include all shapes, from the baby bonnet to the broad, flaring brimmed hat. From this it will be seen that there is no particular fashion for hats. Every lady can wear what best suits her taste, or her purse, and is most becoming. Nearly all bonnets have broad ribbon tie strings; some are brocaded, mixed with gold or silver; others plain and flowered stripes; and still others of satin, striped with Persian figured silk. Birds and feathers are used in enormous quantities. Owls, parrots, pigeons and even the little sparrows are not discarded. The latter dye easily and make a very pretty trimming. Small feathers of the most common kind of fowl are purchased in great quantities, dyed brown, black or in bright colors, are sewed separately on large pieces of thin cloth, and made into elegant feather bonnets. A black cottage bonnet is made entirely of small black feathers studded with black beads, trimmed with a cluster of black tips and black lace embroidered with jets; broad striped tie strings of plain and brocaded satin. The crowns of many of the bonnets are embroidered in variegated beads, jets and silk, in many fanciful shapes and figures. Patterns for these embroidered crowns and fronts can be obtained, and ladies can easily make their own bonnets. The newest style is to have the strings at the top of the crown and fastened at the side with some such ornament such as a bird's head or an arrow of jet or steel. Face trimming is not used, all brims being simply lined with plain or shirred satin or velvet. Many of them are edged with gold braid.

CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.—Garments for children are becoming more and more simple. A paletot of stone-colored cashmere with a plaiting of silk in the back, the same shade, will serve both as a dress, and with the addition of a canton flannel underwaist as an outside wrap; it is made long, loose and comfortable. Others of dark plaid material, gabrielle shape, with two narrow plaitings at the bottom headed with narrow ribbon velvet. A pretty outside garment for a child is made of light blue cashmere; the front loose and of square shape, over which are short cutaway fronts. The back is a very long plain waist, to which the skirt is attached in kilt plaits, finished with a broad blue sash of light blue silk, raveled out at the ends. The fronts are trimmed with a mixed galloon, cream and gilt. The garment is double-breasted and fastened with large pearl-white buttons.

STREET DRESSES.—Street dresses are the same as they were last season; are made short. Some are made without a vestige of trimming on the underskirt, and the overskirts are simply stitched around the bottom. The plain pointed basques are stylish, and have fewer seams in the back than they formerly had. Overskirts are made full across the hips. The latest are opened in front. Mixed fabrics of silk and wool, flowered and plain stripes and palm-leaf cloth, will be much used this season for dress trimming. The serviceable black silk is brightened and made more dressy by the addition of vests, cuffs and revers of brocaded silks in colors of old gold, blue polka dot, crimson and torquoise blue. In combination with such colors an old black silk can be made to look fresh and new.

FICHUS.—Very simple and plainly-trimmed dresses may be made quite stylish for evening by simply adding a fichu. These are made in various shapes and of different material. For elderly ladies there is the black net, embroidered with colored silk, vest shape, with ruffles of kilted Spanish lace in the inside, forming a square shaped neck. Many handsome ones are of the same shape, with white lisse and plaitings of Breton lace, one inside, the other relieved with loops of colored satin. More simple ones are made of India mull, cut in the shape of half a square, the ends extending to the belt, trimmed with two rows of Valenciennes.

STOCKINGS.—Stockings are profusely embroidered. Many ladies embroider their own, buying stockings of a solid color and embroidering them in different colors to match the dress. Much spare time can be very pleasantly employed in this way. In fact, if young ladies will simply undertake to consult their own tastes and gratify them with their own handiwork they will be surprised at the increasing pleasure this will afford and the economy it will stimulate.—*New York Fashion Letter.*

House Cleaning.

Beds should be cleaned, mattresses sunned and bed clothing aired. Winter clothing and blankets, which have been packed away for the summer, should be taken out, examined and well aired. Where carpets have been on the floor all summer, thorough sweeping is all that is required to clean them. For this a carpet brush is better than a broom and a patent carpet sweeper than either. The carpet sweeper, however, will not go into the corners of the room and these must be cleaned with brush and dustpan. This troublsome corner brushing is obviated by the modern fashion of leaving a strip of stained floor around the edge of the carpet. Where the floors are covered with matting it is generally agreed to be wisest to leave the matting down and put the carpet over it. The matting keeps better on the floor than if taken up and stored away, and at the same time helps to preserve the carpet. Two thicknesses of paper should be laid between them. Newspapers will answer for this purpose, but common brown wrapping paper, such as grocers use, is still better, on account of its absorbent qualities. When it is used the matting will usually be found much cleaner the next spring after the carpet is taken up than when it was laid down. For cleaning matting, damp corn meal or wheat bran sprinkled over it and then swept off is excellent. Soap should never be used on matting, it yellows it badly. When the matting is so dirty as to require washing, salt water will be found much better for the purpose.

Every one knows how iron castors on furniture stain straw matting. There is nothing which will remove these stains without injury, but they may be prevented by placing tiny round mats of straw coarse crochet cotton under each roller. When depressions occur in the matting an extra thickness of paper must be put, in order to prevent the carpet from wearing off in that spot. The new patent tacks for matting, made in the form of small staples, are much better than the old style. When a breadth of matting is to be pierced turn both pieces under for three or four inches and overseam together on the wrong side. If neatly done the join will be scarcely apparent.

Carpets which have been laid away during the summer should be closely examined for moths and well swept before putting down. Ingrain carpets may be neatly mended by slipping a patch under, taking care that the figures match, and pasting carpet and patch together with stiff flour paste.

Clothes which are to be laid away for the winter should be washed and rough-dried, but not starched, since the starch has a tendency not only to yellow white cloth, but to rot it as well. To preserve the color they should be slightly blued. Mice are apt to cut white clothes and calicoes when laid away in a closet to which they have access, especially if any starch is left in them. Grenadines, buntings and summer woolens which will not be needed in cold weather, should be packed in trunks with camphor to preserve them from moths, which, in a warm house, are frequently as active in winter as in summer. The English custom of laying sprigs of lavender, or dried rose leaves among linen is an exceedingly fine one.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Ludicrous Mistake.

Mr. Thomas Hancock, coming back from his eastern tour to his Kansas home, at Grape Creek, was pleased to find a large crowd of his old friends and neighbors awaiting him at the station. As the train pulled up, the village band burst into "the wedding march," and did it serious damage. The bass-drummer thumped it badly for a half minutes and tossed it to the sax-horn, who blew it perpendicularly into the air, whence, on its return, it was caught by the trombone, which, after rolling it over and over in a rough-and-tumble fight, threw it straight at the head of the man with the French horn, who twisted its wretched neck and sent it "bum," "bum," against the hide-beater, who originally started it. This was a solace and a delight to the soul of Mr. Hancock, and his face beamed with a smile as warm and genial as the October sun. As he reached the platform of the car, three cheers were given for "Hancock and lady," whereat Hancock looked queer, especially when they crowded on him, shaking hands and asking "Where is she?" "Why don't you bring her out?" "Ain't ashamed of her, are you?" He blushed and began protesting, when suddenly a beautiful woman seized his arm, and clung with her pretty gloved hand so sweetly to him that he would have been in paradise if there hadn't been so many looking on. "Darling," she whispered, "I thought I had lost you," and Hancock, utterly nonplussed, almost wished she had. In the meantime the crowd began looking queer, and stopped cheering and guffawed a little, all of which made it very embarrassing for Mr. Thomas Hancock. He was too gallant a man to express his growing dislike of the situation. In fact it is hardly truthful to say he did not dislike it. At the same time he confessed to himself that he always had a prejudice, in case he ever should be married, in favor of being at least a party to it, and of being invited to the wedding. Both of these preliminaries being wanting, Mr. Hancock not unreasonably doubted the right of the pretty woman to cling to his arm, as she was doing. The situation was greatly complicated at this moment by another gentleman who rushed excitedly up, tore away the lady, and asked what she meant by such conduct—only fifteen minutes after she was married too. She looked up, gave a little scream, and clung to the newcomer as tightly as she had clung to Mr. Hancock. The latter smiled, the crowd roared and cheered, the two gentlemen shook hands, and the train went on with Mr. Richard Hardin and his wife. And then Mr. Hancock, after duly testifying to the gratitude he felt for the esteem of his fellow-citizens, demanded an explanation. After a severe and patient examination he discovered that the reporter of the local paper "had mixed those babies up." He had announced the rumors of Mr. Hancock's marriage during his Eastern tour, and, being a popular man of Grape Creek, his neighbors had turned out to welcome him and his bride. Mr. Richard Hardin, just married, was about taking the train, and had left his new wife in order to look after the baggage. In the natural confusion of so important an event, the bride had mistaken Mr. Hancock for her spouse.

Two Remarkable Inventions.

The following new inventions by residents of Nevada have been caveated at the Washington Patent Office:

A Barber's Muzzler.—This is a very serviceable contrivance, which can be fastened over a barber's mouth to prevent his talking while shaving customers. It is made of iron, padded inside, and can be fastened securely so as to cover the whole mouth. It is furnished with clamps and screws which are fixed at the back of the head. Price, $2.50. Those furnished with a lever attachment for the purpose of breaking the barber's jaw come at $3. The plates which fit on the cheek are of the best chilled steel.

The Bonnet Grapple.—This little machine is destined to be of great service to theater-goers. It is an ordinary grappling-hook with a rope attached. The grapple is thrown over any lady's bonnet which may happen to obstruct the view, and the crowd behind can always be depended upon to pull the rope. It sometimes disfigures the lady's face permanently, in which case she never returns to again obstruct the view.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*

A Shocking Spectacle.

A handcart propelled by two men drove upto the New York Medical University, in East Twenty-sixth street, New York, and while the men were endeavoring to lift it over the curbstone to the sidewalk it tilted, and three nude bodies were dumped into the gutter.

The men took hold of the bodies and seperately dragged them across the sidewalk inside a close iron gate leading to a yard of the University building. The bodies had been procured at the morgue for the purpose of dissection and were being transferred to the dissecting room of the Medical University, when owing to the carelessness of the attendants they were thrown on the street.

The next day several people who reside in the neighborhood took practical steps to put a stop to the recurrence of such an inhuman exhibition by sending a complaint to the faculty. The faculty at once dismissed the employees who were responsible for the accident

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The Japanese are about to take measures to stop the exportation of silk-worm eggs.

He Wanted to Settle Near an Indian Mound.

A stranger who had been looking at property for sale in Cumminsville with a view to buying a home for himself, finally said to the real estate agent, who had been showing him the various attractions of that charming suburb of Cincinnati, "Now take me to see your mounds."

"Mounds?" said the real estate agent, "what mounds?"

"Why, the mounds left by the mound-builders, to be sure. Those wonderful and mysterious monuments of some pre-historic race, who lived far back of the Indians—relics in which the Ohio is said to be opulent."

"Never heard of any mounds around here," said the agent.

"Indian mounds, I suppose you would call them," continued the stranger, "though it is probable they were erected by people of a more remote age."

"Never heard of any in this ward," said the agent for land.

"They are usually found to contain arrow-heads, specimens of pottery, and frequently the skulls and skeletons of the singular race who built them."

The agent shook his head.

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me," cried the stranger, excitedly, "that there isn't a single solitary Indian mound in Cumminsville, when the Ohio valley is full of 'em?"

"That seems to be the state of affairs at the present writing," said the agent, rather dolefully, "though we will undertake to build a mound for you if you buy one of our lots. But it will cost a heap of money, and skeletons ain't very easy to get, either. Lots of pottery kicking about, though, for every woman in Cincinnati has gone to making it."

The stranger gazed upon the real estate agent with a look of pity and disgust. "Do you suppose you could take a wheelbarrow and make a mound thousands of years old in a couple of days? No, sir; what I want is a genuine Indian mound, with the skeletons, war-like implements and other materials intact. Nothing bogus. If it isn't on my lot I want it on some lot in the vicinity so I can go and sit on it occasionally, reflecting on the past. I live in New Jersey, where they have no such memorials, but I read that there are ten thousand in Ohio alone, and why a big place like Cumminsville can't have at least one, is past my comprehension. Good day, sir. If I can't settle near a mound I am going back to New Jersey."

That agent says Cumminsville shall have an Indian mound now, if he has to build one himself.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The Malarial Poison.

Intermittent fever, marsh fever, malarial fever, fever and ague, "chills"—these are a few of the names by which the doctors and the people know more or less of one of the most widespread and familiar of the ills that flesh is heir to—a malady that seems to occur at one time or another in all countries where there are to be found water, sunshine and a soil reasonably rich in decayed vegetable elements. In countries where the soil is less rich in vegetable elements, the fever is restricted to the neighborhood of inundated lands or marshes, or ponds of variable level, because in these situations the abundance of decaying vegetable subsistence is very great. In such countries the opinion is general, and is perhaps accurate, that the poison is of marshy origin; but in countries where the whole soil is rich enough to be in this particular like these marshy lands, it has been long recognized that the poison had no necessary relation to marshy situations, but was in fact telluric, and that a short rain, which only slightly moistened the surface of the earth and a few succeeding hours of sunshine supplied all the conditions necessary for the elaboration of the poison that produced this fever. But what was that poison? Within a few years ingenious endeavors to solve this problem have multiplied. In the present year some experiments have been made at Rome which appear to be more fruitful than any hitherto recorded; or, in the words of the report read to the Academy of Rome, "the investigation was rewarded with complete success." These experiments were conducted by Signor Tommasi, of Rome, and Professor Klebs, of Prague. They together spent some weeks in the Argo Romano, and made repeated examinations of the lower strata of the atmosphere, of the soil and of stagnant waters, and succeeded in isolating a microscopic fungus, specimens of which, being placed under the skin of healthy dogs, caused distinct and regular paroxysms of intermittent fever and produced in the spleens of these animals that peculiar condition which is a recognized part of the pathology of this disease. In the medical world this achievement must be regarded as an important one. To people at large it may not seem a great affair to have ascertained precisely what part of the elements of a poisonous soil it is to which its poisonous nature is due; but it must not be too hastily judged that this knowledge will not involve an important advance in the capacity to deal with this noxious product of the earth.—*New York Herald.*

Afghan Justice.

The method of dispensing justice and carrying the law into execution in Cabul seems to be somewhat primitive, judging from the following incident, which is supplied by a correspondent of the Lahore paper: In a quarrel by two artillerymen, and by a sort of accident of a kind which sometimes happens on purpose, the bayonet of one man became implanted in the stomach of the other, inflicting a wound that resulted fatally. The friends and relatives of the deceased declared that they would only be satisfied by the life of the delinquent being left in their hands, and according to the usual custom in such cases the prisoner was made over to them to do what they liked with him. It was immediately agreed that hanging was most appropriate, and all the necessary preparations for the ceremony were completed, when one of the relatives, more bloodthirsty than the rest, demanded the privilege of cutting the unfortunate man's throat. At this interesting period of the tragedy the colonel of the prisoner's battery arrived on the scene with a bag of money, which obtained an instant reprieve for the condemned artilleryman.

After a long and unsuccessful search through his clothes the editor of the New York *People* mournfully remarked: "There is change in everything but an editor's pocket." The old lady who manipulates the flat-iron said she would wait another week, and the *People* rejoiced accordingly.

The home stretch is taken in the evening on the sofa.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*