"Tis Morning, and the Days are

I had a dream of other days; In golden luxury shone the wheat, In tangled greenness shook the maize The squirrels ran with nimble feet, And in and out among the trees

The hang bird darted like a flame, The catbird piped her melodie Purloining every warbler's fame; And then I heard the triumphal song, 'Tis morning, and the days are long."

They seattered roses, strewed the palms, And shouted down the pleasant vales; I heard a thousand happy psalms, And, laughing, wove a th Of mimic revelry and joy; They mocking well the worldly great-Each tanfaced girl and barefoot boy, Dear shapers of my early fate-And then again the molian song, "Tis morning, and the days are long."

Far winding past the storied town, The river ran through bosky groves; Its floods we sailed our vessels down Full-freighted with a myriad loves; Our souls went floating to the gales, With scarlet leaves and shreds of bark; We named them cutters, schooners, sails, And watched them fade in shadowy dark Then down the water flowed the song, 'Tis morning, and the days are long.',

Oh, morning, when the days are long, And youth and innocence are wed, And every grove is full of song, And every pathway void of dread Who rightly sings its rightful praise, Or rightly dreams it o'er again, When cold and narrow are the days, And shrunken all the hopes of men, He shall reawaken with his song, 'Tis morning, and the days are long.

There palritations, wild and sweet, \$ The thrills of many an old delight, And dimpled hands that lightly meet, And hearts that tremble to unite, Ariscopon the early morn, Pass down the lovely vales and stand, A picture of a memory born, The mirage of a lotus land-A land where once we trolled the song 'Its morning, and the days are long. -B. S. Parker.

# A Controversy With Cupid.

"Little wretch! I hate him. We have never had a moment's peace since he took possession of the house," declared Polly Patten, with a stamp of

her foot.

The "he" referred to was not, might be supposed, a tramp or a sheriff's officer, not even a poor relation, or an Irish butler, or a heathen Chinee. Not at all. The object of Polly's wrath was a personage lifted up, as it would seem, by virtue of his position, above human criticism as above human rules, a myth, an unknown entity—no other in fact. an unknown entity—no other, in fact, than the little god cupid himself. He and his machinations had of late wrought changes—woful ones, Polly thought—in the constitution of the Pattern family; and to her imagination represented all manner of discomfort and discomfiture, the alteration of plans, the blight of hores—innovations and and discomfiture, the alteration of plans, the blight of hopes—innovations and cross-purposes without end. She felt toward him a good, honest, hearty hostility, as one may toward an opponent of flesh and blood, as she sat in her bedroom, inveighing upon the subject to her special friend Susan Gilmore, who was perched beside her on the broad window-sill.

was perched beside her on the broad window-sill.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh," she went on; "but just wait till you try it yourself. All last year was given up, you know, to marrying Helen. Her trousseau, and her presents, and her furnishing—nothing else was thought of or spoken of for twelve long months. The house was choked with her things. We all worked our fingers to the bone. Nobody could turn round without finding a woman and a sewing machine at his back. We never even pretended to hear ourselves speak. Well, just as it was all over, and Helen comfortably off our minds, Lizzie must needs set up a lover and a long engazement John Shaw, too, of all persons! Now I may be duil, but in the name of common sense why John Shaw, of all men in the world?"

"Lizzie knows, I presume."

""

"Lizzie knows, I presume."

"Lizzie knows, I presume."

"Well, perhaps she does; still, it is provoking. Every morning of his life John Shaw looks in for half an hour on his way down town. He and Lizzie absorb the parlor, of course. That is all right, no doubt; but, as it happens, that particular half hour is precisely the one which I used always to take to tidy up the flowers, water and trim, fill the vases, and make the room nice for the day, and the want of it puts me out dreadfully. I sit and twirl my thumbs, and scold to mother, and she never will agree with me. 'Lovers are privileged,' she says."

"Of course they are. Don't be a

and scold to mother, and she never will agree with me. 'Lovers are privileged,' she says."

"Of course they are. Don't be a spoil-sport, Polly. It's their turn now. Yours will come."

"Never! But there's more behind. What do you say to Eunice's indulging in an engagement too?"

"Not really?"

"Very really indeed. John Norman is the happy man this time. Two Johns, you observe, by way of making the cenfusion greater. So they sit in the dining-room every evening, while Lizzie and her John occupy the parlor."

"And where do the rest of you sit?"

"Echo answers. We sit wherever we may. Mother takes her mending-basket upstairs, and has a studentiamp on the round table in the upper entry. Pspa shuts himself up in that dreadful little close 'den' of his, or goes to the office. I observe that he has business there of evenings much oftener than formerly—because there is no comfortable place for him at home, no doubt. Jim makes a point of being out. As for Amy and me, we sit on the back stairs, or in the butler's pantry, or any other odd corner which nobody else wants." Polly laughed, but there were tears in her brown eyes, and a very mutinous look about the pretty mouth, which John laughed, but there were tears in her brown eyes, and a very mutinous look about the pretty mouth, which John Norman, while in process of "sampling the family," to borrow Polly's own phrase, had once likened to beautiful Evelyn Hope's, of the true "geranium red."

"As if all this wasn't enough," she went on presently with a half giggle,

nalf sob, "here is a letter come to-day from Fanny Allen—our cousin, you know—and she is engaged too; and she proposes to make us a visit, and her young man means to 'drop along,' forsooth, while she is here. Now where are they to sit? I can't imagine, unless they take the air-chamber of the furnace. The front steps are quite too cold at this time of the year. Or I might have the trunk-room cleared out for them; I hadn't thought of 'that before."

"Polly, you are ridiculous. Your cousin will manage that for herself—see if she doesn't. They will take walks, or something."

"Oh, if they only would! If the whole lot of them would 'take walks,' and keep on walking, and never walk this way, how comfortable it would be! Sue, you are abominably tolerant about such matters. That miserable cupid! I wa'rh! I could hold his wings in the candle and burn them off. He never flies in but to do mischief somewhere. How peaceful and happy we all were together before this sort of thing began!"

"Take care; he will hear you, and he

How peaceful and happy we all were together before this sort of thing began!"

"Take care; he will hear you, and he is a revengeful creature. I believe him to be the original 'little pitcher with long ears,'" laughed Susan.

"I don't care if he does hear me," asserted Polly, defiantly.

Has cupid ears? Certain it is that matters grew lworse rather than better for Polly from that day forward. Fanny Allen came, and in due time her lover, according to programme, and with the latter a cousin, Mr. Othniel Oliphant, a successful merchant, just home from China for a brief visit. His return was not purely for business purposes. Mr. Oliphant was on the look-out for a wife; and with the prompt decision of a mercantile man, he elected Polly Patten for that position on a two days' acquaintance. A firm believer in the faith that "faint heart never won fair lady," and "aothing venture, nothing have," he offered himself at the end of the week, and quite undiscouraged by Polly's dismayed "no," sat resolutely down and traced his parallels, resolved to gain by siege what he had failed to win at a coup by assault. This complication set the seal to Polly's discontents.

"For just imagine what a state of things it makes," she teld her confi-

seal to Polly's discontents.

"For just imagine what a state of things it makes," she teld her confidante Sue. "There they sit—the three sets of ninnies—one in the parlor, one in the dining-room, one in the 'den,' from which poor papa is turned out bag and baggage; and there is that abominable O? O! (never did man have such suitable initials) looming like doom or a thunder-storm all day long, determined to get me by myself, and 'cultivate my acquaintance.' How can he make me care for him, he says, if he never has the chance to see me alone? It is the most embarrassing, abominable condition of affairs. I seriously meditate running away to teach school—or something. Home is growing unbearable."

"Why do you dislike Mr. Oliphant so much? He seems to me very pleasant—" "Sue! When he teases the life out of me! I declare she is blushing. Are you turning traitor too?"

me! I declare she is blushing. Are you turning 4 raitor too?"

"Not in the least—I don't know what you mean, that is. What I wanted to tell you was that we're going to have a young man of our own also. My brother Jack is coming home next week."

"How coherent! I declare, Sue, you make me suspect something. Jack? He's the one who's been so long in Germany. Well, I hope you'll enjoy him; but pray keep him to yourselves. I're had enough of young men, Johns especially. I never want to see one again as long as I live—I think. Gracious! there's that tiresome O.O. strolling up and down in hopes of catching me as I come out. I declare it is unendurable. Good-by, Sue. I'm going home by the back door, if you don't mind." And catching up her bonnet, Polly vanished, while Susan Gilmore, with a guilty look in her eyes, and a pair of red, red cheeks, tied hers on, and issuing sedately from the front door, encountered Mr. Oliphant, and presently, under his escort, walked up the street. "After all." she thought to herself, "if Polly can't like him, and doesn't want him, why not?" Why not, indeed? It was unanswerable.

Another fortnight passed. Cousin Fanny and her fiance went away, but O. O. still lingered. Polly gave an exclamation of despairing disgust when she learned his intention; but, after all, he did not prove the nuisance she had feared. He had other friends in town by this time, other engagements, and did not haunt the Pattens' house every day, and all day long, as at first. Polly heard of him often at the Gilmöres'. She saw little of Sue in those days; Sue was occupied with her brother, just returned after his long absence. Mindful of Polly's interdict, perhaps, she was in no haste to present him to her friend—a fact which Polly was disposed to resent, when, a full week after his arrival, she was at last brought face to face with him. She week after his arrival, she was at last brought face to face with him. She liked John Gilmore at once. He was quite different from the other Johns, and not at all formidable, Polly thought—tall and spare, quiet in speech and shy in manner, wearing spectacles, too, but altogether very "nice." What a myriad of diverse meanings may be included in that word, beloved of girls, "nice!" In John Gilmore's case it meant that

of diverse meanings may be included in that word, beloved of girls, "nice!"

In John Gilmore's case it meant that he did not talk nonsense to Polly, and yet that he seemed to like the nonsense she talked; at least he brightened under it always, and it made him laugh. He never bored her with sense and long explanations, but she was never in his company without finding herself afterward thinking about things which he had said, and looking up little points of information suggested by his talk. He was so kind-hearted, too—always so kind! He didn't sneer at her diatribes against love and lovers; and he seemed to understand and be a little sorry for her, left out in the cold, solitary in the midst of the sisterly circle once so one in interest and so closely united. Here was a genuine friend at last, she reflected—a friend of her own; and comforted thereby for her losses, she grew a little more tolerant of the happiness of other people; and even when, a little later, a great wave of surprises and sudden changes broke over the home and all in it, still the tolerance continued.

For, first, John Norman had a partnership offered him in South America, and he and Eunice had to be got ready at two months' notice to sail to their new home. And while Polly was toling over the hurried preparation which was all that time made possible, Susan Gilmore, her one special friend, called one morning, and with a burst of emocion quite unwonted in the staid Sue, confided the lact that she was engaged—engaged to O. O., who was the loveliest, dearest man that ever was, though Polly had been so unkind as not to find it out—a fact she (Sue) was very glad of now—and they were to be married in

six weeks, and sail for China directly afterward. And would her dearest Polly forgive her, and promise to love O. O. all she possibly could, just for

O. O. all she possibly could, just for her sake?

"You too?" was all Polly's reply. But she put her arms round Sue's neck with a tear and a sob, and all was smooth between them. Sue, who had dreaded the interview, was amazed at Polly's forbearance. A change had evidently come over the spirit of her dream. Trials, we are told, have a chastening effect on the character. Was it her trials which were thus blessed to Polly? After that all was bewilderment and confusion dire till the two weddings were over. Eunice and John departed the day after theirs, and a lull fell upon the weary household. Mrs. Patten went upstairs to lie down. Polly, who sighed for fresh air, departed for a walk with John Gilmore, who missed his sister so much, poor fellew! and walk with John Gilmore, who missed nis sister so much, poor fellew! and Amy, the cadette of the family, pre-pared to celebrate their newly recovered freedom by adorning and making beau-tiful the dining-room, now rescued from courting purposes, and restored again to the common use of the house-hold.

A busy afternoon indeed did little A busy afternoon indeed did little Amy make for herself, but it was a merry one, and she sang as she worked. Every vase in the room she filled with violets and wild flowers, or apple blooms from the just blossomed orchard. The curtains were pulled to exactly the ideal angle, the chairs regrouped, all the horrid look taken away, Amy thought, as if the room were meant only for two, and for no one else. It was dusk when she finished, and curling up in the sofa corner, she awaited with impatience corner, she awaited with impatience Polly's return—Polly, who had hated the love-making as much as she had, and would be so pleased. Polly was the one person in the house of whose sym-

and would be so pleased. Polly was the one person in the house of whose sympathy Amy felt quite sure.

She was long in coming, but she came at last. Any heard her step on the porch, and with it another step, louder, firmer. Surely that tiresome John Gilmore was not coming in to spoil everything this first pleasant night. No; he had come to see papa. Amy heard him tap at the door of the "den," while Polly ran upstairs. He emerged as she came down; there was a long confabbing in the entry; but at last the front door shut with a delightful emphasis, and Amy jumped up from the sofa to enjoy the effect of her surprise.

"Come in—oh, do come in!" she cried. "I want you to see if the dear old room doesn't look lovely. I've been all the afternoon doing it, so that it might be nice for our first evening. Isn't it pleasant to have a room to sit in again? Aren't you glad that the wedding is over, and all theftiresome love-making, and we can have cozy little times at home like other people? Why, Polly, how queer you look! Don't you like it? What makes you do so?"—for Polly, half tearfully, was kissing and fondling the child.

"Oh, I do, Amy darling, I do like it very much," pleased poor Polly, "but—only—my pet, I'm afraid you'll be very disappointed; but John Gilmore is coming here this evening to see me, and I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to let us

ing here this evening to see me, and I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to let us have this room.

"John Gilmore! Good gracious!
Polly Patten"—with almost a shriek—
"you're not engaged to him? You don't

"you're not engaged to him? You don't mean that?"
"Y-e-e-s," faltered Polly. "Oh, Amy dear, don't look so distressed!"
"I will look distressed; I have a right to," cried Amy, with a burst of sobs. "After all you said! A man named John, too—three Johns in the family! Oh! Polly! And you who declared you hated men named John! Well, after this, I never, never will believe in anybody again."
"Amy, dear, I talked a great deal of nonsense. You must forget it. I didn't

"Amy, dear, I talked a great deal of nonsense. You must forget it. I didn't know." But Polly urged in vain. Amy pushed her hand aside, and rushed away to console herself as best she might with a hard fit of crying, and Polly, convicted, repentant, but by no means unhappy, was left behind.

So ended Polly's controversy with cupid. She was vanquished, as Pollys are apt to be in such warfare; but there are defeats which count for more than victories, as we all know, and this may have been one. I regret to say that she never formaily apologized for her inconsistency, and she took possession of the dining-room every evening without the least apparent perception of the selfishness of the proceeding. Amy we greatly scandalized, but cut bono? To each his turn. Little Amy's will come some day, and then she too will forgive and understand.—Harper's Bazar.

Death in the Coal Mines he report of inspectors of anthracite mines in the Schuylkill region recoal mines in the Schuylkill region re-lating to casualities in the mines is a ghastly list. In 1878 the killed num-bered eighty-seven and the injured 247. In 1879 there were 113 killed and 337 injured. Of the fatal accidents, twelve deaths were caused by explosions of fire-damp, seven by blasts and other explosions of powder, fifty-five by fall-ing coal, slate and rock; twenty-two by cars and mine wagons, and seventeen explosions of powder, firey-five by falling coal, slate and rock; twenty-two by cars and mine wagons, and seventeen in miscellaneous ways. The ways in which some men meet death are strange indeed. Patrick Casey was caught by a rush of coal in a shute and carried with it to a point where a plank caught him by the neck and choked him to death. Griffith Watkins, a boy, left his place in the breaker and went to get a drink of water. As he was passing the boller-house a runaway car crushed through the side, struck him and killed him. Charles Dreshman, a miner, aged twenty-two, who was engaged shoveling at the mouth of a shute, was found lying dead, with one leg down the shute and a small quantity of loose earth lying on him. No indications of what killed him could be found, but it was supposed that his foot slipped into the hole, and he imagining that he was about to fall to the bottom, was literally frightened to death.

A rule for living in Quiet.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation, It mostly happens when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, rom frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like that the original subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said:

"Wretched would be the pair above all means of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of the domestic day."

### WONDERFUL LEADVILLE. Further Facts of Interest About the Pa mous Silver City of Colorado.

Colonel Elisha W. Davis, a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, said to a Philadelphia Times reporter, on returning from a trip to Leadville, Col.:

"Two years ago a little tumble-down shanty or two stood on the site now occupied by Leadville, a city containing to-day nearly forty thousand inhabitants, and which I do not hesitate to predict will have one hundred thousand people before the end of another year."

"Talk about the wonderful rise of San Francisco and other places," continued Colonel Davis, "but think of Leadville in comparison with any of them and you'll acknowledge that it must get the palm. With its fine banking concerns occupying elegant buildings and doing a very large business. buildings and doing a very large busi-ness; four daily newspapers—three Re-publican and one Democratis—not ex-celled in enterprise and general features by any other papers outside of Phila-delphia and New York; several flour-ishing weekly journals; three first-class theaters; numerous fine churches, in-cluding Episcopal, Methodist and Ro-man Catholic; whole streets full of busiman Catholic; whole streets full of business structures that are the architectural equals of those in many of the large Eastern cities, and a fine post-office building now being erected of brick and stone—it is already a city of no little importance. Except in the outskirts, it is not scattered like many other mining towns but is compactly outskirts, it is not scattered like many other mining towns, but is compactly built up—more so than Harrisburg, of which, I think, it is the equal, if it does not go beyond that city in population. Nearly all the temporary wooden structures have already given place to substantial buildings of stone and brick. Any quantity of good bricks can be made there, suitable clay being found in the immediate vicinity. Leadville

made there, suitable clay being found in the immediate vicinity. Leadville looks just as much like an Eastern city as does Harrisburg.

"The city is 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, and all around it in the distance loom up snow-capped peaks. During my stay of three weeks there, however, I have perceived little, if any, difference between its climate and that difference between its climate and that of Philadelphia. Nevertheless, the soil thereabouts is not suitable for farming to any considerable extent, and the per-manency of the settlement must depend manency of the settlement must decend upon the supply of the surrounding silver mines, which for many generations will be inexhaustible. The location of the city on a gradually sloping mountain is such that during a thunder-storm the people can see the lightning flash below them. Snow remains all the year on the surrounding peaks. It is amusing to see how strangers in the city are deceived by the apparent distance of these mountains. I started one morning to take a stroll to the base of one of them, supposing that it was about two or not take a stroll to the base of one of them, supposing that it was about two or not more than three miles off. Judge of my astonishment upon being told that it was not less than twenty miles away. The journey was postponed. Another day, as a waggish friend and myself were out walking, we came upon a little spring, run or brook, less than a yard wide. My friend stopped at its edge, and, after appearing to measure it with and, after appearing to measure it with his eye, proceeded to divest himself of

his garments.
"What are you doing?" I asked, in "Going to swim across, of course," was the reply. "I've been fooled enough on Leadville distances; but after this I'll try to make due allowance in my calculations."

"Take it all in all, the cost of living in Leadville is no more than in Phila.

"Take it all in all, the cost of living in Leadville is no more than in Phila delphia, while the remuneration for labor is from two to three times as large ss it is here. Beef is cheaper and better there than here. The only supplies that command a higher price there are vegetables. Day laborers earn from \$2 to \$4 a day; carpenters, \$4; miners, from \$4 to \$4.50, and other workmen in like proportion. Any plucky man going there to \$4.50, and other workmen in like proportion. Any plucky man going there with a little capital ought to get rich if he minds his business. The entire surrounding country abounds in mineral wealth, chiefly silver and iron. The fact that lead is found in large quantities, combined with these ores, gave the city its name. Silver, however, is the most abundant, and, of course, the chief treasure sought for. Anthracite coal was recently struck, and the supply promises to be very great. Every trade and profession flourishes. Undoubtedly Leadville will be the center of the sil-

was recently struck, and the supply promises to be very great. Every trade and profession flourishes. Undoubtedly Leadville will be the center of the silver mining business for the next twenty-five years. It is now by tar the largest town in the State.

"The population is not so heterogenous as Philadelphians might suppose. The majority of the people are of American birth, recruited largely from New York State and the oil regions of Pennsylvania. New Yorkers are getting hold of all the big mines. Several mines, including the Robert E. Lee, Pittsburg and Crysolite, have been paying at the rate of \$100,000 a year for the last six months. If Leadville has done so much with no railroad nearer than thirty-two miles, what may be expected when the road now running from Denverto Buena Vista will be finished as far as Leadville? Indeed, it is probable that the Denver and Rio Grande road also will soon be extended to Leadville, opening up traffic along the Arxansas river. At present passenger travel and hauling must be done by means of stages and wagons between Leadville and Buena Vista. There has been no robbing done, however, since Judge Lynch hanged two fellows last fall. Indians are not feared as there are none nearer than the Gunnison country, thirty miles distant, and they are fast disappearing from there."

# The Human Ear.

Imagine two harps in a room, with the same number of strings, and each string perfectly attuned to a corresponding one in the other. Touch a string in one, and the corresponding string in the other will give out the same sound. Try another string and its corresponding tone will be sounded. So with all the strings. So with any combination of strings. It would not matter how you played the one harp the other would respond, as regards pitch and quality, would be almost perfect. Now substitute for one harp the human ear, and the conditions would, according to theory, be the same, except that the responsive mechanism of the ear is much smaller than that of the responsive harp. In the ear there are minute cords, rods, or something in such a state of tension as to be tuned to tones of various pitch, sound a tone, its corresponding rod or cord in the ear will respond, perhaps feebly, but still with energy enough to excite the nerve-filament connected with it; the result is a nervous current of the brain, and a sensation of a tone of a particular pitch. — Good Words.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

Mr. Ernest Hert, the eminent sanitary writer, would like to see the teapot banished from the breakfast table. For young people, dyspeptics, and laborers, he thinks nothing equal to hominy porridge. Bread and butter and cocoa is a very good breakfast for working people, he thinks. Tea is a nerve stimulant, and on that account, he says, out of place as a breakfast beyerage. out of place as a breakfast beverage

Comparatively few persons know how the White House at Washington got its name. It was given to it because of its color. The building is constructed of freestone, and after the British burned the interior in 1814 the walls were so blackened that when it was rebuilt it was found necessary to paint them. Ever since at intervals of a few years the whole structure receives a fresh coat of white paint. The cumbrous title of executive mansion was very naturally dropped for the short and literally descriptive name of White House, and now only figures in official documents and correspondence.

The unreasonableness of mankind is pretty truthfully illustrated in the following item from the Builder and Woodworker: When a man's house is Woodworker: When a man's house is building, he never thinks the carpenter puts in one-third enough nails, and frequently, and with biting surcasm, asks him it he doesn't think the house would stand if he just simply leaned it up against itself and saved all his nails? Then, a few years afterward, when he tears down his summer kitchen to build a new one he growly and scolds and a new one, he growls and scolds, and sarcastically wonders why that fellow didn't make the house entirely of nails, and just put in enough lumber to hold the nails together.

The sewing machine branch of the machinery trade is becoming of great importance in the United States, very nearly 4,000 skilled artisans being emnearly 4,000 skilled artisans being employed in the sewing machine factories. The following figures show that an extensive export trade is being carried on under this head: Germany, \$539,000; England, \$465,000; Mexico, \$153,000; Australia, \$110,000; Colombia, \$93.000; Cuba, \$66,000; France, \$41,000; Australia, \$30.000; Brazil, \$21,000; Argentine, \$18,000; Scotland, \$16,000; Peru, \$15,000; Central America, \$12,000; Belgium, \$10,000; Nova Scotia, \$11,000; Hawaii, \$8,000; Porto Rico, \$9,000; Quebcc, \$7,000; other countries, \$29,000; total, \$1,661,000.

A Philadelphia firm some years since inadvertently failed to return the value of certain paper boxes in which their imported goods were enclosed. The value of the whole invoice was \$63, 322.66, on which duties were paid to the amount of \$15,985.67. The duty on the boxes would have been \$326.02. A government detective alleged that under the act of 1867 the whole invoice of goods could be forfeited, but he magnanimously offered to "settle." The importers went into court, and the case, after eight years, was finished the other day, the jury bringing in a special verdict entirely exonerating the importers from any fraudulent intent and limiting the damages to the amount of duty on A Philadelphia firm some years since the damages to the amount of duty on the boxes and in interest thereon.

When General Grant had completed his trip through Florida, he gave the New York Tribune's correspondent his conclusions as to the future of that State. "I think," he said, "that Florida has a bright prospect. Her productions will be a monopoly; and besides her oranges, pincepples and semi-tropical fruits and vegetables, she will in time produce the sugar for the consumption of the entire country. Then she grows the finest long-staple cotton, the best of tobacco for cigars, and her timber is of immense value. Then, when the swamp land is cleared of the timber, there will remain the choicest kind of a rice country. The soil, while apparently barren, is suited to the climate, and there are extensive beds of material for fertilization that will not only supply the needs of the land, but will be an article of export." When General Grant had completed

The work of the Bible revision committee, so far as concerns the New Testament is now substantially ended, and the revised text will probably be formally and finally published during the coming summer. No more aptoccasion could be selected, for the present year is the fifth centenary of the publication of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, printed in 1380. The work has been going on simultaneously in England and this country. The appearance of the new version will be one of the summer's sensations. A change that will strike the ordinary reader is the arrangement by paragraphs, according to sense, in-

"See me buy his soul for two cents," was the remark of a workman at Springfield, Mass., about a man for whom he had worked, who was esteemed a generous public giver, and had come into the shop to get some work done. The man laid a two-cent piece on the counter and turned away. The visitor soon saw the coin, and, after hastily looking about the room to see that no one was looking, picked up the money and put it in his pocket. When he came to pay for his repairs he was charged twenty-seven cents. As he had generally paid but twenty-five cents for the same work he inquired what the extra two cents were for, and, after some urging, he was gently informed that it was to pay for the two cents he had picked up. He seemed all at once to have important business at home.

An English impostor of the gentler sex has been unmasked at Chelmsford, after being petted and fed by the benevolent since 1854, under the impression that she was so ill of paralysis that she could not leave her bed without help. During all this time she had subsisted on the charity of the townsfolk, and frequently the prayers of the church have been requested in her behalf. But all this time, too, when no one was looking on, or likely to enter her dweling, the "paralytic" woman could deftly leap out of bed, dress herself swiftly, cook a substantial meal and eat it with a relish. At last, after a quarter of a century of deception, she has been found out. Some prying neighbors invaded her privacy at times when they were not expected, and found her not only out of bed and dressed but making a hearty meal.

An Ohio paper of a statistical bent publishes the following item descriptive of an incident which might well have taken sace even if it did not: There

was so much spitting of tobacco juice at his lecture in Hamilton, Ohio, that Professor Proctor took notice of it and made a mathematical calculation in regard to it. "Let us suppose," continued Professor Proctor, "that the moisture extruded in this unpleasing way in Ohio in the course of a year would, it uniformly distributed, correspond to the addition of a film of moisture no thicker than a postal card over the entire State. Then if there are but 200 postal cards to the inch there would in 1,000,000 years be formed a sea about 110 yards deep over the entire State. And as in the course of my lecture I had occasion to speak of the earth's future during 2,500,000,000 years, it would seem to follow (dreadful these total) speak of the earth's inture during 2,500,-000,000 years, it would seem to follow (dreadful thought!) that the sea would rise over Ohio and neighboring States of equal salivary potentiality to a height of nearly 200 miles! Noah's flood was nothing to this."

Some of the recent executions in Russia recall a very striking incident of the reign of Peter the Great. The nihilism of that period was represented by the revolt of the Strelitz (Archer) guard which Peter quelled and punished with merciless severity, beheading a man for every turret on the Kromlin wall, which overlooked the place of execution. The headsman being fatigued with the butchery, Peter himself took his place and struck off twelve heads with his own hand. The thirteenth was a handsome young soldier nicknamed Ore (eagle), who, pushing aside his predecessor's headless corpse, cried, with a laugh. "Come, brother, it's my turn for an audience with the czar now!" Peter, struck with this reckiess gallanty, pardoned and promoted him. Some French writers have endeavored to throw a coloring of romance over the incident by making its here the Some of the recent executions in Rus to throw a coloring of romance the incident by making its hero czar's unacknowledged son, but the spective ages of the two men render all but impossible.

### The Study of Natural History. Beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes, con

sidered as forming one group, con-stitute but a comparatively small sec-tion of the world of animals. Creatures allied to the snail and oyster, but all of different kinds, exist in multitudes which are known to us, but doubtless also in multitudes as yet unknown. Worms form a division so varied in nature, and so prodigious in number that the correct appreciation of one to an other and to other animals—their classification—forms one of the most difficult fication—forms one of the most difficult of zoological problems. Coral-forming animals and cognate forms, together with star-fishes and their allies, come before us as two other hosts, and yet there are other hosts of other kinds to which it is needless here to refer. Yet the whole mass of animals to which teleproceed the started of the whole mass of animals to which the whole mass of animals to which the single group of insects. For the single group of insects. the single group of insects. Every land-plant has more than one species of insects which lives upon it, and the same may be probably said of at least every higher animal—and this in addition to other parasites which are not insects. The lowest animals have not yet here referred to but the number of their been referred to, but the number of the undiscovered kinds which may exist in the ocean, and in the tropical lakes and rivers, may be suspected from the vari-ety we may obtain here, in a single drop of stagnant water. Recent researches, moreover, have shown us that the depths of the ocean, instead of being (so we supposed) lifeless as well as still and dark abysses, really teem with animal life. From those profound recesses also creatures have been dragged to light. creatures have been draged to light, forms which were supposed to have long passed away and become extinct. And this leads to yet another consideration. It is impossible to have a complete knowledge of existing animal without being acquainted with so much of the nature of their now extinct predecessors as can be gathered from the relics they have left behind. Such relics may be bones or shells imbedded in muddy deposits of ages bygone, and which deposits have now turned to rock or may consist of but the impress of their bodies, or only a few tootprints. Rich as is the animal population of the world to-day, it represents only a remark of the life that has been; and small as our knowledge may ever be of that as our knowledge may ever be of the ancient life (from imperfections in the rocky record), yet every year that knowledge is increased. What increase may we not also expect hereafter, when all remote and tropical regions have been explored with the care and patience already bestowed on the deposit which lie in the vicinity of civilized

# A Ploating Island.

Says the Johnsville (Oregon) Senting Among the many natural curiosities of this county it is not generally known of this county it is not generally know that there is a "floating island." Up in the "Siskiyous." lying like a pearlin the great mountain chain, is Squaw lake, a beautiful sheet of water, now utilized by a mining company as a reservoir. For many years the lake had been a favorite and delightful resort for fishing parties, and contained, nearly in its center, an island comprising about one acre of ground covered with luxuriant grass and a growth of willow and alder. It was never dreamed that the pretty little island was not terra firma, but when the bulkhead across the outlet of the lake dammed up its waters the island rose slowly until it had been elevated fully sixteen teet above its original level. It would be a question for the raturalist rather than the geologist to determine the age of this floating island, as it is evidently made up entirely of decayed vegetation. Perha, as at some remote period the roots of a tree, aptorn by the mountain storm, drifting out into the lake formed the nucleus from which the island has grown, but it seems singular that it should have remained anchored and unchangeable in its position.

# He Knew the Legislator.

Many a horse has been seduced from a pasture into a stable by a hatful of oats held just beyond his nose; recently a noble redman was beguiled by a similar operation. Indian John, the Winnebago chieftain from Shawano, appeared in the Wisconsin legislature, with a petition, and, at the suggestion of some graceless wag, waddled up to Assemblyman Naber, who had the floor and was apostrophizing narrow-guage railroads, and grasped his outstretched hand. Of course there was a roar of laughter and applause, in the midst of which the sergeant-at-arms held up a nickel before the Winnebago chieftain's face, and slowly backed toward the door of the lobby. John followed to the very exit where the nickel was bestowed upon him and the door was slammed in his face.