

Worship in the Woods.

How rich the embroidered carpet spread
On either side the common way;
Amore and purple, gold and red,
Emmet and white, and green and gray.
With shades between,
Worn with light in looms unseen.
The dandelion's disk of gold
With luster decks the meadows green,
And multiplied a million fold
The daisy lights the verdant scene;
The blue mint's plumes
Invite the bees to their perfumes.
A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
Unspooled from silent hills afar;
Kiss, like an angel, lifts the load
And in my path lets down the bar,
And here it brings
A lease of life on healing wings.
A summer leisure of the cloud
That wanders with its trumpeter,
The wind, is mine; no wrangling crowd
Annoys the humble worshiper
In the white tent
Beneath a listening firmament.
Up-floating on the ambient air
Sweet songs of sacred music rise,
And now a voice distinct in prayer
Like the lark's hymn, reaches the skies,
And the "Amen"
Is echoed from the hills and glen.
The wood a vast cathedral seems,
Its dome the overarching sky;
The light through trembling branches
Streams
From open windows lifted high:
Under the firs
Soft shadows shield the worshippers.
—George W. Bungay, in *Our Continent*.

A GOOD SWORD-STROKE:

How Colonel De Malet Met His Match.

There was a high frolic going on in a small town of Southern France one fine summer morning toward the end of the last century. The great local fair, which only came once in six months, was in full swing, and the queer little market-place of the town, with its old-fashioned fountain in the middle, and its tall dark houses all round, was crowded to overflowing. Here was a juggler eating fire, or pulling ribbons out of his mouth by the yard, amid a ring of wondering peasants. There an acrobat was turning head over heels, and then walking on his hands with his feet up in the air. A little further on a show of dancing dogs had gathered a large crowd; and close by a sly-looking fellow in a striped frock, leaning over the front of a wagon, was recommending a certain cure for toothache, which, however, judging from the wry faces of those who ventured to try it, must have been almost as bad as the complaint itself.

The chief attraction of the fair, however, seemed to be a tall, gaunt man, with an unmistakably Italian face, who was standing on a low platform beside the fountain. He had been exhibiting some wonderful feats of swordsmanship, such as throwing an apple in the air and cutting it in two as it fell, tossing up his sword and catching it by the hilt, striking an egg with it so lightly as not to break the shell, and others equally marvelous. At length, having collected a great throng around him, he stepped forward, and challenged any one present to try a sword bout with him, on the condition that whichever was first disarmed should forfeit to the other half a livre (ten cents).

Several troopers who were swaggering about the market-place, for there was a cavalry regiment quartered in the town, came up one after another to try their hand upon him. But to the great delight of the crowd they all got the worst of it; and one might have guessed from the eagerness with which the poor Italian snatched up the money, as well as from his pale face and hollow cheeks, that he did not often earn so much in one day.

Suddenly the crowd parted to right and left as a handsome young man, in a fine gold-laced coat and plumed hat, with a silver-hilted sword by his side, forced his way through the press, and confronted the successful swordsman.

"You handle your blade so well, my friend," cried he, "that I should like to try a bout with you myself, for I am thought to be something of a swordsman. But before we begin, take these two livres and get yourself some food at the French Lily yonder, for you look tired and hungry, and it's no fair match between a fasting man and a full one."

"Now may Heaven bless you, my lord, whoever you may be!" said the man, fervently; "for you're the first who has given me a kindly word this many a day. I can hardly expect to be a match for you, but if you will be pleased to wait but ten minutes, I'll gladly do my best."

The fencer was as good as his word, and the moment he was seen to remount the platform the lookers-on crowded eagerly around it, expecting a well-fought bout; for they had all seen what he could do, and they now recognized his new opponent as the young Marquis de Malet, who had the name of being the best swordsman in the whole district.

Their expectations were not disappointed. For the first minute or so the watching eyes could hardly follow the swords, which flickered to and fro like flashes of lightning, feinting, warding, parrying, till they seemed to be everywhere at once. De Malet at first pressed his man vigorously, but finding him more skillful than he had expected, he began to fight more cautiously, and to aim at tiring him out.

This artful plan seemed likely to succeed, for the Italian at length lowered his weapon for a moment, as if his hand was growing weary. But as De Malet made a rapid stroke at him, the other suddenly changed the sword from the right to the left hand, and catching the Marquis' blade in reverse, sent it flying among the crowd below.

"Well done!" cried the young man admiringly. "I thought I knew most tricks of fence, but I never saw one like that before."

"I could teach it to your lordship in a week," said the Italian. "For a man of your skill nothing is needed but practice."

"Say you so?" cried De Malet. "Then the sooner we begin the better. Come home with me, and stay till you've taught me all you know. One doesn't meet a man like you every day."

And so for a month to come Antonio Spalatro was the guest of Henri de Malet; and the young Marquis learned to perform the feat which had excited his wonder quite as dextrously as the Italian himself.

White lay the snow upon the fields outside the blazing city of Moscow. The Russians had fired their own capital. The veteran bands of Napoleon were fleeing from fire to perish amid ice and snow.

"Down with the French dog!"
"Cut him to pieces!"
"Send a bullet through him!"

A dozen arms were raised at once against the solitary man who, with his back against the wall, and one foot on the body of his horse, sternly confronted them. Henri de Malet (now Colonel de Malet of the French Cuirassiers) was still the same dashing fellow as ever, though twenty-three years had passed since he took his first lesson in fencing from Spalatro, the Italian, of whom he had never heard a word all this while. But if Spalatro was gone, his teaching was not, and De Malet's sword seemed to be everywhere at once, keeping the swarming Russians at bay, as he had done many a time already during the terrible retreat which was now approaching its end.

"Leave him to me," cried a deep voice from behind; "he's a man worth fighting, this fellow!"

"Ay, leave him to the colonel," chorused the Russians. "He'll soon settle his fencing tricks."

A tall dark man, whose close-cropped black hair was just beginning to turn gray, stepped forward and crossed swords with De Malet, who, feeling at once that he had met his match, stood warily on the defensive. The Russian grenadiers watched eagerly as the swords flashed and fell and rose again, while the combatants, breathing hard, and setting their teeth, struck, parried, advanced and retreated by turns. At length De Malet, finding himself hard pressed, tried the blow taught him by Spalatro; but the stranger met it with a whirling back stroke that whisked the sword clean out of his hand. Instead of cutting him down, however, the Russian seized him by the hand with a cry of joy.

"There's but one man in the French army who knows that stroke," cried he, "and I'm glad to see you remember so well what I taught you. Now at last Spalatro the officer can repay the kindness shown to Spalatro the vagabond. When I came over here with the Russian prince to whom you so kindly recommended me, they soon found out that I could handle soldiers as well as swords, and gave me a commission in the army, and here I am, Colonel Spalatro, with the Cross of St. George, and a big estate in Central Russia. Now if you fall into the hands of our soldiers you'll be killed to a certainty, so you'd better come with me to headquarters, where I'll report you as my prisoner. You will be safe under my charge until there's a chance of sending you home, and then you are welcome to go as soon as you please."

And Colonel Spalatro was as good as his word.—*Harper's Young People*.

It is related of a young American clergyman who was traveling in England in company with an Englishman, that he kept his eyes on the landscape, and his companion said: "I suppose you are not accustomed to such rapid traveling, but I beg to assure you there is no danger." "Thank you," the American replied, "I have been accustomed all my life to going faster than this, but I am expecting this train to run off the little island."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Feminine Patentee.

Anna K. Hawley, of Delhi, Louisiana, has patented a button that can be readily attached to garments without sewing, and readily removed without injury. The button head may be of any suitable form or material. The fastener, which also forms the shank of the button, is a strip of spring metal, doubled upon itself to form a flanged head portion, and its ends are then bent outward to form projecting spring posts. The ends of the posts are again bent outward and backward to form claws. The fastener is secured to the back of the button in any suitable manner, and the posts are passed through an aperture in the cloth and through a slot in a washer back of the cloth, the elasticity of the spring posts retaining the claws over the edges of the washer. To remove the button the claws are pressed together when the button is drawn off.

A Strange Affair.

A strange affair occurred in Columbus, Indiana, a short time ago, showing what an ordinary portrait will do to disturb a woman's mind. Mrs. Jennie Council was a handsome and wealthy widow, who had many friends and admirers. For several months past she had been in Iowa, and while there was married to Mr. William Griffin, a former acquaintance. They returned to the home of the bride in Columbus. The first object that met her gaze on entering the parlor was a life-size portrait of her former husband. The sight of the familiar features almost overcame her, and all the familiar surroundings so wrought upon her as to cause a complete revulsion of feeling toward her new husband. After brooding over her trouble for a day or two she confessed all to her husband, declared she could never love him, and besought him for the sake of both to leave her. She persisted in this request until an attorney was called in, who drew up a statement, in which each exonerated the other from all wrong-doing, but stated that their marriage was a rash mistake, and mutually agreed to separate, and each grant the other a divorce when the law would permit. Mr. Griffin pleaded with his wife to change her mind, but to no avail. He then left the house and the town to again become a wanderer.

News and Notes for Women.

A lady who lives in "Central New York State," near the lakes, and who has high family connections, and who is known in the best society in Washington, employs her time in summer in preserving and pickling fruits and vegetables, at which she has great skill; and her sales reach \$20,000 a year.

Miss Marianne North, who recently gave to Kew gardens, London, a gallery erected at her own expense and filled with her own paintings of rare flowers from almost every part of the globe, has started for Africa, the only quarter yet unrepresented, and will spend a year painting the characteristic flora.

The Princess Eugenie, sister of the king of Sweden, recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she is interested. When visiting the hospital after its completion a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the princess exclaimed: "Ah! now I see my diamonds again!"

In Naples a kind of wife market is held every year. All the marriageable girls assemble in a room, to which young men of good character have access. Offer of marriage on the part of any young man is conveyed by allowing his handkerchief to drop before the object of his choice as he passes by. If the girl takes it up, she thereby signifies her acceptance, but her refusal, if she allows it to remain.

Jennie McCowen, M. D., of Davenport, Iowa, read a valuable paper on "The Prevention of Insanity," before the National Conference of Charities, at Madison, Wisconsin. Dr. McCowen graduated with honor from the State University of Iowa in 1870, taking the first prize for her medicine thesis. She served three years on the staff of the State Hospital for the Insane, at Mount Pleasant, with unusual efficiency and fidelity.

Fashion Notes.

Overskirts are to be looped full and high in the back.

Bronze and crimson form a fashionable combination.

Black gloves are the rule with all black and white toilets.

The new shade of royal cardinal promises to be a leading color.

Plain velvet is now considered much "smarter" than that which is ribbed, brocaded or striped.

Miles of satin or moire ribbon are frequently used upon an elaborately

trimmed evening dress of the latest make.

Either an all white or an all black hat is seen with a carriage dress, but black is the choice for the promenade.

White silk stockings with minute jet beads forming a vine pattern on the instep are novelties of the prevailing mode.

Handsome ornaments used sparingly and flowers of the most brilliant colors are seen with rich black and white dresses.

Flowered muslin squares, originally used for the neck, now furnish trimming for rough-and-ready hats of straw to be worn in the country.

Watteau drapery in the form of a very broad double box plait is added to the simplest as well as the most elaborate toilets of aesthetic tastes.

Ladies able to do so buy one large or two small white Canton crepe embroidered shawls, and these make a polonaise to accompany a black velvet skirt.

Levantine, satin de Lyons, satin duchesse, satin merveilleux and heavy repped faille are the silk fabrics that will be worn for autumn and winter dresses.

The most tasteful bonnet for mid summer has a crown of colored English crepe drawn on wires, with a brim of nignonettes, lilacs or other small flowers.

The present season is called a cotton season, and now, by way of going from one extreme to the other, it is announced that the next will be a velvet season.

A witty communication upon the present styles says that there is but little difference between the picture of a medieval saint and a modern fashionable sinner.

The same long walking-coats that were worn two years since are now called redingotes, and are associated with a silk walking-skirt, trimmed with a ruche, a flounce or a thick box-plaiting at the foot.

Narrow braid, in silver or gold, is much used for trimming cloth dresses of a monochrome color. Ever so little of this garniture goes a great way in effect. An unsparing use of it is gaudy in the extreme.

Lace flounces and frills, and also muslin embroideries, look well when placed over thin colored materials, such as batiste and India muslin. The tone given by these semi-transparent fabrics is much more delicate than where silk is employed as a foundation.

A black and white striped silk and satin is laid in kilt-plaits falling over an eight-inch plaited flounce, the upper dress being a straight redingote of white veiling for the carriage or a short polonaise or panier basque when the dress is for indoors.

The newest wool fabrics to be combined with plain Victoria silks are ecru striped with bronze and pale blue satin, dark brown with old gold and snuff-brown, and white striped with storm-gray and black. The latter comes under the head of new color rage.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

In the Shetland islands recently a stroke of lightning detached a mass of four hundred tons of rock from the side of a hill, causing it to fall into a road below. The lightning cut a deep rut down the face of the hill.

Salting, M. L. Fourment asserts, is not necessarily fatal to trichinae imbedded in meat. These parasites may live in salt provisions for fifteen months. Salting, indeed, often serves to preserve the vitality of trichinae, as it protects them to some extent from the destructive influence of heat.

It is said that much more difficulty is found in rolling, and otherwise manipulating, gold in a factory where much electricity is generated by the action of machinery than in a room where no machinery is in operation, and where, consequently, frictional electricity is absent. The trouble is manifested in a disposition of the edges of the plates of thin bars to crack.

Messrs. Schulhoff and Bossert have worked out anew the observations recorded of the comet of 1812, and from the most probable elements obtain a revolution period of 71.7 years, leading them to believe that the comet will again come to perihelion about the middle of 1883. The uncertainty as to the period of revolution is about three and a half years.

According to John Rogers, F. R. M. S., it is claimed that modern microscopes are made to magnify as much as 32,500 diameters, while some regard 100,000 diameters as possible. Such excessive amplification, however, gives too imperfect results and is attained by too many difficulties to be of any value. The greatest living microscopists are of the opinion that a power of 3,000 or 4,000 diameters represents the highest useful limit of microscopic vision.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The census shows that of the whole number of farms the largest proportion occupied by actual owners is in New England, ninety-one per cent. The next largest is eighty-two per cent, in the Pacific States; in the West it is seventy-nine per cent; in the middle West and the middle group it is seventy-eight per cent; in the South it is sixty per cent.

It is now believed that the total wheat acreage of the United States will be about 37,288,359 acres, and this at the average yield per acre for the last thirteen years of 12.3 bushels would give 457,908,939 bushels; or if the yield should average the largest in the last thirteen years, or 13.9 bushels, the aggregate crop would be 517,474,329, and the agricultural department estimates the wheat crop at something over 500,000,000 bushels. This would give an immense surplus for export, probably about 200,000,000 bushels.

Extraordinary reports have appeared in the Japanese papers in relation to the cremation of the corpses of the poorer victims of cholera. The operatives who attended to the cremation appear to have been stricken with panic, and a considerable number of them forsook their work. The government authorities, finding it impossible to replace them except by men of great ignorance and questionable character, the work was neglected, and scores of bodies dried before they were burned, and it is asserted persons still alive were thrown into the flames.

The orders for public printing now at the government printing office, Washington, will test all the resources of that establishment, in order to fill them during the recess of Congress. The printing of the census publications alone is an enormous job. There will be over thirty volumes, comprising about 18,000 pages of the same size as the *Congressional Record*. This will be the largest single work ever turned out, and this is no small job. The *Record* has grown rapidly in size of late. The custom in the House of giving leave to print speeches not delivered swells the *Record* considerably.

Recently Captain Burton, the traveler, reported that almost illimitable gold can be obtained on the Gold Coast, Africa, a district which has been auriferously prolific for centuries. He says the region is equal to half a dozen Californias. In this he is supported by the English Commander Cameron, who investigated the Gold Coast in his company. Gold is found in the sea sand, in the dust of the roads and in the mud walls of native huts. A subject of such importance has of course been widely discussed by experts in England, and by this time large numbers of prospectors are doubtless verifying matters on the spot. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that would confront gold miners in Africa—the insalubrious climate, the savage inhabitants, the hostility of the native rulers, and other obstacles equally as great—there is no doubt that when proof positive is obtained that a great gold deposit exists there all these difficulties will be overcome, and that while men and the capital and energy of civilization will flow thither to confront those of nature and barbarism.

The use of prepared foods has become universal. A half a century ago condensed foods proper were unknown. Prepared foods may be broadly classified thus: 1. Hermetically sealed, or canned goods. 2. Desiccated and dried foods. 3. Steam-cooked condensed foods. 4. Extracts of beef, mutton, vegetables and fruits—or concentrated foods. This grouping also indicates the relative consumption, beginning with canned goods as the highest.

Practically, all things edible in the animal and vegetable kingdoms are now canned. Desiccated and artificially dried vegetables and fruits are in great variety, and embrace equally the products of temperate and torrid zones. Condensed foods cover the cereals fit for table use, and milk, eggs, coffee and chocolate. Extracts of beef and mutton, oftentimes in combination with fruits, are principally used in hospitals and by invalids, although a well-known extract of beef is largely used in hotels and restaurants for making choice soups. It will readily be seen that the commercial value of the preparations contained in the four classes named is very great.

How much the South lost before the war from the waste of cotton seed may easily be estimated from the following statistics. The amount of cotton produced during the fifteen years from 1845 to 1860 was 46,675,591 bales, and for every bale of cotton there were 1,200 pounds of seed, or three times the weight of the cotton itself. The amount of seed wasted was therefore 25,005,354.6 tons. The manufacture

of oil and its products has created such a demand for cotton seed that the price at the crushing mills was about \$18 per ton last year, and will probably average \$20 in the future. At the latter rate the seed wasted during the last fifteen years before the war was worth \$560,107,092. Probably that amount represents not more than half the market value of the manufactured products of the seed. During the first fifteen years after the war the amount of cotton produced was 56,438,335 bales, and but a small part of the seed it yielded was utilized. The average annual cotton crop is now not less than 6,000,000 bales, so that the amount of seed is 3,700,000 tons, which at \$20 per ton would be worth \$74,000,000 at wholesale. It is safe to place the value of the manufactured products of that amount of seed at \$100,000,000. It will be seen, therefore, that the wealth in cotton seed is about equal to half the annual expense of the United States government. When the nation manufactures all its cotton, as well as utilizes all its cotton seed, its income from the cotton crop will be more than doubled.

Bogus Eyes.

"I think nobody would be so deceitful as to steal a six-dollar eye."

The speaker was a well-dressed matron who had visited the office of a manufacturer of "artificial human eyes" in Bleeker street to inquire what had become of an eye which had been ordered for her single-eyed daughter and paid for in advance. The eye was discovered securely packed away in a little box, and the lady took the treasure away. The office presented a neat, business-like appearance. Over the mantelpiece the sign was conspicuously displayed:

"A deposit required on all eyes ordered."

"I don't want an eye myself, to-day," observed the *Star* reporter to the dispenser young man in charge, "but I have a few friends who have just come in from Deadwood City and want eyes. Think you can straighten them out?"

"Did they bring any dust home?"

"Loaded down. Money no object."

A pleasant smile flitted across the young man's face at this cheering information.

"We can match your friends with eyes of any size or tint at prices ranging from six to fifteen dollars."

"Are your eyes ready-made?"

"We have a stock of 2,000 on hand, but the sound eye can be matched more perfectly when we take the order. They are made of the finest glass. Get the right fit and there is no more trouble in putting in or taking out the eye than arranging your hat on your head."

"How long will the eye last?"

"With careful treatment it should last six months or longer, but the material is fragile, and unless handled very carefully it is liable to break. The secretions from the lids and lachrymal glands act upon the enamel and in time destroy the smoothness of its surface. The roughness thus created gives rise to irritation and inflammation of the lids, which, if allowed to run its course unchecked, will result in a condition in which it will be impossible to wear an artificial eye with comfort. It is advisable to remove the artificial eye before retiring for the night, and to wipe it carefully. Cleanliness does as much good to the artificial as the natural eye."

"Are your patrons principally men or women?"

"Both patronize this house; but I should say there are fewer women than men."

"Any prominent people?"

"A great many; but it wouldn't do to mention any names. When a man wears one of our eyes it is the perfect image of his own, and none but his most intimate friends know that it is artificial. You will understand, then, that professional honor requires that we should keep the names of our customers a secret."

The house referred to is engaged in the manufacture and sale of artificial eyes, and is one of the many in the same vicinity. The business of importing eyes is confined to three houses. A representative of one of these said:

"We import the finest French and German eyes; the former are more perfect and more expensive. We sell on an average about six eyes a week. We do no business in the domestic article. The weekly sales of imported eyes in this city amount to about eighteen, the average cost being ten dollars. We can match every size, form and color. These eyes are lost chiefly by accidents which befall men, women and children alike, but it so happens that men are the principal victims."—*New York Star*.

Kansas papers are said to be reaping a rich harvest announcing political candidates at \$5 a head.