

### Good Night.

A SONG.

Good night, my love, good night.  
The twinkling stars are peeping from the  
cloudless sky,  
And on the dewy earth the silver moonbeams  
lie;  
The sweet, sad time now comes when I must  
say good-by.  
Good night, my love, good night.  
Good night, my love, good night.  
Oh! softly on thy pillow may thy pure cheek  
rest,  
And angels grant no shadows cross thy sinless  
breast;  
Thy sleep be sweet, thy dreams of him who  
loves thee best.  
Good night, my love, good night.

### His Own Medicine.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton had finished  
tiffin, and were discussing some private  
theatricals, which, followed by a ball,  
were to take place that evening at the  
mess-house of the - - - The subject  
was a delicate one, for on it they held  
decided, but unfortunately divided  
opinions. The doctor had a prejudice  
against such things, and, though in  
most respects very indulgent to his  
pretty little wife, objected to her at-  
tending them. She, however, was  
bent on doing so.

"You know, dear, that it is the very  
last of the season, and every one will  
be there."

"And you know my rooted objection  
to these entertainments, Ada, why do  
you urge me?"

"Then when shall I ever have an op-  
portunity of showing off that lovely  
pink and silver cloak you got from  
Madras on my birthday?" pouted the  
young wife.

"Ah, that is a deeply important mat-  
ter!" laughed the doctor. "We must  
see if we can't get up a dance in our  
bungalow, little woman," continued he  
somewhat inconsequently.

"But that won't be a ball and the-  
atricals to-night; and by that time  
Daddabboy, Rumanagee and the other  
Parsees will have their shops filled  
with the new-fashioned cloak, while as  
yet mine is the only one of the canton-  
ment. I really do think, William, you  
might let me go. I am sure I sit pa-  
tiently enough through those solemn  
dinners and scientific reunions of  
which you are so fond."

"Well, well, as it is the very last  
of the season, I suppose I must be amia-  
ble for once; but—"

"Oh, that's a dear, good, disagree-  
able old thing!" said his wife, giving  
him a kiss; and without waiting to  
hear more, in a flutter of delight she  
left the room.

When left to himself the doctor pon-  
dered their late conversation, and left  
by no means satisfied with his share in  
it. Still, having consented, he deter-  
mined to do so with a good grace, and,  
on Mrs. Morton presently re-entering  
to look for something, he said, "By the  
way, dear, when shall I order the pa-  
lanquin for you?"

Still continuing her search she re-  
plied rather absently, "Oh, any time,  
I shall only want it returning; the  
Hills will call for me going."

Dr. Morton was taken aback.  
"So," he exclaimed, "you had ar-  
ranged to go with—or without—my  
consent!"

With a little start, she answered  
somewhat confusedly, "Well, I thought  
you would be sure to give me leave,  
William, and—"

"As you have chosen to act so whol-  
ly independently," interrupted her  
husband, angrily, "I withdraw the  
consent I so unwittingly gave. The  
house shall be closed at the usual hour,  
and if you do not happen to be at home  
at 11 o'clock, we do not sleep under  
the same roof this night." And in  
high displeasure Dr. Morton left the  
house; nor did he return for more than  
a couple of hours, during which his  
mood had more than once changed.  
The first irritation over, he felt that it  
was hard upon his pet to deny her the  
pleasure to which but the moment be-  
fore he had assented. How would he  
bear to spend the long evening oppo-  
site that disappointed, wistful little  
face? It began, too, to dawn upon  
him that "the whole cantonment"—  
which in India, where private life is  
more distinctly public property than  
in any other corner of the world, stands  
for our esteemed old friend, Mrs.  
Grundy—might, as has ever been its  
wont, put an unkind construction on  
motives it did not understand; might  
hint that he was not so much stand-  
ing by his principles—which in fact, he  
had yielded—as avenging his own of-  
fended dignity. The result of all  
which cogitation was that if, on his re-  
turn home, he should find that she had  
accepted both disappointment and re-  
buke in a proper spirit, much, indeed  
all, dependent on that—she should go  
with their friends to the ball; or even  
in the probable event of their having  
already called, he would show his mag-  
nanimity by taking her himself. Just  
then a carriage drove swiftly past his;  
he recognized it to be the Hills', and

in it—could he credit his senses?—all  
radiant with smiles, wrapped in her  
new cloak, sat his wife, who, in merry  
defiance, kissed her hands to him as  
they passed.

Both ball and theatricals were de-  
lightful, and none enjoyed them more  
than the volatile and fascinating Mrs.  
Morton. In the gayety of her spirits  
she confided to one after another of  
her dearest friends her husband's  
threat; and to one or two who ex-  
pressed some fear that he might carry  
it out she laughingly replied that she  
did not think that that would be at all  
likely; but in the event of anything so  
improbable, she had still her palanquin,  
in which she could rest till gun-fire,  
when, of course, the house would be  
opened.

I am told that nowadays palanquins  
are in as little request in India as se-  
dan chairs in England; but in Dr. and  
Mrs. Morton's time—for know, O reader,  
that my story is founded on fact—they  
were, except in the evening drive, the  
most general mode of carriage. In the  
veranda of every house one or  
more might always be seen, with their  
bearers at hand, ready for instant  
service by day or by night.

It was past 2 o'clock when Dr. Mor-  
ton heard, coming down the compound,  
the moaning monotonous cry of the  
bearers who carried their mistress to  
her home. Placing the palanquin in  
the veranda, they called loudly for  
admission, striking the door with their  
hands, in no small wonder that it had  
not, as usual, been thrown wide at  
their approach. Expectation of the  
coming triumph had driven sleep from  
his pillow; and he now turned his head  
with a grim smile, for his revenge was  
at hand—the little rebel should learn a  
lesson never to be forgotten.

To the bearers' voices was soon ad-  
ded that of their mistress's; indignantly,  
entreatingly, coaxingly she called in  
turn. She reminded her husband  
that their veranda was overlooked  
from the road "Let me in, I beg, I en-  
treat of you, William. It will be gun  
fire in a couple of hours, and if seen  
here I shall be the laughing-stock of  
the whole station. O William, dear,  
do let me in!"

To which her husband answered  
sternly, "We shall not rest under the  
same roof this night;" and he chuckled  
to himself, for he only intended to keep  
her waiting a few minutes.

For a moment Mrs. Morton seemed  
irresolute; then having said a few  
words to the head bearer, she cried  
aloud in a passionate burst of sobs, "I  
will sooner die than submit to such hu-  
miliation;" and, followed by her ser-  
vants, she rushed away.

There was a long wailing cry—a  
shriek—a heavy splash. Good heavens!  
could it be—could it be possible that  
his impetuous wife had thrown her-  
self into the well? Hark to those  
wild cries as the bearers run hither  
and thither with loud exclamations  
and calls for help. Paralyzed with  
fear, the husband could with difficulty  
open the door; then rushing out he  
would have flung himself into the  
still rippling water, in a mad attempt  
at rescue, had not a bearer hung upon  
his arm, as, in broken English, he tried  
to explain that his mistress was safe.

"Then where is she? What is all  
this row about? Who has fallen in?  
What are you all yelling for?"

"For Mem Sahib tell, 'throw big  
stone down well; then too much bob-  
bery make; run this way, that way—  
plenty great tamasha. Mem Sahib  
make big cry, then Mem run away.'"

Dr. Morton knew himself outwitted,  
for doubtless his wife had taken ad-  
vantage of the door she had thus suc-  
ceeded in opening. Ah, well, though  
vexed at the trick, he was by no means  
sorry that the conflict was at an end,  
and that they should both pass what  
remained of the night in peaceful rest.  
He dismissed the bearers, and returned  
to the house, but to find it shut! the  
door was closed, and obstinately re-  
sisted all efforts to open it; while a  
voice from the window from which he  
had himself so lately spoken, said—  
"We shall not sleep under the same  
roof this night." The doctor, with an  
uneasy laugh, first treated the situation  
as a silly joke, then expostulated, then  
stormed; but all without avail or even  
notice. He called to the ayah to open  
the door; but her answer was that she  
was locked in Mem's room, and Mem  
had the key under her pillow. He  
stamped at first with anger, but soon  
with cold, for his night pyjamas offered  
slight protection against the chill  
morning air. At length seeing the  
palanquin, he got into it. The lovely  
cloak was lying on the cushions; he  
drew the hood over his head, its deli-  
cate hues in striking contrast to his  
sunburned face and disheveled hair  
and dragging it round his broad  
shoulders with an angry tug, settled  
himself to sleep.

The gun had fired, the "assembly"  
sounded, but still the doctor slept on,  
Nor was he roused by the sound of  
horses' hoofs, as a bevy of ladies, un-

escorted except by servants, rode up  
to the door. They would be joined in  
their ride by their husbands after pa-  
rade; and then, after a final round of  
the course, assemble at the house of  
one other of their party to chota-haz-  
zarie and a lively discussion of absent  
friends.

In much surprise they waited a min-  
ute or so before the closed and silent  
house; then, with significant glances,  
one after another slid from her saddle,  
determined to solve the mystery. Ah,  
there it is! A little corner of the cloak  
worn the night before by Mrs. Morton  
peeped out of the closed door of the  
palanquin; 'twas evident that the poor  
little thing had been obliged to seek  
that shelter. "What a shame!" They  
would speak to her, they would com-  
fort her, and oh, what a laugh they  
would have against her! They grouped  
themselves round the palanquin, bend-  
ing low to peer in; and one on either  
side drew back the sliding doors as—  
gracious!—Dr. Morton, still half asleep,  
slowly opened his eyes. Most effectual-  
ly was he awakened by the startling ex-  
clamation with which the visitors  
hastily retreated to their horses, which  
they were just in the act of mounting  
as the door was thrown open, and Mrs.  
Morton appeared in her riding-habit.  
They immediately rode away, to the  
infinite satisfaction of the recumbent  
but impatient doctor, who was in mor-  
tal fear that fresh complications might  
arise through his unexplained absence  
from duty bringing message of inquiry.

At the meeting of husband and wife  
we would rather not play fly in the  
corner, but take for granted that there  
was the usual amount of tears, recrim-  
ination and hysterics, in which—  
for this occasion only—a torn and  
crumpled fabric of pink and silver  
took an active part; the sight of it  
from time to time stimulating Mrs.  
Morton's grief and eloquence, while  
her husband, who, smarting the expose  
of the morning, had entered on the  
fray with unusual spirit, soon found  
himself vanquished, limp and utterly  
dismayed, as his own inconsistent,  
tyrannical and selfish conduct was  
contrasted—not for the first time—  
with the patient endurance of his long-  
suffering wife.

Neither of this nor of the reconcilia-  
tion that followed in natural sequence,  
shall we make record; but we must of  
the pleasing fact that, at the very next  
concert, Mrs. Morton, leaning on her  
husband's arm, appeared in most excel-  
lent spirits, her cloak, this time of  
amber and gold, being admired by all  
beholders.—*London Society.*

### Sago and Tapioca.

Sago and tapioca differ in value ma-  
terially, as was shown recently in a  
lawsuit between merchants of the Pa-  
cific coast. The difference is explain-  
ed in the plants and in the cost of pro-  
duction. The sago tree is a palm,  
twenty-five feet high. It grows in the  
marshes of Singapore and elsewhere in  
China, where plantations of one thou-  
sand acres are often seen. A sago palm  
is not ripe for its first and only harvest  
till fifteen years from the planting. Its  
diameter is then some twenty inches.  
The harvester works on a shifting  
plank in the swamp, and fells the tree  
close to the ground. The bark being  
removed the body of the tree consists  
of soft pith, which is broken and  
ground in water while the pulp is be-  
ing stirred. Transferred to a vat, the  
starch is precipitated and the water  
drawn off, after which the starch is  
dried and ground into the sago  
flour of commerce. Chinese tapioca  
differs essentially. The plant grows  
fifteen feet high, and fruits in two  
years; otherwise it is not unlike the  
potato. Every motion is the same as  
in the potato field. Grasping the plant  
its huge bunch of massive roots is  
shaken and taken to mill, where, being  
washed and stripped by machinery, the  
tapioca of commerce is made as sago it  
precisely.

### Space in the Universe.

The nearest of the fixed stars is  
twenty trillions (20,000,000,000,000)  
of miles distant from us. The next in  
distance is four times farther removed.  
If we attempt to fix an average dis-  
tance for the surrounding group of  
fixed stars nearest our system, we could  
not safely give it a radius of less than  
four hundred trillions of miles. Yet  
what does this involve? Light, which  
reaches us from the sun in eight and a  
half minutes, would take seventy years  
in its journey across this vast  
domain of space. If the volume of  
space included within our solar system  
were occupied with one huge sphere of  
5,600,000,000 miles diameter, even such  
a mighty mass would be but as a float-  
ing feather in the marvelous spread  
of empty space surrounding. This  
space would contain twenty-seven hun-  
dred trillions of such spheres, and  
would contain the material contents of  
our solar system a number of times in-  
dicated by the figure 5 with twenty  
two ciphers annexed.

### HIS LAST COURT.

A Story of the Noted Judge that Arkan-  
sas Ever Had.

Old Judge Grepson, a justice of  
peace, was never known to smile. He  
came to Arkansas years ago, and year  
after year, by the will of the voters,  
he held his place as magistrate. The  
lawyers who practiced in his court  
never joked with him, because every  
one soon learned that the old man  
never engaged in levity. Every morn-  
ing, no matter how bad the weather  
might be, the old man took his place  
behind the bar, which, with his own  
hands, he had made, and every even-  
ing just at a certain time he closed his  
books and went home. No man ever  
engaged him in private conversation,  
because he would talk to no one. No  
one ever went to his home, a little cot-  
tage among the trees in the city's out-  
skirts, because he had never shown a dis-  
position to make welcome the visits of  
those who lived even in the immediate  
vicinity. His office was not given him  
through the influence of "electioneer-  
ing," because he never asked any man  
for his vote. He was first elected be-  
cause, having once been summoned in  
a case of arbitration, he exhibited the  
executive side of such a legal mind  
that the people nominated and elected  
him. He soon gained the name of the  
"Hard Justice," and every lawyer in  
Arkansas referred to his decisions.  
His rulings were never reversed by  
the higher courts. He showed no sen-  
timent in decision. He stood upon the  
platform of a law which he had made  
a study, and no man disputed him.

Recently a woman charged with  
misdemeanor was arraigned before  
him. "The old man seems more than  
ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer, as  
the magistrate took his seat. "I don't  
see how a man so old can stand the  
vexations of a court much longer."

"I am not well to-day," said the  
judge, turning to the lawyers, "and  
any cases that you may have you may  
please despatch them to the best, and  
let me add, quickest of your ability."

Everyone saw that the old man was  
unusually feeble, and no one thought  
of a scheme to prolong a discussion,  
for all the lawyers had learned to re-  
verence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the  
judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense, your honor," the  
woman replied. "In fact, I do not  
think that I need any, for I am here to  
confess my guilt. No man can defend  
me," and she looked at the magistrate  
with a curious gaze. "I have been ar-  
rested on a charge of disturbing the  
peace, and I'm willing to submit my  
case. I am dying of consumption,  
judge, and I know that any ruling  
made by law can have but little effect  
on me," and she coughed a hollow,  
hacking cough, and drew around her  
an old black shawl that she wore. The  
expression on the face of the magis-  
trate remained unchanged, but his eye-  
lids dropped and he did not raise them  
when the woman continued: "As I  
say, no man can defend me. I am too  
near that awful approach, to pass  
which we know is everlasting death to  
soul and body. Years ago I was a  
child of brightest promise. I lived  
with my parents in Kentucky. Way-  
ward and light-hearted, I was admir-  
ed by all the gay society known in  
the neighborhood. A man came and  
professed his love for me. I don't say  
this, judge, to excite your sympathy.  
I have many and many a time been  
drawn before courts, but I never be-  
fore spoke of my past life."

She coughed again, and caught a  
flow of blood on a handkerchief which  
she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it  
now because I know this is the last  
court on earth before which I will be  
arraigned. I was fifteen years old  
when I fell in love with the man. My  
father said he was bad, but I loved  
him. He came again and again, and  
and when my father said he should  
come no more I ran away and married  
him. My father said I should never  
come home again. I had always been  
his pride, and I loved him so dearly,  
but he said that I must never again  
come to his home—my home, the home  
of my youth and happiness. How I  
longed to see him. How I yearned to  
put my head on his breast. My hus-  
band became addicted to drink. He  
abused me. I wrote to my father, ask-  
ing him to let me come home, but the  
answer that came was, 'I do not know  
you!' My husband died—yes, cursed  
God and died. Homeless and wretch-  
ed, and with my little boy I went out  
into the world. My child died, and I  
bowed down and wept over a pauper's  
grave. I wrote to my father again,  
but he answered, 'I know not those  
who disobey my commandments!' I  
turned away from that letter hardened.  
I spurned my teachings. Now I am  
here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A  
crimson tide flowed from her lips.  
They leaned her lifeless head back  
against the chair. The old magistrate  
had not raised his eyes. "Great God!"  
said a lawyer, "he is dead!"

The woman was his daughter.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.  
Economy is itself a great income.  
Folly ends where genuine hope be-  
gins.

Men mark the hits, and not the  
misses.  
It costs more to avenge wrongs than  
to bear them.

Whatever makes men happier makes  
them better.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a  
slanderer begins to talk.

Feebleness of means is, in fact, the  
feebleness of him that employs them.

Circumstances are the rulers of the  
weak; they are but the instruments of  
the wise.

Out in the world men show us two  
sides in their character; by the fireside  
only one.

A woman may get to love by de-  
grees; the best fire does not flare up  
the soonest.

Where there is much pretension  
much has been borrowed; nature  
never pretends.

It is not what you see that makes  
you popular among your friends; it is  
what you don't tell.

Never despise humble services;  
when large ships run aground, little  
boats may pull them off.

Attrition is to the stone what good  
influences are to the man; both polish,  
while they reveal hidden beauties.

When a man is at the foot of the  
hill in his fortunes, he may stay a long  
while there in spite of professional ac-  
complishments.

### Murdered by a Private.

Lieutenant General Coode, of Ply-  
mouth, England, formerly of the In-  
dian army, has received particulars of  
the murder of his son, Lieutenant W.  
H. Coode, adjutant of the wing of the  
Lincolnshire regiment stationed at  
Benares. The deceased was drilling  
the men on parade when two rifle shots  
were fired from the corner of the bar-  
racks. The bullets passed close over  
the heads of the men, and almost im-  
mediately a third shot was fired, sever-  
ely wounding a private named Lilley,  
in the knee. The men were much ex-  
cited and wanted to "scatter," but Lie-  
utenant Coode ordered them to remain  
steady and rode in the direction of the  
firing. As he was advancing in a can-  
ter a fourth shot was fired by a private  
named Cocklin, who was standing out-  
side the barrack door. The bullet did  
no damage and the man again discharg-  
ed his rifle. This time the bullet enter-  
ed the breast of Lieutenant Coode's  
horse, but notwithstanding this, the  
officer still courageously advanced  
toward Cocklin, shouting, "What are  
you about, sir?" The man replied,  
"Stand back, sir, or I will shoot you,  
too." Lieutenant Coode, when about  
twenty paces from the soldier, was dis-  
mounting, apparently with the inten-  
tion of seizing his assailant, when  
Cocklin again fired, and this time  
struck the officer in the groin. Medical  
aid was quickly secured, but the main  
artery of the lieutenant's leg was found  
to be nearly severed and he died in  
about an hour. Cocklin, when taken  
to the cell, remarked that he wished he  
had been able to "do" for  
Sergeant Brent. Sergeant Brent had  
been instrumental in obtaining a con-  
viction against Cocklin's "chum" for  
insubordination, and the deceased, as  
adjutant of the regiment, had prose-  
cuted him. This is the only reason  
that can be assigned for the occur-  
rence. Lieutenant Coode was buried  
with full military honors, and a reg-  
imental order was issued directing  
the officers to go into mourning for  
three months.

### Lafayette and His Opossums.

When Lafayette paid a visit to the  
United States he intimated a desire to  
become master of an opossum, and a  
Baltimore editor gladly undertook to  
see that the general had one to take  
home with him. Anxious to make the  
most of the occasion, he proclaimed his  
want in a highly-spiced appeal to his  
countrymen, urging them to prove that  
republics were not always ungrateful.  
They responded cheerfully—too cheer-  
fully—to the appeal. Opossums came  
in from north and south, east and west,  
until the overwhelmed editor found  
himself possessed of 2190 too many. He  
could not afford them separate accom-  
modations, he dared not lodge them to-  
gether; so, at night, he turned them all  
loose in Monument square, to quarter  
themselves as they listed. Next day  
"possums were here, there and every-  
where in Baltimore, to the delight of  
the black, and the disgust of the white  
citizens, who fervently wished that La-  
fayette had never heard of an opossum,  
or that the editor had executed his com-  
mission with more discretion.—*All  
the Year Round.*

### A Close-Fisted Economist.

The farmer sat in his easy chair  
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;  
His face was ruddy and full and fair;  
His three small boys in the chimney nook  
Connoled the lines of a picture book;  
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,  
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,  
Laid the table and drew the tea,  
Defly, swiftly, silently;  
Tired and weary, weak and faint,  
She bore her trial without complaint,  
Like many another household saint—  
Content all selfish bliss above  
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke  
That wreathed his lips, the farmer spoke.  
"There's taxes to raise and interest to pay,  
And if there should come a rainy day  
'T would be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,  
'T have something put by. For folks most die;  
An' there's funeral bills, and grave stones to  
buy—

Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;  
Besides, there's Edward an' Dick an' Joe  
To be provided for when we go;  
So, if I were you, I'd tell you what I'd do;  
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—  
Extra fires don't do any good;  
I'd be savin' of soap and savin' of ole,  
And run up some candles once in a while;  
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,  
For sugar is high,  
An' all to buy,

And water is good enough drink for me;  
I'd be kind o' careful about my clothes  
And look out sharp how the money goes—  
Gegaws is useless, nater knows;  
Extra trimmin'  
'S the bane of women.

I'd sell the best of my cheese and honey,  
An' eggs is as good, nigh 'bout, as money,  
An' as to the carpet you wanted new—  
I guess we can make the old one do;  
An' as for the washer an' 'sewin' machine,  
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,  
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.  
What do they know 'bout women's work?  
Do they calculate when was made to shirk!"

Dick and Edward and little Joe  
Sat in the corner in a row;  
They saw their patient mother go  
On ceaseless errands to and fro;  
They saw that her form was bent and thin,  
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;  
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—  
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,  
Outspoke the youngest, traitest brother:

"You talk of savin' wood an' ole  
An' tea an' sugar all the while,  
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Men of mite—Dwarfs.  
A fast gait—One that is bolted.

Funny, isn't it that you always see  
the night-fall before any stars begin to  
shoot.

Musicians are in the habit of slur-  
ring some notes; but they all speak  
well of greenbacks.

Man may want but little here below,  
but he makes a great disturbance if he  
doesn't get everything.

"What is woman's sphere?" To be  
mathematically correct, we suppose  
woman's sphere is being always 'round  
when you want her, and sometimes  
when you don't want her.

A New York tailor says that when  
he desires to get rid of a poor paying  
customer he misfits him so badly that  
he is laughed at. Then he gets mad  
and patronizes some other tailor.

"Enfant terrible." Grandmamma  
(maternal)—"What a fidget you are  
George! What are you looking about  
for now?" Grandson—"Gran'ma,  
where's that—I was looking for that  
'miserable table' pa says you keep."

We are all equal in a way that this  
little story illustrates: "A day or two  
since a well-known physician called to  
see a lady patient, the mother of a  
bright three-years-old girl. As the  
doctor entered the room the little girl,  
as though somewhat frightened, ran  
away upon being told that the visitor  
was Dr. —. The mother explained  
that the little one, through experience  
with a dislocated ankle and the vaccina-  
tion season, was evidently afraid of  
the visitor. The following day the  
doctor made another call and succeeded  
in winning the little girl to his knee.  
'Why did you run away from me yester-  
day?' he asked. 'Oh, I didn't run  
away from you. I ran away from the  
doctor of you,' she responded vigor-  
ously."

### Ancient Dishes.

The British museum has just ac-  
quired an interesting collection of thirty-  
nine silver objects which gives an  
insight into the daily life of the Baby-  
lonians, and reminds us of the discov-  
ery of the bird dealer's shop at Pompeii.  
These objects, which were all  
found together on the site of Babylon,  
consists of fragments of silver dishes,  
the broken handle of a vase and coins,  
most of the latter being defaced and  
clipped. It is easy to see that all have  
been broken purposely by a practiced  
hand, with the view of using the metal  
again, and we may fairly conclude  
that the collection is the remains of a  
silversmith's or coiner's shop. Among  
the coins is a Lyeian one in good pres-  
ervation. So far as can be judged  
from the vase handle and dishes, the  
art is distinctly Babylonian under Per-  
sian influence, and the workshop may  
date from the conquest of Alexander.