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Her Treasures.

I keep them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
At waiting in the lower bay.
I thought my heart would break that day!

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize!
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a button off his coat.

Is this the ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay,
But see—the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears—what stuff!
...were true enough.
...as handsome as a prince—
...l jealous! But he went to Rome
...fall. He's never written since.
...used to visit at his home—
...lovely place beyond Fort Lee;
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh, no! I sent his letters back,
These came to me from Washington.
But look, what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to tease him—
Poor Jack!—he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps;
These foreign lovers act like geese.
But, dear, they are such handsome men.
We go to France next year, again!

This is the doctor's signet ring.
These faded flowers? Oh, let me see;
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it—Count de Twirl;
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red. You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that look forsook;
You know—but you could never guess!
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you're like the man yourself!
But mostly because—don't get so wild—
I have not laid him on the shelf—
He's not a bygone. In a year
I'll tell you all about him, dear.

—*Scribner.*

THE MINISTER of MONTCLAIR.

It was no use; the letters danced before his eyes, the whole world seemed wavering and uncertain in those days. He laid his book down, and began to think of the great trouble which was shutting him in. When the black specks first began to dance between him and the paper, months ago, he had not realized his danger. It was annoying, to be sure, but he must have taxed his eyes too severely. He would work a little less by lamplight—spare them a little—and it would come all right. So he had spared them month, and yet the specks kept on their cilia dance; and now for weeks the conviction had been growing on him slowly that he should soon be blind! He had not told his wife yet, nor could he bear to lay on her shoulders the burden of his awful calamity. Oh, it was too hard!

And yet was it too hard? Dared he say so? He, God's minister—who had told other sufferers so many times that their chastenings were dealt out to them by their kind Father's hand, and that the end thereof was joyous, not grievous?

Yet, speaking after the manner of this world, his burden seemed greater than he could bear. What could he do—a blind, helpless man? He must give up his work in life—let another take his ministry—sit helpless in the darkness. Heaven only knew how long. Could he be thus resigned?

Then, suddenly a flash of hope kindled his sky, there might be help for him. This gathering darkness might be something that science could remove. He would not think of that, at least, before he told Mary. And then he became feverishly impatient. He must know at once, it seemed to him—he could not wait. He called his wife, and told her, with a manner that she thought was queer and calm, that he was going out of town the next morning on a little business. She wondered that he was so uncommunicative—it was not like him to keep things to himself, but she would not trouble him with any questions. She should understand it all some time, she knew, still she thought there was something strange in his way of speaking.

The minister strove hard for the mastery of his own spirit, as the cars whirled him along the next morning toward the city where he was to receive his sentence. He tried to think of something else, but found the effort vain; so he said over and over, as simply as a child, one form of words:

"Father, whichever way it turns, oh, give me strength to bear it."

Holding fast to this prayer, as to an anchor, he got out of the cars and went into the streets. What a curious mist seemed to surround all things! The houses looked spectral through it; the very people he met seemed like ghosts. He had not realized his defective vision so much at home where it had come upon him gradually; and all objects were so familiar. Still, with an effort, he could read the signs on the street corners and find his way.

He reached at last the residence of the distinguished oculist for whose verdict he had come. He found the parlor half filled with people waiting like himself. He was asked for his name, and sent in a card on which was written: "Rev. Wm. Spencer, Montclair." Then he waited his turn. He dared not think much. He just kept his simple child's prayer in his heart, and waited.

The time came for him at last, and he followed the boy who summoned him into a little room, shaded with green, with green furniture, and on a table a bowl of flowers. The stillness and the cool scented air refreshed him. He saw dimly, as he saw everything that morning, a tall, slight man, with a kind face and quiet manners, who addressed him by name, invited him to sit down, and then inquired into his symptoms with such tact and sympathy that he felt as if he were talking with a friend. At last the doctor asked him to take a seat by the window and have his eyes examined. His heart beat chokingly, and he whispered under his breath:

"Thy will, oh, God, be done; only give me strength."

Dr. Gordon was silent for a moment or two—it seemed ages to Mr. Spencer. Then he said, with the tenderest and saddest voice, as if he felt to the uttermost the pain he was inflicting:

"I cannot give you any hope. The malady is incurable. You will not lose your sight entirely, just yet, but it must come."

The minister tried to ask how long it would be before he should be blind; but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and he could only gasp.

Dr. Gordon understood; and answered very kindly that it might be a month, possibly two.

He stood up, then, to go. He knew all hope was over. He paid his fee and went out of the room, and out of the house. It seemed to him things had grown darker since he went in. He hardly knew how he found his way to the cars. It was two hours past his dinner time, and he was faint for lack of food, but he did not know it. He got to the station somehow, and waited for the train to start for Montclair. All the way home he kept whispering to himself: "One month, possibly two"—as if it were a lesson on the getting by heart of which his life depended. He heard the conductor call out Montclair, at last, and got out of the cars mechanically. His wife stood there waiting for him. She had been anxious about him all day.

"Oh, William!" she cried, and then she saw his face and stopped. There was a look on it of one over whom some awful doom is pending; a white fixed look that chilled her. She took his arm and they walked on silently, through the sunny afternoon. When they reached home, and she had taken off her bonnet, he spoke at last:

"Mary, come here and let me look at you. I want to learn your face by heart."

She came and knelt by him, while he took her cheeks between his hands and studied every lineament.

"Are you going away?" she asked, after awhile, for his fixed, silent, mysterious gaze began to torture her.

"Yes, dear, I am going; going into the dark."

"To die?" she gasped.

"To die? to everything that makes up a man's life in this world," he answered, bitterly.

"Mary, I am going blind. Think of it, a month or two more weeks I shall never see you again, or our children, or this dear beautiful world where we have lived and loved each other. The whole creation is only an empty sound forevermore! Oh, God! how can I bear it?"

"Is there no hope?" she asked, with a curious calmness, at which she herself was amazed.

"None. It was my errand to town to-day to find out. I have felt it coming on for months, but I hoped against hope; and now I know. Oh, Mary, to sit in the darkness until my death day, striving for a sight of your dear face! It is too bitter; and yet what am I saying? Shall my Father who sent the way to bring me to the light of heaven? I must say, I will say, His will be done."

Just then the children came running in; boyish, romping Will; shy, yet merry little May.

"Hush, dears," the mother said, softly; "papa's tired. You had better run out again."

"No, Mary, let them stay," interposed he; and then he said so low that his wife's ears just caught the whisper: "I cannot see them too much in this little while."

"Oh, how the days went on after that! Every day the world grew dimmer to the minister's darkened eyes. He spent almost all of his time trying to fix the things he so loved in his memory.

It was pitiful to see him going round over each well known, well loved scene, noting anxiously just how those tree boughs stood out against the sky, or how that hill climbed up toward heaven. He studied every little flower, every fern the children gathered; for all creation seemed to take for him a new beauty and worth. Most of all he studied their dear home faces. His wife grew used to the dim, wistful eyes following her so constantly; but the children wondered why papa liked so well to keep them in sight; why he did not read or study any more.

There came a time at last, one Sunday morning, when the brilliant summer sunshine was darkness for him in a room.

"Is it a bright day, dear?" he asked, hearing his wife moving about the room.

"Very bright, William."

"Open the blinds, please, and let the sunshine in at the east windows."

Mary Spencer's heart stood still within her; but she commanded her voice and said steadily:

"They are open, William. The whole room is full of light."

"Mary, I cannot see; the time's come; I am alone in the darkness."

"Not alone, my love," she cried, in a passion of grief and pity and tenderness. Then she went and sat down beside him on the bed, and drew his head to her bosom, and comforted him just as if he had been a child, and she had wanted to comfort her children. After a time her tender caresses, her soothing tones, seemed to have healed his bruised, tortured heart. He lifted up his head and kissed her, his face lit from out the darkness and the lights that abide, and then sent her away. I think every minister who has been face to face with this calamity will understand why he wanted to be alone for a space alone with his God.

Three hours after that the church bells rang, and as usual, the minister and his wife walked out to the church, with his hand upon her arm. In that hour of seclusion he had made up his mind what to do. She left him at the foot of the pulpit stairs and went back to her pew in front. He groped up the stairs; and then, rising in his place, he spoke to the wondering congregation:

"Brethren, I stand before you as one on whom the Father's hand has fallen heavily. I am blind. I shall never see you again in this world—you, my children—for whose souls I have striven so long. I have looked my last on your kind, familiar faces on this earth—see to it that I miss none of you when my eyes are unsealed again in heaven. Grant, Father, that of those whom Thou host given me, I may lose none."

There was not a tearless face among those which were lifted toward him, as he stood there with his sightless eyes raised to heaven, his hands outstretched, as if to bring down upon them the blessing for which he prayed. Some of the women sobbed audibly, but the minister was calm. After a moment he said:

"My brethren, as far as possible, the services will proceed as usual."

Then in a clear voice, in which there seemed to his listeners' ears some unearthly sweetness, he recited the one hundred and thirteenth Psalm, commencing:

"Out of the deep I have called upon Thee, oh, Lord; Lord, hear my voice."

Afterward he gave out the first line of a hymn, which the congregation sung. Then he prayed, and some said, who heard him, the eyes closed on earth were surely beholding the beautiful vision, for he spoke as a son beloved, whose very soul was full of the glory of the Father's presence.

The sermon which followed was such a one as they had never heard before from his lips. There was power in it, a fervor, a tenderness which no words of mine can describe. It was the testimony of a living witness, who found the Lord a very present help in the time of trouble.

When all was over, and he came down the pulpit stairs, his wife stood again at the foot, and he took her arm and went out silently. He seemed to the waiting congregation as one set apart and consecrated by the anointing of a special sorrow, and they dared not break the holy silence around him with common speech.

The next afternoon a committee from the church went to the parsonage. Mrs. Spencer saw them coming, and told her husband.

"It must be," said he to her, "to ask my advice in the choice of my successor."

"I think they might have waited one day," she cried, with a woman's impatience of any seeming forgetfulness of the claims given him by his years of faithful service.

The delegation had reached the door by that time, and the minister did not answer her. She waited on the men into the study, and left them there, going about her usual task, with a heart full of bitterness. It was natural, perhaps, that they should not want a blind minister, but to tell him so now, to make the very first pang of his sorrow sharper by their unthankfulness, it was too much.

An hour passed before they went away, and then she heard her husband's voice calling her, and went into the study prepared to sympathize with his sorrow. She found him sitting where she had left him, with such a look of joy and peace and thankfulness upon his face as she had never expected to see it wear again.

"Mary," he said, "there are some kind hearts in this world. My parish wants to me to stay with them, and insist on raising my salary a hundred dollars a year."

"Want you to stay with them?" she cried, hardly understanding his words.

"Yes, I told them that I could not do them justice, but they would not listen; they believe that my very affliction will give me new power over the hearts of men; that I can do as much as ever. They would not wait a day, you see, lest we should be anxious about our future."

"And I thought they were coming in indecent haste, to give you notice to go," Mrs. Spencer cried, penitently. "How I misjudged them! Shall I never learn Christian charity!"

So it was settled that the minister of Montclair should abide with his people.

For three years more his persuasive voice called them to choose the better way; and then his own summons came to go up higher. In those three years he had sown more seed and reaped more harvests than some men in a long lifetime. He did his work faithfully, and was ready when the hour came for him to go home. Just at the last, when those who loved him best stood weeping round his bedside, they caught upon his face the radiance of a light not of this world. He put out his hands with a glad cry:

"I see, I see! Out of the dark, into light!"

And before they could look with awe and wonder into each other's eyes, the glory had begun to fade, the outstretched hands fell heavily, and they knew that the blind minister was gone, "past night, past day," where for him there would be no more darkness.

Facts About Lunatics.

Some of the minor statistics in Dr. Parsons' eleventh annual report are not without interest. Of the 412 women admitted to the New York city lunatic asylum last year, eighteen were under twenty years, 132 between twenty and thirty, 119 between thirty and forty, seventy-two between forty and fifty, forty between fifty and sixty, eleven between sixty and seventy, eight between seventy and eighty, two between eighty and ninety. Of the 412, 193 were married, 147 unmarried, fifty-eight widows, one divorced, thirteen "unknown;" 137 had blue eyes, 103 gray, ninety-one brown, sixty-two hazel, seventeen black, two "dark;" 241 had brown hair of different shades, sixty-two black, fifty-six gray, only seventeen red. As to previous religious belief, 249 were Catholics, 115 Protestants, twenty-five Hebrews, twenty-one unknown, while two were of no religion. As to previous station in life, six were farmers' wives, forty farmers' daughters, twenty wives or daughters of carpenters, twenty-three of tailors, fifty-four of laborers, nine of butchers, six of shoemakers, twelve of merchants, fifteen were domestics.

Horrible Cruelty.

The Toronto *Telegram* says: John O'Shaughnessy was a convict of about twenty-five years of age, who hailed from Kingston. On the twenty-seventh of April, 1875, he was confined in the "dark cell" for some trivial act of insubordination, forced upon him by the exasperating Stedman, who tantalized the fellow into making some offensive retort to the taunts of the deputy. For this trifling offense the unfortunate man was chained up in a standing posture for five days and five nights, his feet and hands painfully shackled to rings in the wall, only to be relieved for short intervals to enable him to partake of the meager allowance of bread and water allotted to him three times in each twenty-four hours. His toes had been rendered powerless before his entrance into the prison, and the result of this was that his torture was rendered more intense, owing to the fact that he had, for the greater part of the time, to support himself by his wrists, as encircled in the cruel rings in the wall. All the power was gone from his toes, and as he had to stand on them in order to relieve the torturing strain on his wrists, it may be imagined what crucial anguish the poor victim endured during these one hundred and twenty hours of chafing night and day. A more galling or fretting process of racking torture it is hardly possible to imagine. The writhings of the pitiful convict, as he vainly endeavored to mollify his anguish by shifting about as well as his manacles would permit, have been described as heartrending. Each new change of position only brought a keener agony, and there was an indescribable depth of suffering expressed in his oft-repeated expression, as the hours dragged their slow length along: "Thank God, there's another hour gone." When finally he was released from his torture his wrists and ankles were terribly swollen and he was wholly unable to walk. Had he not been a man of splendid constitution he could not have survived so exhausting an ordeal. A more brutal or inhuman device for inflicting agony on human flesh and blood it is impossible to conceive. When an appeal was made to Stedman to put a termination to the sufferings of this man, and it was represented to him that the convict was in danger of dying from his extreme suffering, the unrelenting, unfeeling official replied: "Let him die!"

An Ancient Civilization.

Explorations by scientific men in Tennessee have discovered facts of thrilling interest, which prove that in the State are to be found the evidences of the most advanced civilization which obtained in the Mississippi valley. The skeletons of the aboriginal race are found in caves and in stone graves. The caves of the limestone regions were used by the aborigines as receptacles for the dead. When one died, the body was usually doubled up, the knees touching the chin, and wrapped in skins and mats, the number and fineness depending undoubtedly upon the wealth and importance of the deceased. In one instance the skeleton of a man was found wrapped in fourteen deerskins, over which were blankets of bark. In some cases they were shrouded in a curious cloth made of bast fiber, into which feathers were twisted, so as to give the appearance of a variegated silk mantle. Over these were coarser wrappings; but the order in which they were laid on was by no means uniform. The body, with its coverings, was often placed in a wicker basket, pyramidal in form, and small in the top. Sometimes the basket was covered; at other times the head protruded from an opening.

Owing to the niter in the soil of the caves, the corpses have not altogether decayed, the flesh being dried up and the hair turned red or yellow. The working of the caves for saltpeter during the last century has nearly destroyed these witnesses of ancient civilization; so we turn from them, with their cliff paintings and scattered relics, to the better preserved testimony of the stone graves.

Scarlet Fever.

The *Lancet* calls attention to the importance, as a safeguard to the public health, of securing the early detection of cases of scarlet fever, it being of incalculable consequence not only to the patient but to the community, in order that timely measures may be taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The *Lancet* says that the throat symptoms are the most trustworthy for the purpose of diagnosis in the initial stage of scarlet fever; the soft part of the palate is extensively reddened, and not merely the tonsils, as is the first instance in ordinary sore throat. When this condition is met with, accompanied by a very hot skin and a very quick pulse, attended or preceded by sickness, with a thickly furred tongue, red borders, and prominent papillæ, a case of scarlet fever may be prepared for. In most cases, adds this journal, sickness occurs within some twenty-four hours after the commencement of the attack—indeed, it is well known to all observers that, in the large proportion of cases, sickness occurs within twenty-one or eighteen hours.

California's Gold Yield.

The gold yield of California this year, a local authority says, will probably be about $20,000,000, or as much as it was in 1875. Of this, two-thirds may come from placer claims, and the remainder from quartz. The greater part of the placer gold is obtained by hydraulic claims in the channels of dead rivers, with deposits of auriferous gravel several hundred feet deep and a quarter or a half mile wide. Although many acres of deep gravel beds have been washed away to the bed rock, large areas remain, and promise to yield a good profit for many years to come, though the product will doubtless decrease gradually. The placer mining camps which have no hydraulic washings are steadily declining, if they have not already disappeared, or if they have not some other resource. The placer workings of Yuba, Shasta, Tuolumne and Mariposa counties amount now to little; in Plumas they are nearly as productive as ever.

A CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

An Interesting Description of the Leeds (England) Co-operative Society.

Co-operative stores in England are more of a success than such institutions are in this country, and they are evidently managed there with great care. Some of these stores are immense in size, and contain beneath their roofs and in their different departments any article that the workingmen who patronize them desire. A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* describes one of these stores as follows:

Here is a tangible expression of Yorkshire common sense—a handsome four story block of stores, splendid in plate glass, carved stonework and architectural display—the stores of the "Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society, Limited," Albion street, Leeds. It may be Saturday afternoon—a half holiday in the mills—and the streets swarm with work-people of every age and condition. Albion street is none too wide for the traffic that pours along its sidewalks and roadway, and gathers about the open doors of the "Leeds Industrial," actually struggling in and out, and pressing thickly up to the counters. One door leads to a grocery store, the next to a drapery store, another door leads up stairs to the house furnishing warerooms, the outfitting department, and the boot and shoe store. There is no display in the windows (after the co-operative manner), and we may follow the multitude inside to watch the active trade. Plain, hard-working people, perhaps grimy from their toil, press up to the counters, cash in hand, ready to buy. The salesmen have evidently prepared for a good demand, and the staple goods, already put up in convenient packages, are piled in enormous heaps on the counters. They deal out bundles with wonderful speed, take the money, make a note in a book, tear off the voucher (or half-leaf), and give it with the change to the customer. Each one takes his or her goods and moves away as quickly as possible to make room for others. Near the door, in a tiny office, such as is sometimes used for the cashier in American stores, sits a young girl. Each one presents the fly-leaf to her, and receives a tin or brass token representing the amount of the purchase. This is the evidence of trade at the society's stores, and will be a guide in estimating the allocation of profits next dividend day. For every bag of flour the member may buy he will receive back a bonus or dividend of two shillings and sixpence. On all other goods the bonus will be two shillings and twopence in every pound these tokens represent. This is the key to this active trade; this explains this eager ness to buy; this is the "excuse for being" that the society can show.

The shops seem to be equal to the best of their class in London or New York. The stock is very large, of apparently the best quality, and is admirably put up, ready for immediate sale. Going up stairs, we find the building blockaded with people intent on trade. A woman coming down stairs, her three boys making much clatter with their new wooden shoes, brushes past a man with a wicker baby carriage under one arm and a mop broom under the other. There is plenty of roughness, broad Yorkshire dialect, toil stained clothing, and good English push and scramble; every man for himself; but, with all, there is a feeling for order and honest good nature. Above stairs, there are halls and corridors packed from floor to ceiling with boots and shoes, brushes, kitchen ware, household goods and ready-made clothing. The people swarm into every nook and corner, besiege the salesmen, and drive a lively trade. These busy shoppers and anxious buyers are the members of the Leeds Industrial—a few of the sixteen thousand shareholders, the legal owners of this building, the thirty branch stores, the shoe manufactory and the great flour mill at Marshall street in the Holbeck district. Every man and woman in this company has five or more shares in the society, or has paid down good shillings to let them earn the shares. Each one of these people participated in that handsome dividend of £16,506 17s. 8d. that was paid last quarter day. That is more than two pounds a year apiece, or two shillings and a trifle over in every two hundred and forty pennies they spent at the stores, besides the interest at five per cent a year on their united share capital of £122,332 17s. 11½d.

Headache from Eye Strain.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has been investigating the causes of headache, and, among other conclusions, presents the following, viz.: That there are many headaches which are due indirectly to disorders of the refractive or accommodative apparatus of the eyes; that in these instances the brain symptom is often the most and sometimes the sole prominent symptom of the eye trouble, so that while there may be no pain or sense of fatigue in the eye, the strain with which it is used may be interpreted solely by occipital or frontal headache; that the long continuance of eye trouble may be the unsuspected cause of insomnia, vertigo, nausea, and general failure of health; and that in many cases the eye trouble becomes suddenly mischievous, owing to some failure of the general health, or to increased sensitiveness of the brain from moral or mental causes. Cases are cited by Dr. Mitchell in support of his theory on this subject.

How Votes Were Lost.

The Eureka (Nevada) *Sentinel* says: A certain candidate has lost thirteen votes through making a rash promise to his wife. He had promised that in the event of his election he would buy her a sealskin cloak and a pair of navy blue stockings, and she couldn't rest till she told thirteen lady friends all about it. The ladies expressed themselves as "awful glad" to hear it, but threatened their husbands with a suit of divorce if they dared to vote for this particular candidate. "That old thing would look nice in a sealskin cloak and navy blue stockings, wouldn't she?" is the way they expressed themselves in speaking of the candidate's wife. Who says that women have no political influence?

The Sentence of Strousberg.

The cable announces that Dr. Strousberg's sentence was perpetual banishment from Russia, and considering the troubles he has got into by going there, together with the fact that he is not a native of the country, we may presume, says the New York *Times*, that the sentence is not one that will particularly distress him. Dr. Strousberg, who was born at Neidenburg, Prussia, is now only fifty-three, and there are not many men who have put more life into as many years. Losing his father when a boy, he joined some uncles, who had settled in London as commission agents, and soon after became a member. His family were Israelites, of the church of England. He did all in his power to improve his education, and at an early age became associated with some news papers in London. When twenty-five, he came out to the United States and gave German lessons. It might have been supposed that he would have found this a fair field for carrying his vast conceptions into execution, but this country was not at that period the place for such a man as it was to become later. So Strousberg, having realized some money by selling at a heavy profit a cargo of damaged goods, resolved to return to London. There he invested his money in a newspaper, and then went to Berlin as agent for an insurance company. Up to this time he had given no sign of the magnitude of his future operations, but in 1861, having become acquainted with some English capitalists, he resolved to become a railroad contractor, and within six years was at work on a dozen lines. His operations now begun to assume colossal proportions. He had large factories in various places, and employed at one time over a hundred thousand men. He bought a whole county in Poland, and an estate for which he paid $4,000,000, in Bohemia. He had a great mansion in London, and his house in the aristocratic Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin was the wonder of the Prussian capital. His charities fully kept pace with his other expenditures.

The glories of this marvelous man culminated some six years ago, when a grand fete was given in his Berlin home to celebrate his silver wedding. Just as the *creme de la creme* of London once thronged Hudson's saloons at Albert Gate—now the French embassy, while Strousberg's mansion in Berlin has been secured for the English—so all the celebrities of Berlin flocked to the millionaire of the day with their congratulations. But presently came the war of 1870, and found him up to his ears in costly enterprises. The price of money rose, and he had to pay rates for it which ate up all his profits. It is now said that if he could only have completed his Bohemian iron works—the greatest on the continent—he might have pulled through, heavily weighted as he was, and it was with this end in view that he persisted in carrying on, and thus gave dire offense to many of his creditors. There appears now to have set in a considerable sympathy for this very gifted man, whose crime in Russia seems to have been one in which no cognizance would have been taken in another country—the borrowing from a Moscow joint stock bank on inadequate security, whereas the directors, who have endeavored to make him their scapegoat, were really the persons to blame.

With more moderation, Dr. Strousberg might have been a second Brassey. And here is where the latter showed himself so remarkable. "I never," said a friend, "saw Brassey thoroughly wretched except on one occasion, when Mrs. Brassey had set her heart on a house near Lady Palmerston's, in Piccadilly." So hateful to him was anything approaching to display or ostentation. Yet at this time Brassey, paying a rent of $4,000 a year, was worth $25,000,000, and could have bought up the street. It may be hoped that Dr. Strousberg may ultimately secure a solid and comfortable independence after his very sharp experience. His wife is said to have signed away to the creditors almost all that had been secured to her, and sold her magnificent jewels for their benefit.

Mummies Converted into Paint.

Few persons are aware that veritable Egyptian mummies are ground up into paints. But in this country and in Europe mummies are used for this purpose—the asphaltum with which they are impregnated being of a quality superior to that which can elsewhere be obtained, and producing a peculiar brownish tint when made into paint, which is prized by distinguished artists both of this and other countries. The ancient Egyptians, when they put away their dead, wrapped in clothes saturated with asphaltum, builded, as it were, better than they knew, and could never have realized the fact that ages after they had been laid in the tombs and pyramids along the Nile their dust would be used in painting pictures in a world then undiscovered, and by artists whose languages were to them unknown. That a portion of one of the Pharaohs, or a Potiphar, or even of the historic Mrs. Potiphar, may even now be on the canvas of a Vernet, a Millais, or a Church, who may question?

Difficulties of a Doctor.

Miss Alley, a missionary from India, tells this story: A Mohammedan of high rank had several wives. One of them, more beautiful than all the rest, was seriously ill. It seemed that she must die, and her husband sent for Dr. Batchelder, who accompanied the missionaries. In India a wife is permitted to see no other men than her husband and her brothers. Therefore the doctor was told that he could not see the sick woman. Her attendants described her condition, but this would not suffice, and the doctor said that he could do nothing unless he was admitted. A white cloth had been spread over the woman, and a hole had been cut in it so that she might extend her hand and permit the doctor to feel her pulse. This would not do. The doctor must see her tongue and eyes. Then holes were cut near her mouth and her eyes, and the doctor prescribed for her. She was cured.

Men no longer reap as they sow. They sow by hand and reap with a machine.

Items of Interest.

Of the 159 239 inhabitants of Rhode Island 135,093 were born in the State, and 51,600 are natives of the United States.

A justice of the peace in Baltimore swore a Chinaman on a tea chest the other day in default of the writings of Confucius.

Of five robust young servant girls who slept in a room in Antwerp where the gas escaped, four died and one was saved with difficulty.

Put away the little uniform, lay the torch upon the shelf, pay your election bets up promptly, you've a realizing sense how 'tis yourself.

This election excitement has caused the "oldest inhabitant" to forget the usual proclamation that we are to have an unusually severe winter.

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply.

Milliners in Paris who furnish ladies out of town with their hats send for their photographs before they make the selection of shape and color of trimmings.

According to the German philosopher, Adelnay, the number of languages spoken in Europe is 587, in Asia 937, in Africa 276, and in America 1,264, making a total of 3,064.

The cost of sending a soldier to Cuba is officially stated in a Spanish journal to be 183 pesetas or francs. Each soldier receives a cash bounty of $50; a substitute receives $100 extra.

It is roughly estimated that 5,000 Western girls have taken husbands this year for the only earthly reason that they were thereby enabled to visit the Centennial at somebody else's expense.

The builder of a church now in course of construction, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

Dynasties may crumble, planets may be blotted out, George Washington's body servant may eventually die, but it is feared the idiots who make wheelbarrow bets on the election will exist forever.

Wood fires are becoming fashionable again. The blessed wood fire! The happiest moments we have ever known were when sitting before one, with a blanket wrapped around us, trying to get warm.

"Lenny," said her maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you'll never get a man." Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired: "Is that what you eat it for, aunty?"

The Corliss engine flywheel made 2,355,300 revolutions during the Exhibition. The wheel is thirty feet in diameter, and any one point on its periphery traveled during the period stated 40,147 miles, or a little over 260 miles each day.

The full title of Miss Edith Pechey, who was recently confirmed as a physician in Dublin, will be "L. K. Q. C. P. I.," if she passes the examination. The London *Telegraph* thinks that the idea of rolling so much of the alphabet upon an unprotected female is revolting.

A young lawyer wrote to an old limb of the law a letter, which read thus: "Is there an opening in your part of the country which I can get into?" Answer—"There is an opening in my back yard about thirty feet deep; no curb around it. If it will suit, come on!"

An exchange says that a society has been formed in Siberia which compels all males to marry when of age, and makes the wife the head of the family, and the husband a marked subordinate. There are a good many families in this country that are run on the Siberian plan.

According to the reports of the city fumigators, the Chinese laundries in San Francisco are a fruitful cause of the spread of smallpox, as large quantities of clothing taken from bodies of people who have died of the disease have been washed in them and then exposed for sale.

A Georgia colored debating society was lately discussing: "Which is the best for the laboring man, to work for wages or part of the crop?" An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he thought "bofe was de best, if dey could only be brung togedder somehow."

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah!" replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

A man in Philadelphia wanted to be excused from serving on a jury on the ground that "he was a saved sinner and could not sit in judgment on his fellow men." The judge thought such an exhibition of moral courage would fail of its effects nowhere except before the practitioners of that city.

Truffles are found by swine. The truffle hunter goes out with his trained hog and a pocketful of acorns, and the beast roots the ground for the truffle. As soon as it appears in sight the vigilant hunter raps the hog on the snout and secures the prize, rewarding the disappointed porker by an acorn.

Some curious statistics, just published, show that out of a population of more than 36,000,000 in France there are 37,927 blind and 29,512 deaf and dumb; so that in 950 inhabitants there is one blind, and in 1,220 there is one deaf and dumb person. In Paris alone there are 7,333 mad people, while in all France there are 18,123 male and 14,964 female lunatics.

The little daughter of a noted politician, who likes to travel on his war record, the other day unwittingly furnished the "opposition" with a good joke on her papa. A one armed soldier came to the house begging assistance, and the little girl, in condoling with him, said, lispingly: "My father wath a tholdier, but he didn't get hurt. He wath a prudent tholdier."