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The Poor Fiddler's Ode

TO HIS OLD FIDDLE.

Torn,
Worn,
Oppress'd, I mourn;
Bad,
Sad,
Three-quarters mad;
Money gone,
Credit none;
Duns at door,
Half a score;
Wife in lain,
Twins again;
Others ailing,
Nurse a railing,
Billy a hooping,
Also poor Joe,
With festered toe.
Come then, my fiddle,
Come, my olden, time-worn friend,
With joyous, swelling, brilliant sounds,
Some sweet, though transient, solace lend.
Thy polished neck I clasp in close embrace,
While ecstacy of joy illumes my face.
When over thy strings I draw my bow
My drooping spirits heavenward rise;
Ah, lively strain I touch, and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies,
There on Fancy's wing I soar,
Regardless of all the duns at door;
Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old fiddle sings.
"Cheerily, merrily go!
Presto! good master,
You very well know
I will find music
If you will find bow,
From E to Alt, to G below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some *Adagio*, solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;
My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally; whilst every health-corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft mellifluous air
More plaintive grown; my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And patience mild, soon smoothes my wrinkled brow
Reedy hautboy can squeak, wailing flute can squall,
The serpent make grunt and the trombone may bawl
But my Poll," my old fiddle's, the prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,
His ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,
Till called to please thy master by.

Apollo.

SHOOTING FOR LIFE:

A COSSACK'S ADVENTURE IN BOKHARA.

When the Turkomans captured me on the Syr-Daria (said Captain Kostarenko, handing me a tumbler of tea and lemon-juice, with the air of a man who knew that I would need some refreshment before his story ended), they carried me south and sold me at Khiva. But I didn't stay there long—for in Central Asia a slave changes hands as often as a horse does among us—and before I had time to see more of Khiva than that it was a little cobweb of dirty streets, with a big palace in the middle and a mud wall ten feet high all round it, I found myself handed over to a merchant from Bokhara, who was just starting home again across the Kizil-Koum (Red Sand) desert.

I was a strapping young fellow in those days, and could manage a horse or a saber with any man. Moreover, I knew the native language well, which was a rare thing with a Russian in those days; so my new master counted upon getting a good price for me in Bokhara, and took all possible care of me on the road.

I needn't tell you about the desert journey, for you've seen it all for yourself—the thirst, and the scorching, and the hot, prickly sand, and the prayer at sunset, and the halts beside the wells, and the camels strung out in single file, nose and tail together. But we had one adventure on the way that was to have consequences which I little dreamed of.

There were three or four Afghans in our company, all noted marksmen, who one day amused themselves by having a shooting match. I got leave to join them, and beat the whole lot, to the great delight of my master, who had bet high on me, and the amazement of the men themselves. I heard one of them whisper to another, "This will be news for Seid Ali, if he is still in Bokhara;" but I thought nothing of it at the time.

The evening that we reached Bokhara, after we had got ourselves settled in one of the great caravansaries, the four Afghans and I sat down at the door to have a game of "pasha wuzeeree." I described it once to an Englishman, and he told me that they have a game something like it, called "forfeits," which they play at Rojdestvo (Christmas). It's played with dice, and has four throws, three of which are called shah (king), wuzeer (vizier) and ghornmsaug (robber). The fourth (farmer) counts for nothing. When any two players have thrown king and vizier, the first who throws robber, is seized by the vizier, who leads him up to the king, saying, "I've caught a robber." The king asks, "What has he done?" and the vizier answers, "He's stolen his sister's trousers," or, "He's pulled a horse's feathers off," or some such nonsense. Then the king orders him to stand on his head, or throw down his turban and pick it up with his teeth, or anything else he may think of; and so the game goes on till every one has had his turn.

While we were playing, a tall, handsome man in a rich dress, who looked like a Persian, came swaggering by. Just as he got close to us, I happened to throw "robber."

One of the Afghans gave the others a look, as much as to say: "Now you'll see some fun!" and, catching hold of me, called out: "I've caught a robber."

"What has he done, then?"

"He has shown himself a better shot than Seid Ali," answered the other, at the top of his voice.

The Persian's face grew black as night, and with one stride he was among us, looking at me as if he could eat me raw.

"Are you he who can shoot better than I can, then? They have taken you too soon from your mother, child; you are no match for a man!"

"Men fight with weapons; women and Persians with their tongues. Try me."

Like lightning the fellow whipped out a pistol, and let fly at me. I sprang aside just in time; but he was drawing his second pistol, when my master, seeing what was going on, came rushing up as if he were mad.

"Help, brothers!" he yelled; "this slave is a present for Hazret (his majesty). Let no one dare to harm him?"

"What is all this?" asked a sharp voice; and through the crowd came a tall, thin, hatched-face fellow, so grandly-dressed that I made sure he must be some great man, especially as everybody got out of his way as if he had been a tiger. I learned afterward that he was the captain of the palace guard, Shahrookh Khan.

My master told his story, and the Afghans, on being questioned, gave the whole history of the shooting-match in which I had beaten them. At the mention of that, I thought I saw Shahrookh's face brighten, as if he had come upon the very thing he wanted.

"This is a matter for the ameer (king) to decide," said he. "Let the Oorooss (Russian) be kept here to-night; to-morrow he shall be sent for."

Sure enough, the first thing next morning, three men made their appearance at the door of the room into which I had been put. The foremost (who wore a rich robe of flowered silk) had round his forehead the yellow band which was the badge of the ameer's *makhrams* (confidential servants); the other two appeared to be soldiers.

"Follow us, Oorooss," said the makhram; "his majesty calls you."

Away we went, right through the heart of the city. It seemed much larger and more populous than Khiva; and after the silence and loneliness of the desert, all this crowd and bustle—porters, fruit sellers, traders, camels and wagons with seven foot wheels—fairly made my head go round. Every race of Asia, from the east to the west, seemed to be gathered there. Sallow, narrow-eyed Tartars, with the dust of the desert still upon them; tall, gaunt, hook-nosed Turkomans; fat, lumpy Sarts, and lean, high-cheeked Persians; squat, gnome-like Bashkirs, who had almost the look of bears on hind legs; yellow-faced Chinamen, with long pig-tails, and shaggy, monkey-like Dhouwanas, in huge fur bonnets; slender, graceful Hindoos, wearing silver rings on their wrists and ankles; portly Khokandese merchants and filthy Kirghiz pilgrims; skinny Kashgarirs, with huge bat-like ears projecting from under their little saucer-shaped caps; and tall, stately Afghans, in white frocks and green sashes, stuck all over with pistols and daggers like the wall of an armory.

At the corner of one of the principal streets there seemed to be something special going on, for such a crowd had collected there that the street was quite blocked up. But the makhram flourished his saber-tipped rod, shouting, "Make way for the servants of the king!" and the soldiers let fall their musket-butts on the toes of the people, or prodded them behind with their bayonets, so that there was a way opened for us in no time. And when we got into the middle of the throng, what should I see but two men shaking a lot of human heads out of a sack, just like so many potatoes—a sight which I saw often enough in after days, but which rather took me aback just then. The makhram, seeing that I looked puzzled, kindly explained to me that it was one of the ameer's pleasant habits, whenever any town or village offended him, to levy upon it a tribute of so many heads, and that if the man who collected them happened to be short in his reckoning, off went his own head to make matters straight—which must have greatly encouraged the popular study of arithmetic.

A little farther on we heard a terrific yelling and screeching, proceeding apparently from a group of native soldiers, in the midst of which lay a man flat on his back, with a huge fat fellow seated cross-legged on his chest like a nightmare, by way of keeping him comfortable, while two sturdy Bokhariotes were laying on to the soles of his feet with whips with all their might and main. But the best of the whole affair was that the fellow who was being flogged never uttered a sound, while the two who were flogging him screamed and howled like demons incarnate—to save him the trouble, perhaps, of doing it himself. So he got his five-and-twenty whacks, and was cast off; when instantly up jumped two more soldiers, and whacked the first two (for not hitting hard enough, I suppose); and then a corpulent old officer, who had been looking on with a pleasant smile, waddled up and gravely boxed their ears all round, as if he had been giving them his blessing, after which the congregation dispersed.

At last we came to a steep hill, and as we ascended it, I began to see overhead, as well as the clouds of dust would let me (for walking through the streets of an Asiatic town when the wind's blowing is quite as bad as meeting a simoon in the desert), a huge fortress-like building, something after the style of our governor-general's place at Orenburg, which, with its painted parapets, and many colored towers, and great white battlements, made quite a grand show in the bright morning sunshine. The makhram told me that this was the ameer's palace, and that they were going to take me before him at once; but when I ventured to ask what he wanted with me, the Bokhariote only shook his head in a way that wasn't at all encouraging. It was curious to see, as we neared the entrance, how silent all three of them became, and how the swagger with which they had marched through the town changed to a cautious timid step, like some one approaching the lair of a wild beast, from which fact I could pretty well guess what this worthy ameer must be like.

Just outside the great gate stood fifty or sixty cannon (mostly brass twelve-pounders), all in a row—like Napoleon's guns in the Kremlin at Moscow. I noticed one that was made of iron and silver bands, turn about; and the makhram told me it had been taken at the capture of Khokand, ten years before.

Two soldiers were standing at the gate as we entered; and I saw one of them point to me and draw his hand across his throat, and the other nodded, which didn't raise my spirits much, I can assure you.

Inside, all was deadly still; and the loneliness of that great wide court, with its grim silence, as if the whole place were holding its breath before something dreadful, struck colder upon me than anything yet. However, I hadn't much time to think of it, for the next moment I was led through a deep archway into the inner court. It was very much like the other, only not so lonely, for the sarbazi (soldiers) of the palace guard were drawn up in line along either side of it, in their red jackets, leather trousers, and high black sheepskin caps, and at their head was Shahrookh Khan, with Seid Ali beside him.

I had just time to notice a stone balcony on the further side, with a curtain of yellow silk before it, when the curtain was suddenly drawn back, and this is what I saw:

Seated cross-legged on a pile of cushions was a short fat man, with a broad, heavy face, without a sign of life in it except its small, restless black eyes. He wore a long blue robe and pointed red cap, and his breast was covered with medals. I saw the makhram bow to the earth, and then I knew that this dumpy little fellow was the ameer himself, who was going to decide whether I should live or die.

"Is this the man?" asked the ameer. His voice was low and rather pleasant; but, every time he spoke, one side of his face twitched as if jerked with a string.

"Your majesty has said it," answered Shahrookh Khan.

The ameer looked hard at me for a moment, and then clapped his hands twice. Instantly a door flew open in the wall, and out came a tall, gaunt, hideous-looking black man, wearing nothing but a pair of white cotton drawers, splashed with blood, and carrying a huge broad-bladed knife, just like a butcher's chopper.

Then I thought all over, and I settled my face as firmly as I could, that the unbelievers might not think me afraid. But I fancy it was only done to try me; for the ameer, after watching me for a moment to see how I took it, waved the headsman back with his hand, and said to the makhram, "Make proclamation!"

The makhram raised his arms, and shouted thrice "Ooshar!" (attend) and then went on:

"This is the command of Nasr' Ullah Khan Bahadoor, the great ameer of Bokhara: Seid Ali and the Oorooss shall shoot three times at a mark in his majesty's presence, and he who is beaten shall be beheaded on the spot. May his majesty live a hundred and twenty years!"

This was more than the Persian had bargained for, and when he saw that instead of getting me knocked on the head, it was my life or his own, he looked no happier than a wolf in a trap. However, there was no drawing back now, and he had just to make the best of it.

They put down a little square carpet in one corner, to show where we should stand, and then they brought us a couple of long Afghan rifles, with about a dozen cartridges each. In the midst of a dead silence, with all those countless eyes watching us curiously, we loaded our pieces, and stood ready.

All this while there was no sign of a target; but suddenly Shahrookh Kahn came forward with a small round shield (just big enough to cover a man's breast), with a polished stone in the middle. Then he stationed two soldiers in the corner opposite ours, about three feet apart, and passing a light rod through the strap of the shield, rested the two ends on their shoulders. This was to be our mark—a target with living supporters, who might be killed or not, just as it happened.

At a sign from the ameer, Seid Ali stood forth, and aimed so long and carefully, that I saw he wasn't quite sure of winning. At last he let fly. There was a dull thud, and the shield rocked violently. His ball had gone through it pretty near the center, but without touching the stone.

The ameer nodded, and I stepped forward in turn.

I knew that, with my own life for the stake, I should be the shakier the longer I waited, so I fired the moment I got my aim fair on the sparkle of the central stone. There was a sharp crash, and a shower of sparks seemed to fly up from the shield. I had split the stone!

We loaded and fired again. The Persian did better this time, but he was still wide of the center. I went wide of it, too, but I managed to graze the ring that had held the central stone, and that was still a good inch nearer than he was.

Just then I caught sight of the ameer's face, and a grewsome sight it was. It had flushed purple, and the great thick lips were drawn back, showing his sharp white fangs, like the teeth of a mad dog; and his cruel black eyes looked at Seid Ali, as if they could see the knife already at his throat. I saw the same look on his face many a time afterward, but it never seemed half so hideous as it did then.

And when I looked at Seid Ali, his proud handsome face seemed to have grown pinched and ghastly all of a sudden, as if death were clutching it with unseen fingers. It was pitiful to see him trying to steady his hand for the final shot, knowing that it was his last chance of life; but at last his gun went off almost at random, and the bullet struck full on the breast of one of the target bearers, who dropped dead without a cry.

The ameer waved his hand and another soldier stepped forward, pushed away the corpse with his foot, and laid the end of the rod upon his own shoulder. The moment the target was straight again, I fired, and went right into the center.

The echo of the shot was still ringing, when the headman's knife flashed and fell, and Seid Ali's head rolled on the pavement, blotting the smooth white stones with its blood.

"Een kari padishah hast (It is the king's doing)!" cried the executioner, holding up the head by its long black beard.

The soldiers, with one voice, repeated, "It is the king's doing."

And the ameer himself rubbed his great fat hands (for seeing people killed always put him in good humor) and said to me, "It is the will of Allah—henceforth thou art my soldier."

And so was fulfilled the old saying, "He who sets a trap for his neighbor may get caught himself."—*David Ker, in Spirit of the Times.*

A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said: "I declare a woman ought never to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Spain is of more account in this world than is generally supposed. It took, together with its colonies, 2,500 distinctions of all kinds at the Paris exhibition, while England and her colonies took 2,455.

A consignment of 970 sheep from Kentucky, said to be the finest ever raised in this country, brought eight and seven cents a pound in a Massachusetts market recently, whereat the Boston *Cultivator* exclaims: "How is that, Northern farmers!"

Philippus writes to the London *Times* that he finds a horse's shoes will by degrees (he being worked lightly at first) wear down till a stratum of the hoof is reached at which he can perfectly well be worked without shoes—in fact, goes better without them.

In January, 1871, a French gunner was struck by a fragment of a Prussian shell which carried away his jaw, nose and both eyes. The surgeons have at last devised for him a metallic mask, with eyes, a false nose and an artificial jaw that permits him to masticate his food. The woman he was engaged to when the war broke out married him.

Willie Williams was taken from the poorhouse in Detroit, Mich., when he was a little boy, and made a drudge in a physician's family. He was sent to school, where he frequently complained of hard work at home, insufficient food, and severe punishment. A few days ago he went to market with five dollars to make some purchases. He returned with the change two dollars short, and said, on being questioned, that he had spent the missing money for a pistol with which to shoot himself. The physician tried to take the weapon away from him, but he ran into another room, locked the door and committed sucide.

English photographers avoid the strain on the sitter's eyes, which usually results in a ghastly stare, by having a clock-face as the point to which they are directed, the eyes being allowed to travel slowly from the figure XII. all round. The rotatory movement of the eyeball in adapting itself, step by step, to the figures upon so small a circle at such a distance, is so excessively fine as to cause no interference with the photographic process. The eyes are excellently well defined, even to the iris, and the pictures have a marked superiority over those previously taken in the manner in which the details of the eyes are reproduced. The sitters have expressed themselves as not having had any strain upon their eyes.

The latest exploit of the San Francisco reporter is the alleged exposure of a process for manufacturing hens' eggs from deleterious materials. According to the narrative the albumen is imitated by a mixture of sulphur, carbon and fatty matter obtained from the slaughter houses and rendered sticky with mucilage. The yelk is made of blood, phosphate of lime, magnesia, muriate of ammonia, oleic and margaric acids and colored with chrome yellow. The shells are shaped by a blow-pipe from a mass of gypsum, plaster of Paris, carbonate of lime and oxide of iron. After the shells are blown the albumen is forced in through a hole in the small end and sticks to the sides; then the yelk is added, and after being covered with more of the albumen mixture the hole is sealed with cement, the complete egg is rubbed pretty smooth and laid aside for packing. It is asserted that many barrels of these eggs have been shipped eastward for consumption.

Buried Treasure Brought to Light.

There has been considerable excitement among the residents of Rossville, Staten island, over the good fortune of Christopher Meister, a German market-gardener, living on the Lake farm on Lake island, near the sound shore. Mr. Meister and his son, while digging a pit to bury turnips, in a sandy spot near the shore, struck a large stone three feet below the surface. Upon removing the stone they discovered an old-fashioned iron pot, of about a peck's capacity, filled with what appeared to be large copper coins. They at once removed the pot to the house, and after cleaning a few coins, which were black with age, found them to be Spanish silver dollars, some of them bearing date 1743. The farm occupied by Mr. Meister was owned and occupied by the Lake family before and during the revolutionary war. It seems probable that the treasure found by Mr. Meister was hidden where found by some of the Lake family during one of the raids made by tories on the island. About five years ago a number of gold and silver coins were dug up in the garden of ex-Sheriff Negnant at Rossville, and still later a box full of Spanish dubloons was found on the farm of Mr. Jrospean, near the old Methodist Episcopal church at Rossville. Mr. Meister was highly elated over his good fortune, and intended making further explorations, believing that there is more buried treasure in the vicinity.—*New York Tribune.*

"Graphicalities."

I'm saddest when I Sing Sing.—*State Boarder.*

Mr. John Frost is the author o "Beautiful Snow."

In France there are regular schools for the training of dogs. One teacher has 200 puppils.

Ten men declare that they could not refuse
To put their feet in Bayard Taylor's shoes.

Does Fall River have its beginning in the spring?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* Sommer near there, probably.

The camel is a paragrapher of the animal kingdom; he has such a funny column, you know.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Certainly; but a donkey with a healthy bray has a funnier call'em than the camel.

Put away the little discount
That our greenback used to wear.
He will need the badge no longer,
He has climbed the golden stair,
Gone to meet Old Bullion.

—*New York Graphic.*

Hereditary Effects of Drink.

Dr. Willard Parker, referring to the hereditary effect of drink, said to a New York reporter: "Of all agents, alcohol is the most potent in establishing heredity that exhibits itself in the destruction of mind and body. It transmits an appetite for strong drink to the children, and these are likely to have that form of drunkenness which may be termed paroxysmal; that is, they will go for a considerable period without any indulgence, until at last all barriers of self-control give way. The drunkard by inheritance is a more helpless slave than his progenitor, and the children he begets are more helpless still. Hereditary effects of drink are shown in insanity, idiocy, epilepsy and other affections of the brain and nervous system. Pritchard and Esquirol, two great authorities on the subject, attribute one-half of the cases of insanity in England to the use of alcohol, and the same is probably true in this country. One-half of the idiots are of drunken parentage. I have been acquainted with several men, having brilliant and cultivated minds, who inherited the vice, and they have stated to me that there were times when the impulse to drink strong liquor was irresistible, and that nothing had power to dissuade them from yielding to it. An instance of how a mother, accustomed to the use of alcohol, influences her offspring, may be related from my own experience. A merchant in good circumstances came to me for medical advice. He was in the habit of getting intoxicated every night before retiring. His mother also drank habitually, and died of paralysis. He had two brothers and three sisters. The oldest brother died a paroxysmal drunkard. My patient was always in a state of mental discomfort and was suspicious and jealous to the most unreasonable degree. The third brother and child died a drunkard, and the fourth child, a sister, was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. The fifth child was intolerable on account of her eccentricity. The sixth child, also a woman, died of consumption. The second son, my patient, married a woman of fine physical and mental organization. They had two sons; the elder was associated with his father in business, and was an energetic man, but very excitable, and although not an habitual drunkard, was a slave to his other animal appetite, The other child was in reality a moral idiot. Here, in spite of the restraining influence of the fine mental and physical organization of the mother, we see the effects of alcohol cropping out in the third generation. We do not always see the worst effects of the hereditary influence of alcohol, because of the frequent mingling of good blood with that which is tainted. From my own observations and the testimony of others, I am led to the conclusion that by far the larger share of mental disease, poverty and crime is the direct heritage of alcohol. It is also the cause of a great share of our bodily disease, and is shortening the average duration of life. Robbins, in a work on sanitary science, says that the average duration of life in this city in 1810 was between twenty-six and twenty-seven years. Since then it has decreased until the average age does not now exceed fifteen years. If we reduced the death rate to what it was fifty years ago there would be a saving of more than 11,000 lives every year. Our city ought to be one of the healthiest in the world. A careful examination will always reveal the fact that indulgence in alcoholic beverages and the death rate, as well as the increase in mental and nervous diseases, have a relative proportion. Of course there are other degenerative causes, but they go back to intemperance as the primary one."

Fires.

There is just now what writers who wish to be fine would call "an epidemic" of conflagrations. Reports of fires reach us from all parts of the country. When the "devouring element," which is another approved phrase, destroys a city, the accounts are long and impressive, and the statement of damages, in figures, startling; yet the aggregate of loss by isolated fires during the last few days is very large, footing, in not a large number cases taken collectively, not less than $100,000. Causes in many of these cases are not given; but there is one cause, carelessness, which, for want of a better, may be safely assigned. Now and then mention is made of a "defective flue," which is carelessness in the concrete. It would be very easy to preach about prudence and caution, but the best warning is to be found in the facts. The present hard weather naturally leads to the employment of a higher temperature in warming buildings of all kinds which require to be warmed; and the result is greater danger and more frequent burnings. Very few houses get anything like a careful inspection at the beginning of winter, so that flues which are defective remain so, and heating apparatus which is dangerous is not made safe, as it might easily be at small expense. There are men of such prudence that their houses are not likely to take fire from any fault of their own; but they are not many. The world will go on trusting to good luck until the final conflagration; but protest against such infatuation will not be in vain, if here or there it shall save a home or a life.—*New York Tribune.*

Domestic Rights on the Rail.

When one of the trains from New York reached this city the other day, an old gentleman got up and started for the rear end of the car. He had gone but a few steps before the old lady who had been sitting with him rose up with her hands full of knitting work and followed him down the aisle, her hands extended. It was now noticed by the passengers that the old lady had placed her ball of yarn in his pocket. When he got up he turned around several times before starting, and in so doing had wound the yarn around him so that the old lady had no choice except to follow him, drop her knitting or see her yarn broken. She said not a word, but a passenger noticing what was going on reached up and gently taking the unconscious old gentleman by the ear, turned him around so he saw what he was doing, and the yarn was saved. By this time the rest of the passengers were roaring with laughter.—*New Haven Palladium.*

About Languages.

The following interesting extracts are from a sermon preached by Rev. Joseph Wild in Brooklyn and published in the New York *Champion:*

A British poet has presented in poetry the special features of several of the European languages, which we give:

"Greek's a harp we love to hear;
Latin is a trumpet clear;
Spanish like an organ swells;
Italian rings its bridal bells,
France, with many a frolic mien,
Tunes her sprightly violin;
Loud the German rolls his drum
When Russia's clashing cymbals come;
But Britain's sons may well rejoice,
For English is the human voice."

There are eight languages in the bounds of Christian civilization that may be accounted powerful, because they are the tongues of vigorous people; they are the English, Russian, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Scandinavian. But of these all are indigenous, except the English, so that they die if transplanted. Look at this country and behold what a cemetery it is for languages. Once the French had strong hold and promised to abide here; but it is now nearly gone, even from the State of Louisiana and Canada, the last places of retreat.

If we take note of the population according to these several languages, we shall see the prophetic future of the English. It is spoken by about ninety millions, Russian seventy-five, German fifty-six, French forty, Spanish thirty-eight, Italian twenty-nine, Portuguese fourteen and Scandinavian nine. Within the control of the governments of these languages we find England to have rule over 255,000,000 people, who do not, as yet, speak English, and we find that the other seven have only seventy-five millions outside of themselves; here is an important difference. If we look at them by territorial limits, leaving out Russia, we find the English language to own 12,382,686 square miles, Germany 449,684, French 571,578, Spanish 4,694,811, Italian 114,466, Portuguese 4,028,311, and Scandinavian 1,308,830. The aggregate number of square miles possessed by these six languages, is 11,167,620, which altogether, you see, own 1,215,066 miles square less than the English. This balance itself is more than Germany, France and Spain put together. The English language is divided only into two governments, but the other six are divided into twenty-six. * * * In one hundred years from now the English language will be spoken by a thousand million people. Thus we need no stretch of fancy to see that what the prophet speaks of in the text will be accomplished in due time.

This language will soon be universal; by common consent it will become the language of the world. All the changes going on among nations forecast its ubiquity. China, by an imperial decree, has just added to her language 700 English words. Her sons by the thousand are with us, and by the thousand they are learning our mother tongue. The Japanese, till a few years ago, carried on their foreign correspondence through the Dutch, but now they have changed to the English. Besides, in the 50,000 schools in Japan English is being taught.

When the Sultan Dies.

"Scarcely has the sultan drawn his last breath," says a recently published work, "when his wives, his favorites, in short, all the women whose power is now at an end, are desired to be 'off' within four-and-twenty hours. This change of scene is a veritable rout. It may rather be compared to a shipwreck, when each passenger tries to lay hold of some means of safety, by which she may float on the surface, and may be prevented from sinking into the deep where all are forgotten—that is to say, the depth of the old seraglio. Thither are transferred those of the kadines and favorites whom their sterility had already condemned. Those who are mothers alone are allotted the protection of the imperial palace, for reasons of state make it unadvisable that they should be removed from the superintendence of the heir of the empire. As to the other ladies, they must disappear with their slaves and female attendants, although, perhaps, there may be some among the latter who, thanks to fresh patronage, find the means of lodging themselves in the little female courts which are formed upon the old ones. The old seraglio, situated at the extreme end of the palace, is a sad and lugubrious building, a very tomb, where human beings are buried alive. Imagine a medieval castle, with its lofty crenelated walls and its narrow windows, the whole surrounded by a thick and dark mass of ancient cypresses; one may then perhaps form a correct idea of the retreat which, as in a prison, confines the fallen goddesses of the harem. Beyond the apartments destined to the ladies, the old seraglio also contains a number of buildings, among which may be reckoned the imperial treasury, the library, the mosque, which contains such relics as the standard of the prophet, his beard, etc. There it is, under the shadow of these religious souvenirs, that the poor abandoned beauties of a former Ottoman court have to submit to the most severe seclusion. Their goings in and out are confined to what are strictly necessary, and their relations with the world strictly watched. Such are the suspicions of their new sovereign, which cause them, doubtless, to regret the uncertain affection of their defunct husband. Poor souls, thus placed between the jealousy of the dead and the living! But reasons of state cannot listen to the dictates of the heart. Each sultan looks upon himself as the responsible guardian of the honor of his predecessors, and in this capacity he is bound to take care that the widows of these princes (or whatever their title may be) should be subject to strict and watchful supervision. This seclusion, however, is not for life, and with time the jailer shows himself more complacent, and relaxs in some degree the severity of his watch. The indulgence is not shown until those who are thus confined have passed the period of temptation. It is when the amiable kadine has reached her fiftieth year that the reigning sultan places at her disposal one of the royal residences, and begs her to act as she pleases.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Cream color is a favorite shade for evening gloves.

The newest chatelaine bags are of sealskin, with silver mountings.

The favorite flower this season is the rose; fine flowers are out of fashion.

Handkerchiefs with colored embroidered edges are converted into "breakfast ties."

Stylish coats are made of wool damasse with vest and cuffs of silk matelasse.

New chatelaine pockets are of black morocco, inlaid with red gold. Belt buckles are made to match.

A yellow gauze dress trimmed with knots of blue and red was recently made in Paris and pronounced perfectly sweet.

Conch shell chains of roses and medallions, with amphorae and scarabœi pendants, are used this season, and are in high favor.

Some of the late imported costumes are remarkable for their plainness, being made without flounce or ruffle of any description.

New white undressed kid gloves are trimmed with three rows of inch-wide Valenciennes insertion and a knife-plaited frill of lace.

Among the new fashions for household affairs is the one of having tablecloths and napkins with colored borders, embroidered by hand or with the color woven into the goods.

There is a fancy for putting fans of plaited satin (about as deep as the fan carried in the hand) at intervals around the foot instead of a flounce. It is considered especially stylish to have the rich fabric of the overskirt reach from the belt to the foot, where it is fringed, and these fans are then inserted, either in the seams or perhaps in the middle of the breadths as well.

Fur-lined and fur-trimmed wraps will be fashionable. Sealskin sacks will take the lead in fur garments. These garments are cut longer than formerly worn, and are trimmed with a band of black martin, chinchilla, or silver-pointed otter fur. Muffs are smaller and boas are worn flat. Of course, all rich furs will be worn, but sealskin is the *ton* fur for the winter of 1878-79.

News and Notes for Women.

Worth uses thousands of yards of Breton lace daily.

A woman may wear anything she pleases nowadays, except a one-button glove.

A French lady never varies the flower that she wears for a button-hole bouquet.

The Japanese ladies, when attending the theater, change their dresses between each act.

During the last century the headdress of a fashionable lady added three feet to her stature.

Among the favors given at a "German" recently in New York, were gold scarf pins for gentlemen and bangles for ladies.

Avoid the extremes of fashion. To dress up to its entire demand is to submit to a condition of perpetual self-burlesque.

Owners of pearl jewelry should be careful to keep it from exposure to greasy surfaces, as contact of this kind destroys its luster.

A medical writer informs ladies that by a too active use of their fans they check perspiration and produce cutaneous diseases.

A London magistrate lately declared the outside pockets on ladies' dresses to be an inducement to thieves. He pronounced them to be a foolish and improper fashion, nor did he pity any one for losses thus incurred.

A beautiful English woman was walking in the Rue de la Paix, when a French puppy greatly annoyed her by pertinaciously dogging her and glaring at her. She turned upon him and said: "Really, I have not a sou to give you."

A Look into Vesuvius.

Mrs. General Collis, who has been traveling in Europe for the last seven months, and whose graphic letters have been read with general interest, writing from Italy, describes her visit to the erupting crater of Vesuvius as follows: "I pushed to the very mouth of the crater—yes, and looked down right into the yawning abyss. Unlike Sir Charles Coldstream, I did see something in it, and heard it, too. Never shall I forget those awful moments. From deep down in the very heart of the mountain—how far beneath me I cannot say—came a rumbling of distant thunder, followed by more rapid and sharp detonating sounds, like the explosion of firearms, then a flash, a peal of thunder, and presently it belched forth dense clouds of smoke, ascending to an incredible height, followed by a discharge of fiery-red bowlders, small stones, streams of molten lava and scarlet flame. The interior of the crater seemed lined with layers of pure sulphur of a beautiful yellow tint, made more intense by contrast with the immense body of black lava by which I was surrounded. Deep down into the crater seemed a sea of smoldering fire. It is extraordinary how little we realize the danger of an adventure like this until it is over. Had I learned before I started of the sad fate which six years ago befell a similar party of explorers, I might have hesitated. It was in 1872 that a party of twenty students from Naples ascended the mountain during an eruption. They stood upon the brink of the crater, when suddenly they were enveloped in a cloud of sulphurous smoke and falling projectiles. Eight of them (some say all) perished, and I believe only two of their bodies were ever recovered. The descent was pleasant enough; in fact the sensation was more agreeable than otherwise, for at every step our safety was assured by the sinking of our feet into the deep ashes and scoriæ. We arrived at Naples at about 7 P. M., delighted with our most profitable work, and regretting only that our glories and adventures were not shared by those absent ones whose society would have made the joy of the day absolutely complete."