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Buried Gems.

How many gems of thought beneath
The dust of toil lie buried;
How many o'er the bridge of sighs
To silent tombs are carried,
And never see the light of day—
Tho' their's is matchless beauty;
For hands that hold the richest gifts,
Must closest cling to duty.

How many hands ne'er dare to pluck
From life the wayside flowers;
How many feet must bleed and ache
In this bright world of ours;
While others sing the gayest songs,
And pluck the brightest roses;
For them the opening of each hour,
Some new found joy discloses.

How many sweet songs well to lips
That may not pause to sing them;
And sweet bells chime in many a heart,
But there's no one to ring them.
God pity such whose rounded years
Are filled with care and trials,
Whose daily life is constantly
Made up of self-denials.

For those who toil in faith and hope
There must be rest at last;
For those who weep there must be joy,
When all these tears are past.
And there'll be gems for those who bear
Aloft the cross of duty—
Where the unfettered tongue shall sing
'Mid love, and joy, and beauty.

—*Mrs. M. J. Smith.*

QUIET RUTH.

She was very quiet, my friend Ruth Earle. Repose was in every line of her graceful form and every feature of her pretty face. The soft waving hair, brown in the shadow and flecked with pale golden gleams when the shone upon it; the solemn blue eyes, the straight brow—all very quiet to intensity. She never blushed, or trembled, or went into ecstacies of admiration or fear or fun; her smile rose on her face and lit it, as the full moon does the sky on a still summer night, and every tone of her voice was low and musical. Some called her cold, but I, who knew her so well, would have laughed at them. In one sentence she could embody the sentiments another girl would have spent an hour in delineating. In one glance she could reveal a tempest of joy or love or scorn; but the glances were rare and words rarer; but Ruth's heart was usually a sealed casket to all about her. A quiet interest and sympathy in others' weal and woe, a peaceful sort of happiness—only those were on the surface, and the torrent of emotion rolled on silently beneath.

Why, of all the men on earth, Ruth should have given her heart to my cousin, Charley Campbell, I could not guess. How he—fiery and emotional to a degree, acting on impulse altogether, loving everything that dashed and glittered and made a noise, adoring martial music and passionate poetry, and always smitten by talkative, black-haired, waltzing, coquetting belles—ever fell in love with quiet Ruth Earle, was still a stranger problem. When one fine August evening he bounced into our parlor, where I was sitting alone, and informed me, without parley or preface, that he was engaged to Ruth, I, in my astonishment, exclaimed: "I should as soon have imagined a mad bull engaged to a ring-dove!" and was very sorry afterward, it was such a foolish, singular speech. Still, it did describe my feelings exactly.

Every one wondered. Young girls "wondered what he could see in such a quiet girl;" young gentlemen "wondered how she could like such a wild scapegrace." But when, at last, she came to me one day, with both hands in mine, and said: "Mary, you do not know how dear he is to me—he is my life," I wondered no longer, for I knew that Ruth had given him one of those irresistible, unconscious glances of hers, and shot him through the heart.

I think they were very happy all that bright autumn, and when the winter came the quiet contentment of Ruth's face deepened, and every evening he was at her side, reading, or singing or talking to her in soft, loving whispers. Was she taming down my wild cousin? Could mortal woman do such a seemingly impossible thing? Were all the wild oats sown—all the scrapes over? It seemed so.

The careless boy was maturing into the high-bred man, passionate and impulsive still, but with higher aims and higher principles.

The winter rolled away, the bright spring came, and when the fragrant apple blossoms were upon the trees Ruth told me that the day was fixed for her bridal, and we rode out together one morning to purchase satin and lace and muslin for the bride's attire. Going home together with the parcels stowed away in the bottom of the vehicle, we met Cousin Charley, his cheeks aglow and his eyes dancing with suppressed merriment. He waved his hand to us and we paused.

"Take me in won't you?" he said, pleadingly. "I have been to call upon you, and of course found you not at home. You have a seat for me, I know."

I signified my approval, and he jumped in and seated himself beside Ruth.

"The Petral came in to-day," he said, as we drove along. "Did you hear the guns? She is a fine vessel, just from India, with a set of the yellowest passengers you ever saw. Liver complaint is as common among them as among French geese, and pepper is the chief article of their diet. Such tempers as they have, too! It would puzzle Ruth herself to keep quiet among them."

"How do you know so much about them?" I inquired.

"Oh, I've been to breakfast with one of their number," replied Charley; "an old nabob who is as rich as he is ugly, and who has the handsomest wife—. By the way, an old schoolmate of yours, Mary."

"Who is she?" I asked.

He replied by another question: "Do you remember Kate Glynn?"

"Kate Glynn? Yes. Is she the nabob's wife?"

"Of course she is. I met her coming off the boat this morning. She knew me at once. We had a desperate flirtation long ago. She is one of the madcap girls I used to like before I met my snowbird here, and my face remained in her memory. She introduced me to her husband, and he invited me to breakfast. I revenged myself for the spices which burned my tongue by burning the old fellow's heart with jealousy, and talking mysteriously of old times. He did not invite me to call again; but she did, and I am going."

"Charles Campbell, I am ashamed of you," I said

"Oh, it's all nonsense, Mary," said Charley. "Here is my safeguard," and his arm stole about Ruth's shoulder so decidedly that I was obliged to change places with him immediately on account of the publicity of the street.

Throughout that ride he seemed to overflow with merriment. He imitated the old man's manner, his conversation and his frown; told extravagant stories of the lady's smiles and attentions, and made us laugh by a description of the saucer eyes of the nabob's black servant who waited behind his chair. Ruth smiled placidly upon him all the while, and seemed perfectly contented with his account of the flirtation.

"What shall I do when you elope with the nabob's lady?" she said, as we alighted.

"Follow me and shoot me through the head with a revolver," answered Charley.

"It would be easier to elope myself with the nabob," returned Ruth, quietly. "You would not be worth shooting."

"Well spoke, Ruth," laughed her lover. "You would never break your heart over me, snowbird." And, somehow, a sort of dissatisfied tone was in his voice as he uttered the words—at least, I imagined there was, but it was gone before he had handed us out of the carriage.

We were working on the bridal outfit slowly. Day by day the dainty garments grew beneath our fingers. We sat together in a quiet little room, looking greenward, which Ruth called her own. The window opened inward, and a red rosebush without fluttered its leaves and fragrance in upon us. Soft lace was looped about it and about the bed. The floor was covered with white matting. There was a great "sleepy hollow" of a chair in one corner, and a marble stand against the wall. Over the mantel hung the picture of a sleeping child. It was a quiet room, just fit for quiet Ruth, and as she sat in the soft shadow of the fine branches, sending the needle in and out of the snowy muslin and humming a low, plaintive tune, I used to think that I never saw any one so beautiful.

Charley came every evening, and as I watched the two sauntering arm-in-arm by the river side, or sitting by the piano singing together or listening to each other, I used to please myself with fancying the happy married life which lay before them. And still the wedding day drew nearer, and the orange flowers which were to deck Ruth's hair were budding in the conservatory.

Charley's old uncle, a wealthy bachelor, who had adopted him in his boyhood, was often with us. He seemed to take an almost fatherly pride in Ruth's gentle beauty and purity. And I know of a rich trousseau which was in preparation for the coming day. How peacefully happy we all were! I have often wondered since that there were no omens in the sky, no whispers in the air, no black clouds anywhere, to warn us of the coming storm.

I stood on the veranda one night looking at the moon. Charley had bidden adieu to Ruth, and was going away down the path. At the gate he paused for me. Wrapping my shawl about me I went down and stood beside him. Never in my life had I seen sorrow seated beside Charley Campbell, but she was with him now. His eyes were heavy, his cheeks flushed, his head bowed upon his bosom. I looked at him in terror without the power of uttering a word. He spoke first.

"Mary," he said, "do you believe that Ruth loves me?"

"As her life," I answered, "I am sure of it."

He shook his head. "I am not," said he. "When a woman loves she blushes and trembles; she can never wear so cold and placid a face, so unperturbed a mien; she is quickly jealous—quickly moved to tears. The passionate love of a warm-hearted woman passes all things. Mary, I do not believe that Ruth ever loved me, or will ever love any one."

"Have you had a quarrel?" I asked, breathlessly.

"A quarrel? No! I wish we had. A quarrel would show some feeling to be touched. Ruth is a beautiful, lovable creature, too good for a wild fellow like me; but a man might as well worship a marble statue. She is freezing. She chills me."

"You are speaking blasphemy!" I gasped. "Ruth is an angel."

"Well, no matter. I'm a fool, perhaps, Good-bye, Mary. Whether Ruth loves me or not, I have loved her. I suppose that should content me."

He was gone among the shrubbery, and I went back to Ruth with a deadly horror at my heart. When he came again he was the same as before, and seemed to have forgotten the conversation utterly.

I had not called on the nabob's lady, nor she on me. We never suited each other. But I caught a glance of her carriage often, and three times had I seen Charley's face looking out of the window as it rolled by. And, at last, a faint breath of scandal reached my ears, and I heard the name of that bold, handsome woman mingled with Charley Campbell's in a way I did not like. Ruth heard nothing of it, however, and the wedding day was close at hand.

It came at ast. The guests were there. Music and flower perfume filled the house. In her own room Ruth Earle, dressed in her floating robes and veil, waited for the bridegroom's coming. I heard, as I sat by the window, the quick roll of a furiously-driven carriage. It paused at the gate. Some one leaped out, and rushed along the path and up the stairs. The door was dashed wildly open and Charley's uncle stood among us. He held a written papet in his hand, and his eyes started from his head with passion.

"He is gone!" he shouted — "Gone with that wicked woman. He has dared to write and tell me so. I have disinherite him, and I curse him with every curse that can light on man. May he beg his bread from door to door! May —oh, God!"

The wild voice broke, and he fell with blood starting from his lips, full length upon the floor. When we raised him he was dead. In the letter clutched by his uncle's stiffened fingers we read the words:

"When you read this I shall be far away. I fly to-night with the only woman who ever loved me. For me she has left home and honor, as I have for her. Tell Ruth—poor Ruth! whom I have used so ill—that I never deceived her. I loved her truly, but her cold love froze out my affection, pure, as I knew it was; while this erring, passionate heart with which I fly is mine entirely. She will soon be happy with another I know—happier than I shall ever be—and will forget, ere long, that there ever breathed one so unworthy of her thoughts as I. CHARLES CAMPBELL."

There were screams and tears and terror in the house; but there, upon the floor, sat Ruth, pale and motionless, her bride's veil dabbled in the dead man's blood, and her eyes closed as though she wished never to open them.

People said she bore it bravely, when they saw her, in a little while, quietly and busy as before. When the will was opened, and it was found that Charley Campbell had been disinherited, and all the property was left to Ruth, they spoke of it as an act of justice, and thought that all was over; but I, and I only, knew of the canker worm eating at the young heart night and day.

Six months passed by, and we heard nothing of the false lover. We never spoke of him to Ruth, or among ourselves, and all the love I ever felt for him had turned to scorn.

At last one day a letter reached me. It was postmarked C——, and was from a comparative stranger, who had written to me as Charley's only relative. Oh! what a tale was recorded in those lines. I can only give the substance. The two had fled to Europe at first; thence, when dread of pursuit was over, they had returned to this country. Then for the first time they had heard of the loss of Charley's fortune, and poverty seemed staring them fully in the face. Their debts accumulated, and the change in circumstances brought change of affection. They quarreled madly, each reproaching the other, and the white hand of the woman was often raised against the man she once professed to love. Sin-branded, beggared, poor Charley Campbell paid the penalty of his crime, and worse was yet to come.

They were in a carriage one day, driving toward a dwelling place, for debt had turned them from the old one. They were quarreling in suppressed voices, and looking hot hate into each other's eyes, when a sight arose before them that struck them dumb with horror. There, in the middle of the road, stood the woman's injured husband, with a pistol in his hand, aiming straight at them. Whether he meant to fire at her was never known; but the ball entered her heart, and she fell forward with a scream. The explosion of the pistol frightened the horse; he became unmanageable, and dashed forward down a hill, crushing the driver beneath the wheels, and stamping on and mangling him. "We think him dying now," the writer continued. "His right arm has been amputated, and he is prostrated by pain and loss of blood. He has need of the friends whom he has so much offended; will you forgive him and come to him?"

The letter fell from my trembling fingers. Ruth had stolen to my side unseen, and had read it also. Down at my feet she knelt, and buried her face in my lap as might a grieving child. Neither of us shed a tear, but we sat thus for an hour in utter silence. At last she spoke.

"I have a favor to ask, Mary. Promise me that you will grant it."

"Anything, darling," I replied.

"Let me go with you," she murmured. "Let us nurse him if he is suffering, and be with him to the last if he should die. He was almost my husband once my dear, Oh, take me with you!"

"Do you remember how he has wronged you, Ruth?" I asked.

"Mary," she answered, rising to her feet, "do not misunderstand me. I would not let him know of my presence; I do not seek to bring myself to his remembrance. I will go with you as a maid or nurse; a coarse dress, a servant's cap, and the curtained light of a sick room will keep me from his knowledge. If he recovers he shall never know that I have been near him. I only seek to see him once again, and do him what little good I can, for I loved him dearly."

Who could withstand her? We were off next morning by the first conveyance, Ruth already wearing the servant's dress, and hidden further still beneath a close bonnet and veil.

I had thought that nothing could have softened my heart to Charley Campbell, but I was mistaken when I saw him lying before me, scarred and maimed, the shadow of his handsome self. My tears fell fast, and I gave him my hand as in the old times, when I trusted in his honor and virtue. He was thankful for my presence, and whispered a faint word of welcome, but before night fell he was delirious, and knew no one about him.

Oh, the long days that followed! I shall never forget them. And through all Ruth never left his pillow. When all the rest shrank from the wild ravings and the upraised arm of delirium, she never wavered; no toil, no vigil did she spare; and when, at last, he lay quiet and weak upon his pillow, her hand brought the invigorating draught and lifted up the weary, helpless hand. And this was the heart he had deemed cold!

One day we sat together, Ruth and I, beside the window, and Charley seemed to sleep. Suddenly he stirred and called to me. I bent over him in an instant.

"Mary," he said, "I have something to say to you—something which lies very heavily at my heart. If I should die without uttering it, my soul would never rest. Mary, you remember when I left Ruth. You know how I felt then. I believed her cold. I thought that in the hot passion of the woman I fled with I had found true love. I must have been mad, I think, for oh, how bitterly I have rued that belief. Mary, when you see Ruth Earle tell her this, and tell her, too, that long, long since I have discovered that she was my only love—that in throwing away her pure womanly affection I lost the richest jewel in my life."

The words were uttered softly, but Ruth's ear had caught them; she stood in the shadow, where he could not see her, and listened.

"Through all my fever I have thought of her," he went on, "and at times I have thought she stood beside me. Then I would strive to ask her forgiveness, but the sweet vision always faded, and a strange nurse was there instead. Mary, do you think that Ruth hates me? She should, for I deserve it."

Oh! the mute appeal of those clasped hands and streaming eyes on the other side of the couch. I knew their meaning, and I answered as they bade me: "No, Charley, I know that Ruth has forgiven you."

"Forgive me! yes; for she is an angel. But never, never can she love me again—never shall the link my own hand has broken be reunited. A mutilated beggar, scarred in face and heart, even were the past blotted out, she never could be mine. Oh, Ruth! my injured, patient, loving Ruth, I would give all the world beside to hold you for one moment to my breast—to press your soft lips to mine but once again."

She had stolen from the shadow; she crept toward the bed; she outstretched both arms toward him, as a mother might seek to clasp once more her lost child; and still something held her back from the bosom where she longed to nestle.

Again he spoke, and this time he uttered her name—"Ruth, Ruth, Ruth!" but hot tears were in his eyes, and they broke the spell which kept her from him. The coarse cap lay on the ground, the golden hair fell over her white forehead in heavy glittering masses, and with a low, tremulous cry she cast her arms about him, pillowed his thin cheek on her bosom, and gave back to Charley Campbell the quiet heart he had so well deserved to love forever.

He has it still, and it is very dear to him, so dear that I believe no words would tell its value. Since the hour when the words were spoken which united them forever, each has trusted in the other to the uttermost, and there are no happier people in the whole length and breadth of the land than Charley and his "Quiet Ruth."

A Wasp of Brains.

Ever since I was a little boy I have frequently noticed that the nests of mud wasps when broken in upon, would shell out a lot of dissected spiders and other like insects in smaller proportion. I had always supposed that even so formidable an insect as a wasp would hardly want anything to do with a good, full-grown spider, for I knew enough of the combativeness of the latter to presume that he would not meekly submit to the sacrifice of his progeny to satisfy the appetite of a wasp. But one day I saw a little demonstration which made the whole thing very clear to me. You know of the careful manner in which the spider builds and incloses the nest in which his young are brought forth and reared? Well, I was observing one of these nests one morning, when I saw a mud wasp come buzzing along and alight within an inch or two of it, on the side opposite the opening. After all was quiet he proceeded with his little game of strategy.

Creeping noiselessly around toward the opening or entrance to the nest, he stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet. Then reaching out one of his antennæ, he wriggled it before the opening and withdrew it. This overture had the desired effect, for the boss of the nest, as large as one ordinarily sees, came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point when he was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a movement quicker than a wink, swung the rear portion of his body around and thrust his sting through the body of his foe, killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he became satisfied, probably, that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterward lugged off one at a time.

You see this accounts fully for the spider linings which we always see in the nests of mud wasps, and makes it all as clear as if that particular wasp had told me beforehand just what he proposed by his strategy to accomplish. Now it is just such demonstrations as this which must convince us of the intelligence of the lower animals, differing only in degree and development from the intelligence of man. Of course, much of this goes beyond my comprehension, but I understand more about it now than ever before, for I have taken pleasure in observing and studying not only the habits of fish, but of many other creatures inferior to man, which are popularly supposed to be governed in their actions by instinct.—*Seth Green, in the Rochester Democrat.*

A Brave Indian Scout.

There has been received at General Sheridan's headquarters a communication from Colonel E. B. Beaumont, major in the Fourth cavalry, dated Fort Reno, Indian Territory, asking that a pension or some other suitable reward be given to an Arapahoe Indian scout by the name of "Chalk," who displayed distinguished gallantry in a fight which the troops had in Indian Territory in 1878, with the recalcitrant Northern Cheyennes, led by Dull Knife, Little Wolf and Hog, then on their flight through Kansas. Lieutenant D. N. McDonald, of the Fourth cavalry, whose report of the affair is enclosed, says that when the command started in pursuit there were some fifteen scouts with the expedition, but after traveling some twenty miles or so, and fearing ambuscade, they commenced "feeling sick," and one after another dropped out of sight and returned to the agency, with the exception of two, "Chalk" and "Sitting Bear." These two Indians behaved splendidly, and were excellent scouts and trailers. On the morning of September 13, 1878, these Indians, who were in advance, discovered the hostile Cheyennes in position awaiting the command, and it soon became evident that in point of numbers they were greatly superior to the pursuing troops, who were soon surrounded. A small knoll in rear of the position occupied by the troops which was held by a squad of one sergeant and three men, was vigorously attacked by a party of Indians. The sergeant and his squad were in danger of being overpowered, when "Chalk," borrowing a revolver from the white scout who accompanied the command, and jumping upon one of the cavalry horses, made a desperate charge into the midst of the hostiles, creating such a diversion as enabled re-enforcements to reach the beleaguered party, and the enemy was repulsed and driven back. In this charge "Chalk" received a dangerous wound in a very tender part of the body. The next day, as the command were away from water and beleaguered, it became necessary to make a retreat, and to do this the command had to cut its way through the lines of the hostiles. "Chalk," who was being carried on a litter, seeing the dangerous position of the soldiers, told the men who were carrying him to "go and fight," and getting off the litter, managed by crawling upon his back to keep up with the retreating soldiers until camp was reached. The result is that he is a cripple for life. General Pope commanding the department of the Missouri, in forwarding the report, earnestly recommends favorable action in the case of this faithful and deserving Indian.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Its Origin—Its Method of Work—What It Has Done.

Persons who have had access to the English journals during the past two or three years, have been frequently struck with the graphic descriptions given of the doings and progress of a queer religious organization known as the "Salvation Army." Now that a detachment of the army has come into our midst, with ways and methods of work so sharply in contrast with our own modes of evangelical work, and as they are likely to be an object of increasing interest for at least some time to come, it may not be amiss to give the readers of the *Evening Mail* a brief history of the origin of this singular organization, with some account of what it has already done, and what it proposes to do in connection with its visit to this country.

The founder of the organization and the present head of it, or generalissimo, is Rev. William Booth, an ex-Wesleyan Methodist clergyman, of London, England. He is a man of rare tenderness and sensibility of heart, and was deeply moved for the degraded and criminal classes which crowd some parts of the city, and whom it seemed impossible to reach through any of the ordinary methods of the church. So deep was his interest in these wretched classes, and such his determination to do something for their salvation, that he requested the conference to make this a special work, and assign him to the charge of it. This, however, the conference declined to do, and assigned him instead to a country charge. With his whole soul absorbed with this one idea the result may be easily anticipated. He withdrew from the conference, and, alone and unaided, took up the work upon which his heart was set. He went among the lowest slums, he visited freely the vilest dens, and to the most wretched and degraded refuse of humanity—so steeped in vice and crime that all semblance of humanity seemed to have faded out of them—he freely offered the salvation of Christ to all who would accept it. The vile, the criminal, the besotted in sin and wretched, the refuse of the alleys and dens heard with astonishment, for the first time in their miserable lives, words of sympathy and kindness. They could hardly trust their ears as this new language fell upon them. They crowded around him by hundreds and thousands, and followed him wherever he went. Nor was it the "bread of life" alone that he gave them; like the Divine Master who, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men, so he dispensed also, when it was needed, the bread that perisheth. The result was that in a short time hundreds were converted.

It now became the great question how to secure these converts and utilize them in the further advancement of his great work. It would be of no use to bring into operation the ordinary church machinery in their case. It would not hold them a single day. They were a "peculiar people," had led peculiar lives, and had peculiar modes of thought. Their lives had been different from the lives of other men and women. Their very modes of life had made them sensational and prone to the extravagant, the startling and the out-of-the-way, and so it was necessary in their case that some extraordinary and novel method should be devised to enlist and hold them. It is easy to see how to a mind and temperament like that of Mr. Booth, who, in the course of his work had many a hard fight with the archadversary, and whose mind was full of the militant figures of the Scriptures, the idea of a military organization, or a fighting Christian army should suggest itself; and so gradually the organization grew into the Salvation Army with its battalions, detachments, its processions and banners and music, its captains and companies, its orders and proclamations, and all the attractive et ceteras so calculated by their very novelty to draw the attention of those to whom all ordinary attractions had become blase. The success of Dr. Booth's organization is evidenced by the fact that the Salvation Army now consists of 125 corps and stations with 179 officers wholly employed in its labor, while privates are numbered by tens of thousands. Its headquarters are in the east of London, in Whitechapel street, consisting of a large building containing a large hall for public meetings and smaller halls for business purposes connected with the work. Latterly the organization has rapidly extended over all the principal cities and larger towns of England, Ireland and Scotland, and it has the hearty support of many wealthy and influential persons both in and out of the church, who freely advance the funds necessary for the prosecution of the work.

It is claimed that through the labors of the Salvation Army the character of the whole population of South Wales has been changed for the better, that the charge sheets of police courts have been greatly reduced, the liquor traffic almost suspended, and whole counties roused to spiritual concern. The same good results have been claimed for it in the principal towns of Great Britain in which it has operated, and, it must be confessed, with a considerable degree of truth. At any rate, there is one great lesson being taught the church, and Christian philanthropists generally, in the rise and success of the Salvation Army, and that is, if the lower classes are ever reclaimed and brought to Christ, it must be by going down to them with the gospel. The angel must step down into the pool before the waters can be troubled. And another truth taught is, that even the lowest and vilest can thus be reached; that they thirst for human sympathy, long for something better, and are ready eagerly to accept it when honestly offered and in the right way.—*New York Evening Mail.*

Of the 577 British peers, 478 have seats in the house of lords, 431 by personal right and 44 by election, 16 by the peers of Scotland and 28 by the peers of Ireland; while the 143 peerages of which the holders are not legislators at present are distributed among the peeresses and peers of Scotland and Ireland.

The agricultural department estimates the increase in the value of the crops raised in the United States in 1879 over those of the previous year at $415,000,000. The price of real estate has been enhanced during the same time about $1,000,000,000.

If your lamp is heavy a bit of long, narrow paper will make a lamp lighter.—*Marathon Independent.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The enormous sums received by popular actors are thus stated: E. A. Sothern gets every year $150,000 as Lord Dundreary, and John C. Owens plays thirty weeks annually for $90,000; Joe Jefferson plays forty weeks as Rip Van Winkle and earns $120,000, and Maggie Mitchell earns from $30,000 to $50,000. Dion Boucicault has just finished a season as "Shaughran," etc., at $3,000 a week, and his managers scold him in the public prints because he would not play longer at the same price. Miss Neilson makes over $150,000 a year, while Fanny Davenport earns $1,000 a week every week she plays.

The Countess Panine, lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Russia, has been requested to resign and to travel abroad. She is of a romantic turn, and sometimes received guests of whose character she was not fully aware. Among them was a young student, who, warned that the police were about to search his rooms, fled to her house with his papers, and, being pursued to her room, hid the papers under her pillow. The police discovered them and arrested him. That the Nihilists, however, have friends in high quarters is shown, not only by the cipher document found on Deutsch, killed in the secret press affair, but by letters found on a Russian doctor and refugee at Paris, who either threw himself or was thrown into the Seine. These documents were sewn in his trousers lining and were handed over to the Russian embassy, who forwarded them to the St. Petersburg detectives.

Mr. A J. Severance, of San Francisco, says that the diamond drill has played a very important part in developing the mineral wealth of the West. The first great treasure house which these drills opened up was that known as the Consolidated Virginia and the California Bonanzas, which have yielded $107,000,000, of which the stockholders have received $74,000,000 in dividends. One of the owners of the mines told Mr. Severance that the diamond drill had realized for him $5,000,000. All of the principal Comstock mines, and many of the largest mining properties located in California and Nevada, use these drills. They are also extensively used in Colorado; have pushed their way to most of the Territories; have been introduced and operated in New Mexico, old Mexico and Australia. The Japanese government have also been supplied with them.

A case of what may be called dual existence has been discovered by the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in the little town of Millersburg, Ky. A pretty girl about fifteen years old, who had some trouble with her spine, is the interesting object. When she is awake she acts like a sedate and modest maiden; but when she is in one of her somnambulistic travels she is a wild, romping, forward hoyden. In the former state her nerves are super-sensitive, and even to touch her is to give her pain. In the latter state her nerves are entirely callous. Naturally, she likes to read serious literature; abnormally she wants nothing but Mother Gooses' melodies. She writes with her right hand in the one case and with her left in the other. That her eyes are entirely closed during the somnambulistic freaks is vouched for by several physicians, and that hers is really not another case of hysterical deception is affirmed by Dr. Eads, who has attended her since her childhood She, of course, does not, or pretends not, to remember what she did in her abnormal condition, and when told she will not believe it.

Then and Now.

Owing partly to the improvement in tools and shop appliances, and partly to the system of subdivision of labor, there is no parallel by which the workingman of to-day can be gauged or compared with the workmen of thirty or forty years ago. Then the apprentice was taught—crudely, perhaps, but still taught—all the mysteries of his calling, from the preparation of the crude material to the finish of the completed result. The carpenter hewed his timber from the tree trunk or limb by means of chalk line and broadax. He bored, and mortised, and cut tenons, erected the frame of the building, boarded and shingled, and clapboarded and lathed. The blacksmith shod horses and oxen, tired wheels, made bolts and nuts, chipped and filed and drilled, forged and tempered axes and chisels, and performed numberless jobs of a variety of forms and for a variety of purposes. The machinist sometimes made his own patterns and often his own tools, worked at the vise and the plainer, the lathe and the forge, and was ready to undertake any job, from repairing a broken stove to building an engine.

The Boston *Journal of Commerce* remembers when the above practice was universal. Now timber is sawed and not hewed; mortises and tenons are machine cut; houses are built by the shinglers, the lathers, and the joiners, as well as by the carpenters; and the doors, windows, window and door frames and sashes are factory built. The horseshoer does nothing else. The forger of steel seldom works in iron. The tool maker is nothing but a tool maker. The machinist is a bench man, a lathe man, a planer, a fitter, or he has a specialty in cotton machinery or woolen, or never works but on steam machinery.

Beavers Coasting.

One of my friends in Iowa sends word that when her brother—now a general in the United States army—was a boy, he was very fond of hunting, and a great favorite with the grown-up hunters. One of these took him on a bright moonlight night in winter to see a strange sight.

The pair crept through the cold, clear air to the home of some beavers. At the dam which the beavers had built, the moon was reflected from the ice with a great glare, and, in this light, the lookers-on saw the beavers have a splendid game of coasting down a long slide, from the top of the dam to the ice covered stream below. The old beavers gave the young ones rides on their broad, flat tails; all slid down as gravely as judges, and then climbed up to have another. They kept it up until one of the watchers sneezed At this, the beaver sentinels sounded the alarm, and then all was still—excepting that the lookers-on went away laughing heartily at what they had seen.—*St. Nicholas.*

There's a Gain for Every Loss.

For every wound there is a balm,
For every loss a gain,
And warring tumult ends in calm,
While rest is born of pain.
Those souls who highest pleasure feel,
Sink oft in deepest woe,
While grief, which eye nor lip reveal,
Preys on the heart below.

To those who mourn, a day of joy
Begins when life shall end,
And bliss, which has no base alloy,
With brighter hopes shall blend.
But not on earth surcease is given
To sorrow, suffering, sin;
And perfect peace this side of heaven
Thou canst not hope to win.

—*Lilla N. Cushman, in Meriden Recorder*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A paper "mill"—The fight between publishers and manufacturers.

The main support of many a newly-started paper is a long purse. After a while it is the publisher's face that is long.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.

Time is money, and money is always an object in a newspaper office. Long-winded bores should stick a pin just here.—*Rochester Democrat.*

One of the youngest compositors in the country works in the office of the Lisle (N. Y.) *Gleaner* The youthful type-setter is not yet five years old.

"Paper bricks" are spoken of as a Western article. We have 'em here—fellows that pay their subscription in advance.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

There is some difference between "cheek" and "brass." Cheek asks for anything any time without the sign of a blush. Brass comes up and takes it without asking.

Beads are again in demand as ornaments. Should the summer prove extra warm, beads of perspiration will be all the go—when pedestrians map their foreheads.—*New York News.*

A paper in Caldwell, Ohio, runs its Campbell press with the gearing of a threshing machine, the power being furnished by a horse. Its contemporaries call it a one-horse concern.

A Tennessee farmer who owns a good deal of property within five miles of a railway has never seen a locomotive. And he has no idea what a steamboat is. He is eighty years old, and he is intelligent.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried five floundering frogs for Francis Fowler's father."—*Andrews' Queen.*

Poland has fifty-four newspapers and reviews, of which fifty are published at Warsaw. There are ten daily newspapers printed in the capital, but the number of subscribers to those does not amount to more than 50,000.

"Many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear"—
Many a harassed editor, I ween,
At times will rave and stamp and tear his hair.
—*Monthly Union.*

"Good morning, Mr. Merchant, how are garden seeds this year?" "Oh, they are higher; coming up every day." "That's good; those I bought of you last year didn't more than half come up."—*Marathon Independent.*

Colonel Ingersoll says he doesn't see "how it is possible for a man to die worth $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 in a city full of want." Nor do we. Editors should club together and resolve not to die worth $5,000,000 or $10,000,000. We would rather not die at all than to leave this world worth that much money.—*Norristown Herald.*

There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise; whenever he writes the printer man he dotteth all his i's.—*Toledo Commercial.* And when he's dotted all of them, with great sangfroid and ease, he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's.—*Meriden Recorder.* Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the men of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Flat-Boat Life on the Ohio.

During the past winter there were from thirty to fifty families, comprising about one hundred persons, residing in what are known as "family boats," at Cincinnati. These dwellings are flat-boats, which, having served their original design as freight-carriers, or, mayhap, trading boats, have been purchased at a low price, and after being covered in have become the homes of a people; occasionally they are floating still, but generally they are to be found where the high water has left them, here and there on the river bank. A tour among these unique residences develops much that is interesting. A family boat, at its best, is by no means a comfortless dwelling. At its best it is high and dry, "shored up," so as to be level, as a tight roof, and is divided into two rooms, lighted by half-windows. Of course it is warm, for the shore is strewn with driftwood; and to be the possessor of a good axe is a guarantee of comfort from a good fire. But a good boat is not the rule, and the heavy rains, or a freshet in the river, finds them but poor substitutes for homes.

There is scarcely a family without at least three children. They are all from other parts. Several are from far up the river, one or two from West Virginia, a number from Kentucky, while several have chosen this mode of living because it is economical, "no rent to pay," and in summer time far preferable to back rooms in tenement houses. Sometimes a family in Pennsylvania, intending to emigrate, will purchase a boat, place in it their household goods, and start down the river. Whatever their original destination, they may "beach" the boat and stay from six months to three years at some point between Pittsburg and Louisville.

As a rule, the boats are merely places of residence. Occasionally a boat devoted to the bone business touches the shore. When this is the case, it is usually accompanied by a second craft for the use of the family—a home among the bones picked up along the shores of the river not being considered favorable to digestion.

In all these clusters of family boats there is the "Sunday-school boat" in which sermons are preached and religious instruction imparted on the Sabbath, under the auspices of some mission at the place of location.