THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

ASTRONOMY MADE EASY.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun in the middle,
And planets around him so grand
Are swinging in space,
Here forever in place
In the Zodiac girdle or band.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And Mercury next to the sun;
While Venus so bright,
Seen at morning or night,
Comes second to join in the fun.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And third in the group is our Earth;
While Mars with his fire,
So warlike and dire,
Swings around to be counted the fourth.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
While Jupiter's next after Mars;
And his fourmoons at night
Show the speed of the light;
Next golden-ringed Saturn appears.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
After Saturn comes Uranus afar;
And his antics so queer,
Led astronomers near
To old Neptune, who drives the last car.

THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

It was a bright clear, cold morning in early December. When Kathie entered the car there was scarcely a vacant seat to be seen. To be sure there was one stout old gentleman sitting alone, but he was next the aisle and seemed to be so deeply absorbed in thought that Kathie disliked to disturb him. Then there was a middle aged woman, but she had numberless wraps and parcels in the seat beside her, and her appearance, like her all in all, was so forbidding as she looked fixedly out of the window, that Kathie passed her by. There was but one more seat unoccupied. It was beside a gentleman who sat close by the window reading a paper.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked Kathie with timid hesitancy.

"It is not," was the answer in a pleasant tone; "but," springing up as he spoke, "would you prefer the seat by the window?"

"Oh, no! Thank you! Not at all!" murmured Kathie, and she sat down beside him.

The gentle turned his attention again to his paper, and Kathie immediately fell to wishing she had taken the seat by the window. For the gentleman sat at her right hand, and her purse was in her cloak pocket, and had not Aunt Kate warned her over and over again to be on guard against pickpockets, and declared that they were quite as likely to be young, agreeable and polite as the reverse? And was not this person all three? Kathie stole a shy glance at him. His dark eyes were intently fixed on his newspaper. He was fine looking and well dressed, and to all intents quite oblivious of her existence. Kathie wondered demurely what sort of an expression his face would wear if he knew that any one thought that he might perhaps be a pickpocket.

She might take her purse and hold it in her hand, but that would seem ostentatious and tiresome, moreover there would be ample time for that when the gentleman—he looked like a gentleman certainly—should put down his paper and Kathie could no longer watch his hands.

Then Kathie's thoughts slipped into a more agreeable channel. She thought of the Christmas gifts she was going to buy, and of other shopping she was going to do. It was her first trip to Boston quite alone. Aunt Kate had always been with her before, to take care of her and help her to select Christmas gifts, but this year Aunt Kate's rheumatism was so much worse than usual that she did not hope to be equal to a trip to Boston for the winter; and as it was already nearing Christmas, there was nothing to be done but let Kathie go alone. And so it came about that Kathie, feeling quite old and responsible, was on her way, this bright December morning, to the city. She mentally planned her day's work, portioned out her money for the various things she wanted to buy. There was a book for her Sunday School teacher, and a shell comb for Aunt Kate, the engraving for Cousin Will, that must be specially fine and nicely framed, since it was to do double duty as a Christmas and wedding gift. Should it be a copy of some celebrated old picture, or some attractive group, full of life and interest? While Kathie was trying to decide this question, and was reviewing with her mind's eye, all the finest most beautiful engravings that she had ever seen, the train swept into the tunnel.

As it grew dark the gentleman beside her put down his paper, turning slightly towards Kathie as he did so. And then Kathie was sure she felt a stealing motion towards her cloak pocket. Quick as thought her hand went down to seize her purse, when—oh, horrors;—there was a man's hand in her pocket! Kathie did not withdraw her hand; on the contrary, being resolved to protect her property at all hazards, she felt about with her fingers as well as she could for her purse, but could not find it. It was already gone. Then Kathie seized the intruding hand with a firmness of desperation, fully determined to make an alarm as soon as the cars emerged into daylight again. If he did not have the purse in his hand, there at least was his hand in her pocket, and some of the passengers would see her righted and her purse restored. Fortunately her purse had her name printed on the outside. How long the minutes seemed before the train came out into light! Then Kathie still grasped firmly the man's hand, looked up and down the aisle, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheek, for the conductor.

"I beg your pardon," said her captive, in a low tone that Kathie could scarcely catch the words, *"but have you not made a mistake in the pocket?"*

Kathie gave one swift glance. Good heavens! Her hand was in his pocket! If she had touched a burning coal she could not have relinquished her hold and withdrawn her hand more promptly. She was over come with confusion. She ventured one deprecatory glance at the gentleman. His expressive face wore a mischievious smile.

"I thought—" began Kathie tremulously, but she could get no further. The revulsion of feeling was too great. The brightness of her eyes was suddenly quenched by gathering tears, and her lips quivered ominously.

"That it was your pocket of course," said the gentleman completing her sentence. "I understand perfectly. Pray do not let the mistake disturb you," he continued with imploring emphasis.

In the midst of her distress, Kathie could not help thinking how musical his voice was. Then, with much tact, he took up his paper, and devoted himself with great assiduity, to reading an article, which, if Kathie had but known it, he had read twice already since she sat beside him, without knowing in the least what it was about.

Kathie became outwardly composed after a while, but her mind was still in a tumult. Suppose he had turned the tables upon her, and denounced her as pickpocket as he might have done! She shivered at the mere thought of it.

Once or twice as they neared the city, the gentleman glanced at her as if he would speak, but Kathie's resolutely averted face and downcast eyes gave him no opportunity, and not another word was spoken until they reached the sation, when he left her with a courteous bow and "Good morning."

"Hateful thing," said Kathie to herself, "I hope I shall never see him again;" and then she watched him, with admiring eyes, as long as she could distinguished his fine form in the hurrying crowd.

Her purse, it is scarcely necessary to say, was safe in her pocket, and she soon set about diminishing its contents. Notwithstanding the inauspicious beginning of her trip, her day proved quite successful and satisfactory. Her own errands and Aunt Kate's commissions were all executed, and there was still a half hour to spare for a call at Cousin Will's office, and when the time drew near for her train to leave he escorted her to the station. The train was in readiness when they arrived, and, as they walked along to reach the right car, a form approached them from a side entrance, a glance at which sent a thrill through Kathie's veins and the hot blood to her cheeks and brow.

"Ah! here's Harry Thorn, going down on your train, Kathie," said her cousin.

"He will be agreeable company for you, and will see to your parcels," and then, before Kathie was at all prepared for it, came the inevitable introduction.

Kathie could hardly force herself to meet the glance of the mischievous dark eyes bent upon her, or to touch the proffered hand. It was utterly impossible for her to speak a word, but the gentleman talked on till Will left them at the entrance of the car.

"You will take the seat by the window this time?" said Mr. Thorn, and Kathie silently accepted the seat.

After he had arranged her parcels in the rack, and seated himself, Kathie remarked, with a frank smile, "I really hoped that I should never see you again."

"Did you think I deserved eternal banishment?" he asked lightly.

"Oh, no! it was rather I who merited it," said Kathie. "So long as you did not know me, it did not matter what you thought of me, but now"—ah, where were Kathie's words leading her?—"but, now, if you should tell Cousin Will," she continued quite illogically, "he would tease me unmercifully, and I should never hear the end of it."

"I assure you," was the earnest answer, "that I will never mention the mistake to which you refer to Will or to any one else. No one besides ourselves need ever know aught of it." And then he skillfully turned the conversation, and Kathie was soon quite at her ease, and they were conversing like two very intimate friends.

That memorable ride through the tunnel occurred some years ago, and Kathie's relations with Mr. Thorn have changed so greatly, that now, instead of suspecting him of taking her money, she appropriates with coolness, funds from his pocket book for her Christmas shopping.

Mr. Thorn sometimes laughingly declares that instead of his wife's waiting for him to offer his hand, as ladies usually do, took possession of it the first time that she ever saw him; but his most intimate friends ask in vain for an explanation of his joke.

The First Banks.

We are generally told in histories of banking, as, for instance, in that by Gilbert, that the first national bank was that of Venice, founded in the year 1157, but I agree with Mr. McLeod, that this institution was not at first, in any sense, a true bank. The State being deeply involved in debt, its creditors formed into a corporation, and the debts made transferable like our consols.

It was not till 1587 that the institution began to take money on deposit. The depositors received a credit on the bank's books equal to the actual weight of the bullion placed there, which the bank undertook to keep intact in its vaults and to repay to the depositor at any time, or to transfer to any one else.

The earliest real bank was that of Barcelon, founded in 1491. In this case the city funds were made responsible for any moneys intrusted to the bank, which not only received deposits but exchanged money and discounted bills. The bank of Amsterdam was founded in 1609. The so-called bank of St. George, at Genoa, dates back to 1375. The bank of Stockholm, which commenced in 1668, was the first bank in Europe to issue banknotes, which, until that time, were totally unknown in the West, although, as we have seen, they had been in use in China.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Photographs on Leaves.

The beautiful photographic novelties, photographs on natural leaves, are produced in the following way: Fresh leaves, preferably such as afford a smooth surface when pressed, and have an agreeable degree of transparency, as those of the spring, are first immersed in alcohol until they are pale enough in color to form a pleasing background for the photograph, and at the same time become less liable to change of tone. Bleaching the leaves will not answer the same purpose. After draining off the alcohol, they are spread out in the air until the leaves, originally firm, become wilted, and are then pressed for half an hour between blotting-paper. The upper side of the leaf is then coated on a salted solution of albumen, or brushed rapidly with it by means of a broad brush, and the coating is dried as rapidly as possible by hanging the leaves on a cord with the albumenized side nearest a stove, in order that all the natural moisture of the leaves may not be lost, or they will become too brittle for the subsequent manipulations. It may even be advisable to moisten the unalbumenized side of the leaf during the drying.

A second pressing is also generally necessary at this stage, and they are then immediately sensitized, either by floating them on a solution of nitrate of silver or by brushing them with it, and dried with the same care as before, and may again be pressed with advantage before exposing them under the negative.—*Bazar.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1880.

The marked absence of matrimonial enterprise in Washington is at present a common complaint. The threadbare plea of depression of trade may cover a multitude of shortcomings and sins, but it is an insufficient explanation of the fact. It may be that, as is said, a fall in bread is immediately followed by an increase in banns. But the principle, if applicable to a struggling proletariat, can scarcely be extended by the most charitable of interpreters to those endowed with a full share of this world's goods and graces. Yet it is over these last that the chaperons lament most bitterly.

Amid the complex web of circumstances which give rise to periodical cycles of anti-matrimonial prejudice, there are certain well defined notions which cloud the outlook of the eligible bachelor. Partly passing shadows of latter-day conditions, they combine to form a gloomy background to the sunnier aspects of married life. The visionary ideal of love in a cottage has faded amid the common light of a toiling and moiling humanity, fever-stricken by social rivalries. Happiness has been defined, and has lost its bloom in the process. "Married and marred" is the popular criticism passed by his contemporaries on the occasional victim to a desperate matrimonial designer.

It is roundly asserted that Americans in fashionable life have lost the power of falling in love. Perhaps to the fluttering heart of the *debut ante* Miss Emma, the partner in every dance is a possible partner for life. In American urban society, homespun sentiment is past praying for. If distance lends a certain enchantment which, should the spell remain unbroken, might be fatal, closer inspection and more intimate relations may exaggerate defects, just as the lens reproduces but the flaw in the brilliant. The cause may lie deeper. Frederick's *fiancee* must pass muster among his friends. No longer a love sick sonneter to his mistress's eyebrow, he protests—perhaps too much—that Emma is the great niece of a Senator, or the second cousin of an Admiral. It is less important that she is pretty than that she moves on a select social plane.

The shield, has, however, another side. To some, matrimony seems a sea of troubles, beset with shoals and quicksands, dangerous even if not fatal.

The conception of marriage as the gateway to liberty is not confined to France; and virtue has been cynically defined as the absence of temptation. It may be that Providence has happily allotted a plain wife. She talks Art, and turns out a blue stocking—very likely a downright bore. If, less luckily, another is predestined to find his fate in a beauty, she aspires to sail in the orbit of professional lionesses; and her amiable ambition results in the total eclipse and permanent effacement of the husband, who, after many wistful regrets for bachelor memories, finally gravitates towards old haunts, now half forgotten and the unfettered happiness of club-tastes. The free-thinking partisans of bachelor ethics find in him a suggestive subject for a clinical lecture upon their favorite philosophy. A larger class have profited by the warnings issued by those whose engaging simplicity has found too late that women betray, despite a long engagement.

Even without an open rupture, a long alliance is a searching ordeal for the most loyal of lovers. The diplomacy of passion, in the earlier stage of an understanding not yet declared, the demoralizing effect of uncertainties, passing storm clouds of jealousy, the reporting at headquarters, if they open out only a long vista of rather commonplace but rigorously exacted dutifulness, will dissipate the volatile essences of attraction which centre in the wooed and won. Even the wedding-day, though happily shorn of much that made it sheer purgatory to the bride-grooms, holds out a disquieting prospect. The hero and heroine of the ceremony no longer stay to share the morning feast. But the wedding day is the ladies' field-day. The bridegroom and his supporters are a necessary but inconvenient incumbrance, to be kept sedulously in the background during the solemn week of unbroken sacrifice to the Graces, which inaugurates the approaching ritual. To the diffident, and even to stronger nerves there is something discomforting in the prospect of the sequel: even if fashion kindly cuts short the honeymoon.

It was not so long back that men took the matrimonial fever, on arriving at years of discretion, as regularly as measles and whooping-cough at an earlier period. A competence now commands comforts which tend to crystalize bachelor habits. The rapid development of clubism is an essential factor in the epidemic disinclination to pairing and nest-building.

Married life, it is commonly anticipated, becomes cut and dry, gray, monotonous. Perhaps, however, when all is said, it is still a moot question whether the responsibility for a dull marriage market does not rest with those most nearly concerned. None but the fugitive are "run after;" and the matrimonial *metraille* of the ladies in search of husbands in an exception to the well-worn proverb that every bullet has its billet. If the assailed are tempted to say of the assailants in their haste that all women are flirts, it is full time that the *intriguante* should look to her laurels if she is to lay her account with finding a partner at all.

Joking With a Dog.

A gentleman connected with the United States Lake Survey, was engaged one day on the skirt of a wood in Indiana. Near him, sleeping lazily in the sun, lay his faithful dog, Tiger. Thinking to have some fun with the dog, he gave a shout and a jump into the thicket, as if all game ever protected by game laws from marauding hunters was thrashing through the bushes. As he expected, Tiger came bounding and barking to the fray, and soon detecting the trick that was played upon him, sneaked back to his lair and lay down again.

The surveyor resumed his duties, and was hard at work for two or three hours, when, all at once, the dog rose from his sleep, set his ears and eyes in the direction of the wood, gave a bark, and made a rush for the forest depths. The surveyor followed to a tree up which he was barking lustily. But when the man came and began anxiously to scan the boughs for the hiding game, Tiger gave a satisfied "Ah wooh!" bestowed a glance of contempt upon him, and striking a dignified gait walked back to his couch with the appearance of a dog that had squared up all accounts with the Lake Surveyor, and had left nothing due on either side.

NELLIE'S LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.

"Really, Catharine, I don't wonder at Mary's surprise at your behavior. You forget that you are Frank's widow. You are too forward."

I hesitated a moment, really anxious to keep my temper; for I was Frank's widow, and the speaker was his mother.

"Forward!" cried Mary, "Indeed, you would have been shocked last night, mother. There was Mr. Vance urging her to sing, and acting as if Herbert Halstead was her only friend, when it was only as a married woman——"

"Yes," interrupted Julia. "I think, mother, if you can't make Kate realize that she is married, with a daughter nearly six years of age, you had better——"

"Send me away," I broke in, unable longer to control myself, "it's not the first time that hint has been thrown out, and if it were not for little Nellie, poor child, I would go away to earn my living at once. You drive me desperate, I declare. I will marry again, and get rid of all this—" and then I burst into tears.

"Marry again! How will you do it? Oh, yes! a good joke!" cried Julia, with a shrug at my tears. "Don't you see, Mary, it's leap year!" and she laughed derisively.

"Who'll you ask?" sneered Mary. "Herbert Halstead? Julia, you'd better look out!"

"You may sneer," I cried, checking my tears, I was now thoroughly angry. "But I tell you, if no one would ask me to marry him, I believe I should ask Mr. Halstead, and—he'd have me!"

I had fairly taken up their own weapons of personalities which I scorned. The moment after, ashamed of myself, I ran to my room to put on my bonnet and get out of the house. I looked in the glass, as I put the crape bonnet, with its widow's cap and heavy veil, on my head. I saw a face to which black was very becoming, though it was not a remarkably pretty face. It looked not more than twenty-five, some say not more than twenty; but I was really over twenty-four. Married at eighteen to Frank Stevens, I had been a petted wife for four years, now a widow of two.

The thought of the happiness of the four and the loneliness of the two, as I looked at the face surrounded by crape, made the tears come again; but I brushed them away resolutely and went out, knowing that a brisk walk would do me more good than anything else.

I went out without my darling, my inseparable companion, my little baby girl, Nellie. This alone showed how troubled I was. Truth to tell, I was too angry to trust myself with the little one, who might have asked to have our conversation explained, for she had been in the room at the time. I could only hope that at five years old a child did not understand me.

Soon after I left, my mother-in-law and her daughters went out for a ride. They invited Nellie to go, but she feeling, perhaps, that they had not treated mamma well, refused. Soon the front door bell rang, and like all children, Nellie must run to see who is there. She managed to open the door herself, and there stood her prime favorite among the gentlemen that visited the house, Mr Halstead, or as she had called him since her baby-hood, Uncle Herbert. He had been her father's chum and dearest friend and loved the child for Frank's sake.

"Ladies home, Nell?"

"I'm home," she said, "and I dess mamma 'll be in soon."

"Very well. Let's go in the parlor and have a chat."

Nellie sat in his lap, discussing the merits of cocoanut cakes and sugar almonds a little while; but suddenly dropping her candies in her lap, she asked:

"What's leap—leap—leap, I fordet. Do you know what's it?"

"Leap? leap frog, leap year? Is that it?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Why, it's a year when you ladies can ask the gentlemen to marry you. But you see, Nellie, you're too young—or wouldn't you ask me?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't ask you. Mamma's going to ask you."

The young man nearly dropped the child, and then folded her close to him, lest perhaps he should forget her again.

"What do you mean, darling?" he asked. "Now think, Nellie, but don't tell Uncle Herbert anything of your own make up."

"Oh, no! really, truly, bless me, she's alive—isn't that what you say when you are true? Well!"—the little tot gave a long sigh and paused, Herbert not daring to interrupt her lest she should see his anxiety, and miniature woman that she was, should refuse to satisfy him.

"Well," she repeated, "you see they does scold mamma, so they does. To-day morning they maked mamma cry, to-morrow, (she would call yesterday to-morrow) they scolded her again because she wouldn't sing, and then they said she was fordard. What's fordard?"

"Forward, indeed!" ejaculated Herbert, under his breath. "If it had been some others now. But Nellie, how about leap year?"

"Oh, yes! I most fordot, didn't I? Well, you see, mamma said—but, oh, Uncle Herbert, I never showed you my two weenie little kittens! They's only little sings, wivout eyes. Come out to the piazza and I'll show you."

It was no use to be impatient. The young man knew the child too well for that, and so they went on and inspected the kittens. Then he tried to coax Nellie back to the subject again.

"Oh, I fordot!" she said. "Only they made mamma say—"

"What did they say, darling? I'll give you a big doll—"

"With real hair?"

"Yes, yes! Real hair and eyes, and oh, nothing. But did they say I wanted to marry—"

"They say mamma wasn't a girl, and she was old; and mamma said—oh, there's mamma. Mamma didn't you ask Uncle Herbert to marry you? He wants to know."

I had come in, looking for the child, and that was the speech I heard. I felt ready to sink with mortification.

"Kate, darling, can't I hope you will let me ask? You must know that I hoped, when these (touching my veil and black dress) were put aside, that I could ask you to let me care for you, and at once. Come, darling," as I bid my face in my hands.

"You have asked me to marry you; and I must name the day, and I say now, at once. Let's give them a good thorough surprise. I can guess how they have treated you. Come, now, get ready this fairy, this blessed little darling, that has brought me my happiness, and we'll go to your own minister."

I tried to refuse, but I was so weary of living with mother-in-law, that at last we three skipped out of the house; and dear Dr. S——, who had baptized me, married me to Frank, and knew Herbert well, married us.

We drove back and reached the front door as the family were returning. Julia, who would appropriate Herbert, stepped forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Halstead. So you met Kate on the steps? Strange!"—with a glance at me, as if I had planned to meet him.

"Not at all, Miss Julia," said Herbert, "My wife and I have just called in to receive your congratulations and to leave little Midget here for a few days."

No tableau I have ever seen was half so comical as the one those three made. I really felt for Julia, for I knew she cared for Herbert.

She gained self-possession quickly, and congratulated me, whispering, as she kissed me, "So you asked him?"

My husband heard and answered: "No, Miss Julia, she did not ask me. Through other means, thank God, I learned the one I loved was unhappy; and, as I hoped, for more than a year past, to soon ask her to be my wife, I persuaded her to marry me at once. Leap year privileges are still open for those who choose to use them."

We are quite an old married couple now; for three years have passed, but Herbert and I still often laugh over Nellie's leap year proposal.

The Arrapahoes.

My first dinner with the Arrapahoes was by invitation of Six Feathers, a very hospitable and friendly Indian.

It was served upon common white china, and comprised stewed dog, boiled rice slightly sweetened, bread baked by reflection, and tea. Observing that my host shook the contents of a perforated tin box into his cup, and supposing it was sugar, I followed his example, and found it was black pepper—not, however, an unpalatable mixture in extremely cold weather. Dog meat is considered a great luxury, and is reserved for feasts and special occasions.

After dinner Six Feathers seated me upon a couch of buffalo-robes and bright red blankets, spread upon a willow mat that lay upon the ground and against two poles of a tripod, to which could be given any inclination. This formed a support for the back when sitting, and for the head when lying down.

My hostess now presented me with a pair of moccasins un quely embroidered with colored porcupine quills, which, I was gratified to observe, fitted perfectly, and I expressed my pleasure and thanks for the dusky honor in my choicest Arrapaho. Cigarettes, of which they are exceedingly fond, being produced, we complacently smoked, while the fire burned brightly in the centre of the lodge, maintaining a comfortable and uniform temperature, and the smoke gracefully curled through its appointed aperture.

In approaching the buffalo range a dance ensues. The tribe assemble about an open space, in the middle of which are squatting many of the young men of the village hideously painted and almost naked. A monotonous chant, accompanied by a regular beating upon "tom-toms," is begun. The shrill treble of the squaws mingles not discordantly with the guttural tones of the bucks; and to this wild refrain the central group begin a rude and savage dance, hopping upon one foot and then upon the other, and yelling horribly the while. Those who join in this grotesque sport thus enroll themselves as a sort of "citizen soldiery," the chief purpose of which is the prevention of any interference with the buffaloes until, by a concerted action of the village, a "big surround" and great slaughter can be effected.

A buffalo hunt by Indians has been often described. The buffaloes are generally approached from such direction that, in the chase that ensues, they will run toward camp, and by this means facilitate the transportation of their own flesh. Hundreds are killed, and the meat, cut into thin slices, is hung upon poles outside the lodge to dry in the sun. Cured by this process, it is said to be "jerked." Nothing pertaining to the animal is thrown away. The entrails, and especially the tripe, indifferently cleaned, are eaten raw, or thrown upon live coals, where they shrivel and broil into fragrant crispness. The skull is cracked, and the squaws insert their slender fingers into its crevices, and greedily devour the bloody and uncooked brains. The days that succeed a successful hunt, after the hides are in process of tanning, are passed in general idleness.

All hands have eaten their fill, and with an Indian a full stomach means a glad but slothful heart. If cleanliness is next to godliness, the foulness of the Indian is his greatest sin. A peculiar and disagreeable odor pervades everything that belongs to them, although much of it is due to other causes than personal filth. The tanning, drying of beef or buffalo, cooking, etc., simultaneously in progress in and about the lodge, produce a variety of unpleasant scents, which permeate their clothing and impregnate the atmosphere. The unfrequent change of the former is also a fruitful source of physical impurity. The Turco-Russian bath is, however, of very common application among them. It is their panacea. The manner of its preparation is necessarily primitive.

Willow wands are sharpened and thrust into the ground, and their smaller ends are interlaced so as to form a bower little more than a yard in height, and eight or ten in circumference. Over this is stretched and secured a piece of canvass or skin, under which, after several large stones have been brought to a red heat and rolled to its centre, a dozen or more Arrapahoes crowd and crouch. Water is slowly poured upon the stones, from which arise hot air and vapor. After profuse perspiration, the inmates leap into an adjoining stream, or wallow naked in the snow. This bathing establishment is called a "wicky-up," and they dot the banks of water courses in all Indian countries.

Found Dead.

BRADFORD, PA., March 5.—August Peterson, aged 17, an oil well pumper in the employ of Vermon & McGraw, near this city, was found dead this morning, standing on a ladder with his head just over the edge of a tank containing oil. It is supposed that he climbed the ladder Thursday evening to gauge the amount of oil in the tank, and becoming overpowered by the gas arising from the hatchway, died in the position in which his body was found.

"S," said a lady recently to a merchant, "your daughter has married a rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

The Congressional Library.

The library was founded April 24, 1800. Then no library in the country exceeded fifteen thousand volumes. Yet when the proposition was made, the following year, to allow a thousand dollars for the purchase of books, Senator Bayard said it was claimed "we were the most enlightened people on the face of the earth." But he wisely added "If that was not altogether true, let us be so as much as possible."

A Massachusetts Congressman advised the appropriation of ten thousand dollars annually for library purposes. The thousand dollars a year was agreed upon for ten years; then for nine years two thousand a year; then five thousand, and in 1864 ten thousand dollars were appropriated to enlarge the Library. Twice it has been burned—in 1814, when the Capitol was burned by the British; and in 1851 by a fire arising from a defective flue.

In 1815 the Thomas Jefferson Library, of seven thousand volumes, was bought at the cost of $23,950, long credit for payment making it a good purchase. Mr. Jefferson had been fifty years collecting these books, and many of them related to American history. Mr. Spofford, the accomplished librarian, divides the library into five epochs, beginning with this purchase. Next after the fire in 1851, $85,000 were appropriated for books and $72,500 to repair the room, and that was the first time in America of using cast iron for the interior of any edifice.

Before the fire of 1851, the collection numbered fifty five thousand volumes; the fire reduced them to twenty thousand, so that we might call the library not much more than a century old.

Again, the third epoch, when the Smithsonian Scientific Library was added in 1866. The fourth epoch, 1867, when the fire proof wings were added and the Peter Force library purchased for $100,000. The fifth epoch was in 1870, the introduction of the copyright system, which makes the library the recipient of all publications protected by law; this immense source for obtaining books and publications costing the government nothing.

The Smithsonian collection is owned on the responsibility of making its stores contribute to the diffusion of knowledge among men; thus it seems obligatory that the library be accessible to the people. It should be open evenings—which it is not now—for those who cannot come by day. If the Royal Society of London had not rejected Mr. James Smithson's contribution to scientific research, it would have received his fortune instead of the United States. It amounted to $651,000, and of this, $13,000 a year are devoted to procuring, publishing, and distributing original contributions to human knowledge; this contains the transactions of learned societies all over the globe. The library—and its recovery from two fires, from 1800 to 1878—had cost $640,000.

Now the country has 3 700 libraries, containing 12,000,000 volumes. The library has doubled the number of volumes twice in fifteen years. It has now 352 945 volumes and 120,000 pamphlets, and will, no doubt, have 2,000 000 before the close of the century. Unless we wish to be at the expense of two buildings for this purpose, it is necessary that this shall be two-thirds the size of the capitol. Only twelve European libraries outnumber this. The British Museum library, numbering 1,100,000 volumes cost $3,000 000. The English are proud of it and spare no expense; they have maps of our little counties, histories and careful records of our affairs which they say we cannot find in our own country.

How He'd Do It.

Several men were gathered at the door of a blacksmith shop on Cass avenue the other morning, when a school boy not over nine years of age came along with tears in his eyes, and one of the group asked:

"What's the matter, boy—fall down?"

"N-no, but I've got a hard 'rithmetic lesson and I expect to get licked?" was the answer.

"Let me see, I used to be a king-bee on fractions."

The man took the book, turned to the page, and read:

"RULE 1—Find the least common multiple of the denominators of the fractions for the least common denominator. Divide this least common denominator by each denominator and multiply both terms of the fractions by the quotient obtained by each denominator."

He read the rule aloud and asked if anyone could understand it. They all shook their heads, and he continued:

"Well, now, I think I should go to work and discover the least uncommon agitator, I would then evolve a parallel according to the intrinsic deviator, and punctuate the thermometer."

"So would I!" answered every man in chorus, and one of them added: "I've worked 'em out that way a thousand times!"

Not one of the men, all of whom were in business and had made money, could even understand the working of the rule, much less work examples by it, and yet it was expected that a nine-year-old boy should go to the black-board and do every sum offhand.

Beware of a Man Born for an Angel.

"Las' nite I was toastin' my heels and gwine to sleep by the cooking stove," began the old man as the notes of the old Limekiln Club triangle died away, "de old woman axed me if I didn't fink dis world wagrowin awful wicked. Dat put me in mind of de fack dat almos' ebery day I hear people sayin' dat dey can't believe nobody no trust nobody any more, an' dat it am harder to find an hones' man dan it is to diskiver water runnin' up hill.

Gem'len, Ize been pokin' 'round dis world about sixty years, an' it am my experience:

1st Dat de man who groans ober de general wickedness ob de world will steal a wheelbarrow ebery time he gits a chance.

2 Dat de man who goes 'round lamentin' dat he can't trust nobody is de very chap who will gin you away ebery time.

3 Dat de pusson who finks de world am full o' cheats an' liars will trade you a blind hoss an' den sneak into de barn at midnight an' steal all de shoes off his feet. Dars wicked folks on y'arth, ob course, but de man who does de squar' thing will nebber run amuck ob squar' people. Ize got along so fur as well as c uld be spected, an' de look ahead am all serene. De only man I shell look out fur am de man who was born fur an angel but growed up to wa'r pants and butes."

How the Earth will Perish.

The Planet of Venus, says Prof. Proctor, has an atmosphere, and it is said to be at the very least as dense as that of our own earth. Then we learn also that oceans are on her surface, because it has been shown by the spectrum. It appears also that it closely resembles our earth in condition, and that it is the one planet fit to be the abode of living creatures like those which exist on this earth. In Mars we begin to recognize the effects of planetary old age. These greenish patches we must regard as seas, and we find that they are much smaller in comparison to the rest of the area than in our earth. On our own planet 72 00 is covered with water, and on this only about 50 00. The older planet has the smaller water surface, and the idea is suggested that in the old age of a planet the waters gradually diminished in extent. We pass to the moon to answer that question, and here we certainly find no traces of water. Also, we trace no atmosphere of appreciable density, and everything tends to show that she had water on her surface, but that it has disappeared. Does this seemingly cold and dead world appear to have passed through the same stages as our own earth? I think we cannot doubt this when we look at her volcanic craters. I think, too, there must have been there such life as exists on our own planet. There were oceans on her surface, which formerly occupied these spots, which, the waters being withdrawn, present this fine granulated appearance from this action. This seems to be a natural explanation. As the planet becomes old the oceans become soaked into the planet's interior, the crust of the surface, as the planet cools being formed into large cavities such as exist in porous substances, and into these the water is withdrawn. Dr. Franklin, of England, has shown that four times as much water as now finds place on the earth's surface could be found room for in the earth, when the process of cooling has gone sufficiently far. Then, in regard to the atmosphere, there is certainly no trace in the moon, but we have a picture now showing that the volcanic action of the moon was at one time no less than in our own earth. The moon probably represents the future of our own earth at a distance of time of twenty-five million of years. When the old age of the earth will come it will cease as the abode of life. Let us pause to consider some of the stars in this regard. Many of them are too old and many too young to sustain life on their surfaces, but that they were formed for some purpose beyond that of being useful to this particular planet there is no doubt. A study of the heavens seems to tell us that all life should occupy all space and time, and not be crowded into one portion of space. So I think we may look at the heavens with the thousands of stars to be seen with the naked eye, and hold this thought. There you have 6,000 suns, each a brother to our own sun, though many belong to higher orders, and we may believe they have thousands of orbs circulating round them which are the abode of life. And if each one has but a single world in its system as the abode of life, we have then thousands of inhabited worlds similar, perhaps, to our own. In the one single polar map now shown, there are 324,000 stars, all to be seen with a small telescope, and by one of Herschel's telescopes 20,000,000 stars would have been brought into view in the same section of the firmament. But after all there still remains the thought that each planet is tending toward death, and though the periods of time are so vast that they seem like eternity, the dying out of the larger of these suns appears to us like the death of the universe itself. But take such an orb as Sirius, which is a thousand times larger than the sun, and after his death all the smaller orbs will have died; but can we escape the thought that there will still remain others to take their places? It seems to me we cannot, if we remember how thoroughly we have been deceived in the past. We thought the earth the centre of the universe; then the solar system was everything; then the system became but one in a galaxy of stars, and in turn the galaxy of stars is lost in the infinitude of stars.

FROM DETROIT.

DETROIT, MICH., Jan. 31, 1878.
Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—Please send me one bottle of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, and four bottles of your Improved Cough Honey. I find them the best remedies I have ever tried. Nothing helped our children when they were recovering from whooping cough as your Cough Honey, and as for colds it certainly cures them very quickly. We cannot do without your excellent remedies in our family, as they always help us when we are in pain. Enclosed find $3.

Yours truly,
MRS. JOHN LUTMAN.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, FEVER AND AGUE, SPLEEN ENLARGEMENTS, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Shooting Affair.

PEORIA, ILL., March 4.—Jeremiah Webster and John Gutliff, farmers, living near Chillicothe, in this county, have had a dispute for several months about the division line between their respective farms. On Tuesday Webster started to build a fence on the disputed line, and Gutliff shot him in the head, from which he died. Gutliff was arrested and lodged in jail.

An eccentric old Georgian, William Wilson, of Newton county, recently died, leaving his estate, worth $10,000, to his former slaves.

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All the Teas quoted above at $1.00 per pound and upwards are the GARDEN GROWN TEAS. *If so desired, will pack any of the above in 5 or 10 lb. boxes without extra charge.*
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