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Between the Ebb and Flow.

The evening breeze is singing low
A lullaby to-day,
I have a question I would ask
Before it dies away.
The pebbles on the beach are dry,
The tide has sunken low;
A little form is standing there
Between the ebb and flow.
A tangled mass of soft brown hair,
Two eyes cast meekly down,
A little face the sun has kissed,
Two cheeks a little brown;
Two little lips that pout and say,
"I do not think I know;"
Two little lips that tell a fib,
Between the ebb and flow.
A little heart that longing waits
To know what next 'twill hear,
A little face that shyly looks
To see if still I'm near.
Ah, little heart that whispered 'Yes,"
Though pouting lips said "No,"
You thought that you'd be asked again
Between the ebb and flow.
A little face half frightened when
I turn to go away,
Two little hands that shyly reach
As if to bid me stay;
A little voice that softly says,
"I did not mean that 'No;'"
A little pride that well was lost
Between the ebb and flow.

A Lyric of Life.

Does the face betray the spirit, that you ask me of its might,
Does it show that it is weary of this ceaseless strife with fate?
Patience, mother, soothe the sorrow and the sadness of your lot,
But the burden of life's teachings show me, what should be is not.

Father, brother—both are sleeping in the church-yard brown, and seren,
And their sons share each the fortunes which their fathers left them here,
One is rich and proud and haughty, and scorneth the humble poor;
The other toils unceasingly, to keep hunger from our door.

His halls are ever merry and filled with a happy throng,
Banishing care from the hours with music and feasting and song—
Our home tells the passer-by that 'tis the abode of the poor,
Hunger and want are both in waiting to enter the opened door.

There are mysteries in life, child, that no human thought can reach;
Questions none but God can answer; lessons life alone can teach.
Many are the truths it's taught me, but there's one above the rest,
'Tis easy yet so hard to learn—"He doeth all things best."

If there seems a sad injustice in thee difference of lot
That's betwixt you and another, and that what should be is not;
Know that brooding over sorrow only makes it longer last—
Learn that hope dwells in the future and repining in the past.

Shall your life be made a waste by the spirit of discontent,
And changed to curses the blessings which God has kindly sent?
Oh, no! but learn, child, the lesson that giveth us peace and rest,
That though the motive be hidden, "He doeth all things best."

A COQUETTE OUTWITTED.

"Allow me to fasten your bracelet, Miss Genore;" and a dark-moustached, fine-looking man bent low over a white tapering wrist, while little jeweled fingers scintillated and sparkled in the dazzling gaslight. "Could I make you understand," he continued, in low, earnest tones, "how wretched and miserable my life really is, bereft of love and Marie, you would at least grant me a kind word occasionally. I see you wear my diamond yet. Tell me, for conscience' sake, whether you do it out of a lingering regard for your old love, or is it cupidity only?" And the large magnetic eyes looked honestly into those of his beautiful companion, who, in a seemingly total disregard of his earnestness, hummed softly a little bravura, and then replied in a distant, half-abstracted manner, which was peculiarly annoying to the sensitive man.

"How often must I tell you, Herbert, that I love you as much as ever I did? You know how we are situated, and you are perfectly well aware that so long as you cannot support me in the style to which I have always been accustomed, no engagement must be allowed to exist. Love is all very well in its place, but really it shows very bad taste to introduce it at such unseasonable and inappropriate occasions. Good evening, Captain Theron; isn't this a splendid gathering? I was just remarking to our friend, Mr. Maltravers, that I had not for a long time attended a party so exquisitely got up;" and the haughty beauty used her fan daintily, turning her fair hand a little more to the light, while lightning-like corruscations from diamond and pearl dazzled the eyes of her admirers.

Immaculate and bewildering laces, together with the rustle of silk, and perfume as delicate as from Araby the Blest, completed a *tout ensemble* as perfect in fashionable and artistic make-up as it was gracefully becoming to its fair owner.

The Captain offered his arm for a promenade, and with a pleasant bow to Herbert, Marie sailed away, as if perfectly unconscious of the misery she had just inflicted.

Herbert Maltravers had been for the past two years an accepted lover of Marie Genore's, but for some strange and incomprehensible reason she had, without the least apology or excuse, suddenly dismissed him, and when pressed by the ardent lover for a satisfactory solution of the mystery, replied that her love remained undiminished, but her family all thought the engagement improper, as Mr. Maltravers' pecuniary position would not allow him to support her in the style and luxury to which she had been accustomed. No argument or entreaty could make her any more explicit, so, with a love quite as intent as in the first and palmiest days of courtship, Herbert followed her to ball, party, and opera, and used every means to win back the attention and tender regard he no longer possessed.

He could not be convinced that Marie Genore was as hollow and heartless as the vainest butterfly of fashion could possibly be, and yet he knew that had she loved him as he had formerly every reason to believe, no advice or influence could have changed her.

"Why does she still wear the symbol of our betrothal if our engagement is entirely broken off?" he asked himself for the thousandth time.

Herbert knew that Marie's father, with all his wealth, was very close and penurious, especially on the subject of ornaments; and he knew, too, that Marie's most valuable jewels were all presents. Common sense whispered that it was the beauty and costliness of the diamond that made it valuable in her eyes, and this in a fit of wretchedness and almost insanity, he had this evening, for the first time, accused her of.

"I must have one moment with Marie, and beg pardon for my insulting language. How could I have been so unmanly?"

Marie, cloaked and hooded, her bright, beautiful eyes having lost none of their sparkle from the night's dissipation, stood in the hall dispensing kind "good nights" to friends and acquaintances.

"Let me escort you to the carriage, just this time, Marie," pleaded the lover; and laughing and chatting gayly, she accepted his arm in a matter-of-fact manner, and walked slowly out.

"What is it now, Herbert?" and the beauty's tones betrayed both ill-nature and impatience.

"I hope you will forgive me, Marie, for the ungentlemanly language I used this evening. I cannot bear to think that I have offended you."

"Your manner, Mr. Maltravers, is the principal thing I have to find fault with, and quite as much on your own account as my own. It is not pleasant to have the epithets 'soft' and 'silly' applied to one who for so long a time has been a declared suitor for my hand. But I have, I declare, quite forgotten that you said anything this evening that you need ask pardon for. What was it, Herbert?" And the young lady met his earnest gaze ferociously, and with a look of irresistible inquiry.

How the poor fellow longed to enter the carriage, as he had done a thousand times, and draw that queenly head, wound round with the daintiest "unmusable" wool, on his breast. But times had changed, and this was no longer his privilege.

"It was about the ring, Marie; say that you forgive me."

"Oh, yes, I remember now, Herbert; but what a strange girl I am! I believe I never could grieve or be much offended at anything you might say," and something of the old tenderness seemed to return to tone and manner; for Herbert pressed the little hand closer, and the grasp was warmly returned, causing the heart of the young gentleman, which had been for weeks on the rack, to palpitate still faster, while a strange feeling of joy almost deprived him of the power of speech.

"Herbert, if you desire this ring, it is yours; but I do hate to part with it so!"

"For what reason, Marie? Was it for the blessed old associations connected with it? Let me see; you used to say that in the depths of that stone you could always see Herbert's face. Is it so now?"

"O Herbert! when will you learn to be less demonstrative? Why will you not remember that we are no longer lovers, and that any recurrence to former love chapters is simply presumption? Mr. Maltravers, I would like to be your friend, if you would only allow me—that is all. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, Miss Genore," coldly replied the gentleman, with his hand upon the carriage-door; and one would hardly have imagined it possible that a tone could have changed so perceptibly. "You have succeeded in this conversation to make me understand the true state of the case. Love is all on one side. I should have known this long before this had not my infatuation so completely blinded me. The symbol of our engagement you may wear now transfixed on another finger, not for any lingering fondness you may have for the giver, but for the intrinsic value of the article. Every scale is removed from my eyes. I do not want the ring at present; you may wear it until I have crushed out every particle of fondness for Marie Genore, and have found in some truer woman the balm for my sufferings; then, and only then, shall I send for my ring."

"But, Herbert——"

"No 'buts' about it," he replied. "Like the poor moth, I have buzzed about your brilliant light and scorched myself in the blaze by making myself a laughing stock for society, and have almost destroyed my soul in the foolish desire to reinstate myself in the position I formerly occupied. Good night and good-bye, Marie Genore."

"Who would have thought it," mused Marie, as she leaned back in her father's aristocratic carriage. "But I shall bring him to terms again. It is so strange that Major Hunter don't propose; I have taken particular pains to have him informed of the dissolution of my marriage contract, and yet he doesn't propose. Very attentive and love-like to-night, but not a word of the future. His establishment is princely, but if I cannot be mistress of that, why then I should prefer Herbert—very ambitious young man, as father said this morning, 'if you haven't destroyed it with your coldness.' Oh, pshaw! men are not so easily killed. Let me see—I am not 19, and, according to their own statements, I have consigned at least a dozen lives to wretchedness, and a half dozen of them are happily married, and the remainder engaged. I am sorry that I have offended Herbert. He may not be so easy to renew;" and the heartless beauty continued to discuss the situation until sleep closed her eyes.

"Ah, Marie," said the young lady's father, one evening at dinner, some few months after the above incidents; "your discarded lover has had a very neat little present made him. You have heard him speak about that eccentric uncle of his in Lincoln; well, the old fellow has come down handsomely—a cool two hundred thousand—that's all, Marie. Better coax him back, if you can."

"I'll try it," laughed Marie, hysterically. "But are you quite sure of this, father?"

"Perfectly so. He has been receiving the congratulations for the last two days. Hartman says he don't appear very much elated, though I know the reason. Money without Marie don't appear like much to a lovesick man;" and Mr. Genore shook his fat sides, and chuckled with satisfaction at the idea of his daughter's brilliant future.

The next morning Mr. Maltravers received a daintily perfumed little note, running thus:

DEAR HERBERT:

Father has just informed me of your good fortune. Do come and receive the congratulations of your MARIE.

But Herbert was in no hurry.

Once more in a crowded drawing-room, with its elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, music, flowers, and the gorgeously decked dancing hall, while the ravishing waltzes and fascinating redowas chased each other in quick succession.

"Who is that beautiful, fairy-like creature with Mr. Maltravers, Miss Genore?" inquired a gentleman with whom Marie was promenading.

She turned a little to see Herbert, his face lit up with a smile of enjoyment and appreciation, conversing in low, earnest tones with his companion; as sweet and beautiful as Marie's partner had described her.

A pleasant bow, with a cool "Good evening, Miss Genore," was all the recognition Marie received.

"Will you allow me the pleasure of a promenade, Miss Genore?" politely inquired Herbert shortly after.

With a little flush of gratified pride, Marie accepted his arm, and once more the sweet little hand came in contact with his coat-sleeve, while on the taper finger his diamond scintillated and sparkled.

"I received a note from you, Marie, a few days since," said Herbert, very softly.

"But why did you not comply with its request, Herbert?"

"Did you have anything particular to say to me? or was it simply as your note stated, an invitation for a congratulatory visit?"

"Ah, Herbert, when will you ever do your poor Marie justice?"

"I think I have always done you more than justice, Marie; but I see you still wear our engagement ring. Can you see your own Herbert's face in its dazzling depths as you used, Marie?"

And a sarcastic smile elevated the dark moustache, and a look danced out of his eyes as he contemplated the deceitful figure at his side.

"Yes, Herbert, dearest; you almost broke poor Marie's heart with your dreadful accusations."

"Then you love me still, Marie?"

"Yes, Herbert, and I have always loved you," replied the coquette, in the softest tones.

"You took a strange way to show it, then."

Marie looked timidly into his face, but nothing there betrayed him, and the beauty kept on, while sighs and tears, to all appearance, choked her utterance.

"But, Herbert, you do not reply to me at all. Have you not a kind word for your own Marie?"

"Come into the conservatory, Miss Genore; I have something to show you."

And Herbert, with Marie clinging lovingly on his arm, walked into the apartment, where roses, heliotropes and geraniums, mingling with the perfume of costly exotics, made the air heavy with their fragrance.

The same elegant little woman, Herbert's companion, whom Marie minutely criticised, stood in one corner of the room, the principal attraction of an admiring group.

"Lucy, will you excuse yourself for a moment? I have a friend to whom I wish to introduce you," asked Herbert of the lady in question, while a smile of admiration and gratified pride lit up his handsome face. Marie still clasped his arm lovingly.

"Lucy, you have often heard me speak of Miss Genore. This is the lady," continued he, quietly withdrawing his arm.

"And this little woman," affectionately drawing her to his side, "is my wife—Mrs. Maltravers. Under the peculiar circumstances, I think it is no more than justice to claim the symbol of our engagement."

Marie slowly, and like one in a dream, withdrew the heavy ring, while Lucy, with an expression of pity on her sweet face, quietly resumed her place among her friends.

A bushel of good beets, washed and crushed, will make four or five gallons of the best vinegar.

A Spanish Bull Fight.

"We entered the ring at a most unfortunate moment for any person with a weak stomach. The bull, a large dun fellow, had just gored a black horse whose rider was quite callous to the fact that the beast's entrails were trailing in the dust, a large dark red mass on which he constantly trod; the other horse was even in worse plight, staggering about in a terrible death-agony. The bull seemed 'played out;' his huge flanks rose and fell convulsively; the blood streamed from the lance-wounds in his great neck. The moment for planting the *banderilleras* had arrived. A gayly dressed fellow ran up, and as the bull charged fixed the two barbed darts, one on each side of his shoulders. It was beautifully done, so quickly that I could not see *how* it was done. Another man planted two more darts in the same neat way. The enormous mass of men and women cheered tremendously, and several excited spectators shied their sombreros into the ring to the successful *banderileros*, but the attendants politely threw them back. The bull was now perfectly wild; rushing at a dying horse, he buried his head into the poor brute's body again and again. My English friend turned yellow and green; he burst into a cold perspiration, his teeth chattered, and he would have left the ring had it been possible, but the crowd was too great. A horn sounded, the *matador* Rafael stepped forward, sword in hand; of course the sword was wrapped in the traditional red flag. Walking coolly up to his gigantic adversary, he *pregged* him between the eyes with the point of his sword to excite him. After avoiding four furious charges, he stood directly in front of the bull, raising his flag breast high, made a straight lunge. It was so rapidly done that you couldn't see the *modus operandi*; indeed it was like a conjuror's trick. The sword, a thin blade about three feet long, stuck hilt deep in the bull's neck, but he continued to charge about till, another sword having been brought, the *matador* wounded him again, but this time clumsily, for the weapon dropped out of the wound. Now came the most exciting moment. Rafael picked up his sword, and, facing the bull pluckily, killed him at a single lunge. The vast assembly gave a loud *bravo*, and a military band struck up an air from 'Barbe Bleue.' Offenbach seems to be the regular bull-fight music; they played nothing else after each death. What a requiem for a wild bull! the gallop from 'Orphee aux Enfers.' The last bull was very lively, and upset four horses. One charge I saw very well; he struck his horse behind the girths, and lifting him bodily off the ground, crumpled him up like paper against the wooden enclosure. Another horse received the charge full in the breast; a pailfull of dark blood gushed out, when he fell dead on the spot.

When the bull charges, the *picador* tries to turn the horse and receive the bull upon the point of the lance, but the impetus is always too great; he bears down the lance and upsets the horse and rider. These *picadores* have some nasty falls; I saw one pitched clean over his horse's head and into the lower row of spectators.

After the first two or three charges, the bull is tired and can't run fast enough to endanger the lives of the men on foot. But the most awful thing of all is the slaughter-yard where the bulls are skinned and their meat sold, and the wounded horses despatched. Little knowing what awaited me, I made my way to this enclosure. A poor black horse who had lasted through two fights and half a dozen charges, his entrails hanging down to the ground, his carcass one mass of blood and bruises, still stood up, while a butcher, half naked and red from head to foot, was coolly plunging a two-foot knife into his breast. After repeated failures an artery was severed, the blood spouted in torrents, and the horse fell dead, after an agony of more than an hour, for he had been first wounded by the third bull. The place was literally afloat with blood; some of the carcasses had already been hung on the walls from iron hooks; others lay about so thickly that you could hardly take a step without tripping over one."

THE DRY GOODS MARKET.—The retail trade in New York, as well as elsewhere, is reported to be moving with greater activity, and the demand for consumption, owing to the lower prices of all goods compared with last year, is taking off larger quantities. Domestic goods are cheap compared with former years, and consumers buy more freely. The jobbers are doing a quiet, steady business. Domestic prints, printed lawns, and percales are in demand, and prices are steady. The Western trade is very light; also from the Southwest. Domestic cotton goods are rather weak in price, owing to the decline in the raw material; the lower qualities of brown cotton are the most affected by the decline. In Foreign goods French are scarce and in demand at full prices. The stocks of German goods are also light and are selling freely. Silks are active with light stocks, and Japanese are advanced in price. French shawls are scarce and in demand at high prices. Woolen goods are quiet.

THE CHINESE.—It is estimated that there are 50,000 Chinese in California, and that they constitute more than one-twelfth of the entire population of that State. There are some 14,000 in San Francisco alone, of whom about one-sixth are females. The Chinese population of San Francisco represented, at the last assessment, personal property of the value of $1,188,060, and real estate valued at $74,300. A San Francisco correspondent of the Boston *Post*, who is opposed to Chinese Immigration, says the number of Chinamen brought into court in that city on criminal actions is very much less in proportion to population than among other foreign residents and Americans, but believes there is positive evidence that some of them think it no sin to steal from outside barbarians. The Chinese laborers in California usually obtain from six to eight dollars a week as wages.

VERY WELL DONE—ON PAPER.—In San Francisco, a few days since, a horse attached to a light buggy, in which was an old man, slipped his bridle and ran away. The spectators shuddered at the prospect of the old man's fearful death, when a Mexican vaquero, dashing out of a side street on a fleet mustang, soon gained the side of the horse, and, leaning from his saddle, he threw one of his arms around the animal's neck, and held fast, both going at full speed. In a twinkling he hauled the reins from under the runaway's heels, and, making a noose, he passed it over the horse's neck, and then straightened back in his saddle. The whole establishment was soon brought to a standstill, and the vaquero, lighting a cigarita, quietly rode off.

IN order to prevent the payment of money on forged indorsements, or to the wrong parties, it is the custom in England to cross a bill or check by drawing a pen mark across the face of the paper obliquely from left to right. This is a sign universally understood in that country; and any draft, check, or other paper requiring the payment of money, if lost, is worthless in the hands of the finder, as it is by that oblique line canceled, unless presented by some one known personally to the proper parties to receive payment.

Poor Jack Again.

In a case in New York before the Courts, the following evidence was elicited against a ship captain: Five witnesses were examined, who testified that a few days after the ship left Cadiz for New York, on her last voyage, the captain began to abuse the men, and especially two named Raymond Rau and Franco Frank. Rau is a Spaniard, and was taken on board at Valencia, and understood scarcely a word of English. He was sick, or feigned sickness, and refused to work, whereupon the master undertook to make him do duty. The captain gave orders, which were interpreted to Rau, but he did not obey. To punish him he was then hauled up to the main-top-sail sheet in a bowline, a noose being made at the end of the rope, in which Rau was obliged to sit. After he had been drawn up a distance of about twenty-five feet the reel would be let loose, the man falling to the deck again. William Felan, one of the witnesses, testified that on one occasion when Rau was let down he fell on his back and the blood ran out of nose and ears. The shock rendered him insensible, and a man ran after vinegar and water, with which they brought him to his senses again. The same witness said that after Rau had refused to work he was dressed up in a comic suit and made to parade on the deck. His face was painted, his nose blue his cheeks black, and his eyes another color. He wore an old tattered coat, a tall paper hat, and shoes were set upon his ears to make him look as ridiculous as possible. A piece of cloth was then tied to a hand-spike, which he carried for a flag. He was bound in two fathoms of chain and was required to walk back and forth as far as the chain reached, while the captain stood off and laughed heartily. On one occasion Rau escaped and concealed himself between decks. The captain was searching for him a long time, and when the sailor was at last found, which was 9 o'clock at night, he was hauled up again to the foretopsail sheet, and kept there till morning. The witness said that Rau was covered with sores, and cried with pain. To silence him he was gagged with an iron bolt.

Among the Cannibals.

At Wellington, I once saw a rather comical sight, showing how the chiefs ape the whites. The steamer was just about starting, when hurrying down the wharf came a Maori, dressed as follows: —a black frock-coat, black waistcoat, black silk hat, white shirt, and fancy neck-tie; in one hand an umbrella and in the other a new portmanteau; but without pantaloons or boots. They were probably in the portmanteau. All travelers carried baggage, so he thought he must do it, even if it necessitated the taking off of some of his clothing.

The Maori mode of salutation is somewhat peculiar, and especially so when the friends have not met for some time. Instead of shaking hands or kissing, they rub their noses together for several minutes, and then, sitting on the ground, sway their bodies to and fro, all the while shedding tears copiously, and talking most mournfully in a sing-song tone. The crying is not necessarily because some relation or friend has died, it is simply a custom of the people.

They begin their war-dance by jumping, clapping their hands on their thighs, and giving utterance to a short, peculiar noise from the throat, like "Hu! Hu!" They all keep perfect time in this, and as they continue the motions become quicker and more exciting. So become horrible grimaces, rolling the eyes until the whites only can be seen, thrusting out the tongue and yelling; in their fury and excitement they sometimes tear off what clothing they may happen to have on, and with violent gestures and contortions of the body they continue until exhaustion compels them to desist.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A VERY SIMPLE APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Nine slices of bread and butter, about six good sized apples, one tablespoonful of minced lemon-peel, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, moist sugar to taste. Butter a pie-dish; place a layer of bread and butter, without the crust, at the bottom; then a layer of apples, pared, and cut into thin slices; sprinkle over these a portion of the lemon-peel and juice, and sweeten with moist sugar. Place another layer of bread and butter, and then one of apples, proceeding in this manner until the dish is full; then cover it up with the peel of the apples, to preserve the top from browning or burning; bake in a brisk oven for rather more than three-quarters of an hour; turn the charlotte on a dish, sprinkle sifted sugar over, and serve.

CALIFORNIA HAY.—Little hay, comparatively is cut in California, and that little is mostly made of wild grasses or of tame oats. Ten years ago the wild oat covered the hills along the coast and furnished excellent material for hay; but now it has been thinned out so that it occupies only a small place in the hay crop. Hay in California is made by machinery, being cut by a mower; turned by a horse-rake, piled in cocks by horse-rakes, and baled by a hay press. A considerable portion of the crop must be baled for transportation, and the press is a common article of farm property. The total hay crop of 1866 was 358,000 tons, cut from 295,000 acres, about a ton and fifth from an acre. Santy Clara produced 30,000 tons, Contra Costa, Sacramento, Solano and Sonoma, 20,000 each, and others less amount.

A PATRON of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher:

"Mr. Printer, how is it you have never called on me for pay for your paper?"

"Oh," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed," replied the patron, "how do you manage to get along when they don't pay you?"

"Why," said the editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is no gentleman and we ask him."

"Oh—ah—yes—I see. Mr. Editor, please give me a receipt," and hands him over a V. "Make my name all right on your books."

A SKUNK STORY.—The Boston *Transcript* tells of a skunk that was caught last November at Newtonville in a trap; but which escaped after leaving unmistakable evidences of its presence, taking the trap along. It was an ordinary steel muskrat trap, with a spring so powerful as to require the use both of hands and feet to set it, and had been tied to a neighboring tree root with a strong cord. A few days ago the skunk, with the trap still attached to its leg, was shot in the town of Peabody, a distance of twenty miles from Newtonville.

OUR COMMERCE.—The Bureau of Statistics has compiled tables of the foreign trade of the United States during the year 1870 as compared with former years. An examination of them shows that over 73 per cent. of our entire foreign trade in 1869 and over 79 per cent. in 1870 were carried in foreign bottoms; that the excess in value of imports over exports was, in 1869, $68,692,422; while last year it was only $2,214,493; and that the value of foreign commodities remaining in warehouse December 31, 1870, was $55,620,635, as compared with $51,763,412 in 1869.

A white boy asked a young negro what he had such a short nose for? "I 'spects so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

President Baez.

A correspondent says of the Domingo President: Nothing is more striking in President Baez than the curious obliquity of his social tactics. It extends to the least things. He caroms for a glass of water, and tacks to cross a room. One story will paint the man. We reached Azua Bay on the 22d of February. As we steamed up towards the noble but desolate hills which surround the landing-place, President Baez came up to me and said: "It would do me a great favor if you would ask Captain Temple to fire a gun to port, to let the people know we are coming in. They will so delight to see such a noble vessel, and I want them to have the pleasure." Could anything be more paternal or prettier? So I carried the benevolent request to our commander. "Certainly," said the captain, "if he insists on it. But it is now 11:45, and at 12 I fire a salute of twenty-one guns for Washington's birthday. That will be advertisement and amusement in one for the people." I laughed and gave the information to Baez. He received it with an oddly dissatisfied air, and hesitating a moment finally said to me: "Yes, yes, that will be very beautiful. But, you see, if one gun is fired now, that will notify my people so that they can bring my horses down, and not keep us waiting on the beach!" I explained to the captain, who had by this time joined us, the reason of his Excellency's deep interest in the entertainment of the people. With the least glimmer of a smile the captain turned to the President and said to him in French: "But there are about four and forty horses on the beach already!"—at the same time handing his field-glass. Baez took one look through the glass, saw his horses all on the beach, and, blandly dismissing "the people" from his mind, went on making his aides-de-camp prepare for the disembarkation!

LADIES SHOES.—The heels of the fashionable ladies' shoes at the present moment—quarter past three P. M., August 4, 1870—are two inches high, and at the bottom not larger than an old-fashioned silver quarter of a dollar, if any body can remember how large that was.

Need it be argued that this absurd fashion weakens the ankle, and jams the toes into the sharp points of the boots?

If a woman were to walk as much as her health requires, with those unphysiological heels, her feet would soon be crippled.

How any of you who desire to appear well, to make a fine impression, can consent to crawl about, poking your chins out, shoulder-blades sticking out, and wiggling yourselves along in that stubby, stumbling way, amazes me.

Why, girls, if you were to give one-twentieth part as much time to learning to walk as you give to the piano, you would add immensely to your attractions. *Dio Lewis.*

"IRREGULARITIES."—The Boston *Transcript* says: A few days since at an examination of the master's class at one of our public schools for boys at the South End, the lads had been asked several questions regarding bank discounts, interest and notes, which they had promptly answered correctly. A member of the School Committee then said: "You seem to understand all about bank discounts, interest, notes, &c.; now I want to ask you the meaning of a bank term which may not be down in your text books. What is meant by the term which we read of so often, called "bank irregularities?" To this question one of the boys immediately replied: "If a poor man wrongfully takes a small amount of anything it is called stealing, and he is punished; if a bank officer steals a very large amount of money, it is called an irregularity and he is not punished." Was not the boy right in his answer?

SOME MEN find life unendurable if they cannot lay wagers. At Binghampton a favorite mode of winning "the drinks" is for a sharper to bet with a yokel that he can stand an egg on end "right out on the floor," and the yokel can't break it with a half bushel measure. The bet is taken and the fiend in human shape puts the egg precisely in the corner, and if you wish to know how it is yourself, you would do well to try the experiment. According to the Washington *Star*, a man named Henderson has accepted a bet of $500 that he can eat one partridge per day for thirty days, eating, meantime, anything else he likes. The difficulty he will experience in winning comes from the fact that, although a single partridge is delicious eating, yet when one has to eat it every day for any length of time it becomes repulsive and nauseating in the extreme.

TROY, N. Y., has a will case that is almost romantic enough to be used as the basis of a sensational novel. Two years ago a well-to-do citizen of the town died, leaving a large property but no will in regard to its distribution, although it was thought that he had made one. There were several claimants for the property, and since the gentleman's death, a suit in partition was begun to divide the estate, and has been in progress for almost a year and a half. The other day the widow of the deceased sent a small bureau to a turning shop to have a top put upon it. While repairing it, the carpenter discovered that there was a false drawer in the bureau to prevent the accumulation of dirt and dust around the dresses. In this bottom were discovered several papers, and among others the missing will. The suit is to be withdrawn, and all parties made happy.

PITTSBURG was a little disturbed the other night by the clangor of great flocks of wild geese on their northward flight. The numbers of birds were immense, and they seemed to linger bewildered in the atmosphere. The lights of the various mills confused them, and they seemed for hours to wander from one light to another. Sometimes their flight was very low, almost down to the housesteps, and again they rose to great height. Several shots were fired at them, but without effect.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—A barrel of flour weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds, a barrel of pork two hundred pounds, a barrel of rice six hundred pounds, a keg of powder twenty-five pounds, a firkin of butter fifty-six pounds. The following are sold by weight per bushel: Wheat, beans, and clover seed, sixty pounds; corn, rye, and flaxseed, fifty-five pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; barley, forty-eight pounds; coarse salt, eighty-five pounds.

A HORSE THIEF.—A war somewhat similar to that in Butler County seems to have broken out against horse-thieves in Greenwood County, Kansas. The Altoona *Union* is informed that a vigilance committee seized eight men known to have been thieves, shot three, and hanged five by the heels until they were dead. Three of them turned State's evidence, but were hanged notwithstanding.

AN EDITOR'S HAVEN.—"There is one city in Iowa where the efforts of publishers of a daily paper are appreciated and encouraged. Ottumwa is this goodly city, and the *Courier* is the daily. Its senior editor is Supervisor of Internal Revenue; its next editor is Postmaster; its third man is Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue, and the city editor is City Clerk."

A Little Prayer Low Whispered—Try it!

BY MORA.

Little deeds are oft the greatest,
When in time they upward grow;
Just as little streams of water
Help old ocean in its flow.

A little acorn is the seedling
Of the forest's mighty king;
Just the same from little whispers
Words that end in battle, spring.

A match will fire a palace mansion;
A spark—and thus the flame begins;
A thought unguarded, ends in ruin;
Brings God's wrath upon our sins.

A glance of kindness like an angel
Some poor wand'rer back may woo;
A shrug of scorn has done a mischief
That a lifetime can't undo.

Little clouds, that seem at morning
But the theme of poet's verse,
Ere the evening, thundering o'er us
Mysteries of the storm rehearse.

Little frowns make home unhappy,
As the clouds drift o'er the sun;
Little smiles like sunshine falling,
Are love's tokens—heaven begun.

A little ache neglected, may
Bring death across home's sunny sill;
A little sigh perchance is burdened
With a grief that yet may kill.

A little prayer low whispered—try it,
God thy faintest tone will hear;
Perhaps a holy life begun
May be an answer to thy prayer.

The Terments of Typography.

A case recently tried in the Supreme Court of New Hampshire brought to a legal test the popular proverb that "printers can read any thing," and forcibly illustrated the cruelty of authors who inflict their staircase wit upon the the long-suffering compositor.

An eminent lawyer, who had been on the bench, prepared a digest of the New Hampshire Reports, for the printing of which he made a contract with a firm acknowledged to be the best typographers in the State, who agreed to do the work for so much a printed page. It was distinctly specified that the copy must be very good, as the abundance of proper names, technical terms, abbreviations, figures, etc., would make it impossible for the compositor to produce fair proof unless the copy were distinct and legible in every separate word. It was even stipulated that the manuscript must *not* be in the author's hand, as these printers had had experience with it, and knew it to be unusually bad. It was also told him, in a letter which was produced in evidence on trial, that any alterations he should make, after the type was set, would be very costly. The copy presented for the first sixteen pages was in a clerk's hand, and was pronounced satisfactory, and the work of composition was begun. After that, the copy furnished was partly in the author's own hand, partly in the clerk's, partly printed and partly written, pasted together in irregular shapes, interlined, and edge-written. The printers made complaint to the author, but kept their compositors at work on whatever copy was furnished. It was in evidence that the compositors had spent much time in consultations as to the probable signification of illegible passages, and had even, in a few cases, been obliged to leave the office and seek out a lawyer, to read their copy to them. When the proofs were returned, they had been freely marked at variance with the copy. New matter was added in many places, old matter marked out, and all sorts of emendations required. An account was kept of the time spent in correcting these proofs, and a charge was made for it at the usual rate, fifty cents an hour. A charge was also made for the time spent in deciphering illegible copy. These charges, which amounted to several hundred dollars, the author refused to pay. Hence the suit. He refused also to pay full rates for the pages that had but little matter on them, or to pay any thing for the blank page backing the title-page. A large mass of the copy was brought in as evidence, and submitted to the inspection of judge and jury. The plaintiffs offered to bring in a page of the matter in type, with the marked proof, and have a compositor go through the process of correcting it before the jury, that of a single new word after the type is set. But the court ruled it out, as unnecessary. The main reliance of the plaintiffs was upon usage and equity. The plea of the defence was that, if the copy offered was not such as the contract specified, the remedy of the plaintiffs was in refusing to accept it; that, by accepting it and working from it, they admitted its fairness. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiffs, allowing the propriety of all the charges in the bill, but reducing the amounts charged for deciphering copy and correcting author's proofs.

LOVE AND WAR.—A Kansas City paper tells a story of a young man named Conover Ainsworth, who belonged to a band of jayhawkers during the war, and who on one occasion burned the house of a farmer, which had been used as the headquarters of a band of guerrillas. While the house was burning Ainsworth amused himself by ridiculing the distress of a little girl, the daughter of the farmer, preventing the poor child out of sheer wantoness from saving some trifling trinkets from the flames. Seven years afterwards, he met the little girl then grown up into a handsome rustic maiden, and fell desperately in love with her; but she recognized him at once as the unfeeling man who had made sport of her childish suffering, and repulsed his unwelcome attentions. For two years he persevered in his attempts to gain the affections of the beautiful girl without avail, and at last, in a moment of despair, committed suicide within sight of the ruins of the farm-house where he had first met the object of his passion.

LINEN, which is so great a favorite in temperate climates, is an objectionable material for dress on account of its high radiating powers, in consequence of which it feels cold and does not freely distribute heat. It is also attractive of moisture which it retains, and thus keeps a damp instead of a dry medium around the skin. In warm climates cotton or thin woollens are entirely substituted for linen garments, and the only objection to them is their rougher surface, which occasionally irritates sensitive skins. Notwithstanding this objection, which habit will overcome, there is no other medium so fitted for a variable climate as this, since it preserves the warmth of the body during great cold, and prevents the conduction of intense heat.

SPEAKING OF a farm near Arquo, in San Domingo, a correspondent says "it is cultivated by a curious Frenchman who had nestled far up in a side valley. There in a compass of twenty acres was almost every cultivated plant that grows between Panama and Canada; peas and bananas, cabbage and oranges, beans and plantains, onions and sugar cane, lettuce and cotton, radishes and yams, corn and coffee; while across the fence were mimosas and oaks, palms and pines! The air was cool—so much so one would not stand in a doorway because a draft would chill; the breeze was bracing."

The manufacturers of champagne at Rheims, Epernay and Chalons estimate their losses by the war at nine million francs.

Wounds and Injuries of the Eye.

Travelers, especially by railroad, are liable to the lodgment of small particles of dust or cinder inside the lid or upon the front of the eyeball, causing great suffering. These should be removed as soon as possible, before the eye becomes excessively sensitive, and before they give rise to inflammation. Sometimes these foreign bodies are to be seen, on close inspection, lodged in the front of the corners, where they are not felt when the eyes is open, though every movement of the lid over them causes much pain. If not firmly imbedded they may be removed by means of a bit of wood, say a toothpick, sharpened to a flat point, or even by a camel's hair brush; but when forcibly implanted they are sometimes so firmly held in place that their extraction requires a skillful hand. When fixed in the centre of the cornea, with the dark pupil as background, they are frequently overlooked at a first inspection. If the foreign body is not found in this situation, it will be discovered, in nine cases out of ten, inside the upper eyelid, and generally at about the centre of the lid near its border. Thus placed, it scratches the cornea at each motion of the lid or eyeball, and causes great irritation. Such particles once slightly imbedded in the membrane lining the lid may remain there a long time before being expelled by natural efforts.

If the eyelids are closed for a few minutes, soon after the entrance of the foreign body, so as to allow the tears to accumulate, and the skin at the centre of the upper lid is then taken hold of with the thumb and finger and drawn forward so as to lift the lid from the eyeball, the intruding particle is often washed away with the outflow of tears.

If relief is not obtained after two or three trials of this plan, and no physician is at hand, it will be best to ask a traveling companion to turn the lid and remove the offending substance. But if this should be a grain of light colored dust or sand, good eyes or eye glasses will be needed to detect it.

The upper eyelid may be easily turned by taking hold of the eyelashes and edge of the lid with the thumb and finger of the left hand and drawing the lid outward and inward, while at the same time a small pencil, a knitting-needle, or some similar thing, held in the right hand is placed against the centre of the lid, pressing it backward and downwards towards the eyeball. The person should look down, as this greatly facilitates the eversion of the lid, which may be easily accomplished if these directions are followed. The cinder or dust may then be wiped off with a handkerchief or the finger.

Smoothly worn bits of shell from the beach are sometimes inserted as "eye-stones," the popular idea being that they pursue the foreign body and bring it out, *vi et armis*. But these generally only add to the sufferer's discomfort; and in the few instances where their introduction is followed, after more or less delay, by the escape of the original bulk to separate the eyelid from close contact with the globe, and thus allow the sand or cinder to be washed from its position by the abundant tears. Much harm is often done by their presence, the remedy proving even worse than the disease.

Grains of powder are frequently driven into the eye by premature explosions, &c. If near the centre of the cornea and of some size, they should be carefully picked out, as far as may be, soon after the accident. But small particles may remain even in the cornea, without doing harm; and if they have been sometime in the eye, they become incorporated in the surrounding tissues, and should not be disturbed unless they cause conspicuous deformity.

Burns or injuries from acids or other chemical substances, or freezing of the cornea during exposure to intense cold, are usually followed by dangerous ulceration or even by complete loss of vitality in the cornea. Such cases should never be neglected.

A Funny Commercial Transaction.

An old fellow living at Frankfort-on-the Maine, sent to a corresp