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Preaching Vs. Practice.

BY EDWARD P. NOWELL.

As buds on the tree and fruit in the hand,
As clouds in the sky and rain on the land,
As glances of love and marital rings,
So preaching and practice are different things.

The tree may bud out and bear us no crop,
The sky may be sombre and shed not a drop,
The maid may be loved and yet never wed,
And man point the way he fails e'er to tread.

How easy to say, but oft hard to do;
We promise things good and great, it is true,
But can we affirm our word and our deed
Are true to each other, like flower and seed?

The beggar is told, "be ye clothed and fed,"
Put hungers he still, and bare is his head;
The sick may o'erhear, "what pity I feel,"
Yet words won't suffice his sorrow to heal.

To pray without faith, is prayer best unsaid,
And faith without works is verily dead;
Profession is folly if practice be shunned—
The bank of the heart despoiled of its fund!

If all would do right, as brother to brother,
If words of true love of each act were the mother,
Then, then should we dwell in peace through this life,
And bury forever, hate, evil, and strife!

In the Mission Garden.

BY BRET HARTE.

FATHER FELIPE.

I speak not the English well, but Pachita
She speak for me; is it not so, my Pancha?
Eh, little rogue? Come, salute me the stranger
Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the heart is
There live the speech." Ah! you not understand? So!
Pardon an old man—what you call "ol fogy"—
Padre Felipe!

Old! Senor, old! just so old as the Mission.
You see that pear-tree? How old you think, Senor?
Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah Senor, just *Fifty*
Gone since I plant him!

You like the wine? It is some at the Mission,
Made from the grape of the year Eighteen Hundred.
All the same time when the earthquake he came to
San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-tree;
And I am the olive, and this is the garden,
And Pancha we say; but her name is Francisca;
Same like her mother.

Eh, you know *her*? No? Ah! it is a story—
But I speak not, like Pachita, the English.
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the Americans come to the Mission
Many arrive to the house of Francisca.
One—he was fine man—he buy the cattle
Of Jose Castro.

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw him;
And it was Love—and a very dry season—
And the pears bake on the tree—and the rain come,
But not Francisca;

Not for one year; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca—
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca—
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad....but I speak not the English—
So?...she stay here, and she wait for her husband
He come no more, and she sleep on the hillside;
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there's the Angelus. Will you enter?
Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?
Go, little rogue—stt—attend to the stranger.
Adios, Senor.

PACHITA (*briskly*).

So, he's been telling that yarn about mother!
Bless you, he tells it to every stranger.
Folks about yer say the old man's my father.
What's your opinion?

ALL FOR LOVE.

One of the most attractive girls I ever knew was Louisa Bellamy. The Bellamys were well-connected, but very poor—with large family—two sons and eight daughters. Louisa was the youngest of all.

The boys entered the East India Company's service, and had been fortunate. Charles, the eldest, especially so. Circumstances helped him very early, and he had married a rich girl soon after his arrival in India. Every one of his sisters had been sent to him successively, and he had contrived to find a good "parti" for each. All had married well, and most of them were settled in India.

Louisa's turn had come now. She was going to India on the Bengal, of which I was an officer, to get married. And she meant to marry well.

George Armstrong, one of our passengers, had nothing but his pay and a small private income of fifty pounds a year. Armstrong grew to be quite a favorite on board the Bengal, and he and I struck up a real friendship. He took a fancy to me just as I did to him.

The ship sailed on, the time flying by. So pleasantly did it pass that we were well down south and across the south-east trades before any one began to talk of getting to the Cape. The weather kept fine; the evening promenades were continued, as well as the flirting; and Mr. Armstrong was invariably the companion of Miss Bellamy. In short, it was, with him, the old story; he had played with edged tools, and cut his fingers.

One night I was keeping the first watch, walking fore and aft the poop, when he came up and turned about with me. I thought I'd rally him.

"Well, Armstrong, so you're in for it at last!"

"Pooh! nonsense!" returned he, turning as red as a crimson sunset.

"It is useless your trying to deceive me, man—and perhaps yourself also. I see it all plainly."

"Well, upon my word, I believe it is as you say, old fellow," he acknowledged, coming round. "I can't help myself."

"Now, Armstrong, look here—take a fool's advice. Don't let the fancy go on. Get out of it while you can. Depend upon it, you will only be wasting your time and love upon her. She is a charming girl; I believe a truly good girl; but she knows how to take the best care of herself. She is going out to India, as her sisters all did before her, to find a rich husband."

"You know her people, don't you?"

"Yes, I know them. And I know the creed they have brought her up in. Believe me, Armstrong, Louisa Bellamy will never look seriously on a poor man like you."

"I suppose you are right," he said, after a pause. "I have thought all along that she was only amusing herself with me. It's this: she attracts a man against his will. But I'll cut the matter short from to-night."

The next day Armstrong seemed to be keeping to his determination, for he did not speak to Louisa more than common civility demanded; and when in the cuddy, always seated himself at a safe distance.

But this could not last. The ice in George Armstrong's bosom melted; his good resolves gave way. When fine weather returned, and the evening walks were resumed, he and Miss Bellamy were again promenading the poop, side by side. And, all this time was she smitten? Not one bit, that I could detect; and I watched her closely. I felt sure that I had taken her true estimate; she was of the world, worldly.

One evening, some two months after leaving England, the ship was going about five knots, with the yards braced up, when suddenly there was a loud cry from the helmsman.

"Man overboard!"

What a state of panic and confusion the passengers were in! All the crew came on deck in an instant; even they who had been in their bunks.

"Who is it?" I asked as I sprang aft.

"Mr. Armstrong," was the reply.

"Hard down the helm," I shouted, all hands on deck. Let go the maintack and bowline, mainsheet; back the main yard. Mr. Green, take four hands with you and clear away the small life-boat; get into her and lower away as soon as you're ready. Jones," to a middy, "jump up in the mizzen-top and keep your eye on the man overboard."

In a very short time the ship was stopped, and the boat traveling as fast as four good men could pull her, toward the place where Armstrong could be seen from aloft swimming about. Unfortunately, he had not reached the life-buoy thrown to him. It was now a question of how long he could keep up. The weather was fine, and the water comparatively smooth; but there was a good deal of swell on.

It was a most anxious time. The suspense was terrible. Most of the passengers, certainly all the ladies, were literally in fear and trembling for a human life.

We could only await the boat's approach. All hoped and expected that he had been picked up, but no one was sure of it. He might have gone down, exhausted, just as the boat was getting to him. A few minutes would solve the question.

Louisa Bellamy was on the poop with the others. For the first time I observed something which told me that she, too, perhaps, might have had her feathers scorched from fluttering too near the flame. There was no mistaking it; she was profoundly agitated; her distress was real and very great, though she strove to hide it.

The boat was returning. Had they found him? "Yes," said one, "I can count six. No—stop a bit. It's only five. Armstrong's lost."

"No; he is saved," said the Captain, "for I see him. Thank God." And with the good words there arose a sudden commotion and flutter.

"What's the matter with Miss Bellamy? Oh dear! Miss Bellamy has fainted!"

It was true. They had to catch her as she was falling. The strain on the nervous system had been too great. Nothing was thought of it; she soon revived, laughed it off, and called herself stupid for fainting "at such a trifle."

The boat came alongside, and Armstrong scrambled up the side-ladder.

The weather continued fine, and in a few days we entered the Mozambique Channel. Here we got a fine south-east wind, which sent us bowling along nine or ten knots, with stunsails set alow and aloft.

All this time Mr. Armstrong and Miss Bellamy seemed to go on as usual. He was constant and demonstrative in his attention. In fact, it was plain to every one on board how matters were with him. She, on the contrary, appeared as indifferent as ever, and teased him like a child. Sometimes I fancied this indifference was only assumed; but, if so, it was cleverly done. Events, however, were bringing on a crisis.

Some time after this event, one night, when I had relieved the second mate, the night was fine, and tolerably clear. Clear enough overhead. But on the water there was a sort of light mist, and the rays of the moon, which was now about two hours high, were dazzling. The breeze had freshened, and we had quite enough of it for the small stuns'ils. I took my usual turn round the decks, cautioned the lookout man, and returned to the poop.

About half-past one I reckoned up, mentally, that we must have about run very nearly the distance required to make a low island. "Davis," I said to the third mate, "just go forward and see if the lookout is nodding; if so, give him a trifle to remember you by. Stop on the forecastle yourself till I call you off, and keep a sharp look-out."

Suddenly, a couple of gulls shrieked overhead. "By heavens!" thought I, "that's a warning, and I'll accept it." I hurried forward, determined to remain on the lookout myself. As I ascended the forecastle ladder, Davis was in the act of coming down, and met me.

"Is that you, Sir? There's something ahead I can't quite make out. I was coming aft to tell you. It looks like a sort of cloud."

Pushing past him, I took one look. For a second of time my heart seemed to turn quite cold and stand still. I felt half sick. The next moment I was all right; the shock had been too heavy. There was the island scarcely a mile off. I could see the surf distinctly with the glasses, and the ship was tearing along straight for it, about ten knots an hour. We ought to have seen it sooner, but the glare of the moon rendered the horizon all round quite black looking; while at the same time its rays on the water made the surf impossible to be distinguished at a distance.

For a moment I thought nothing could save the ship. Fortunately, I have always been very cool; quite self-possessed in sudden emergencies, as in moments of the greatest peril. It is my nature to be so; and I wish all sailors could say the same. There was but one thing that could save us; and I tried it.

"Hard up! hard up," I shouted to the helmsman. "Call all hands to save ship. Let go the royal halyards and stuns'l tacks fore and aft. Brace the crossjack yard round." By this time I had got down off the forecastle, and hurried aft. "Let go the lee main braces, one of you; main tack and sheet, too, somebody." All this had occupied less than half a minute; and I now met the third mate with his startled and anxious face.

Two minutes more, and we were in a pretty pickle. The helm had been put hard up, and the ship spun round on her heel like a top. She was now flat aback by the lee, and going stern first toward the island. The men had been too slow in their movements; and before the yards could be braced round they had taken aback. The state of confusion was frightful. I got up on to the poop. All the crew were out on the deck, some pulling on one rope, some on another, all of them talking, many frightened and bewildered. This would never answer.

"Silence, fore and aft! Attend to the word of command. Mr. Green, bring your watch into the poop and turn this mainyard round. Do you hear there, starboard watch on the poop. Port watch, haul in the port cross-jack braces."

The Captain rushed on deck.

"There's the land, Sir," I said, "that black streak; and there's the broken water."

And uncommonly close it was to us. The Captain looked bewildered.

"Shift the helm, my lad," I said to the man at the wheel. "Now, Sir," I continued, "you see how she is. If you will take charge, I'll go down on the main deck and get the head yards to rights; the boatswain is making a regular mess of it. And with all the lee stuns'ls set and the swinging boom out, it's an awkward job."

"All right, W——," he replied. "I'll look after her."

The scene in the cuddy was a terrible one. When the starting cry was echoed along the decks and through the cabins, "All hands save ship," the passengers had, one and all, expected immediate shipwreck, and death as a natural consequence. In these moments of sudden peril on board ship, and especially if they occur at night, passengers, invariably give way to excess of terror. It is but natural. The women rushed from their beds shrieking, sobbing, talking wildly. They did not dare to go on deck, but huddled themselves in a group in the cuddy. To add to the confusion, the lamp had gone out, and they were in darkness. George Armstrong had hurried back from the poop at first, in search of Miss Bellamy. Believing that the ship must inevitably go ashore in the next few moments, he ignored ceremony and burst into her cabin. She had just left her bed. There was no light, but instinct told her who was coming to the rescue.

"Oh George, George! what is the danger?"

For answer, George Armstrong took her to him, and clasped her in his strong arms. It was no time for concealing the peril.

"My dearest," he said, "a few moments may end all. Even as I speak to you, the ship's bottom is in danger of being knocked out; in which case we must all perish."

She was dreadfully agitated. And in that moment, each one believing it to be the last, reticence was thrown away. With the fear of death before us, we dare not persist in a lie; and George Armstrong heard how passionately she loved him.

And they made a compact, each with each, that if, by God's mercy, they should come unscathed out of this peril, they would become to one another man and wife. Her head dropped on his breast and rested there as she made the solemn promise.

She let him take his first kiss. Then, telling her to get a cloak on, or something, he left her with the other ladies in the cabin.

Then he rushed up on deck and found some of the passengers helping the crew to brace the mainyard round. Armstrong fell to with his great strength, doing more than any two in the crowd. It was an awful job getting the ship to rights. Five o'clock had struck before we had her snugged down to topsails and jib, and the watch sent below. However, we were saved.

From this time we had a constant succession of fair winds and fine weather, and arrived at Bombay on the first of June. During the remainder of the passage it was patent to everybody on board how matters were between Armstong and Miss Bellamy. Never a thought crossed her of retracting her promise, given in a moment of peril; and she looked supremely happy. Nearly the first to board us off Bombay harbor was Major Bellamy; he had come off in one of the dubashes' boats. The young lady waited by the poop ladder to receive him.

"Well, Charles?"

"My dear Louisa! But how you've grown. And improved, too! By George, you put your sisters into the shade!"

"I want to introduce a gentleman to you," she went on, beckoning Armstrong forward; "one of the passengers and a friend of mine, Mr. Armstrong. George, this is my brother Charley."

Charles Bellamy looked blank. There was no mistaking, as he feared, what this style of introduction meant. Ere he had held out his hand with some hesitation, and the frank, pleasant face of George Armstrong seemed to compel him to that advance, Louisa disappeared, saying she had her "things" to look after.

Major Bellamy looked round and saw me. A warm grasp of the hand, and he pulled me aside. Our thoughts went back to the old days, and it almost seemed as though we were lads together again. We were at the same school, though he was a few years older than I.

"I say, Harry, what is the meaning of all this? Louisa speaks to that man as 'George,' and she coolly introduces me to him as 'my brother Charley.'"

"Well, I see you guess," was my hurried answer, for I had barely time to stay a moment with him. "I think it is a case, Charles. I warned Armstrong against it; I said a word or two of warning to Louisa; but love and circumstances have been too strong for prudence."

My companion drew in his lips. "What is he? Poor, of course!"

"Has next to nothing, besides his pay; he's a Lieutenant in the Engineers. But look here, Bellamy—he is a gentleman in the best sense of the word; and a downright good fellow; safe to get on. If Louisa were my sister, I'd give her to him with pleasure to-morrow."

It came to pass, and very shortly; for Major Bellamy did not see his way clear to hold out against Louisa's will. And he had grown to like Armstrong. I was at the wedding; and we had a pleasant time. How matters were settled at home I can imagine. Mrs. Bellamy dashed down the letter announcing the event with a groan. She had not patience to read further. Louisa's ideas had indeed undergone a change in a few months—and to her mother it was a cruel blow.

"The simpleton!" said Mrs. Bellamy in her wrath. "To think that she should tie herself to a poor Lieutenant in a marching regiment, with nothing but his pay, when she might have done so well! I'll never forgive her; never."

She did, however, when Armstrong secured his majority, and wealth and position followed as a natural consequence.

An Important Decision.

In the United States Supreme Court at Washington, a decision was rendered in the case of Buffinton *vs.* Day, error to the Circuit Court for the District of Massachusetts. The defendant in error was judge of the Probate Court for Barnstable County, Massachusetts, and the plaintiff in error, as collector of internal revenue, exacted of the judge income on his salary. The tax was paid under protest, and this action was brought to recover the amount. The court below held that the tax was unconstitutional, and awarded judgment for plaintiff, for the amount claimed. That judgment was now affirmed, the court holding that the judical power of the States is exempt from Federal taxation. All the thirteen States were in possession of this power, and were exercising it at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and it is not pretended that any grant of it was made to the general government by that instrument. It is, therefore, one of the sovereign powers vested in the States by their constitution which remains unaltered and unimpaired, and in respect of which the States are as independent of the general government as that government is independent of the States. The supremacy of the general government therefore cannot be maintained. The two governments are upon an equality, and the question is whether the power to levy and collect taxes enables the general government to tax the salary of the judicial officers of a State, which officers are instrumentalities employed in carrying into execution its most important functions. It is not held that the mere establishment of the judicial department and the appointment of officers to administer the laws being among the reserved powers of the States disables the general government from levying the tax that depends upon the express powers to levy and collect taxes; but it is regarded as showing that it is an original inherent power never parted with, and in respect of which the supremacy of the general government does not exist. It is said that this being an original reserved power in the States, and the judicial officer appointed under it being a means or instrumentality employed to carry it into effect, the right and majesty of its unimpaired exercise, and the exemption of the officer from taxation by the General Government, stand upon solid ground, and are maintained by principles and reasons as cogent as those which led by the exemption of Federal officers from taxation by the State; for in respect of those deferred powers the State is as sovereign and independent as the General Government. Mr. Justice Bradley dissented.

THE FONDNESS of certain animals for fruits is well known, and in many countries is the cause of great annoyance and loss to the husbandmen; yet, there is sometimes a retributive justice which visits upon the marauder punishment for his offense. One of the most curious instances of this is to be found in Burgundy, where the wolves suffer so much in summer from thirst, owing to the scarcity of water in the forests, that they rush to the vineyards, and take their fill of grapes. The effect upon them is that the juice ferments in their stomachs, the fumes rise to their heads, they reel about like human beings, they become intoxicated, and then they fall into the powerful iron traps which are set for them, and from which escape is impossible.

A STRANGE STORY comes from St. Clair County, Alabama: The story runs that in that county three disguised men broke into a tax collector's house during the absence of the good man, and demanded the taxes already collected from his wife, who courageously refused to give them up. They searched for and found the money, afterwards telling the woman to prepare supper for them. She did so, but deftly put arsenic in their coffee. They drank, and soon fell dead. Then the tax-collector's wife stripped their disguises from their faces and found that two of the villains were unknown to her, but the third was her husband, who had taken this means of stealing the people's money.

In India there are at the present time 260,000 Protestant Christians, 2,000 native preachers and twenty-five missionary presses.

The Late France-German War.

Some interesting particulars respecting the French and German war have just been published in Berlin from official sources. When war was declared by France on July 19, the German frontier was substantially defenceless; and if the French forces had been ready to move into Germany at once, they could have done so almost without resistance. It required seven days to get the German armies into movable order, and thirteen days to transport them to the first line of operations, extending from Treves on their right to Landau on their left. During this period forty-two thousand men a day were conveyed by rail to their appointed positions. This makes a force of 546,000 effective men with which Germans began their campaign. In this great work of transportation five principal railroad lines were used, but most of the business was done by three of them. It must also be remembered that not only the men, but their artillery, horses, ammunition, and provisions, had to be transported. One-fifth of this great force had to be brought a distance of from three hundred to four hundred and fifty miles. The first great battle, that of Woerth, was fought on August 6, and the war was really ended with the surrender of Paris on January 28, in all one hundred and seventy-five days. Seventeen pitched battles and one hundred and fifty-six regiments were fought. The Germans took six fortresses, and more than six thousand seven hundred cannon, and one hundred and twenty eagles or other ensigns, and they made prisoners of eleven thousand six hundred and fifty officers, and three hundred and sixty-three thousand men. The investment of Paris lasted from September 9 to January 28, one hundred and thirty days in all. The seige had twenty-two engagements in consequence of sorties, some of which attained almost the dimensions of battles. There were only three naval engagements in the war: one at Hiddensee, on September 19; one at Putsiger Bucht, September 21; and one near Havana, October 12. One of the most remarkable features of this war is the utter insignificance of the naval operations on both sides.

Hunting the Red Man.

A private letter from Silver City, New Mexico, says the Indians have been quite troublesome the past month. Maj. Kelly made a scout with Jim Bullard and Joe Yankee. They found the Indians and made a killing of fourteen; there were about seventy in the camp. While they were out, the noble red men, or, as Koster Johnson has it, "my people," made a second raid, cutting Whitehill's corral and taking thirteen head of stock. John Bullard immediately raised a company of thirty to follow, Latham Backham and myself among the number. We followed them nine days, crossing the Rio Frisco thirty miles northwest of the copper mines, where we found nineteen Indians, fourteen of whom we killed, wounded one, and took one prisoner; one child ten months old was left with its dead mother; no one killed it. Now I come to the sad part of the tale. John Bullard was shot just below the heart, with an army pistol in the hands of a wounded Indian, and fell dead on the spot, being the only one that got a scratch. It was a heavy blow, as it left us without a guide, I being the only one who had ever been out in that part of the country before. Our old trail being too rough to travel and pack his body, we made the return in four days. Gen. Alexander, who was in command at Fort Bayard, ordered a military funeral with the rank of Captain, which all the officers, besides Major Kelly's full company, attended. So ended one of the bravest and best men that it has been my good fortune to meet in the Territory of New Mexico

THE STORY of the Brinkley College ghost, has at least reached a disastrous conclusion for Mr. Robertson, to whose daughter Clara the ghost revealed the mystery of the jar buried under a tree and containing valuable documents affecting the ownership of the college property. It will be remembered that the jar, when found, was placed for safe keeping in the care of Mr. Robertson, who was not to open it till he had kept it for a month. The month had expired a day or two ago, but before its expiration Mr. Robertson heard, at dead of night, a noise in his woodshed. He went to see what was the occasion of it, when he was assaulted by several men, who said they would kill him if he would not tell where the jar was. He refused to do so, and they beat him terribly. At last he yielded, the mysterious crock was taken away by the robbers, and now Mr. Robertson lies next to death's door.

A DAILY BATH for the whole body is not too much. Health may not absolutely require this, but there are few persons who would not be benefited by a complete washing of the skin, from head to foot, at least once a day. The feet need washing as much as the head, as perspiration upon them is very abundant. Feet that are cased in wool and leather are not excepted from this necessity of cleansing. Digestion is freer when water is applied above the organs of digestion; and the washing of the chest helps one to breathe more freely. Bathing makes the limbs more supple, and it opens the muscles to breathe from, if such an unscientific statement may be permitted. All will agree that in the second month of summer a daily bath is a luxury not to be omitted, but in winter it is hardly less necessary, and the reaction which follows makes it a luxury in the most inclement season.

THE total tonnage of anthracite coal by the carrying companies for the week ending on the 25th ult., was 78,268 tons, and for the year 1,638,167 tons, against 3,020,253 tons to corresponding time last year—showing a decrease of 1,382,086 tons. The bituminous tonnage for the week was 48,846 tons, and for the year 243,844 tons, against 160,015 tons to corresponding time last year—an increase of 80,829 tons. The total production of all kinds for the week was 127,114 tons, and for the year 1,882,011 tons, against 3,183,268 tons to corresponding dates last year—an aggregate decrease of 1,301,257 tons.

A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.—At Trieste has occurred the death of Hanson Thure, who styled himself the man-fly, and exhibited himself walking on ceilings. He gave an exhibition in the theatre of Trieste, and on the first evening fell into a net which was suspended underneath. On the next evening he fell again, but unhappily outside of the net, and his head and the upper part of his body came against some of the scenery. He expired in a few minutes.

A DANCE.—Speaking of dancing, a spirited Naples cotemporary makes the following reflections: "A ball," he says, "is in itself an incongruity. If you look at it in its true light it seems to be the act of a madman to whirl round to music with your arms around a woman who does not belong to you. But, if you should dare to embrace a lady when there is no music it is construed into an offence, which must be atoned for by the sword of a husband, a father, or a brother."

THE steamer Sam. J. Hale, from Cincinnati to Memphis, burst her steam-pipe near Golconda. Three white men and four colored deck hands were killed and the bulkheads torn out.

Coal Resources and Coal Mining.

Mining of anthracite coal was begun in this country in 1820. The anthracite coal region embraces four hundred and seventy square miles of land. In 1820, when the mining operations were confined to the single county of Schuykill, Penn., there was a population of 20,000 in the suburbs of this coal region, and 865 tons of anthracite coal were mined. Since that time the production has been, at the beginning of each decade, as follows:

Years.	Population.	Tons Mined.
1830	45,000	174,734
1840	70,000	864,584
1850	130,000	3,358,899
1860	220,000	8,412,946
1870	350,000	15,723,030

The amount of anthracite coal yet in the earth is as follows, the area and thickness of the veins being accurately known:

	Square Depth of Coal. Miles.	Yards.	Tons.
Central coal fields	126	15	5,854,961,000
Southern coal fields	145	25	11,308,842,000
Northern coal fields	198	15	9,179,872,000
Total	470		26,343,675,000
Deduct one-half waste in mining			13,179,837,500

Leaving of marketable coal 13,171,837,500 tons, or a deposit equal to an annual supply of 20,000,000 tons for 600 years.

Statistics of bituminous coal operations show that within a circle of one hundred miles, of which Pittsburgh, in the western extremity, is the centre, there is enough bituminous coal in the earth to pay off the national debts of all the governments of the world many times over. And it has been estimated, from geological surveys, that this coal would pay our national debt fifty-four times if its stupendous value could be realized at once.

Far down in the mines (in some instances as much as 1,500 feet below the level of the rivers), there is in the small anthracite region more than four hundred miles of railroad, not included in the aggregate of the railways in the State of Pennsylvania. These subterranean railways would, if formed into one continuous line, reach from Boston to Washington, or they would form a double track from Philadelphia to New York and back again.—*Syracuse Journal.*

One of Sheridan's Jokes.

"Sheridan was fond of practial jokes, one of which he played off upon the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan was in the habit of frequenting Dolly's chop-house, where he generally called for deviled shin-bone of beef. One day, coming in rather later than usual, he was told that the only shin-bone in the larder was being cooked for his grace the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan, who knew the duke's person, though not acquainted with him, took a seat within ear-shot of him and began a conversation with a friend in a loud tone of voice. "I always imagined," said he, that Dolly's chop-house was one of the the neatest establishments in London, but I made a discovery this morning which has convinced me that I was mistaken." The duke listened to him very attentively. "As I was passing the kitchen window," continued Sheridan, "I observed a turnspit boy greedily gnawing a shin-bone of beef. Presently one of the cooks ran up to him, and giving him a blow on the neck, compelled him to drop his prize, 'You dirty little rascal,' said the cook, 'couldn't you find nothing else to eat? Here I've got to cook this bone for the Duke of Devonshire.'" Soon after the conclusion of this tale, a waiter entered the room, and advanced to his grace, with a covered dish. "Your bone, sir!" "Take it away," roared the duke, with a face of great disgust, "I can't touch a morsel of it." "Stay, waiter!" said Sheridan, humbly; "bring it to me. If his grace can't eat it, I can. Fetch me a bottle of claret—I don't wish a better luncheon."

How to Rule a Husband.

Above all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate let her keep a sharp eye on the cook; nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his house than bad dinners, ill-served; if there is anything that will make him swear (and thers generally is, my dear young lady, although his temper seems so angelic when he was a-wooing), it is a cold plate with hot meat, or a hot one with his cheese. Neglect of this sort is unpardonable. Again, it may not be possible to give him dainties, but it is easy to avoid monotony by a careful study of the cookery-book; and it is quite astonishing how the monster man can be subjugated and assuaged by a judicious variation of his meals. The creature may be allegorically pictured lightly led by a fair lady with a wedding ring through his palate. Indeed, there are a thousand ways to lead him, if women should show a little tact, with which they are so falsely credited. Opposition, contradiction, makes him furious; he stamps, he roars, and becomes altogether dangerous. Whereas, treat him tenderly, O wife, and you shall wind him round your marriage finger. I have seen wives miss their chance of gaining what they have set their eyes on a thousand times through sheer stupidity; they know that a certain line of conduct is sure to anger him, and yet they wilfully pursue it, when smooth and easy victory awaits them in another direction. Tact! Such women, I say, have not even instinct. Birds of paradise, for instance (not to be rude), would act in a more sagacious manner.—*Chamber's Journal.*

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS.—Bulwer says poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men, with $10,000 a year, suffer more for want of means than others with $500. The reason is, the rich man has artificial wants. His income is $10,000 a year, and he suffers enough by being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not go in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes, who never know a minute's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness among the working men in the world than among those who are called rich.

COPPER bronzing powder is prepared by bringing copper to the finest possible state of division, which is done in the workshops, by treating a solution of a salt of copper with grape sugar and caustic alkali. It is generally, however, very difficult to remove the finely divided copper from the liquid, since the powder is not readily deposited at the bottom of the vessel, and a filter soon clogs up. However, by neutralizing the alkali with acid, the powder will be speedily deposited, and can be completely washed out with hot water. It should then be spread out and dried quickly in a warm place.

A volcanic eruption is predicted from Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory. Generally during the hottest summer weather the snow on the summit is but partially melted. Now the heat is so great as to melt the snow, there is a constant emission of steam, and even smoke reported to have been seen by persons living in the vicinity.

IT is estimated that the receipts from internal revenue sources for the present fiscal year will be $145,000,000.

Such is Life.

Jostle, noise, and general rushing of humanity after—self-interest.

Heaven pity the poor mortals who are too tender to endure the rough elbowing of the crowd, for they will be crushed to rise no more upon earth.

A lack of strength to stand up in an armor of individuality sufficient to shield the spirit from deep wounds and bruises, has caused many a failure in worthy projects.

Weak arrows poisoned with the small, mean malice of low minds cannot wound a true man or woman who is conscious of right, and integrity in all life's transactions.

Only the coward who is too weak to be trusted, shrinks and trembles under such attack.

But, O! if these feeble attempts to injure others did not exist, what a different atmosphere there would be in the social world!

Strange that it is so distasteful to look upon the happiness and prosperity of a neighbor when there is room enough for all to live, prosper and be happy, if they will but attend to their own affairs.

The greatest cause of unhappiness is, that people are not satisfied to weave their carpet out of their own material, but go about craving what seem to be the brighter colors of their neighbors.

Craving, envying, idling, while their own loom stands still and neglected, with warp and woof fading and weakening day by day.

How much better to search the contents of one's own resources, sort out and use the best, the brightest colors in one's own basket, and leave neighbors to do the same.

But useless trouble and misery will ever be caused by malice, envy and hate, and the weak will prey upon the weak.

And this is a beautiful world notwithstanding; rich in pure sources of usefulness and enjoyment, which the kind, loving and worthy will find.

There is great pity for groveling, malicious, guilty spirits, for they cannot receive the sunlight of Heaven into their hearts, and know not peace and happiness. They lose more than they can recover from the world, for the keys to happiness are truth and love, and people find in the world only the reflection of what they carry in their own hearts; if selfishness and hate—they will be pierced through and through with their own weapons by the world; if love and good-will toward all—then peace and kindness will be returned. For the world is just, after all.

Cruelly just, perhaps, at times.

But people suffer the penalty of their own folly oftener than any but God and themselves know; and a reasoning being ought to hold him or herself accountable, and accept natural results as such, without blaming the world and fate and everything and everybody but themselves.

If means of education have been limited, and ignorance has led grest spirits into errors which bring misfortune, they must live and learn.

This is a brief span of existence, and each hour spirits are being lifted from the darkest shadows of earth into the bright radiance of a higher life. And considering their expanding, purifying influences, ought not afflictions and misfortunes which educate the soul to noble aims and sympathies be received as blessings?

AT Pawtucket, R. I., there lives a certain young gentleman aged eighteen months. The other day this youth kept quiet an unusual time, and his mother suspecting all was not right went into an adjoining room to look him up. Here she looked upon a sight which almost curdled her blood with terror. Upon the floor by an open bureau drawer sat this "precocious youth," with a loaded and capped and self-cocking revolver in his hand, and he was amusing himself by ramming the muzzle of the piece down his throat, working at the trigger and hammering it upon the floor. As soon as the mother recovered from her fright she took the weapon from the child, and administered a remembrance which will doubtless deter him from another such exposure of his precious self to instant annihilation. It is almost a miracle that the child had not killed itself upon the spot, but, strange to say, not a barrel was discharged.

POSITION IN SLEEP.—Sleeping rooms should always be so arranged, if possible, to allow the head of the sleeper to be toward the north. Frequently, in cases of sickness, a person will find it impossible to obtain rest if the head is in any other direction, and often a cure is retarded for a long time. A Vienna physician had a patient who was suffering from acute rheumatism, with painful cramps running from the shoulders to the fingers; and while his head was to the south he could do nothing towards his relief. On turning the bed, however, so that the head was towards the north, the patient uttered expressions of pleasure, and in a few hours a great improvement had taken place, and he was in a few days almost entirely cured. Many other cases are given by scientific persons; and, people, in building houses, should always have this in view.

SOME YEARS ago, in one of our western courts, three men—an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman—were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung. The judge told them they could each choose a tree on which they would like to be "strung up." The Scotchman promptly chose an ash tree, and the Englishman an oak tree. "Well, Pat, what will you be hung on?" asked the judge. "If it pleases your honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush." "Oh!" said the judge, "that's not big enough." "Begorry, thin," replied Pat, "I'll wait till it grows."

An undergraduate at Cambridge, who, the Boston *Advertiser* says, found among the questions on his examination paper this: "Why will not a pin stand upon its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: 1. A pin will not stand on its head; much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has no parts and no magnitude. A pin cannot stand on that which has no parts, and no magintude, and, therefore, a pin cannot stand on its point. 3. It will if you stick it in.

MAJ. ATWOOD, of Boston, wanted to find the widow of a late brother officer in the army, and wrote to headquarters at Washington. The inquiry was forwarded to Austin, Texas, thence to the officer's late post, three hundred miles into the interior, whence the reply was returned to Austin, sent to Washington, and in seven weeks reached Boston to inform the inquirer that the object of his search lived within half a mile of him in Boston, while the inquiry had traveled over 3,000 miles.

A play is enacted in a Chicago theatre in which a man is hung for fun. The other night the gearing got out of order and they came near hanging him for good. When they cut him down he said he guessed they had better get some one else to take his place, as "his neck was not talented enough to play that part."

NUMEROUS encounters are said to have occurred between the Blanco and Colorado parties in the State of Buenos Ayres. About thirty deaths occur daily from yellow fever in the city of that name.

The Care of Furniture.

The *Technologist* gives some useful and timely hints as to how to preserve furniture in good condition, which may prove valuable to many who are now about cleaning up. The article says:

Housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. Seldom do we enter a house in which we cannot detect a spot or flaw that has been occasioned by either carelessness or ignorance in handling, dropping, or using substances which have proved their deleterious effects when brought into contact with house, furniture, and fixtures. An article is often spoiled, at least in appearance, by the application of some powder or saponaceous substance which has been puffed up and commended, like a quack medicine, to purify, preserve, and make beautiful whenever an application is made; but we have noticed, in nine cases out of ten, that spots and flaws and discoloration in furniture have occurred from the spilling of water, oils, alcohols or acids. Acids act on marble. Marble is composed of carbonate of lime; that is, a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it, and take its place when brought into contact with compounds containing it; thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving in place of the carbonate the nitrate, sulphate, or acetate of lime, or the chloride of calcium, as the case may be. Alcohol and water produce no effect whatever upon marble, and oils do not corrode or dissolve it, although they are sometimes absorbed to such an extent as to produce permanent stains.

On the other hand, all varnished or polished surfaces of wood while not injured by weak acids, are attacked by alcohol. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the materials in alcohol so as to qualify them, and then when these varnishes are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin even coating over the surface, therefore alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, or spirits of any kind, or even strong wine, the varnish is attacked, a portion of it dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed. Oils will not attack either marble or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood or other porous substances which admit them into the pores, from which they cannot afterwards be easily expelled. Water affects no substances except such as have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes the substances to swell; or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum arabic, used sometimes for attaching superfical ornaments to fancy work.

The practical lesson to be learned from this is, that housekeepers must take care in dealing with furniture to keep water away from everything soluble in water, oil from everything porous, alcohol from varnish, and acids from marble.

The Savages and the Telegraph.

It is not a little curious, says the *Independente* of Chile, to know how the telegraph wires and posts have been preserved from injury by the Indians, otherwise the communication of the frontier forts with one another could not have been kept up. The following stratagem was hit upon and related by a traveller recently from the frontiers, who was asked how this was. He said when the posts were erected there were some forty or fifty Indian prisoners in the camp of the army. General Pinto, fearing that they might destroy this important work of civilization, called them together, and brought in an electric battery:

"Do you see this wire which is placed here?"

"Yes, General."

"Well, then, I have caused it to be placed there, so that you should not pass to the other side or touch it, because if you do, your hands will adhere to the wire."

The Indians smiled with an incredulous look. The General called them one by one, and made them lay hold of the wires of a battery and then set it agoing.

"Let go the wires, I tell you."

"I cannot, sir, my hands are benumbed."